

WE SPEAK FOR AMERICA'S FREEDOM

A Patriotic Program

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Another looms beyond,
And man must constantly affirm his willingness,
His courage, to defend these freedoms
Which so many gave their blood to gain.
All men must speak for freedom.

(THE SPOT FADES ON THE SPEAKER, AND A PALE, PINK SPOT COMES UP ON THE PLATFORM DL, REVEALING THE READERS: THREE BOYS AND TWO GIRLS. These readers remain on the platform throughout the entire production. AT THE SAME TIME THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE LIGHTS COME UP ON THE CYCLORAMA.)

ALL: Then, let our voice be that voice,
The voice of freedom speaking for itself.
This is our moment,
Caught between the alternating strokes of night and day,
To lift that voice,
Its victories to all mankind.

GIRL I: I am the voice of all the ages,
Speaking through the sullen or the brilliant past
To future generations still unborn.
My voice speaks of the silent world
Within the minds of men,
Or of that outer world of joy upon tomorrow's wind.
For I am freedom--
And the span of me is beautiful upon the furrowed land.

BOY I: My words lift up the people,
Propagate the power to create new worlds.
My strength can mold the atom as I will.
Lift concrete into place
To change the water where it flows;
Set turbines singing in the wastes,
And change the course of rivers;
Lift a living force upon the land.

ALL: Because, through me, all men may dream,
And then assign that dream to its reality.

BOY II: Words sound upon the wind,
And, like the lifting eagle, sear toward the rising dawn
To sing of me--the virtue of my greatness and my power
Still unconquered in the land.
I am the voice of every soul who seeks a place within the sun,
The child, the man, the woman,
The voice of all the meek trying to inherit earth.
My voice has led the wagon wheels which dug the rutted paths
Across the mountains and the prairies,
Marked the trail for those who followed me.