

The Field

Fish

The body lay on fragrant earth under empty skies in an open field,
A shallow grave, unmarked, unnoticed,
in crumbling furrows carved by rusted ploughs,

They will bury your empty coffin; they will raise for you a stone,
They will know you fell in glory,
In the corner of some lonely foreign field,

Broken cloud, fleeting shadows, silhouettes are scattered across
the sky,
The hollow laughter fills the heavens,
And echoes round a still and silent field,

Where you have climbed Jacob's ladder; where you saw the light
of God,
And from the voices of his angels the Truth was heard,
the Truth was heard.

I have slept in the shadows of moonstruck trees,
A mossy pillow my rock of dreams,
The wood smoke lingers among smouldering leaves,
Like my thoughts are carried away on a stiffening breeze
To the domes and spires, the glittering towers
Of palaces of kings and thrones of power,

I will climb Jacob's ladder; I will see the light of God,
I will hear from the tongues of angels his Holy words, his Holy
words

I take the field in honest battle,
My father's sword is sure in hand,
My heart my shield, my dreams my armour,
My banners high and my hopes are gathered
Fortunes home I'll surely carry
and the bells will ring in honour of my name

Should I falter, should I tarry, should I hesitate, should I fall?
Then bury me in your memories, let our children hear the bugle
call,

Let them climb Jacob's ladder; let them see the light of God,
Let them hear from the tongues of angels his Holy words,
Let them take the field.