

## **John Rush**

### **"The Sleep"**

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In the winter of my youth where the shadows have  
passed  
Are my memories of the truth I thought would always  
last  
And now it seems that all my dreams like the summer  
sun have gone  
And my heart lies in New Haven but in my struggle I live  
on

I made my way through the broken gate  
Found out I was too late  
And I could not disturb her sleep  
A three days ride to Scottendale  
And a penance on my trail  
And now a memories all I keep

Eyes of crystal deep as night a heart the world could  
never know  
I held our daughters hand so tight and said my dear its  
time to go  
And in my haste, no time to waste I had to leave her  
where she lay  
But I swore then as I do now that Ill come back for her  
some day

I made my way through the broken gate  
Found out I was too late  
And I could not disturb her sleep  
A three days ride to Scottendale  
And a penance on my trail  
And now a memories all I keep

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