Tall White Horse

Rita Hosking

We stayed in the woods with our regiments
While our cannons made hell for the Yanks upon that ridge

When orders came, every man was still
And they yelled â€œboys, homeâ€™s on the other side of that hillâ€•

And he was a riding on that tall white horse
And pointing the way across that wide open plain
Yeah he was a riding on that tall white horse,
And pointing the way across that wide open plain

So we stepped out, fifteen thousand strong,
We were shoulder to shoulder, together we moved on

They opened fire, men were going down,
And we closed ranks around them, pieces on the ground

And he was a riding on...

A moan came up from the field where they lay
And a shell hit before me, done tore off my legs

From a pool of blood I had to lift my head,
And I looked all around me, all around me was death

And he was a riding on...

Lyrics submitted by Lowell.

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