

# St. Clair's Defeat

New Words and  
New Music Adaptation by  
BOB GIBSON

Moderately

Em D Cmaj7 D Em

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The tempo is marked 'Moderately'.

Em G D

1. 'Twas No - vem - ber the fourth in the year of nine - ty one, We

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "1. 'Twas No - vem - ber the fourth in the year of nine - ty one, We".

Em D Em D Em G

had a strong en - gage - ment near to Fort Jef - fer - son. St. Clair was our com -

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "had a strong en - gage - ment near to Fort Jef - fer - son. St. Clair was our com -".

G Bm Em D

man - der which may re - mem - bered be But we left nine hun - dred com - rades in that

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "man - der which may re - mem - bered be But we left nine hun - dred com - rades in that".

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Em D 1. Em *Last time only*  
Em

dread-ful ter-ri-to-ry. ry.

#### ADDITIONAL VERSES

2. The Indians attacked our force  
Just as the day did dawn,  
The arrows fell like deadly rain  
As we were set upon.  
One hundred men fell writhing  
Before our startled eyes,  
While horrid yells of savages  
Resounded through the skies.
3. 'Twas at Bunker Hill and Kennebec  
Where many a hero fell,  
Likewise at Canandaigua  
It is I the truth can tell,  
But such a bloody carnage  
May I never see again,  
As happened near Fort Jefferson  
All on that river plain.
4. Three hours more we fought them  
Till then we had to yield,  
Nine hundred of our comrades  
Lay stretched upon the field.  
Says Major Clark, "My heros,  
We can no longer stand,  
We will strive to form in order  
And retreat the best we can."
5. The word "Retreat" being passed around  
There rose a dismal cry,  
Then helter skelter through the woods  
Like wolves and sheep they fly.  
This well-appointed army  
Which had fought so brave before,  
Now fled before the savage  
And his bloody kind of war.
6. Alas, the dead and dying  
How awful to relate,  
The tomahawk and scalping knife  
It was to be their fate.  
But pity more the wounded  
Who were taken in that fray,  
To writhe in torment at the stake  
To close that awful day.
7. Repeat No. 1