

## Two Soldiers

Bob Dylan

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.