

# The Rataplan - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE RATAPLAN.

What a charm has the drum with its tan-a-ran-tan.  
When we march to the gay parade!  
O, the music we love is the bold rataplan,  
And the rubadub merrily played.  
Every heart is inspired by its magical sound,  
There's a soul in the stirring drum.  
And there is not a voice, while its echoes rebound.  
But would cry "Let the enemy come."

Chorus.

So merrily, O! so cheerily, O!  
So merrily march away.  
Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!  
March away while we may,  
'Tis a gay gala day.  
And our banners are flaunting high,  
in the sun sword and gun flash around every one;  
With a glance just as bright as the sky.

To the field when we march, how the tan-a-ran-tan  
Makes the heart of the soldier glow!  
Let him hear but the roll of the bold rataplan.  
And how gallantly forward he'll go!  
When the battle is done,  
And the victory won.  
Still the sound of the rolling drum  
Sends its echoes afar,  
From the red field of war,  
To the dear friends who welcome us home.-Chorus.