

# John Denver, Civil War Suite

## I. Bright Golden Buttons

Oh, hear the drums thunder  
They sound such a wonder  
Go march off to war, boys  
And have at your fun

With your bangles and spangles  
And bright golden buttons  
Bright golden buttons  
That shine in the sun

The cannons are screaming  
Or is it my dreaming  
Young men will stumble  
And fall in the dust

And the dreams turn to crying  
When life turns to dying  
And bright golden buttons  
All turned to rust

## II. First Battalion

Boom bah bah boom bah bah boom  
Twelve riders in the gloom  
Seven show red and the rest are dead  
But the First Battalion's home

Boom bah bah boom bah bah boom  
You can hear the hoof beats boom  
The drums are low and the pace is slow  
But the First Battalion's home

Boom bah bah boom bah bah boom  
And Richmond is their tomb  
There's a hundred dead at Richmond  
Three hundred more at Gettysburg  
A hundred more they've never found  
But the First Battalion's home

## III. Yes I See

There's a battle raging somewhere  
And it's thunder shakes the ground  
Terrible silence, when it's over?  
Only death makes such a sound

And I see, oh, yes I see  
On the last day of July  
Oh, yes I see, oh, yes I see  
On the last day of July

Something's moving in the shadows  
What is this that's drawing nigh  
It's the reaper, moving silent  
Must be someone's turn to die

And I see, oh, yes I see  
On the last day of July  
Oh, yes I see, oh, yes I see  
On the last day of July  
And yes I see, oh, yes I see  
On the last day of July

#### IV. Two Brothers

Two brothers on their way  
Two brothers on their way  
Two brothers on their way  
One wore blue, one wore grey

One wore blue and one wore grey  
As they marched along their way  
The fife and drum began to play  
All on a beautiful morning

One was gentle, one was kind  
One was gentle, one was kind  
One came home, one stayed behind  
A cannon ball don't pay no mind

A cannon ball don't pay no mind  
Though you're gentle or you're kind  
It don't care for the folks behind  
All on a beautiful morning

Two girls waiting by the railroad track  
Two girls waiting by the railroad track  
For their darlings to come back  
One wore blue, one wore black

One wore blue and one wore black  
Waiting by the railroad track  
For their darlings to come back  
All on a beautiful morning

#### V. First Battalion (reprise)

Boom bah bah boom bah bah boom  
And Richmond is their tomb  
There's a hundred dead at Richmond  
Three hundred more at Gettysburg  
A hundred more they've never found  
A hundred more they've never found  
But the First Battalion's home