

# WHEN THE FIELDS ARE WHITE WITH DAISIES

From Norman Blake • Middle Verse by Joe LaMay

Once a girl said to a soldier  
Sure of traveling over  
To a land across the raging ocean foam  
Where the bullets were fast flying  
And in numbers men lay dying  
Far from the peaceful shores of home

*Meet me yonder won't you then love  
In the lane down by the pine grove  
When you come home from a far and distant land  
On the hillside green with clover  
After all the wars are over  
When the fields are white with daisies once again*

Now the days they passed so slowly  
The night winds blew so coldly  
Outside her cabin as she waited all alone  
And the letters he did write her  
She kept them all beside her  
As she prayed some day that he'd be coming home

*Chorus*

Now the years have slowly rolled past  
The weeds have choked the green grass  
In the lane where she goes walking all alone  
And the wild flowers have faded  
From the face of a lady  
For a soldier who never came home

*Chorus*

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Released on:  
**Joe LaMay & Sherri Reese**  
*Maryville*  
(2000)  
What the Woof? Music  
•  
**Joe LaMay & Sherri Reese**  
*Cumberland Rose*  
(2005)  
Tall Cotton Music