

# The Flycatcher

Roy Harper

As I walked over North Botley copse  
I saw a fine lady ghost across the tops  
With a ring on her finger and the wings on her toes  
She can have music wherever she goes  
Those were the days in the cradle of our love  
Those are the days I dream of sweetly  
Those were the days and I thank the stars above  
The flycatcher, the cherry tree, the chestnut coal fire sea  
As the last hope of sunshine embers on the hill  
At the end of all the rainbows where the timeless legends dwell  
A ghostly coach and four love, storms the midnight rain  
As silently aurora almightly refrains  
Those were the days in the cradle of our love  
Those are the days I dream of sweetly  
Those were the days and I thank the stars above  
The flycatcher, the cherry tree, the chestnut coal fire sea