

HORSES and PLOW

(Michael Hogan)

**OH BONNY THE BREEZES THAT BLOW IN THE SPRING
AND SWEET IS THE MUSIC, THE SONG THRUSHES BRING
BUT I SIGH FOR A SCENE THAT I SELDOM SEE NOW:
A MAN IN A FIELD WITH HIS HORSES AND PLOW**

**FAREWELL TO THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH LONG AGO
WHEN I'D HARNESS MY TEAM NEAR THE STABLE BELOW
THEN OFF TO THE HIGHLANDS BESIDES CARRIGOW
TO CLEAVE THE HARD GREENSWARD
WITH HORSES AND PLOW**

**AND INVOKING A BLESSING I STARTED MY DAY
"BAIL O DHIA AR AN OBAIR" WAS WHAT I WOULD SAY
ASKING FOR GUIDANCE TO KEEP MY KNOW-HOW
AND STRIKE A STRAIGHT FURROW WITH HORSES AND PLOW**

**AND UP ON THE HEADLAND ONCE IN A WHILE
I RESTED MY TEAM, DRIPPING WET WITH THE TOIL
WHILE THE SLEEVE OF MY SHIRT
WIPED THE SWEAT FROM MY BROW
AS I GAZED ON THE LABOR OF HORSES AND PLOW**

**THEN WHISTLING OR LILTING THE VERSE OF A SONG
WOULD LIGHTEN MY LABORS THE WHOLE DAY LONG
WHILE THE SEAGULLS ALL ROUND ME
AND ROOKS ON THE BOUGH
WERE SENSING THE BOUNTY OF HORSES AND PLOW**

**BUT THE CLATTER OF TRACTORS, POLLUTION AND ALL
HAS CRIPPLED THE CAPALL AND SAD WAS THAT FALL
WHILE FARAWAY OPEC WE RICHLY ENDOW
FORGETTING THE VALUE OF HORSES AND PLOW**

**NOW IT'S SOON I'LL BE CALLED FROM THIS VALLEY OF WOE
TO THE FAIR FIELDS OF HEAVEN I HOPE THAT I'LL GO
ONE REQUEST TO SAINT PETER WHICH I PRAY HE'LL ALLOW
ETERNAL EMPLOYMENT WITH HORSES AND PLOW!**