

The Gallows Waltz

My loved one, my own one, the birds are not singing.
The wind it blows coldly on a far Southern shore.
For word I've received, that you've cruelly been taken.
And our poor baby son, will see his father no more.

Oh when, tell me when will this long war be over,
And brother will walk with his brother no more,
And the crops will grow tall, there's flowers in the meadow,
And we'll dance in the moonlight, like we did once before.

They say that they trapped you, and killed all your comrades,
That they left you to hang, from a tall willow tree,
And your poor beaten body, sways gently in motion,
And danced with the dead, my beloved, not me.

I'll never forget you, my Johnny, my own one,
Though they've buried your body in a land far away,
And one day when he's older, I'll bring Michael to you,
And we'll come to Virginia, to visit your grave.

And we'll laugh and sing songs, and remember the old days
When we danced in the moonlight, kissed under the stars,
And your body will sway in a soft gentle motion,
And you'll dance with the dead, as you lay in my arms.

This war it is cruel for many have perished,
And the nation united will better be then,
For the seed is unplanted and the harvest is empty,
And the graveyards are full, of our lovely young men.