

☆ THE BREAKER

A ribbon of sod rolls of the plow,
Straight and true it stretches away, its
the start of a farm and a home someday.
Slowly the oxen plod along,
Follows the man, in his heart a song,
For this is the place, their home to be,
Here they start anew, where the land is free.
He is breaking the sod to start a home,
Turning the rich new prairie loam.
Where a thousand years stored up wealth in the land,
Before never touched by human hand.
Its rich, real rich, beyond compare,
The past for ages laying there.
Just turn it over and you will see,
The wealth of all eternity.
The days are long, the work is hard,
But the black earth yields, as yard by yard,
they slowly move towards the setting sun,
and the end, for the day is almost done.
Then homeward they go at the end of day,
Plodding wearily on the way.
Back to the crude, crude prairie shack,
With never a thought of looking back.
Back to the home where they reign supreme,