

# The Ploughboy's Dream

## Gryphon

I am a ploughboy stout and strong as ever drove a team  
And three years since as I lay a-bed I had a dreadful dream  
I dreamt I drove my master's team three horses travelled far  
Before a stiff and armoured plough as all my masters are  
I found the ground was baked so hard 'twas more like bricks than clay  
I could not cut my furrow through nor would my beasts obey  
The more I whipped and slashed and swore the less my horses tried  
Dobbin lay down and Belle and Star ignored my threats and cries  
Till low above me appeared a youth he seemed to hang in air  
And all around a dazzling light which made my eyes to stare  
"Give over cruel wretch" he cried "do not thy beasts abuse  
Think if the ground was not so hard they would their work refuse"  
Besides I heard thee curse and swear as if dumb beasts could know  
Just what your oaths and cursing meant it's better far than gold  
That you should know that there is one who knows thy sins full well  
And what shall be thy after doom another shall thee tell"  
No more he said but light as air he vanished from my sight  
And with him went the sun's bright beams 'twas all as dark as night  
The thunder roared from underground the earth it seemed to gape  
Blue flames broke forth and in those flames appeared an awful shape  
"I soon shall call thee mine" he cried with a voice so clear and deep  
And quivering like an Aspen leaf I woke out of my sleep  
So ponder well you ploughboys all this dream that I have told  
And if the work goes hard with you its worth your wage in gold

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