

I N T H E F I E L D S

Lord, when I look at lovely things which pass,

Under old trees the shadow of young leaves
Dancing to please the wind along the grass,

Or the gold stillness of the August sun on the August sheaves;
Can I believe there is a heavenlier world than this?

And if there is
Will the strange heart of any everlasting thing

Bring me these dreams that take my breath away?
They come at evening with the home-flying rooks and the scent of hay,
Over the fields. They come in Spring.

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