

# Patriot's Dream (Page 1) Gordon Lightfoot

"Patriot's Dream" is essentially two songs stuck together. At the end the first part is reprised almost in its entirety.

G G C C  
The songs of the wars are as old as the hills  
G G A D  
They cling like the rust on the cold steel that kills  
G G G7 C  
They tell of the boys who went down to the tracks  
D D C G G  
In a patriotic manner with the cold steel on their backs

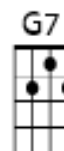
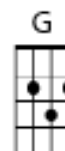
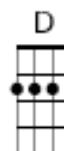
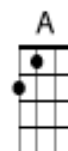
Skip verse 2 the  
second time  
through

G G C C  
The patriot's dream is as old as the sky  
G G A D  
It lives in the lust of a cold callous lie  
G G G7 C  
Let's drink to the men who got caught by the chill  
D D C G G  
Of the patriotic fever and the cold steel that kills

G G C C  
The train pulled away on that glorious night  
G G A D  
The drummer got drunk and the bugler got tight  
G G G7 C  
While the boys in the back sang a song of good cheer  
D D C G G  
While riding off to glory in the spring of their years

G G C C  
The patriot's dream still lives on today  
G G A D  
It makes mothers weep and it makes lovers pray  
G G G7 C  
Let's drink to the men who got caught by the chill  
D D C G  
Of the patriotic fever and the cold steel that kills

G



# Patriot's Dream (Page 2) Gordon Lightfoot

G// D// Em G// D// Em  
 Well there was a sad, sad lady weeping all night long  
 She received a sad, sad message from a voice on the telephone  
 Her children were all sleeping as she waited out the dawn  
 G// D// Em G// D// B7 B7  
 How could she tell those children that their father was shot down  
 G// D// Em G// D// Em  
 So she took them to her side that day and she told them one by one  
 G// D// Em G// D// B7 B7  
 Your father was a good man ten thousand miles from home

Am7 D G Cmaj7  
 He tried to do his duty and it took him straight to hell  
 Am7 D G Cmaj7 Cmaj7 Am7 Am7  
 He might be in some prison, I hope he's treated well

G// D// Em G// D// Em  
 Well there was a young girl watching in the early after - noon  
 When she heard the name of someone who said he'd be home soon  
 And she wondered how they got him, but the papers did not tell  
 G// D// Em G// D// B7 B7  
 There would be no sweet reunion, there would be no wedding bells  
 G// D// Em G// D// Em  
 So she took herself into her room and she turned the bed sheets down  
 G// D// Em G// D// B7 B7  
 And she cried into the silken folds of her new wedding gown

## <Chorus>

G// D// Em G// D// Em  
 Well there was an old man sitting in his mansion on the hill  
 And he thought of his good fortune and the time he'd yet o kill  
 Well he called to his wife one day, "Come sit with me awhile"  
 G// D// Em G// D// B7 B7  
 Then turning toward the sunset, he smiled a wicked smile  
 G// D// Em G// D// Em  
 "Well I'd like to say I'm sorry for the sinful deeds I've done  
 G// D// Em G// D// B7 B7  
 But let me first remind you, I'm a patri - otic son"

## <Chorus> <Repeat verses 1, 3, 4 from Page 1>

