

The Master Stockman The Stockman's Creed

With glad acclaim and bearing garlands bright
and wreaths of hay
We sing the glories of the fecund fields where
herdsmen-shepherds hold their gentle sway!

In pastures green, by running brooks:
in bosky dells, in grassy nooks;
The distant mellow jangling of sweet bells
proclaims the peaceful paths
Of lowing herds and fleecy flocks,
the gifts supreme of husbandry.
Blessed be the lands
on which they graze!
And blessed those who guide
them on their ways!

Wielders of power that verges
on the infinite itself!
Dreamers of dreams who live to see
their dreams come true!
Workers of miracles in a world
that's all their own!
Keepers of keys to life's
most hidden mysteries!
Let kings and lords of lesser
human realms make way!
While all the nations from
the depths of grateful hearts
Unite to crown the master stockman
master of the art of arts!

-Alvin H. Sanders



Alvin H. Sanders - Dean of livestock journalism and editor of the Breeders Gazette.