HOME

Francis Ledwidge

*This is a song a robin sang  
This morning on a broken tree -*

A burst of sudden wings at dawn,  
faint voices in a dreamy noon,  
evenings of mist and murmurings,  
and nights with rainbows of the moon.

And through these things a wood-way dim,  
And waters dim, and slow sheep seen  
On uphill paths that wind away  
Through summer sounds and harvest green.

This is a song a robin sang  
This morning on a broken tree,  
It was about the little fields  
That call across the world to me.

*Belgium*,  
⁠*July, 1917*.