

# The Farm

Lyrics and music © Ros Schwartz August 2004  
www.dancinginthewind.ca  
ros@dancinginthewind.ca

*The father in this story is not my own, nor am I a literal farmer.*

*But my father taught me that when we receive,  
we don't necessarily need to repay to the person who gave to us;  
we can pass the gift on to someone else who needs it,  
at a time when they need it.*

*What he gave to me then, I now pass on to you.*

My father tells the story of the farm where he was hid  
As a child of his neighbours when he was just a little kid  
While his parents rode the transport that would take them to their graves  
He was sheltered by the farmers - this was how his life was saved.

Yes his parents rode like cattle on that transport train of death  
and like horses they were shot - and yet with their dying breath  
they gave soul and life and spirit to the blessing of each day  
that lived on in my father, as he grew, so far away.

Though my father found protection, he was still a rootless child  
Like so many troubled children who are homeless, growing wild  
Yet working on that farmland helped connect him to the earth  
And the living things he cared for showed him that his life had worth.

And now I am a farmer with my plough and rake and hoe  
and I take in troubled children who have no place else to go  
and they help me with the farm chores as we plough and sow and reap  
and the blessing of the land becomes a promise that we keep.

Yes now I am a farmer with my plough and rake and hoe  
and I take in troubled children who have no place else to go  
and they help me with the farm chores as we plough and sow and reap  
and the blessing of the land becomes a promise that we keep.