

We had to give those two the rightabout:  
 We said, in the Institute there must be no  
 Party politics nor high and low:  
 We'd all be like sisters, giving what each could  
 To do this little old village proud.

Now, look at all these branches grown  
 From one small seed! We've come into our own –  
 Acting, handicrafts, lectures – yes,  
 And best of all, the togetherness.  
 You'll join today?

*The Jubilee, 1965*

Today is when we need,  
 Honouring the fruitful seed,  
 To look beyond its harvest with clear eyes.  
 New ills threaten to blight  
 Our seasoned countryside,  
 New works and ways call for our enterprise.

Let not the young ones rest  
 Content with what we raised,  
 Nor take our fruits for granted. Never let  
 The garden go to seed  
 We planted, trimmed and freed,  
 But find new hands to keep it in good heart.

We must graft young concern  
 On the old stock, and turn  
 Fresh soil to feed fresh tastes and hungers. Strange  
 And hazed the future lies  
 Ahead. Be weatherwise,  
 Meeting its challenge, changing with its change!

But vow we to hold fast  
 By what is needfulest  
 To womankind – the vision of earth at peace.  
 If we can make an earth  
 That welcomes love and birth,  
 This is the first of many jubilees.