

## The Fallen Fife and Drum

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Two musicians marched with Anthony Wayne in the Ohio Indian War  
One beat a drum, one blew a fife, They were young and full of life.  
They played their songs in a steady time so the troops could march in line  
In drills and battle, from fort to fort, They played in perfect time.

**chorus:** They marched in tight precision to the sound of the fife and drum  
Through the wild frontier of Ohio, 'til their battle song was done.

Early on that August morning, from Fort Deposit they led the way  
The sounds of horses' hooves and tramping boots filled the air that fateful day  
Along the Maumee River's Northern shore to where the Nations laid in wait  
Their tempo led Wayne's army to where the fallen timbers lay.

The battle cries were everywhere, the guns began to roar  
The dead and wounded on both sides fell, the casualties of war.  
Soon the only sounds were battle sounds, their last notes forever gone  
One young man's drum was covered with blood, and a fife lay on the ground,

bridge: It could have been a musket ball Or a bayonet or knife  
That made their music silent. That nearly cost each boy his life.