

Elegy For The Brave

William Shatner

There is a deep blue valley,
In the mountains I know,
Where the sky is pure,
And warm breezes blow.
Where the meadow is in bloom,
And the grass is soft,
And green.
And the sunlight sprinkles diamonds,
On a clear flowing stream
A pale young soldier
is asleep, lying there
with the sun on his brow
and the dew on his hair
theres a look upon his face
like a lost and lonely child
as he sleeps upon the meadow
at rest for awhile
he doesn't see the mountains
or hear the rivers sigh
he doesn't feel the wind
as it whispers
drifting by
and he'll never see the sorrow
of the faces
stained with tears
or share the passing days
as they turn to years
Oh, the sleeper in the valley
has found his rest at last
as he lies in peaceful slumber
on the green meadow grass