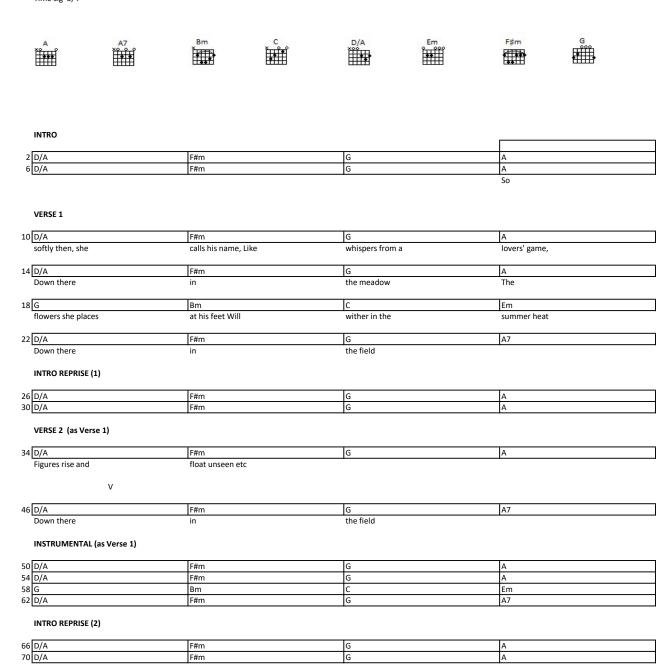
IN THE MEADOW

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key D Time sig 3/4



VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

74 D/A	F#m	G	A
Many years have	come and gone etc		

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86		F#m	G	A7
-	Down there	in	the field	

CODA

90 D/A	F#m	G	A
94 D/A	F#m	G	A
98 D/A	F#m	G	A
102 D/A	F#m	G	A
106 D/A			

So softly, then, she calls his name, Like whispers from a lovers' game Down there in the meadow: The flowers she places at his feet Will wither in the summer heat Down there in the field

Figures rise and float unseen Blending soft to black and green Down there in the meadow, Briefly caught through half closed eyes, Like fleeting summer butterflies Down there in the field

Many years have come and gone Yet still the memory lingers on Down there in the meadow: Softly, still, she calls his name Like echoes from a lover's game Down there in the field