

February 6, 1940

IN THE SPLENDOR OF THE WHEATFIELDS

In the splendor of the wheatfields
Where the swaying stalks of grain
Shimmer with a rustic beauty
Thru the tinkling of the rain,
There he stood, hid to the shoulders
In wet wheat, a silent form
Heedless of the wild wind's whistling
And the fury of the storm.

At the border of the wheatfields
Trees were dripping in the rain,
And the mournful, sobbing breezes
Lashed the amber on the plain,
In the distance stood the windmill
Dim against the darkening sky,
As a ghastly ghost that clutches
At the clouds that rumble by.

Tiny streams of rushing water
Trickled to the soggy road,
And a muddy, rugged river
Ran where first a brooklet flowed,
All was gloom and mist and dimness
In the wetness of the wild,
Yet he stayed, his soft eyes gleaming
Through the rain, and then he smiled.