

## *In Pastures Green*

But something clutches at my heart  
When I would rise and go—  
Who wins the most shall lose the most!  
The world is ordered so.

The children crowd about my knee  
And question till I tell  
About the golden wonder world  
Where all their heroes dwell.  
Their eager voices thrill my heart,  
I see their eyes ashine,  
And would not change for wonder worlds  
This little world of mine.

So unashamed I stand with those  
Who do no deeds of praise;  
We work our fields and do our chores,  
Unhonoured all our days.  
We may not set the world on fire,  
And yet we do our share!  
Without our toil your wonder world  
Would hungry go and bare.