



## For A Farmer

By Philip Woodwell

Gaunt, bent, and taciturn,  
Seasoned by wind and sun,  
To what a man might learn  
His wisdom long had won.  
Not how to store up wealth:  
Gold never gleamed for him.  
Not how to squander health:  
His doctor's fees were slim.  
Power he scorned no less;  
Town-craft he scarcely tried.  
Never the sick success  
That blossomed when someone lied.  
Rather he knew the trust  
Bridged between man and God;  
Rather he knew our dust  
Cousin and kin to sod.

Sod for the source of life,  
Tumbled and churned and lined,  
Quickened when rain is rife;  
Fruitful when skies are kind.  
Children grew tall on his land.  
Soul-toughened, unafraid.  
The "barn folk" flocked to his hand  
In the treaty his kindness made.  
For him the clover bloomed,  
For him the ripening grain  
Glinted September's sun,  
After the freshening rain.  
Write low the chancellor's worth,  
The crowned or uncrowned kings,  
Before this son of earth,  
Whose death no trumpet sings.

*Claude McIntire 1880-1948*