

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Battle of Elkhorn Tavern

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My name is Daniel Martin,
I was born in Arkansas;
I fled from those base rebels
Who fear not God or law.

I left my aged father
And my beloved wife;
I was forced to go to Rollie*
For to try to save my life.

I joined in Phillips's regiment-
I'm not ashamed to tell-
My colonel and my officer
They treated me mighty well.

I served four months at Rollie
Through sleet, snow, and ice,
And next received my orders:
Go meet old Sterling Price.

That old secession traitor
He didn't like the fun;
He gathered up his rebel band,
To Arkansas he run.

We were close pursuing them
By night and by day,
And a many of those base rebels
We killed upon the way.

We followed through to Pea Ridge,
And there we stopped our chase;
But that poor frightened rebel band
Rolled on in mighty haste.

They joined old Ben McCullough,
Old Mackintosh and Rain,
And they mustered eighty thousand,
And here they come again.

They marched through pomp and splendor
Led on by brave Van Dorn,

And there they found us waiting
At a tavern called Elkhorn.

They threw themselves around us
In the dark shade of night
And planted out their batteries
And waited till daylight.

We opened up our batteries,
Which made the mountain roar,
And on the ground in many a place
Was red with human gore;

We shot old Ben McCullough,
Old Slack** and Mackintosh,
And shot old Sterling in the arm
And sent him in a rush.

Reckon what secesh will think
When we tell 'em of our rhyme
About old Sterling Price
He's a-gettin on quick time.

Segal's after him
In a mighty purty gait;
He wants to whip the old secesh
And drive him from our State.

*Rolla, MO was a Federal military post.

**Brigadier-General William Yarnel Slack

note: the engagement was also known as the Battle of Pea Ridge;

There's a different song with that title. RG

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Collected from Ethel Doxey of Carroll County, Arkansas.

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