



## The Battle's O'er

I returned to the fields of glory,  
Where the green grass and flowers grow.  
And the wind softly sings the story,  
Of the brave lads of long ago.  
March no more my soldier laddie,  
There is peace where there once was war.  
Sleep in peace my soldier laddie,  
Sleep in peace, now the battle's o'er.  
In the great glen they lay a sleeping,  
Where the cool waters gently flow.  
And the gray mist is sadly weeping,  
For those brave lads of long ago.  
March no more my soldier laddie,  
There is peace where there once was war.  
Sleep in peace my soldier laddie,  
Sleep in peace, now the battle's o'er.  
See the tall grass is there awaiting,  
As their banners of long ago.  
With their heads high forward threading,  
Stepping lightly to meet the foe.  
March no more my soldier laddie,  
There is peace where there once was war.  
Sleep in peace my soldier laddie,  
Sleep in peace, now the battle's o'er.  
Some return from the fields of glory,  
To their loved ones who held them dear.  
But some fell in that hour of glory,  
And were left to their resting here.  
March no more my soldier laddie,  
There is peace where there once was war.  
Sleep in peace my soldier laddie,  
Sleep in peace, now the battle's o'er.  
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There is peace where there once was war.  
Sleep in peace my soldier laddie,  
Sleep in peace, now the battle's o'er.