

Fern Hill Full Poem

Writer: Dylan Thomas | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

Fern Hill

Dylan Thomas 1914-1953

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs About the lilting house and happy as the
grass was green, The night above the dingle starry, Time let me hail and climb
 Golden in the heydays of his eyes, And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple
towns And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves Trail with daisies and
barley Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns About the happy yard and singing
as the farm was home, In the sun that is young once only, Time let me play and be
 Golden in the mercy of his means, And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman,
the calves Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold, And the sabbath
rang slowly In the pebbles of the holy streams.

All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay Fields high as the house, the tunes from
the chimneys, it was air And playing, lovely and watery And fire green as grass.
 And nightly under the simple stars As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away,
All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the nightjars Flying with the ricks, and
the horses Flashing into the dark.

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white With the dew, come back, the cock on
his shoulder: it was all Shining, it was Adam and maiden, The sky gathered again
 And the sun grew round that very day. So it must have been after the birth of the simple
light In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm Out of the whinnying
green stable On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay house Under the new made clouds and
happy as the heart was long, In the sun born over and over, I ran my heedless ways,
 My wishes raced through the house high hay And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades,
that time allows In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs Before the children
green and golden Follow him out of grace,

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me Up to the swallow thronged
loft by the shadow of my hand, In the moon that is always rising, Nor that riding to
sleep I should hear him fly with the high fields And wake to the farm forever fled from the
childless land. Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means, Time held me
green and dying Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

From *The Poems of Dylan Thomas*, published by New Directions. Copyright © 1952, 1953 Dylan Thomas. Copyright © 1937, 1945, 1955, 1962, 1966, 1967 the Trustees for the Copyrights of Dylan Thomas. Copyright © 1938, 1939, 1943, 1946, 1971 New Directions Publishing Corp. Used with permission.