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THE CATTLE WAY

OH, come with me the high way, the hill way, the wind's way!

Oh, come with me the cattle way along the windy downs!

For the way they drove the cattle is the road for men to travel,

Above the roar of traffic and the turmoil of your towns!

There's ploughing on the fallow, and there's hoeing in the turnips,

There's hedging and there's ditching, and a score of lusty jobs;

But I've heard the cattle calling, and my heart has cried its answer,

And I'm out upon the upland with a blood that burns and throbs.

There's a high way, the downs' way, that's over Thunderbarrow,

There's a low way by Lancing, where the galleys used to sweep;

But we'll take the high way, the grass way, the wind's way,

Where the neolithic shepherds drove their prehistoric sheep.

And when the twilight deepens, and I hear the curlew whistle,

And a low and creeping splendor haunts the spinneys to the east,

Then I'll hold my soul suspended, and I'll lift my eyes in worship

With the half of me that's spirit, and the half of me that's beast.

A truce to your chatter of motors and machinery!

Go, leave me to my chalk-land, my marjoram, and thyme!

For the moon shall be my lover, and the sun be my mechanic,

And the wind shall cleanse my body from the sordidness of rhyme.

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Oh, come with me the cattle way along the windy downs!

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Above the roar of traffic and the turmoil of your towns!—Olaf Baker.

