

Bob Dylan, Two Soldiers

He was just a blue-eyed Boston boy
His voice was low with pain
"I'll do your bidding comrade mine
If I ride back again
But if you ride back and I am left
You'll do as much for me
Mother you know, must hear the news
So write to her tenderly."

"She's waiting at home like a patient saint
Her fond face pale with woe
Her heart will be broken when I am gone
I'll see her soon, I know"
Just then the order came to charge
For an instant hand touched hand
They said "Aye" and away they rode
That brave and devoted band.

Straight was the track to the top of the hill
The rebels they shot and shelled
Plowed furrows of death through the toiling ranks
And guarded them as they fell
There soon came a horrible dying yell
From heights that they could not gain
And those whom doom and death had spared
Rode slowly back again.

But among the dead that were left on the hill
Was the boy with the curly hair
The tall dark man who rode by his side
Lay dead beside him there
There's no one to write to the blue-eyed girl
The words that her lover had said
Momma, you know, awaits the news
And she'll only know he's dead.