

Red Plum

The Ozark Mountain Daredevils

The blacksmith dreams of a white queen
The blacksmith dreams of a queen
The cobbler dreams of a gold ring
The cobbler dreams of a ring
And weeds grow wild on the village green
The red plum rots on the ground
And she lays there with a bright gold ring
And a pure white ivory crown

The wheelwright dreams of a jewel'd case
The wheelwright dreams of a case
The drover dreams of the queen's lace
The drover dreams of the lace
And weeds grow wild on the village green
The red plum rots on the ground
And she lays there with a bright jewel'd case
In a full length white lace gown

The crier dreams of a queen's face
The crier dreams of a face
The fletcher dreams of a royal place
The fletcher dreams of a place
And no one goes where the weeds bend deep
When the snow falls down on the town
And she lays there in a dreamless sleep
And the red plum can't be found