

## 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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