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*.