

Unity



I Dreamed I Stood In A Studio
And Watched The Two Sculptors There
The Clay They Used Was A Child's Mind
And They Fashioned It With Care.

One Was A Teacher The Tools She Used
Were Book And Music And Art;
One Parent With A Guiding Hand
And A Gentle Loving Heart.

Day After Day The Teacher Toiled,
With A Touch That Was Deft And Sure,
While The Parent Labored By Her Side
And Polished And Smoothed It Over.

And When At Last Their Task Was Done
They Were Proud Of What They Had Wrought,
For The Things They Had Molded Into The Child
Could Neither Be Sold Or Bought.

And Each Agreed She Would Have Failed
If She Had Worked Alone.
For Behind The Parent Stood The School
And Behind The Teacher The Home.