

A Soldier's Dream

Donovan

Oh, the drums are so mournful
My dear, oh, my love
As my thoughts they are turning your way
Where are the eyes
I beheld with my own
On that long ago lazy day?

Dead are the leaves
On the stark battlefield
The stench of the flesh sickens me
I sleep soaking wet a
And the worms eat my bread
The mourning of men fills the air

Oh, green are the leaves
On the old apple tree
Those sweet perfumed blossoms of spring
Entwined in your hair
A smile in your eyes
A soft blade of grass for a ring

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As my thoughts they are turning your way
Where are the eyes
I beheld with my own
On that long ago lazy day?
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