

# ***Amersham in Flanders***

## ***A poem by Paul England***

Here today in Amersham  
All the world is fair  
Plenty smiles upon the land  
Health is in the air  
Jolly taverns grace the town  
Honest farms and mills  
Peace and beauty smiling down  
From the sheltering hills

Here today in Amersham  
Just to live is good  
Standing by the Pightle walk  
Up in Rectory Woods  
Out away to Mantle's Green  
Round by Charlesley's Slipe  
Only think of Weedon Hill  
When the corn is ripe!

Go the round of Amersham –  
Shardeloes our own!  
Little lovely Missenden  
Coleshill on her throne  
Fare no further! Come again!  
'Tis an idle quest!  
Only here in Amersham  
Life is at its best

Over there in Flanders  
The earth is sown with dead;  
Not with poppies, but with blood  
There the fields are red  
Shrapnel shrieks above the trench  
Death is in the air  
Fiery torture, choking stench,  
Front the heroes there

Over there in Flanders  
(God be with them all)  
There be those who think of us  
When the bugles call;  
Facing Hell and all its powers  
Foremost in the fray,  
Lads we love, those lads of ours,  
Think of us today.

Home, last year, in Amersham  
Happy are the rest  
One and all, at England's call  
Burned to do their best;  
Young and proud they marched away,  
Calm and undismayed –  
O well for those who went that day,  
But ill for them that stayed.

(Is it scarce a year ago  
Since we lost our lad?  
Ah, the days are long and slow  
When the heart is sad  
Sometimes in a dream at morn  
I can see him still  
Potting rabbits in the corn  
Bathing by the mill)

Over there in Flanders  
Some are laid to rest –  
Just a cross above the head,  
Flowers upon the breast  
Ye that mourn, lift up your eyes  
Though your hearts may break –  
In heaven they stand, a glorious band  
Who died for England's sake.

Gather at your own church door  
Read the record there!  
Father, mother, friend and lover  
Bow your heads in prayer;  
"Holy Michael, be their shield!  
England's Saint, watch o'er them!  
Send them safe from Flanders' field  
To Amersham that bore them"