

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, Ta- ra- ra- ra- ra, Ta- ra- ra- ra- ra,

Ta- ra- ra- ra- ra, Hark how the horse charge! Hark how the horse charge! In boys, in boys,

in! Ta- ra- ra- ra- ra, Ta- ra- ra- ra- ra. The bat- tle tot- ters; now the

wounds be- gin; Oh, how they cry. Oh, how they die! Room

