

Springfield Dusty

"Broken Blossoms"

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adapted by Springfield-Gray (1967)

I walk where once the grass was green,
And mourn the lark that sings no more,
What bird could sing who's eyes have seen,
Broken blossoms on the field of war.
And as they lie there in the sun,
How unimportant now it seems,
Just who has lost and who has won,
When with them have died so many dreams.
They dreamed that endless hate would end,
Unceasing fear one day would cease,
They dreamed that foe would turn to friend,
And eternal war would turn to peace.
But who can say how many more,
Will join these young and hopeful men,
In fears they've never seen before,
Far from fields they'll never see again.

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