

Arm, arm, arm

Robert Johnson

Arm, arm, arm, arm! the scouts are all come in. Keep your ranks close, and

now your hon- ours win. Be- hold from yon -der hill the foe ap- pears; Bows, bills, glaves,

ar- rows, shields, and spears; Like a dark wood he comes, or a tem- pest pour- ing; Oh,

view the wings of horse the mea- dows scour- ing. The van- guard mar- ches brave- ly. Hark, the

drums. They meet, they meet; now the ba-ta- lia comes Dub- a-dub-a-dub, Dub- a-dub-a-dub.

See how the ar- rows fly, That dark- en all the sky; Hark how the trum- pets sound, Hark
how the hills rebound. Ta- ra- ra-ra-ra- ra, Ta- ra- ra-ra-ra- ra, Ta- ra- ra-ra-ra- ra,
Ta- ra- ra-ra-ra- ra, Hark how the horse charge! Hark how the horse charge! In boys, in boys,
in! Ta- ra- ra-ra-ra- ra, Ta- ra- ra-ra-ra- ra. The bat- tle tot- ters; now the
wounds be- gin; Oh, how they cry. Oh, how they die! Room

The musical score consists of five staves of music in G major, common time. The top staff features a treble clef, the second through fourth staves have bass clefs, and the bottom staff has a bass clef. Hand signs (a, b, f, g) are placed under specific notes to indicate pitch. The lyrics are integrated with the musical notation, appearing below the staves. The score is divided into five systems by vertical bar lines.

for the va- liant Me- mnon arm'd with thun- der! See how he breaks the ranks a- sun- der. They
 1 1 1 | |

a a a a | d | r e a
 b b b r | a | r r
 r | a | a | r

fly, they fly! Eu- me-nes has the chase, And brave Po- ly- bius makes good his place. To the plains, to the
 1 1 | | | | | | | | | | | |

r a a a | a a a a | r e e f
 b b r | a a a a | r | a
 a | a a a a | a | a

woods, To the rocks, to the floods, They fly for suc- cour. Fol- low,
 r r | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

r a a a | a a a a | a e a r a | f d r e
 r a b | a a e | r e a r | r | a

fol- low, fol- low, fol- low! Hark how the sol- diers hol- low! Brave Di- o- cles is dead,
 r r | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

a a a a | a a f f | a r e a a | a a a
 r a a a | a a f f | r a a a | r a
 a b | a a a a | a | a

And all his sol- diers fled, The bat- tle's won, and lost, That ma- ny a life hath cost.
 | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

r e a | d e a | e e r | a a | f e | a a e | a d | f e a | a e | a
 r a | r a | a a | r | r a | r a | r a | r a | r a | r a
 a e r a | r a | e r | a | a r | e r | a | r | a