

The Ploughman. By Edward Driach.

(Sent by Mrs Helen N J Powell to be read out please)

(A Poem by a friend of mine who has great Pride in his role Feeding the Nation and taught his son to do the same.) His Lifes work in my village.

There are men who build the Motor cars, Men who drive a train, Folks they call Solicitors, Some can forecast Rain, People who can kick a Ball, And some can Dance and Sing, Others who will teach your child, or make and Airplane wing.

But THE PLOUGHMAN FEEDS THE WORLD.

A man will come and build a road, His wife can mend a car, His son will put the roof on houses, His lass could be a Star! His dad was once an engine Driver, His mum would mend a Sock, His sister she can write a letter, His brother mend a Clock.

But, THE PLOUGHMAN FEEDS THE WORLD.

Your friend will programme Computers, His friend can build a kite, Their wives are making money, By something that they write, A Dustman gets his Bread and Butter , by clearing up your Trash, An Artist paints your picture, to relieve you of your Cash,

But, THE PLOUGHMAN FEEDS THE WORLD.

There are guys that chop the trees down, there are Vets who will cure your Cat, Politicians who can blather on, about all things , this and that, Your Priest he has a Calling, To Save your very Soul, But most of it my Hungry friend, is plain old Hyperbole,

But, THE PLOUGHMAN FEEDS THE WORLD.

The Ploughman takes his Snap bag out, into a lonely field, Turns the soil over firmly, Food Mountains there to yield, He buries every Weed in deep,

Makes way for a billion seeds, Takes Pride in long straight Furrows, to serve his Brothers needs,

YES, THE PLOUGHMAN FEEDS THE WORLD.