

God speed the Plough

In winter-time, I often meet
The plough-boys in the miry street,
With ribbons, swords and show:
And, as I pass the pageant there,
I breathe a silent, secret prayer
God speed the Plough

I love to see, as in a dream
The ploughman, plough-boy, and their team
As 'neath the yoke they bow
And hear the plough-lad's ringing song,
With which to urge the team along
God speed the Plough

As thus they turn the good rich earth
Where soon the corn shall have its birth
As sweat starts on the brow,
And as the springtime comes, serene,
From furrow brown, leaps new-born, green,
God speed the Plough

Then after, comes the mower's scythe;
The sickle of the reaper blithe;
And all is gathered now
Then they give thanks, once labour's done
For warming snow and rain, and sun
God speed the Plough

As long as husbandman is found,
To sow and reap on English ground,
Honouring the timeless vow;
Let none despise the farmer's part,
But with him, echo heart to heart
God speed the Plough

After AGRICOLA. 1840,

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