

## The Soldiers' Tale

Strawbs

The watchers on the hillside stand in silence  
As the dawn appears  
Then they gather to their horses in an instant  
As a sunshaft sears  
Through the morning mist which hangs low in the valleys  
Like a serpent's tail  
Both poisonous to enemies and heroes  
In the soldiers' tale.

A lonely tower stands empty as a refuge  
By the sullen lake  
As the straggle of survivors, in their weakness,  
Make a grave mistake  
For the crossroad sign which points towards the cost  
Is another nail  
In the cross of the Pretender and his comrades  
In the soldiers' tale.

The dream we once knew  
Is now over  
The battle is lost  
The retreat has begun  
Let us make our escape  
In the dead of the night  
While the lone widows wail  
In the soldiers' tale.

The French boat, at the ready, stands at anchor  
On the swollen tide  
His loyal followers raise a faint cheer  
As he draws aside  
The Pretender's cause is lost, a sad farewell  
As the boat sets sail  
And the rain hurls down on the challenge of the gauntlet  
In the soldiers' tale.

The soldiers' song is never sung  
The soldiers' battle never won  
The soldiers' lives are bought and sold  
The soldiers' bayonets are cold  
The soldiers' guns are never fired  
The soldiers' eyes are never tired  
The soldiers' hearts are filled with hate  
A soldier's cause must ever wait.