

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Gerry Owens (Sargent Flynn)

Gerry Owens (Sargent Flynn)

I can hear the Sioux buck singing, Sargent Flynn
I can hear the tom-tom ringing, Sargent Flynn
O, I hear the Sioux buck singing
And I hear the tom-toms ringing
But they don't yet know the tune of Geny Owen

There's first call I hear it soundin', Sargent Flynn
An' it sounds like taps surroundin', Sargent Flynn
O, me lads it's somethin' fancy
Take a break, there's Private Clancy
An' we'll feel better when they strike up Gerry Owens

There's boots and saddles soundin', Sargent Flynn
Along the line the men are boundin', Sargent Flynn
So, let's saddle up and fall in
For the triumphets are a callin'
An' the band is tuning up for Gerry Owens

So, it's forward we're advancing, Sargent Flynn
In the breeze get in advancing, Sargent Flynn
Walk, trot, gallop, charge by thunder
We will ride the cut throats under
Drive your sabers to the hilt for Gerry Owens

We are ambushed an' surrounded, Sargent Flynn
Yet, recall has not been sounded, Sargent Flynn
Gather 'round me an' we'll rally
Make a last stand in this valley
For the Seventh Regiment an' Gerry Owens.

You'd be cut an scalped an' battered, Sargent Flynn
All your men are dead and scattered, Sargent Flynn
I will make your bed tomorrow
With my head bowed down in sorrow
O'er your grave I'll whisper taps and Gerry Owen.

Gerry Owen, Gerry Owen, Gerry Owen
In that valley of Montana, all alone
There'll be better days to be
In the Seventh Calvary
When we charge again fpr dear old Gerry Owen.

From the Max Hunter Collection

Collected from Granger Kelly, Bereryville, AR August 1959

RG