

But now in the fields where the grain had been
Only stubble and stalk;
A barren field, bare, bleak and dry,
A bitter waste and mock.

Her man rode in from the harvest fields,
Tired, haggard and grey.
He tried to smile, as he patted her back,
In his rough yet tender way.

But her hands went out with a mothering cry,
As she drew his head to her breast,
And she said with a smile that was sadder than tears:
"Lets pretend it was for the best!"

Calgary 1922.