

Roy Harper "The Flycatcher"

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As I walked over North Botley copse
I saw a fine lady ghost across the tops
With a ring on her finger and the wings on her toes
She can have music wherever she goes
Those were the days in the cradle of our love
Those are the days I dream of sweetly
Those were the days and I thank the stars above
The flycatcher, the cherry tree, the chestnut coal fire
sea
As the last hope of sunshine embers on the hill
At the end of all the rainbows where the timeless
legends dwell
A ghostly coach and four love, storms the midnight
rain
As silently aurora almightly refrains
Those were the days in the cradle of our love
Those are the days I dream of sweetly
Those were the days and I thank the stars above
The flycatcher, the cherry tree, the chestnut coal fire
sea

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