

Around this Farm

Early on this October morn
Take a walk around this farm
Cold fog hanging without a sound
Rising sun kissing the ground
Clouds so white, sky so blue
Dad would be milking cows
Humming that Ol' Man River tune

Been away more than fifty years
Each time I visit, I shed a tear
This land is in my soul down deep
We scattered ashes down at the creek
This is home for my memories
That prairie wind's blowing through the trees
Blowing through the trees

In the place I always felt so good
Big and red the barn once stood
Like a galleon on the sea
A place for young boys and their dog to be
Where farmers hoisted bales into the loft
And you could get away with your thoughts
Scout would be napping in the hay so soft

There'd be the sound of mother feeding cats
She'd be scraping pans, throwing out scraps
Put my hand on John Deere A and B
Rusting by what's left of the granary
They live on now in a briar patch
Animals are gone, but I close the gate
I close the gate and the latch

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There were cows to be
Milked at dawn and a newborn calf
Separate the curds from whey and the wheat from chaff
Later on I'll visit dad and mother
Sleeping outside of town
With two of my brothers

Some three decades that barn was pretty vacant
Last few years was creaking and shaking
We knew that place from fore and aft
Been standing there since William Howard Taft

We heard stories of the barn raising
Dad and Uncle John said it was amazing
It came in on the train
It was put together by brawn and brain
Horse and wagons a hundred years before
That barn served our family well
But it ain't no more