



The Old Farmer's Prayer

Time just keeps moving on,
Many years have come and
gone,
But I grow older without regret,
My hopes are in what may come
yet.

On the farm, I work each day,
This is where I wish to stay,
I watch the seeds each season
sprout,

From the soil as the plants rise
out.

I study Nature and I learn,
To know the earth and feel her
turn,

I love her dearly and all the
seasons,

For I have learned her secret
reasons.

All that will live is in the bosom of
Earth,

She is the loving mother of all
birth,

But all that lives must pass away,
And go back again to her
someday.

My life too will pass from Earth,
But do not grieve, I say, there will
be other birth,

When my body is old and all
spent,

And my soul to Heaven has
went.

Please compost and spread me
on this plain,

So my body Mother Earth can
claim,

That is where I wish to be,

Then Nature can nourish new life
with me.

So do not grieve and weep for
me,

I did not leave, I only sleep,

I am with the soil here below,

Where I can nourish life of
beauty and glow.

Here I can help the falling rain,

Grow golden fields of ripening
grain,

From here I can join the winds
that blow,

And meet the softly falling snow.

Here I can help the sun's
warming light,

Grow food for birds of gliding
flight,

I can be in the beautiful flowers
of spring,

And in every other lovely thing.

So do not weep and cry for me,
I am here, I do not die.



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