

# Rataplan - song lyrics

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

RATAPLAN.

What a charm has the drum, with its tanarantan,  
When we march on the gay parade;  
Oh, 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."  
So merrily, oh, so cheerily, oh, so merrily march away,  
Rataplan, rataplan, rataplan, rataplan!  
March away while you may, 'tis a gay gala day,  
And our banners are flaunting high;  
In the sword and gun flash around every one,  
With a glance just as bright as the sky. rataplan!  
Rataplan, tanaran, rataplan, tanaran, rataplan, tanaran,  
Rataplan, rataplan, tanaran, rataplan, rataplan, tanaran.

Chorus.

List, list, away, away,  
Now they come, they come;  
List to the rolling drum,  
The rolling, rolling drum.  
Now their banners swell the breeze,  
And bid the foe to come,  
While we march with quickened speed  
To the rolling drum.

To the field when we march, how the tanarantan  
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.  
Then merrily, oh, so cheerily, oh, so merrily march away,  
Rataplan, rataplan, rataplan, rataplan!  
March away while you may, 'tis a gay gala day,  
And our banners are flaunting high;  
In the sword and gun flash around ev'ry one,  
With a glance just as bright as the sky. Rataplan!  
Rataplan, tanaran, rataplan, tanaran, rataplan, tanaran,  
Rataplan, rataplan, tanaran, rataplan, rataplan, tanaran.-Chorus.