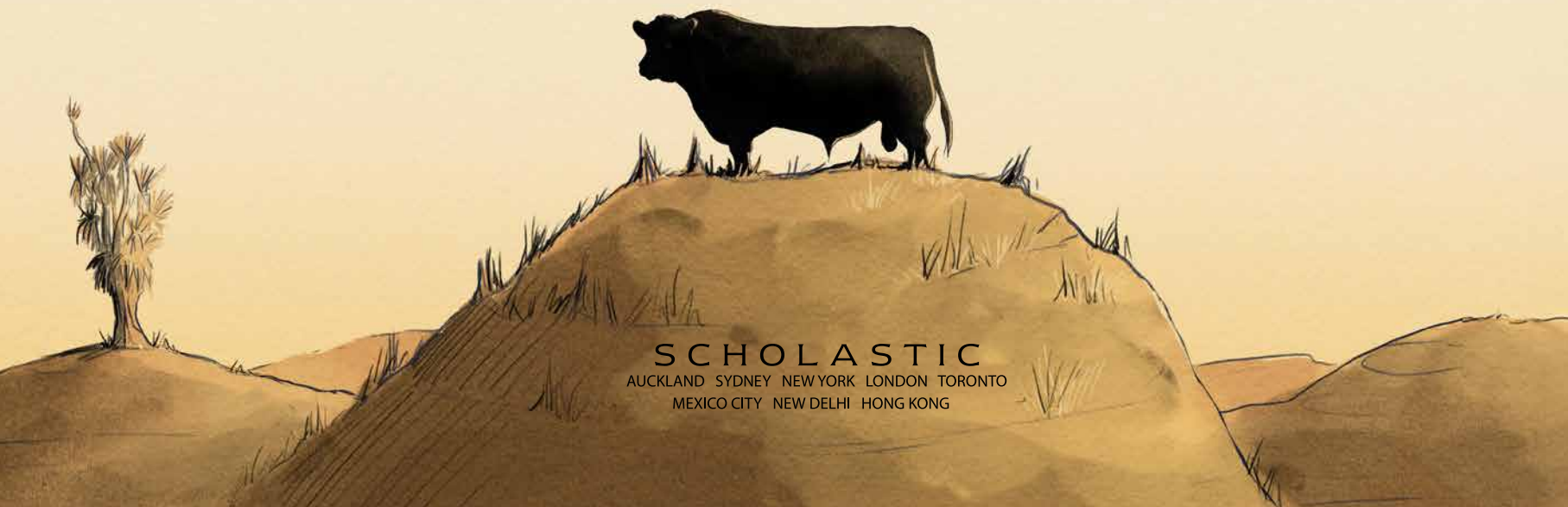
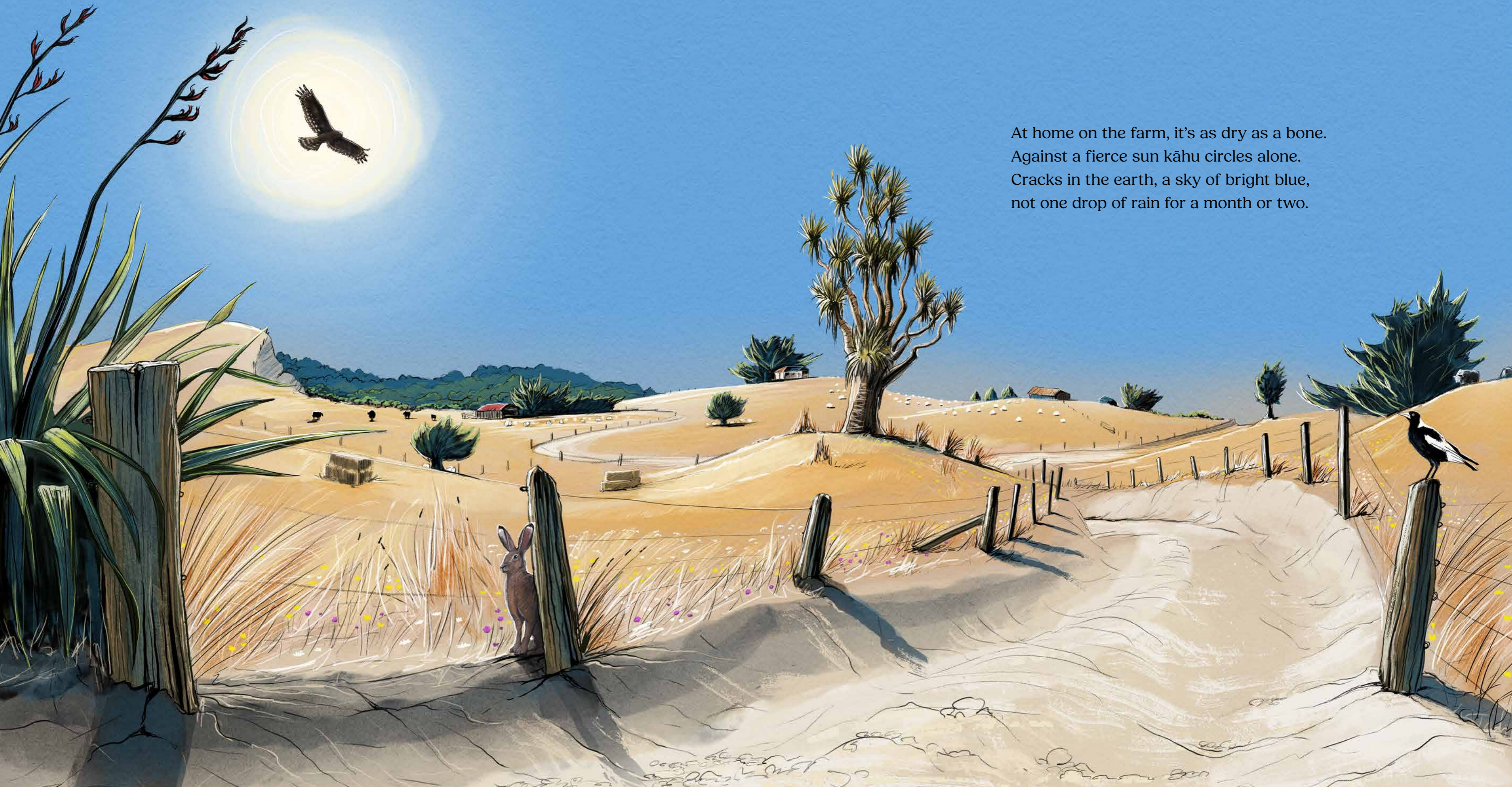


At Home on the Farm

Ned Barraud



SCHOLASTIC
AUCKLAND SYDNEY NEW YORK LONDON TORONTO
MEXICO CITY NEW DELHI HONG KONG

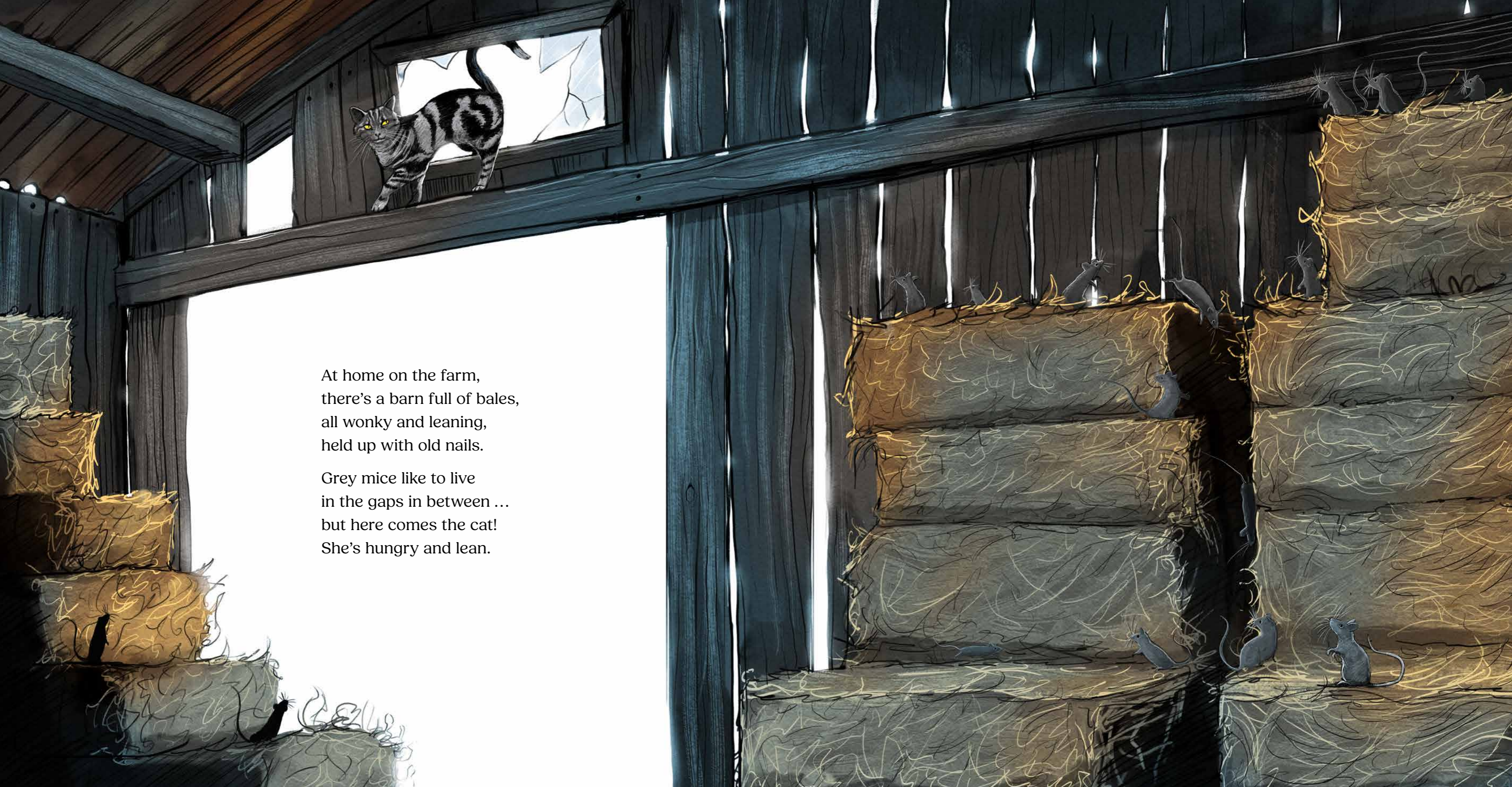


At home on the farm, it's as dry as a bone.
Against a fierce sun kāhu circles alone.
Cracks in the earth, a sky of bright blue,
not one drop of rain for a month or two.

At home on the farm, hay bales are made.
The grass has dried off, not a single green blade.
The cows will be hungry, their milk will run dry.
Let's hope for some rain to fall from the sky!



High on the hill, there's a bull that's all black,
big, strong and muscly, with a perfect, straight back.
Standing all day, so massive and still,
he looks like a statue, up on that hill.



At home on the farm,
there's a barn full of bales,
all wonky and leaning,
held up with old nails.

Grey mice like to live
in the gaps in between ...
but here comes the cat!
She's hungry and lean.