

Drunk from its cooling depths. Onward, upward,

Rolls the sombre shape. The farmer smiles.
Fiercely blows the wind made visible
With clouds of dust. And now 'tis overhead;
It breaks and passes by, rainless again.

Thus oft elated and as oft depressed,
He lives on hope, the tiller of the soil,
And views the cloudless sky to get new hope
Again.