



The Farmer's Field, Now Still

The farmer's field, now still and hushed,

The sound of laughter, forever crushed,

Your steady hands, your furrowed brow,

We miss you deeply, here and now.

Through sun and rain, you tilled the land,

A legacy of love, a life so grand,
In every harvest, we'll see your face,

And feel the emptiness, none can replace.

The earth, a witness to your toil,
Now embraces you, a final uncoil,

In the farmer's field, where you once roamed,

We'll miss you dearly, your love, our home.



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