

The Battle Of New Orleans

Coyote Run

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(arr. J. Driftwood)

Johnny Horton

Pop Chart # 1 Apr. 27, 1959

Album: 16 Biggest Hits

Columbia Legacy Records CK 69971

Transcriber: Awcantor@aol.com(banjo intro)In 1814 we took a little trip

Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip

We took a little bacon and we took a little beans

And we caught the bloody British in a town in New OrleansWe fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'

There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago

We fired once more and they begin to runnin'

On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

(One-two-three, with a-one-two-three)We looked down a river

(Hut-two)

And we see'd the British come

(Three-four)

And there must have been a hundred of'em

(Hut-two)

Beatin' on the drums

(Three-four)

They stepped so high

(Hut-two)

And they made their bugles ring

(Three-four)

We stood by our cotton bales

(Hut-two)

And didn't say a thing

(Two-three-four)We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'

There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago

We fired once more and they begin to runnin'

On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of MexicoOld Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise

(One-hut, two-three-four)

If we didn't fire our muskets

(One-hut, two-three-four)

'Till we looked 'em in the eye

(One-hut, two-three-four)

We held our fire

(Hut, two-three-four)

'Till we see'd their faces well
 Then we opened up our squirrel guns
 And really gave 'em - well we
 Fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'
 There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago
 We fired once more and they begin to runnin'
 On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico
 Yeah, they ran through the briars
 (One-hup-two)
 And they ran through the brambles
 (Hup-two-three-four)
 And they ran through the bushes
 (Hup-two)
 Where the rabbit couldn't go
 (Hup-two-three-four)
 They ran so fast
 (Hup-two)
 That the hounds couldn't catch 'em
 (One-two-three-four)
 On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico
 (One-two, hup-two-three-four)
 We fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down
 So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round
 We filled his head with cannon balls, and powdered his behind
 And when we touched the powder off the gator lost his mind
 We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'
 There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago
 We fired once more and they begin to runnin'
 On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico
 Yeah, they ran through the briars
 (Hup-one-two)
 And they ran through the brambles
 (One-two-three-four)
 And they ran through the bushes
 (Hup-two)
 Where the rabbit couldn't go
 (Hup-two-three-four)
 They ran so fast
 (Hup-two)
 That the hounds couldn't catch 'em
 (One-two-three-four)
 On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico
 (One-two, hup-two-three-four)
 Hut-two-three-four
 Sound off, three-four
 Hut-two-three-four
 Sound off, three-four
 Hut-two-three-four
 Hut-two-three-four.~

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