

The Story of a Soldier

Ennio Morricone

Bugles are calling from prairie to shore, Sign up and fall in and march off to war; Drums beating loudly, hearts
beating proudly March blue and gray and smile as you go.
Smoke hides the valleys and fire paints the plains, Loud roar the cannons till ruin remains; Blue grass and cotton
burnt and forgotten All hope seems gone so, soldier, march on to die.
Count all the crosses and count all the tears, These are the losses and sad souvenirs; This devastation once was a
nation So fall the dice, how high is the price.
There in the distance a flag I can see, Scorched and in ribbons but whose can it be; How ends the story, whose is
the glory, Ask if we dare our comrades out there who sleep.
Count all the crosses and count all the tears, These are the losses and sad souvenirs; This devastation once was a
nation So fall the dice, how high is the price we pay.

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