

Behold, the King of Cabbages! By Martin Brown

It was a late December eve, the moon was shining bright,
A seedling dropped into the soil, and sprouted overnight!
Turnips, leeks and parsnips, all strained to get a peep
Of what was growing in the cold, whilst most were fast asleep.
"A miracle!" we all exclaimed, *"for such a thing to grow!
In the depths of winter time, amongst the ice and snow!"*

A fine upstanding cabbage, firm and large and round,
Such a cabbage never seen, to rise from frozen ground!
He spoke of love, and brotherhood, he taught us how to sing
And how to pray and not lose hope, and soon we called him King.
"I am not the King!" he cried, *"I am just His seed!
He sent me down, to earthly ground, in this, your time of need!"*

He told us of the Garden, located in the sky,
Where all good plants will one day go, when comes their time to die.
He told us of His father, the mighty Cabbage King
Who sees, and hears, and understands, every earthly thing.
He told us to be patient, and humble, mild, and meek
And one day soon then we shall find, everything we seek.

But then one morn, came wicked men, with knives so sharp and cold
And cropped our King of Cabbages, and took him to be sold!
"A mighty fine big cabbage!" we heard the killers say,
"This veg will earn a bob or two, this coming market day!"
"Rise up!" we cried in anguish, *"It's time to save our King!"*
But we were rooted to the spot, and could not do a thing.

We watched, in angry impotence, our King being hauled away
And, as the barrow rumbled off, each cabbage heard him say:
*"Fear not, my fellow cabbages! Stand firm in wind and rain!
Fear not the droughts, and frosts and fogs, for I shall come again!
And when I do, upon that day, a blessed dawn shall rise
And men shall bow to vegetables, and know them to be wise!"*

We took those words and passed them on, to all who droop and mope
So that, like us, with lighter hearts, they'll stand and wait in hope.
Now through the darkest winter nights, and long dry summer days
We stand and grow, inside we glow, our hearts sing out His praise!
For, though just lowly vegetables, our thoughts are raised up high
As we await our turn to find that garden in the sky!