Is My Team Ploughing

By A. E. Housman

“Is my team ploughing,
    That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
    When I was man alive?”

Ay, the horses trample,
    The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
    The land you used to plough.

“Is football playing
    Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
    Now I stand up no more?”

Ay the ball is flying,
    The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
    Stands up to keep the goal.

“Is my girl happy,
    That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
    As she lies down at eve?”

Ay, she lies down lightly,
    She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
    Be still, my lad, and sleep.

“Is my friend hearty,
    Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
    A better bed than mine?”

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
    I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man’s sweetheart,
    Never ask me whose.