

In The Valley of the Little Big Horn

By Jack Gladstone

From *Buffalo Café*

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The sun arose far to the east where we had once been born,
The orders had been given to be riding before morn.
Mounted men on cavalry we faced a trail of thorns,
In the Valley of the Little Big Horn.

Reno, Benteen 'n Custer led our command that day.
To slaughter Sioux and
Cheyenne camped beyond the glade.
Who would see survival, who would be forlorn?
In the Valley of the Little Big Horn.

I was a soldier who rode to the tune,
Of a bugler's "Garryowen" on a June afternoon.
Away from my loved ones, away from my home,
Apart from the woman that I held as my own.
"A leave will be granted to the man without help,
Kills the first savage and brings me his scalp,"

For what is the reason for our presence in this land
Has gold lust or blood thirst taken our command?
It doesn't really matter now headin' towards the storm,
In the Valley of the Little Big Horn.

There made three battalions from the Seventh Cavalry.
One with Major Reno, another with Benteen.
But glory followed Custer's men so with glory we were torn,
From the Valley of the Little Big Horn.

I was a soldier who rode to the tune,
Of a bugler's "Garryowen" on a June afternoon.
Away from my loved ones, away from my home,
Apart from the woman that I held as my own.
"Ford the stream and when in camp kill everyone you see,
Long will live this day for us, the Seventh Cavalry."
Fire swept the prairie and dust hid the flames,
When out of the haze rode the Masters of the Plains
Then death they delivered, we invaders from afar,
In the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Chorus

