

The Riflemen's Song at Bennington

Music by John Allison
Transcribed by Travis Salley

Why come ye hi-ther red-coats? Your mind what mad-ness fills? In our val-leys there is

6 dan-ger, and there's dan-ger in our hills. Oh_ hear ye not the rin-ging of the bu-gle loud and free? Full_

13 soon you'll know the sing-ing of the ri - fle from the tree. For the ri - fle

18 For the ri - fle In our hands will prove no tri - fle_____!

Ye ride a goodly steed;
He may know another master:
Ye forward come with speed,
But ye'll learn to back much faster,
When ye meet our mountain boys
And their leader, Johnny Starke!
Lads who make but little noise,
But who always hit the mark
With the rifle, the true rifle!
In their hands will prove no trifle!

Had ye no graves at home
Across the briny water,
That hither ye must come,
Like bullocks to the slaughter?
If we the work must do,
Why, the sooner 'tis begun,
If flint and trigger hold but true,
The quicker 'twill be done
By the rifle, the good rifle!
In our hands it is no trifle!