

Bardic

"Blood All On The Grass"

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There's a thunder on the wind my friend
Today this tale begun
You here the shouts of fightin' men
And the beatin' of the drum
We hear a prayer on every breath
Oh lord, let this all pass
There're shadows on the far hillside
There's blood all on the grass

The battle shouts are silent now
In the mud these young men lie
The name of their own dear sweetheart
Their last breath as they die
The pike, the sword, the musket all
Performed the deadly task
A lark sings in the clear blue sky
There's blood all on the grass

There's mist all on the quiet field
Where the fox and rabbit run
The glowing sky is growing red
With the setting of the sun
And the blood-red river's running by
Neath the bridge as it does pass
With the lives and the loves of all young men
There's blood all on the grass

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