

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION (Armstrong)

Angie Bladen gave me this song written by Berni Armstrong.

Berni says the song came to him through an Appalachian dulcimer that had belonged to a friend's grandmother – a Daughter of the American Revolution.

The men marched away, their guns slung over their shoulders,
They looked far too few to stop the British in their stride.
Some kissed them farewell, some looked on with their babies,
Most turned away and took the children back inside.
But what could we do? The men had made the decision.
What could we say as they marched up out of the glen?
No tears stained our eyes; we had too many chores to attend to.
For we were sixteen unarmed women and they a platoon of fighting men.

No sooner had they gone than the redcoats had us surrounded.
Said they'd hold us hostage 'til our men gave up the fight.
"We'll billet in the church," their captain gave out the order.
But we knew far too well where his men planned to stay the night.
But what could we do? Their captain had given the order.
What could we say to hold off these English men?
No tears stained our eyes; we had too many plans to attend to.
For we were sixteen unarmed women and they a platoon of fighting men.

Well, Bertha brought them beer and spilled it over their powder.
Mary let the bullocks loose, and laughed as they gave chase.
Sarah, Ruth, and Ann seduced two guns from the soldiers.
'Twas worth a slimy kiss to see the look upon their face.
But what could we do but make our own decision?
What could we say that would aid us in our fight?
No tears stained our eyes; we had too many plots to attend to.
For we were sixteen unarmed women and they a platoon of fighting men.

Suitably prepared, Kate went to visit their captain.
What a shock he got when she lifted up her skirt,
And pulled from underneath his sergeant's dueling pistol
Saying, "Order your men into the church and no one will get hurt."
But what could we do but make our own decision?
What could we say? There could be no turning back.
No tears stained our eyes; we had prisoners now to attend to.
For we were sixteen armed women and they a platoon of beaten men.

The great wooden latch closed upon the church door.
"We'll burn it to the ground," we said, "if you try to escape."
We each stood guard 'til dawn 'til our men came back to the valley.
Expecting to be heroes who would rescue us from rape.
But what could they do? We had made the decision.
What could they say of our bravery that day?
No tears stained our eyes except for tears of laughter,
For we were sixteen fighting women and they a platoon of fighting men.

From Judy Cook's CD "Far From The Lowlands"

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