

Ryegrass and Clover

Adapted from the poem *Speed the Plough*

Words Cicely Fox Smith, **music and additional words** Sarah Morgan

1. As I was a-walking on Chilbolton Down
I spied an old farmer there driving to town
Jogging to market behind his old grey,
So I jumped up beside him and this he did say:

Chorus

*Oh the hoof and the horn, the roots and the corn,
The flock in the fold and the pigs in the pen,
Ryegrass and clover and barns brimming over,
They feed the Kings horses and feed the King's men.*

2. My boy, he's in Flanders, a fine strapping lad,
I gave him for England, the one boy I had.
My boy he is fighting away 'cross the foam
While I'm left here fretting and moping at home.
But the hoof and the horn....

3. Now if there are times when its just about hard
Without his strong arm in the fields or the yard
Well I picks up my spirits, and I flick the old grey
And these are the words that her heels seem to say:
Oh the hoof and the horn...

4. Then I look at my furrows just to see the corn spring
Like little green sword blades each drawn for the king
Then step it out Bess, for there's still work to do
For old chaps like me and old horses like you.
Oh the hoof and the horn...

5. Now gone is the farmer, his daughters and sons,
But the cause is not only the war and the guns,
For factory farming and market demand
Have altered for ever the life on the land.
*Oh the shocks and the sheaves, the lambs and the beeves,
The ducks and the geese and the old speckled hen,
Ryegrass and clover and barns brimming over,
They feed the Kings horses and feed the King's men.*

Repeat original chorus (optional)