

## Elegy For The Brave

William Shatner

There is a deep blue valley,  
In the mountains I know,  
Where the sky is pure,  
And warm breezes blow.  
Where the meadow is in bloom,  
And the grass is soft,  
And green.  
And the sunlight sprinkles diamonds,  
On a clear flowing stream  
A pale young soldier  
is asleep, lying there  
with the sun on his brow  
and the dew on his hair  
theres a look upon his face  
like a lost and lonely child  
as he sleeps upon the meadow  
at rest for awhile  
he doesn't see the mountains  
or hear the rivers sigh  
he doesn't feel the wind  
as it whispers  
drifting by  
and he'll never see the sorrow  
of the faces  
stained with tears  
or share the passing days  
as they turn to years  
Oh, the sleeper in the valley  
has found his rest at last  
as he lies in peaceful slumber  
on the green meadow grass