

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