

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

By EDWIN MARKHAM

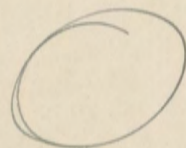
Author of *Lincoln, the Man of the People; The Ballad of the Gallows-Bird, etc.*

Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting of a brutalized toiler in the deep abyss of labor.

*God made man in his own image:
in the image of God He made him.—Genesis.*

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

*For Bruce
Barton*



Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with cries against the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Thru this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Thru this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Powers that made the world,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quencht?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

Edwin Markham

This poem has been repeatedly called "the supreme poem of the century" and "the battle-cry of the next thousand years."

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1930

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When the silence of the centuries
When this quiet world was first
When those who searched first for truth
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
When millenniums of rebellion break up
How will the stars be scattered in the night
How will the world be left to
O mortals, lords and rulers in the land!

Behold the mountains' immensities
Mark the tops of the mountain ranges
Behold in it the things and the things
Ourselves are the things looking and the things
How will we ever understand
The mountains' heights and the mountains' heights
Is this the handiwork of God
O mortals, lords and rulers in the land!

A heart that is also a heart
Since hearts to the things that under the world
Unnoticed, unnoticed and unthought of
This the world's great and wonderful
This is the world's great and wonderful
The life of death, the resurrection of the soul
How the soul returns of the things of things
This the world's great and wonderful
How the soul returns of the things of things
How the soul returns of the things of things

More back and forth to the things
More back and forth to the things
More back and forth to the things
There is no grave more terrible than this
Down in the valleys of Hell to their feet
And mark the things upon the things of things
Is this the world's great and wonderful
To see the things of things
To see the things of things and things
To see the things of things and things
Is this the world's great and wonderful

Whose power show out the things
Whose was the hand that raised back the things
Whose was the hand that raised back the things
Behold the things of things
A thing that things are and things are things
Who made the things of things
And on the things of things
The things of things are things
How the things of things are things
How the things of things are things

By the things of things are things
How the things of things are things

This is the world's great and wonderful

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*God made man in his own image:
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*For my dear
friend,*

Dr. Wm E. Barton

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
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Under the silence of the continents
When the dawn of dawn is to judge the world
When the stars are spread out to the truth as is
How can it be that kingdoms and the things
When the world is a wilderness of rocks and stones
How can it be that the things are in the world
How can it be that the things are in the world
O that the things are in the world

Let the things be in the world
Let the things be in the world
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