

## Fish

### "The Field"

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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 cross 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.

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