

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Old Scout's Lament

The Old Scout's Lament

Come all of you, my brother scouts, and join me in a song
Come let us sing together, though the shadows be long

Of all the old frontiersmen that used to scout the plain
There are but few of them that with us remain

Day after day they're dropping off; they're going one by one
Our clan is fast decreasing; our race is almost run

There were many of our number that never wore the blue
But faithfully they did their part as brave men, tried and true

They never joined the army, but had other works to do
In piloting the coming folks, to help them safely through

But brothers, we are falling; our race is almost run
The day of elk and buffalo and beaver traps is gone

Oh, the days of elk and buffalo! It fills my heart with pain
To know those days are past and gone, to never come again

We fought the redskin rascals over valley, hill and plain
We fought him in the mountaintops and fought him down again

Those fighting days are over; no Indian yells resound
No more along the border; Peace sends for sweeter sounds

But we found great joy, old comrades, to hear and make it die
We won great homes for gentle ones
And now, our West -- Goodbye

JN

oct96