ENGLAND’S FIELDS ARE GREEN

England’s cliffs are white like milk,
   But England’s fields are green;
   The grey fogs creep across the moors,
   But warm suns stand between.
And not so far from London Town beyond the brimming street
A thousand little summer winds are singing in the wheat.

Red-lipped poppies stand and burn,
   The hedges are aglow;
   The daisies climb the windy hills
   Till all grow white like snow.
And when the slim pale moon slides up and dreamy night his near
There’s a whisper in the beaches for lonely hearts to hear.

Poppies burn in Italy
   And suns grow round and high;
   The black pines of Posilipo
   Are gaunt upon the sky—
And yet I know an English elm beside an English lane
That calls me through the twilight and the miles of misty rain.

Tell me why the meadow-lands
   Become so warm in June;
   Why the tangled roses breathe
   So softly to the moon;
And when the sunset bars come down to pass the feet of day
Why the singing thrushes slide between the sprigs of May.

Weary, we have wandered back—
   And we have traveled far—
   Above the storms and over seas
   Gleamed ever one bright star—
O, England, when our hearts grow cold and will no longer roam,
We see beyond your milk-white cliffs the round green fields of home.

Lloyd Roberts.