

East Of Ginger Trees

Seals & Crofts

Go east of your dream and farm. Let peace and silence
spin your yarn.
What harm can befall thee in yon wilderness of clove?
Go on east of ginger trees. Go soft and silent like the
breeze.
With ease be off and wander in yon wilderness of clove.
Go on past the goldenrods, where fools and angels lose
their odds.
And gods of our ancestors did immerse themselves in
clove.
Go on toward the crimson shore, beyond this life of
metaphors.
Where doors of understanding's house decorates he them
with clove.

(From Baha'i scripture) "Be lions roaring in the
forests of knowledge,
Whales swimming in the oceans of life."
Prepare to meet Bahá'u'lláh in the Garden of Clove.

Note: Vahid Odin Spencer provided me with the context
of the closing lyric in October of 1999 --
O Lord! Should the breath of the Holy Spirit confirm
the weakest of
Creatures, he would attain all to which he aspireth and
would
Possess anything he desireth. Indeed, Thou hast
assisted
Thy servants in the past and, though they were the
Weakest of Thy creatures, the lowliest of Thy servants
and the most
Insignificant of those who lived upon the earth,
through
Thy sanction and potency they took precedence over the
most
Glorious of Thy people and the most noble of mankind.
Whereas
Formerly they were as moths, they became as royal
falcons, and
Whereas before they were as brooks, they became as
seas, through
Thy bestowal and Thy mercy. They became, through Thy
Most great favor, stars shining on the horizon of
guidance,
Birds singing in the rose gardens of immortality, lions
Roaring in the forests of knowledge and wisdom, and
whales swimming in the oceans of life.