

## THE PEASANT POET

John Clare

*He loved the brook's soft sound,  
The swallow swimming by.  
He loved the daisy-covered ground,  
The cloud-bedappled sky.  
To him the dismal storm appeared  
The very voice of God;  
And when the evening rack was reared  
Stood Moses with his rod.*

*And everything his eyes surveyed,  
The insects in the brake,  
Were creatures God Almighty made-  
He loved them for His sake.  
A silent man in life's affairs,  
A thinker from a boy,  
A peasant in his daily cares,  
A poet in his joy.*