

## Green Fields

Kate Rusby

In green fields I will lie  
As summer comes on soon  
And the birds above me fly  
I will wait here for the moon

My heart it sings, my heart it sings  
Of better times, of better things  
And he will be here soon  
His my old friend the moon

There's a soft breeze all around  
From far beyond the hills  
And the birds are rightly proud  
Of the peace this land instills

My heart it sings, my heart it sings  
Of better times, of better things  
And he will be here soon  
My old friend the moon

Oh the world from which I came  
Was as dark as it was cold  
But the light here knows my name  
It is warm and it is bold

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