```
BROKEN BLOSSOMS  IN G
|G         |%         |D              |%
I walk where once the grass was green.

   |%         |D7              |G    |%
And mourn the lark that sings no more.

   |%          |G7         |C            |Am7
What bird could sing whose eyes have seen.

      |D        |D7              |G     |%     |
Broken blossoms on the field of war.


G          |%         |D          |%
And as they lie there in the sun.

   |%    |D7            |G      |%
How unim-portant now it seems.

   |%         |G7              |C     |Am7
Just who has lost and who has won.

      |D         |D7             |G     |%     |
When with them have died so many dreams.


G             |%        |D            |%
They dreamed that endless hate would end.

  |%        |D7            |G     |%
Un-ceasing fear one day would cease.

   |%            |G7              |C      |Am7
They dreamed that foe would turn to friend.

    |D     |D7              |G      |%     |
And e-ternal war would turn to peace.


G          |%        |D          |%
But who can say how many more.

    |%          |D7            |G     |%
Will join these young and hopeful men.

   |%            |G7            |C     |Am7
In fields they've never seen be-fore.

SLOW     |D            |D7          |G     |%     |G
Far from fields they'll never see a-gain.
```

```
BROKEN BLOSSOMS IN C
|C          |%        |G              |%
I walk where once the grass was green.

     |%        |G7                  |C       |%
And mourn the lark that sings no more.

     |%         |C7         |F            |Dm7
What bird could sing whose eyes have seen.

        |G       |G7             |C       |%     |
Broken blossoms on the field of war.


C          |%         |G             |%
And as they lie there in the sun.

    |%    |G7            |C       |%
How unim-portant now it seems.

     |%        |C7              |F     |Dm7
Just who has lost and who has won.

         |G       |G7           |C       |%     |
When with them have died so many dreams.


C              |%        |G              |%
They dreamed that endless hate would end.

   |%        |G7             |C     |%
Un-ceasing fear one day would cease.

    |%          |C7              |F     |Dm7
They dreamed that foe would turn to friend.

      |G     |G7            |C       |%     |
And e-ternal war would turn to peace.


C           |%        |G          |%
But who can say how many more.

     |%        |G7            |C       |%
Will join these young and hopeful men.

   |%            |C7            |F     |Dm7
In fields the y've never seen be-fore.

SLOW    |G             |G7          |C     |%     |C
Far from fields they'll never see a-gain.
```