

# 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,  
Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra.

The bat-tle tot-ters; now the wounds be-gin; Oh, how they cry. Oh,  
how they die!

Room for the va-liant Me-mnon arm'd with thun-der! See how he breaks the ranks a-  
sun-der. They fly, they fly!

Eu-me-nes has the chase, And brave Po-ly-bius makes good his place.  
To the plains, to the woods, To the rocks, to the floods, They fly

for suc-cour. Fol-low,  
fol-low, fol-low, fol-low! Hark how the sol-diers hol-low!

Brave Di-o-cles is dead,  
And all his sol-diers fled,

The bat-tle's won, and lost, That ma-ny a life hath cost.