

# Two Soldiers

Jerry Garcia & David Grisman

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 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  
Ploughed furrows of death through the toiling ranks  
And guarded them as they fell

There soon came a horrible dying yell  
From heights they could not gain  
And those that doom and death had spared  
Rode slowly down again

But among the dead that were left on the hill  
Was the boy with the curly hair  
The tall dark man that rode by his side  
Lay dead beside him there

There's no one to write to the blue-eyed girl  
The words her lover had said  
Mom, you know, awaits the news  
She'll only know he's dead

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>