

Beneath the sun, on fields of green,
A timeless battle paints the scene.
The willow hums, the leather flies,
Cheers erupt, beneath wide skies.

A bowler's stride, a thunderous pace,
The batsman stands to meet the chase.
Spin and swing, with cunning art,
Each delivery aims at heart.

The boundary calls, the crowd takes flight,
A six arcs high, a dazzling sight.
The stumps stand tall, the bails take guard,
Each moment etched, a player's card.

More than a game, it binds the land,
With passion fierce, and spirits grand.
Cricket's song, both loud and sweet,
Unites all hearts where rivals meet.