

Ploughman's Song

*An old man ploughed on the hillside,
In a springtime, long ago;
And betimes he sang as he followed
The horses, to and fro.*

*His song was often a sad one,
Of a lover seen no more,
Or of men who longed for their country,
On some far, foreign shore.*

*Apart he toiled with his furrows,
As he added one by one,
With an even tread and steady,
Until the day was done.*

*A young man ploughs on the hillside,
It is springtime once again,
And a strange new 'yoke' he is guiding,
With wheel but not with rein.*

*This lad hears music from headphones,
In a rhythm loud and strong.
He can talk to the men in the farmyard,
The time seems never long.*

*Not one, but many furrows,
Does he make on each swift run,
And the hillside, green at mid-day,
Is brown at the setting sun.*

*Yet still the vision is with me,
Of that ploughman, long ago,
And with memory's ear I can listen
To his singing soft and low.*

SARA SAVAGE