

## The Decemberists

### "Yankee Bayonet"

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Soldier: Heart carved tree trunk, Yankee Bayonet  
A sweetheart left behind

Girl: Far from the hills and the sea-swaled Carolinas  
That's where my true love lies

Soldier: Look for me when the sun-bright swallow  
Sings upon the birch bow high

Girl: But you are in the ground with the wolves and the  
weevils  
All a-chew on your bones so dry

But when the sun breaks to no more bullets and  
battlecries  
Then will you make a grave? For I will be home then  
I will be home then  
I will be home then  
I will be home then  
Then

Girl: When I was a girl how the hills of Oconee  
Made a seam to hem me in

Soldier: And there at the fair when our eyes caught,  
careless,  
Got my heart right pierced by a pin

Soldier: But O did you see all the dead of Manassas  
All the bellies and the bones and the bile?

Girl: No, I lingered here with the blankets barren  
And my own belly big with child

But when the sun breaks to no more bullets and  
battlecries  
Then will you make a grave? For I will be home then  
I will be home then  
I will be home then  
I will be home then

Soldier: And stems and bones and stone walls too  
Could keep me from you  
The skein of skin is all too few  
To keep me from you

Soldier and Girl: But O my love though our bodies may  
be parted  
Though our skin may not touch skin  
Look for me with the sun-bright sparrow  
I will come on the breath of the wind

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