

## Two Little Boys

Greg Brown

Two little boys, two little toys  
Each was a wooden horse.  
Gaily they played, each summer's day  
Soldier boys, of course.  
One little chap, he had a mishap  
And he broke off his horse's head,  
Wept for his toy, then cried with joy  
When his young comrade said:  
"Do you think, Jack, I'd leave you crying  
When there's room on my horse for two?  
Climb up, Jack, we'll soon be flying.  
He can go just as fast with two.  
When we grow, we'll both be soldiers  
And our horses won't be toys,  
And it may be, Jack, that we'll remember  
When we were two little boys."  
The years quickly passed,  
The war came at last  
And bravely the boys marched away.  
Cannon roared loud, midst the mad crowd  
Wounded and dying Jack lay.  
When out rings a cry and a horse dashes by  
Out of the ranks of the blue.  
Dashes away to where Jack lay  
And a voice rang strong and true.  
"Do you think Jack, I'd could leave you dying  
When there's room on my horse for two?  
Climb up Jack, we'll soon be flying  
He can go just as fast with two.  
Do you Jack, I'm all a tremble?  
Perhaps it's the battles noise-  
Or maybe, Jack, that I remember  
When we were two little boys.