

## Sinclair's Defeat

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Performed by Roger McGuinn

Was November the fourth in the year of ninety] one  
We had a sore engagement near to Fort Jefferson  
[Sinclair was our commander, which ay remembered be  
But we left nine hundred soldiers in that Western Territory  
At Bunker's Hill and in Quebec, where many a hero fell  
Likewise out on Long Island, it is I the truth can tell  
But such a dreadful carnage, never did I see  
As happened all out on the plains, near the River St. Marie

Our militia was attacked, just as the day did break  
And soon were overpowered, and forced into retreat  
They killed major Ouldham, and major Briggs likewise  
While horrid yells of anguished souls  
resounded through the skies

Major Butler he was wounded the very second fire  
His manly bosom swelled with rage they forced him to retire  
Like one distracted he appeared, when thus exclaim-ed he  
Ye hounds of Hell shall all be slain but what revenged I'll be

We had not very long been broke, when General Butler fell  
He cries my boys I'm wounded, pray take me off this field  
My word says he, what shall we do, we're wounded every man  
Go charge your valiant heros and beat them if you can

He leaned his back against a tree, and there resigned his breath  
And like a valiant soldier, sunk into the arms of death  
When blessed angels did await, his spirit to convey  
Into celestial fields, he did quickly bend his way

We charged again and took our ground,  
which did our hearts elate  
But there we did not tarry long, they soon made us retreat  
They killed our major Ferguson, which caused his men to cry  
Stand to your guns says valiant Ford, we'll fight until we die

Our cannon balls exhausted, artillery men all slain  
Our musketeers and riflemen, their fire they did sustain  
Three hours more we fought like men,  
and they were forced to yield  
While three hundred bloody warriors  
lay stretched across the filed

Says colonel Gibson to his men, my boys be not dismayed  
I'm sure that true Virginians were never yet afraid  
Ten thousand deaths I'd rather die,  
than they should gain this field  
With that he got a fatal shot, causing him to yield

Says major Clark, my heros, we can no longer stand  
We shall strive to form in order, and retreat the best we can  
The word retreat being passed around,  
they raised a dreadful cry  
Then helter skelter through the woods  
like wolves and sheep they fly

We left the wounded on the field, O heavens what a shock!  
And many bones were shattered, and strewn across the rock  
With scalping knives and tomahawks,  
they robbed some of their breath  
While raging flames of torment, tortured other men to death

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