

Two Little Boys

Rolf Harris

Two little boys had two little toys
Each had a wooden horse.
Gaily they played each summer's day
Warriors both of course.
One little chap then had a mishap
Broke off his horse's head.
Wept for his toy then cried with joy
As his young playmate said.

Did you think I would leave you crying
When there's room on my horse for two.
Climb up here, Jack and don't be crying
I can go just as fast with two.
When we grow up we'll both be soldiers
And our horses will not be toys.
And I wonder if we'll remember
When we were two little boys.

Long years had passed, war came so fast
Bravely they marched away.
Cannon roared loud, and in the mad crowd,
Wounded and dying lay.
Up goes a shout, a horse dashes out
Out from the ranks so blue.
Gallops away to where Joe lay
Then came a voice he knew.

Did you think I would leave you dying
When there's room on my horse for two.
Climb up here, Joe, we'll soon be flying
I can go just as fast with two.
Did you say, Joe I'm all a-tremble
Perhaps it's the battle's noise.
But I think it's that I remember
When we were two little boys.

Did you think I would leave you dying
There's room on my horse for two.
Climb up here, Joe, we'll soon by flying
Back to the ranks so blue.
Can you feel, Joe I'm all a tremble
Perhaps it's the battle's noise.
But I think it's that I remember
When we were two little boys.