

## **BACKWOODS PREACHER**

With the light of heaven on his face,  
The preacher travels from place to place  
Astride a shambling bony nag  
With his extra clothes in a saddlebag,  
Or walks and carries on his pack  
His worldly goods in a makeshift pack.

He preaches in a sing-song voice  
On texts or pretexts of his choice  
In old schoolhouse or cabin church,  
Or in the open if that must be,  
In the shade of a spreading oak or birch  
Or beech or elm or other tree.

His education was much ignored.  
And his congregation is sometimes bored,  
But they feel the fault is theirs, not his,  
Since he draws his words from where God is.

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