



by Dr. Paulsen

The Friendly Carabao

There's an old friend we can't forget,
A friend in need; a friend in deed
So big and strong yet meek and tamed,
Ugly, black, yet a perfect friend.

Out in the fields he lends a help,
The farmer's company he keeps,
Plowing, harrowing all day long
From early morn till past sundown.

Out of the fields he draws big loads,
Through city streets or country roads,
Trudging slowly, he ne'er knew
What help he gives to me or you.

Clumsy and slow yet e'er of use,
The friendly carabao we boost.
Unheard, unsung, untalked of—still,
He serves the farmer with good will.

—Lulu de la Paz-Gabriel