

Fields Of St. Etienne

Mary Hopkin

Through the fields of St Etienne
Amidst the corn I wonder
In my hand an ear of corn
The morning dew has kissed

Here beneath the skies
I lay with my lover
While the summer winds gathered clouds of war

Au revoir my love
Though the reasons pass me
Why we can't remain in the fields of St. Etienne

Weaving proudly, singing loudly
Being young and foolish

He was going never knowing
He would not return
Singing songs of war
Filled with God and country
Marching down the road with the boys that day

Au revoir my love
Though the reasons pass me
Why we can't remain in the fields of St. Etienne
(Repeat *)
La La La La ...