

Soldier's Song

The Hollies

Smoke was slowly rising as the night began to fade,
There were fires on the sky line from some distant born array,
I was riding out at 17 to join my first brigade,
Many years ago.

And I chanced upon a farm house where the woman took me in,
She gave me food and wine, she gave me shelter from the wind,
She delayed me from my regiment, and service of my King,
Many years ago.

She said "Soldier, before I lose you to the fight,
Oh my soldier, I'll make a man of you tonight"
She took me over, in the fading fire glow,
On that wild and misty night she was my woman.

When I rose next morning I was gone before she stirred,
Tore myself away from there and left without a word,
Sound of distant infantry was the only thing I heard,
On that morning.

And in that day I aged 10 years and died a thousand deaths,
I learned the feel of frozen steal and fear within my breast,
But the lesson I remember 'til they laided me to my rest,
Keeps returning.

She said "Soldier, before I lose you to the fight,
Oh my soldier, I'll make a man of you tonight"
She took me over, in the fading fire glow,
On that wild and misty night she was my woman.

And when the dice of war was thrown, and victory was won,
My drunken young compatriots went out to have their fun,
And there was no single house they did not burn or over run,
On that evening.

And I rode out to that place again as hard as I could ride,
but I found her by the trail on the lonely mountain side,
In the hands of those brave friends of mine she suffered and she died,
Many years ago.

"Soldier, before I lose you to the fight,
Oh my soldier, I'll make a man of you tonight"
She took me over, in the fading fire glow,
On that wild and misty night she was my woman.