

Life is a farm,
A property lying on the land;
With sheep and cattle and horses,
And a drink from the dam for them all.

Like on McDonald had a farm,
With an ee ei ee ei oh;
And a quack, quack here and there,
Or a nod, nay or bah.

Cutting down some tress to build a house,
And chopping up some fire wood for a fire;
With marsh mellows and hot chocolate,
And a roast dinner and winter vegetables.

As the wind howls through the mountains,
And the rain falls down into the valley;
And all that surrounds is heaven and deep,
The meaningfulness slips slowly into sleep.

For the backyard barn and the hay stack,
And the crops and cultivator and track;
Of the animals winding down the hillside,
To drink at the cool and meandering stream.

And now as the mountains arise back to the heavens,
And the clouds drift slowly into space;
There's room for a lullaby and a song,
With music of love just singing right along.

Signed,

Time goes on forever