

“ THE PLOWERS.”

Me, and neighbour Crawsbery,
We ploughed the Chapel Feld,
The morning was right arly
The frost, at fust, it held.

(The roöad were bright and golden,
T’were straws that made it shine,
T’was sometime past in February
Just after Walentine.)

We ploughed the feld together
Same as in years afore
When arly was spring weather,
Some twenty years and more.

This year it fared much harder,
Right frawn it were and thick,
And now and then the ploughshare stopped
As if by stone or stick.

And as I ploughed acrost the slope
Where once a Church did stand,
Another hand held up the share
Above the fallow land.

And a voice said close agin me,
In a sort of whisper low—
“ The Plowers made long furrows
In those years so long ago.”

“ The furrows where they laid their dead
The graves all side by side.
In Holy Church’s keeping
To wait their Eastertide.”

"But now no stone, no Cross is here
To tell the passers by,
That this was once God's Acre
Of Ancient Memory."

"Go tell the folk, when home you go
You hard a voice that said—
The Flowers make long furrows
Above the Holy Dead."

* * * *

—I fared I must be dreaming,
I looked round left and right
T'were only the sea kitties
I saw, all gleaming white.

Their cries, as they flew round me
It was the only sound—
But since that day, I've always known
That Feld was Holy ground.

C. L. PICKTHALL.

NOTE—

THE ELDER CHURCH.

On the South of the Town, near the Marshes, in Ground called the Church Land, whereon stood the Old Church, which was thatched.

A.D. 1473. This Church was taken down.

Robert Blackmore, the Elder, to plow the ground which was the Cemetery, carried away the last visible Remains of the Old Church.

Walberswick accompt Book.

A.D. 1728. (as he related it.)

(From Gardiner's History).