

Cowboy Junkies, Two Soldiers

[Traditional]

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

She's a-waiting at home like a patient saint
Her fallen face paled with woe
Her heart would 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 sayed "aye" and away they rode
That brave and devoted band

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

But among the dead that were left on the hill
Was the boy with curly hair
The tall dark man who fought by his side
Lay dead beside him there
Well there was was no one to write to the blue-eyed girl
The words that her lover had said
While mother at home is awaiting her boy
She'll only know he's dead
She'll only know he's dead