

I Will Go With My Father A-ploughing

by Joseph Campbell (1879–1944)

I will go with my father a-ploughing
To the green field by the sea,
And the rooks and the crows and the seagull
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the patient horses
With the lark in the while of the air,
And my father will sing the plough-song
That blesses the cleaving share.

I will go with my father a-sowing
To the red field by the sea,
And the rooks and the gulls and the starlings
Will come blocking after me.
I will sing to the striding sowers
With the finch on the greening slow,
And my father will sing the seed-song
That only the wise men know.

I will go with my father a-reaping
To the brown field by the sea,
And the geese and the crows and the children
Will come blocking after me.
I will sing to the tanfaced reapers
With the wren in the heat of the sun,
And my father will sing the scythe-song
That joys for the harvest done.