

WHEN THE FIELDS ARE WHITE WITH DAISIES

From Norman Blake

Middle Verse by Joe LaMay

Once a girl said to a soldier
Sure of traveling over
To a land across the raging ocean foam
Where the bullets were fast flying
And in numbers men lay dying
Far from the peaceful shores of home

*Meet me yonder won't you then love
In the lane down by the pine grove
When you come home from a far and distant land
On the hillside green with clover
After all the wars are over
When the fields are white with daisies once again*

Now the days they passed so slowly
The night winds blew so coldly
Outside her cabin as she waited all alone
And the letters he did write her
She kept them all beside her
As she prayed some day that he'd be coming home

Chorus

Now the years have slowly rolled past
The weeds have choked the green grass
In the lane where she goes walking all alone
And the wild flowers have faded
From the face of a lady
For a soldier who never came home

Chorus

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What the Woof? Music

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Joe LaMay & Sherri Reese

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