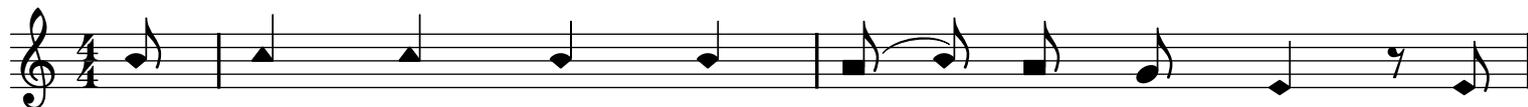


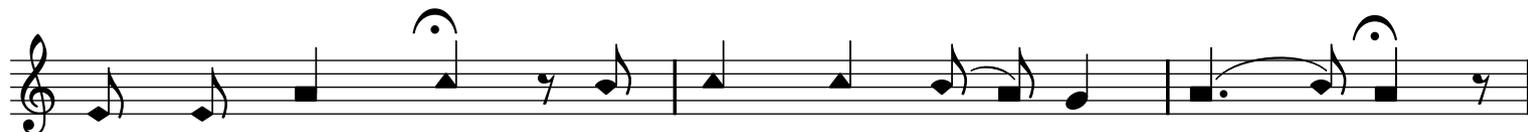
Gaston's Lament



1. Now here we sit on Hang- ing Rock Hill, Just
2. The Red- coats came with fear and much dread; And
3. We sold our farm, we sold all our fields, We
4. O E- be- ne- zer, Ro- bert, and Dave, It
5. The Lord He gives and He takes a- way. Now
6. Our brave lad Jos- eph God chose to spare. He
7. The war drags on and vic'- try's not won. So



me and E- sther cry -in' still. And all our tears a
at the Wax- haw's killed us dead. With Tarle- ton's Quar- ters
sold our on- ly wat- er wheel, to buy nine boys their
broke our hearts to see your graves. All three in one day...
three sweet boys were slain to- day. They longed for peace yet
now lies wound- ed in His care, to hon- or lives of
for our sons we bear our arms, to rid our- selves of



ri- ver could fill... Our sons have gone for sol- diers!
flow- ing bright red... Our sons have gone for sol- diers!
rif- les of steel... Our sons have gone for sol- diers!
Oh, NO, NO, NO!... Our sons have gone for sol- diers!
per- ished in war... Our sons have gone for sol- diers!
broth- ers all three... Our sons have gone for sol- diers!
kings' ty- ran- ny... Our Sons have gone for sol- diers!

Words: Russ McCullough, 2013

Music: Based on Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier (Irish folk tune Shule Aroon)

Transcribed/Arranged: Diana Nelson, 2013

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