



I Farmed The Land

I farmed the land,
I tramped the wood,
These are the things
I understood.
No grand schemes,
They passed me by.
I knew the brook,
The hills, the sky.
To hunt a bird,
To wet a line,
Gifts from God,
So good and fine.
Friend and kin,
I loved them so;
Although I'm gone,
I'm sure they know,
I'm now at peace,
Life battle's done,
I've faced the foe
And I have won.



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