Sing oh! the city oh!

Songs about Early Pittsburgh by Robert SCHMERTZ with Vivien Richman, Gretchen Schmertz, Jacob Eero Davidson, and John Schmertz.

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 5258
Sing oh! the City oh!

Songs about
Early Pittsburgh
by
ROBERT SCHMERTZ

with
VIV RICHMAN
EERO DAVIDSON
GRETCHEN JACOB
JO DAVIDSON
JACK SCHMERTZ

From left to right: Bob Schmertz, Gretchen Schmertz Jacob, Vivien Richman, Jo Davidson (seated), Jack Schmertz (standing), and Eero Davidson.
This is a collection of songs written by Robert Schmertz during the last year or two, some of them serious, some of them whimsical and all of them delightful. They are being presented now, during Pittsburgh's Bicentennial celebration, as a 200th birthday gift to Pittsburghers and to all the people who love their city as much as Bob Schmertz does.

Through his songs, you will hear a fascinating and many-faceted story...of the Indians, who were here first, of the missionaries and the trappers...of the French, Scottish and English soldiers who struggled for possession of this beautiful valley, watered by the river which the French called La Belle Riviere.

The Forks of the Ohio, formed by the joining of the Monongahela and the Allegheny Rivers, are today's boundaries of Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle. First a trading outpost, then a French-held fort (Fort Duquesne), this strategic point was the key to the western frontier. On November 27, 1758, General John Forbes captured the fort and named the city Pittsburgh.

Such courageous and fascinating people as Celoron, Washington, Gist, Father Baron, Queen Allaqippe, Braddock, Forbes and Bouquet made the history of which we now sing.

The colorful dress of the Indians, the trappers, the French, Scottish, English and colonial soldiers sparkled against the sombre background of the primitive forest. Braddock's redcoated Grenadier Guards, fresh from the formalities of London parades, and Forbes and Bouquet's kilted Highlanders with their skirling bagpipes surely must have startled the Indians and the timid beasts who watched them crashing through their densely wooded domain.

Some of the people you will meet in this album (the French cook at Fort Duquesne, the Lonely Grenadier at Fort Pitt and Flintlock Finneghan) were born in Mr. Schmertz's imagination, but all of the songs are based on actual history.

Vivien Richman

SIDE I, Band 1: SING O THE CITY O!

Pittsburgh was given its name by the dying but victorious General John Forbes in honor of William Pitt, England's great statesman, who later became the Earl of Chatham. In a letter to Pitt, he said "Sir, I do myself the honour of assuring you that it has pleased God to crown His Majesty's Arms with Success over all his Enemies upon the Ohio...I have used the freedom of giving your name to Fort Duquesne, as I hope it was in some measure the being actuated by your spirited men that now make us Masters of the place."

It has grown from a primitive village to its present proud and important position through the work of many minds, hearts and hands.

Sing Oh! the City Oh! the City in the Valley Oh! Two hundred years ago, they named it Pittsburgh town --

Sing Oh! the village Oh! that rose from flame and pillage Oh! When Frenchmen gave up Fort Duquesne, and tried to burn it down.

Sing Oh! the Redmen Oh! the English, French and Scotsmen Oh! Who bled for the land we so peacefully share

Sing Oh! the trappers Oh! the settlers and the builders Oh! Whose axes rang clear on the sweet scented air!

Sing Oh! the City Oh! our fathers thought it pretty Oh!

Here where three rivers flow, they chose to settle down

Sing Oh! their labor Oh! when they lay down she awoke Oh!

To forge a mighty city from a struggling frontier town.

Sing Oh! the people Oh! and every church and steeple Oh!

Sing the sweet land we so peacefully share --

Sing Oh! the lovers Oh! the do-ers and the givers Oh!

Sing proudly sing! let our song fill the air!

SIDE I, Band 2: CELORON

In June of 1749, Captain Celoron de Blainville, on orders of the Comte de la Galissoniere, set out to protect French trading interests west of the Alleghenies against the inroads which were being made by the British-sponsored Ohio Company.

With a company of about two hundred and fifty Frenchmen, and fifty Indians, Captain Celoron embarked at Lachine (above what is now Montreal) on the St. Lawrence River. Their canoes took them up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, then to the mouth of the Niagara River. They portaged around Niagara Falls to Lake Erie, across Lake Chatauqua and to the upper Allegheny River.

On their way down the Allegheny River, they laid several lead plates which bore inscriptions claiming the land for Louis, King of France.

CHORUS:

Did you know about Celoron? No! No! Did you know about Celoron? No! No! Did you know about Celoron? No! No! Did you know about Celoron? No! No! A Frenchman brave and a Frenchman bold A captain come from the northland cold For to lay French claim to the 0 - hi - 0! Did you know about Celoron? No! No!

In seventeen forty-nine, oh, Captain Celoron Gave his men a sign, oh, on a June day dawn Two hundred fifty Frenchmen and fifty braves also -- Embarked on the St. Lawrence for Lake Ontario! They pedalled to Niagara and portaged round the falls And skimmed along Lake Erie, a-singing madrigals -- Across to Lake Chatauqua they portaged once again -- A thrilling sight to see Sir, the Captain and his men!

(Chorus)

The upper Allegheny they called the O - hi - O -- And down the river valley canoe-ing they did go Said Celoron 'La Belle Riviere! Allons! let's on our way! For France and good King Louis we have a claim to lay!'

Along the river valley they laid their plates of lead Which bore a French inscription which very boldly read "I, Celoron de Blainville, do claim by this advance The land of the Ohio for Louis, King of France!"

(Chorus) (What a fellow was Celoron, Oh ho! -- Down post Monongahela the voyageurs did roam, And up Miami River they pedalled back for home But soon the men of Britain came on the plates of lead -- It won't bear repetition just what the British said!

If t'weren't for Merry England, it might well have been so That we would all be Frenchmen along the 0 - hi - 0 -- And as for Captain Celoron, we'd loudly sing his praise And raise the French tri-color and sing the Marseillaise!"
The formation of the Ohio Company, an "association of Gentlemen" seems to have come from the suggestion of the Honorable Thomas Lee, a member of His Majesty's Council in Virginia.

In July 1749, the King granted the company 200,000 acres in "such parts of the West as should be adjudged most proper" with the condition that the company must settle 100 families in the area within seven years. The grant further allowed that when a fort would be built there to protect the settlers, they would be given an additional 300,000 acres.

One of the purposes of the Ohio Company was to encourage permanent settlement of the west, but perhaps the major reason lay in the vast fortunes to be made by Virginia speculators in fur trading.

Young man if you would westward go
And make yourself a fee
There's money in the trapper's trade
And opportunity
And you will be well found my lad
A cherished employee
Of the glorious, virtuous
Ohio Company!

CHORUS
It's ten percent for you my lad
And twenty percent for me
And the rest is for the glorious
Ohio Company!

Lord Dinwiddie has put his seal
Upon our company
And for the King he governs our
Virginia Colony
And so we're fully certified
By the British sovereignty
And we'll sell our furs and peltries to
The petty bourgeoisie!

CHORUS
It's twenty percent for you my lad
And thirty percent for me
And the rest is for the glorious
Ohio Company!

Young man if fighting you enjoy
A brawl or jamboree
There's men from Philadelphia-
With whom you'll not agree
You'll have some lovely fighting
As the cherished employee
Of the glorious, uproarious
Ohio Company!

CHORUS
It's thirty percent for you my lad
And forty percent for me
And the rest is for the glorious
Ohio Company!

Across the endless mountains
With a pack horse you will go
You'll come upon three rivers
In a valley wide and low
You'll barter with the Indians
Exercise cupidity
For the profit of our glorious
Ohio Company

CHORUS
It's forty percent for you my lad
And fifty percent for me
And the rest is for the glorious
Ohio Company!

The Indians have a famous queen
And she is royally
She governs all six nations
In the Indian territories

Her name is Allaquippa
And she will exact a fee
In muskets, rum and wampum
From our glorious company!

CHORUS
It's fifty percent for you my lad
And sixty percent for me
And the rest is for the glorious
Ohio Company!

There's Iroquois and Seneca
You'll buy their mink and otter skins
To send across the sea
And as they skin the beaver
Skin the redskins lad, for me
And the glorious, notorious
Ohio Company!

CHORUS
It's sixty percent for you my lad
And eighty percent for me
And the rest is for the glorious
Ohio Company!

When you come back to Virginia
A rich man you'll surely be
You can pick and choose your doxies
For to bounce upon your knees
You may be a director and
A life long legatee
Of the glorious, notorious
Ohio Company!

CHORUS
It's eighty percent for you my lad
And ninety percent for me
And the rest is for the glorious
Ohio Company!

SIDE I, Band 4: FURS OF THE OHIO

Robert Dinwiddie, the Governor of Virginia dispatched young George Washington, then about 21 years old, to St. Pierre at Fort Le Boeuf where he was to deliver a letter to the commander of the French Forces, requesting him to withdraw from the area.

The fact that the trading interests of the Ohio Company were being seriously threatened by the French traders in the west moved Dinwiddie to action. In 1750 and 1751, the Ohio Company sent Christopher Gist out to make a clandestine survey of the country, as far as the falls of the Ohio river. This was followed by Washington's mission to Lake Erie with Dinwiddie's letter which complained of French encroachment in British territory, expressing surprise that the French should build forts and make settlements on the Ohio river.

Washington visited with Queen Allaquippa, ruler of the six Indian nations, in an effort to ease troubled relations between them. Of this visit, Washington wrote, "I made her a Present of a Matchcoat and a Bottle of Rum which latter was thought much the best Present of the Two."

With Christopher Gist, young George travelled to Fort LeBoeuf but the French stood their ground and the mission was unsuccessful. Bob Schwartz's song, filled with unexpected internal rhymes, retells this colorful story.
In seventeen fifty-three, George Washington came to the Ohio --
A year past twenty and he had plenty of old get up and go --
He didn't seem to mind the Indians or the ice and snow --
But he just came a-lookin' and a-ridin' and a-walkin'
To the Forks of the Ohio!

Lord Dunmore was the royal Governor of Virginia, said, "George, you better go east a month or so, because what the Frenchmen say --
Just tell 'em that the King don't want 'em and they had better go!"
So George came a-lookin' and a-ridin' and a-walkin'
To the Forks of the Ohio!

On the very spot where the Forks of the Ohio might be found
And George thought he'd better win this lady
Indian and without delay --
So he took her a coat, a jug of whiskey and he stayed a day or so --
And he came back a-lookin' and a-ridin' and a-walkin'
To the Forks of the Ohio!

To the Forks of the Ohio!
Queen Aliquippa was the Indian skipper of a tribe
And George thought he'd better win this lady
And in twenty years without delay --
So he took her a coat, a jug of whiskey and he stayed a day or so --
And he came back a-lookin' and a-ridin' and a-walkin'
To the Forks of the Ohio!

And George and Christopher Gentlemen,
Who looked mighty dapper in a coon skin capper
And as he named, "Christopher let's get travelling --
And as they knelt in prayer, they prayed as all men should do.
"And over the altar stood smiling there
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere, Riviere --
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere!
Father Barron spoke ancient words
To Indians and Frenchmen too
And as they knelt in Our Lord's own house
They sang, and they danced
And as he named, "Christopher let's get travelling --
Said, "I know that Our Lady smiled --
(Say) over the altar stood smiling there
Our wonderful Lady Beyond Compare
And she was "La Vierge de la Belle Riviere --"
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere, Riviere --
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere.

A certain church on a certain street
Isn't so very far
From the small log chapel where Frenchmen prayed
Under a western star
And over the altar you'll find her there
Our wonderful Lady Beyond Compare
And she was "La Vierge de la Belle Riviere --"
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere, Riviere --
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere.

When Frenchmen lived at Fort Duquesne
They cooked at Fort Duquesne
As he named her with Mary's name
I know that Our Lady smiled --
And as they knelt in prayer, they prayed as all men should do.
"And over the altar stood smiling there
Our wonderful Lady Beyond Compare
And she was "La Vierge de la Belle Riviere --"
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere, Riviere --
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere.

When Frenchmen lived at Fort Duquesne
They lived as Frenchmen are inclined,
And as Bob Schwartz's "people", skillfully coaxed a little
Rabbit into a gourmet's rabbit stew for his commander.

So here's a peu petite chanson
Of Father Denys Baron, and this fellow
Of French chefs at Fort Duquesne...

A stroll by the river is good for the liver and you might try this tune --
On the very spot where George came travelling many years ago --
As he named her with Mary's name
I know that Our Lady smiled --
And as the Frenchmen held their hands in prayer, they prayed as all men should do.
"And over the altar stood smiling there
Our wonderful Lady Beyond Compare
And she was "La Vierge de la Belle Riviere --"
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere, Riviere --
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere.

When Frenchmen lived at Fort Duquesne
They lived as Frenchmen are inclined,
And in this valley trans-montaigne,
They sang, and they dined and they dined.

So here's a peu petite chanson
Of Father Denys Baron, and this fellow
Of French chefs at Fort Duquesne...

A stroll by the river is good for the liver and you might try this tune --
On the very spot where George came travelling many years ago --
As he named her with Mary's name
I know that Our Lady smiled --
And as the Frenchmen held their hands in prayer, they prayed as all men should do.
"And over the altar stood smiling there
Our wonderful Lady Beyond Compare
And she was "La Vierge de la Belle Riviere --"
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere, Riviere --
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere.

When Frenchmen lived at Fort Duquesne
They lived as Frenchmen are inclined,
And in this valley trans-montaigne,
They sang, and they dined and they dined.

"This tablet commemorates the first Holy Mass at Fort Duquesne, celebrated April 16th, 1754, by Rev. Denys Baron, Chaplain to the French Forces in occupancy. This Church of St. Mary derives from
the chapel of that period called "La Chapelle de l'Assomption de la Ste. Vierge a la Belle Riviere".

Father Barron at Fort Duquesne
Strove for the Lord each day
A small log chapel he fashioned there
And chipped it with twigs and clay --
(While) Over the altar he lifted there
He lifted our Lady Beyond Compare
And she was "La Vierge de la Belle Riviere --"
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere, Riviere --
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere.

Father Barron spoke ancient words
To Indians and Frenchmen too
And as they knelt in Our Lord's own house
They prayed as all men should do.
(And) over the altar they saw her there
Our wonderful Lady Beyond Compare
And she was "La Vierge de la Belle Riviere --"
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere, Riviere --
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere.

When Frenchmen lived at Fort Duquesne
They lived as Frenchmen are inclined,
And as Bob Schwartz's "people", skillfully coaxed a little
Rabbit into a gourmet's rabbit stew for his commander.

At the age of 19 months, Mary Jane Vernet was the first
white child to be baptized in the chapel in 1755.

The site of the original chapel is unknown, but the
chapel is commemorated by a plaque on St. Mary's Church at Stanwix Street and the Boulevard of the
Allies in downtown Pittsburgh. The inscription reads:

"This tablet commemorates the first Holy Mass at Fort Duquesne, celebrated April 16th, 1754, by Rev. Denys Baron, Chaplain to the French Forces in occupancy. This Church of St. Mary derives from
the chapel of that period called "La Chapelle de l'Assomption de la Ste. Vierge a la Belle Riviere".

- Erected by Fort Pitt General Assembly 4th Degree Knights of Columbus, Anno Domine 1969."

Father Barron at Fort Duquesne
Strove for the Lord each day
A small log chapel he fashioned there
And chipped it with twigs and clay --
(While) Over the altar he lifted there
He lifted our Lady Beyond Compare
And she was "La Vierge de la Belle Riviere --"
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere, Riviere --
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere.

Father Barron spoke ancient words
To Indians and Frenchmen too
And as they knelt in Our Lord's own house
They prayed as all men should do.
(And) over the altar they saw her there
Our wonderful Lady Beyond Compare
And she was "La Vierge de la Belle Riviere --"
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere, Riviere --
La Vierge de la Belle Riviere.
In July, 1755, General James Braddock, with a company of red-coated, elegant British Grenadier Guards, some colonial soldiers and Indians, marched from Virginia towards Fort Duquesne, intent on capturing the Fort and claiming the Western frontier for the King. General Braddock, though a brave man, was not well-liked by the men. He was contemptuous of the colonial soldiers and the Indians, and he knew nothing of Indian war tactics in the American wilderness.

Guided by Christopher Gist (who is mentioned in the song "Forks of the Ohio") and accompanied by young Major George Washington, Braddock and his 1200 men were attacked about 10 miles from Fort Duquesne, near where the Edgar Thomson steel plant now stands, near Rankin, Swissvale and Braddock. Captain de Beaumont, the French Commander of Fort Duquesne attended Mass that morning at the chapel of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin of the Beautiful River and received communion from Father Baron (who is mentioned in the song "La Vierge de la Belle Riviere").

Unaccustomed to the tactics of the French and Indians, more than half of Braddock's men were killed and Braddock was mortally wounded. While the defeat was disastrous, it did establish the fact, for the colonials, that the British army was by no means invincible, as was later proven at Lexington some 20 years later.

Back in seventeen-fifty five General Braddock did arrive On a sunny July day In Western Pennsylvania-I-aye.

Oh his way to Fort Duquesne With Grenadiers and wagon train -- As they slowly moved along He could count twelve hundred strong.

On Monongahela's bank The Grenadiers came rank on rank And young Major Washington Watched their banners in the sun.

At Turtle Creek they crossed the ford When suddenly their cannon roared Six hundred braves from Fort Duquesne Assaulted Braddock and his train.

The Indians fired from every tree The Grenadiers fought gallantly But nearly half were slaughtered there As deadly arrows filled the air.

Said Washington, "He must deploy!" Braddock said, "Be quiet, boy!" And lashed about him with his sword And cursed and swore before the Lord.

General Braddock, horse astride Tried to stem the dreadful tide His horses five were each shot dead And Braddock from his death-wound bled.

The Grenadiers in full retreat Took Braddock by his head and feet And made his final bed of pain In a wagon of his train.

Up near where Uniontown now stands They laid him down with gentle hands His ebbing life they couldn't save And they laid him in his lonely grave -- And the Grenadiers marched on his lonely grave -- And the wagon wheels rolled on his lonely grave.

An ailing man, a dour man and a strong and brave man was the "Head of Iron", General John Forbes who led some 6,000 soldiers into Fort Duquesne. Here at the Forks of the Ohio, the city of Pittsburgh was born, named by Forbes on November 27, 1758.

Accompanied by Washington and Henry Bouquet, Forbes commanded a motley band of soldiers, Scottish Highlanders and provincials whom he described to William Pitt as "an extremely bad collection of broken innkeepers, horse jockeys and Indian traders".

Young Major Grant (after whom Grant Street in Pittsburgh is named) was sent out to reconnoitre in September. He disobeyed orders and moved in to attack Fort Duquesne. His company was routed and he was captured.

Two months later, General Forbes, by then so ill that he had to be carried by litter, entered the ruins of Fort Duquesne which the French had abandoned and had tried to burn to the ground.

In his letter to William Pitt, in which he explained that he had taken the liberty of naming the place Pittsburgh, General Forbes said, somewhat prophetically, "I hope the name Fathers will take (it) under their Protection, in which case these dreary deserts will soon be the richest and most fertile of any posset by the British in North America".

In seventeen hundred fifty and eight A truly most significant date John Forbes the general at Carlisle Assembled his motley rank and file!

Backwoodsmen, furriers, wagoners, scouts And Forbes of some had serious doubts But his killed Milanders Scottish all Delighted the crusty general!

A crusty Scot was General John He roused his men at crack-o-the-dawn -- Six thousand soldiers he firmly led -- They christened him proudly "Iron Head!"

"We'll build a road!" the general said, "We'll build a road!" the general said, And his soldiers grunted into their bread "We heard you the first time, Iron Head!"

An ailing man was General John A jouncing litter carried him on (But) He wouldn't take to his painful bed "Our Laddie is brave" the soldiers said.

George Washington and Henry Bouquet From Meyestown gap came all of the way To Loyal Hanna they hacked a road And Jupiter Pluvius rained and snowed.

The endless mountains shadowed them drear The heavens mourned the dying old year And through the maddy and rough terrain They laboured their way to Fort Duquesne.
The French and Indians faded away
Before John Forbes’ gallant array
By swift canoe and by great bateau
They paddled away down O-hi-o!

The woodsmen, farriers, waggoners, scouts
Advanced upon the burning redoubts
They passed the bodies of Hillan slain
And entered abandoned Fort Duquesne.

(Now) we should all remember the date
November seventeen fifty and eight
When Forbes to Pitt sent a billet-doux
I’ve called the place Pittsburgh, Sir, for you!

SIDE II, Band 3: THE LONELY GRENADIER

The lives of these hardy people who fought and labored in the early days of Pittsburgh and Fort Pitt were certainly not untouched by poetry, loneliness, and romance. Again, Bob Schumert, touching his hand to the new Fort Pitt which was built on the ruins of Fort Duquesne by General Forbes in 1759, gives us a strangely haunting love song. The five bastions of the Fort, the Grenadier, Ohio, Monongahela, Flag and Music bastion give structure to his ballad; his delicate melody and poetry lend a truly enchanted quality to this moment from our past.

The Fort has bastions five, the Grenadier is one
It towers above the drawbridge most Toward the morning sun
Upon the rampart high, a sentry stands alone
Looks toward the England he’ll not see
Before his life is done.

REFRAIN:
Oh, lonely Grenadier, oh come and walk with me,
And see the tender burgeoning of each young leafy tree
New planted in the garden of the King’s Artillery.

Ohio bastion’s two, Monongahela’s three
They guard the merging rivers flowing Swiftly to the sea —
There is no gallant ship a-sail for London Town
So walk with me at sunset gun
And watch the flag go down.

REFRAIN:
Oh, lonely Grenadier, oh come and walk with me
Where columbine and marigold invite the vagrant bee
Philand’ring in the garden of the King’s Artillery.

The Flag is bastion four, the one called Music’s five
Each Battlement trumpet sound
Come echoing alive the lonely sentry stands touched red by evening sun
And I would hold him in my arms
Before his life is done.

REFRAIN:
Oh, lonely Grenadier, oh come and walk with me
For we have yet a little time to gather, like the bee,
Sweet honey in the garden of the King’s Artillery.

SIDE II, Band 4: FLINTLOCK FINNEGAN

From May 28, 1763 until they were liberated by Col. Henry Bouquet on August 1, the soldiers and their families at Fort Pitt were besieged by the Indian leader, Pontiac. Relationships between the English and the Indians had been steadily worsening, partly because of lawless traders, speculators and “squatters who invaded the lands of the border tribes, crowding them from their homes”.

The Fort was completely surrounded by Indians, communication was cut off and smallpox began to break out among the men, women and children in the Fort. During these terrible days, in which the future of the western frontier hung in the balance, there must surely have been such a fearless hero as Bob Schumert’s good friend, "Flintlock Finnegan", a lusty, cheerful, whooping, hollering braggart, in the bold tradition of Davy Crockett.

Eagle-Eye Finnegan swaggered and bellowed through the Fort, keeping spirits high inside the Fort and keeping the Indians low outside. Here is a most worthy addition to our gallery of folk heroes of history.

When hist’ry tells of famous men
It’s bound to miss one now and then
And that is why you never can hear
Of Flintlock Finnegan volunteer.

A ramrod nipple six feet tall
A handy feller with a musket ball
A rag-tag bob-tail buckskin-er
Got his shirt and britches from a near by deer.

When the Redskins led by Pontiac
On old Fort Pitt made bold attack
The commandant did commandeer Flintlock Finnegan volunteer.

REFRAIN:
Flintlock Finnegan, Dead Shot Finne gan
Eagle Eye Finne gan volunteer!
The frontier folk at Pittsburgh Town
In old Fort Pitt did huddle down
With their pigs and their cattle and their children dear
And Flintlock Finnegan volunteer.

The Redskins whooped and howled outside
The women wept and the children cried
Said Flintlock Finnegan, "Don’t you fear —
Into them savages I’ll throw a skewer!

He proved the firestep night and day
And glared through the gun ports every which way
And the Redskins paled at the devilish leer
Of Flintlock Finnegan volunteer.

REFRAIN:
Flintlock Finnegan, Dead Shot Finne gan
Eagle Eye Finne gan volunteer!
Whenever an Indian showed his snoot
He shot the tassles off his Indian suit
And he’d whoop and he’d holler and he’d loudly jeer
"If a bullet catches you, I don’t much keer!"

At night he snuk outside the Fort
(And) lay and listened for an Indian snort
And snatched his feathers for the children dear
A Flintlock Finnegan souvenir!

He shot big holes in their kegs of rum
The rum leaked out, made the Redskins grim
They could hear him bellowing in accents clear
"There’s too much drinkin’ goin’ on round here!"
REFRAIN:  
Said Flintlock Finnegan, Dead Shot Finnegan  
There's too much drinkin' goin' on round here!  

Said the British Regulars at the fort  
"That chap Finnegan's a right good sort!"  
The commandant said, "Chewal Hear, Hear!  
Run for Finnegan volunteer!"

On a little tin fife he played by ear  
He sang good songs and he brought good cheer  
And the frontier folk and the children dear  
Said, "Love that Finnegan, volunteer!"

When Colonel Bouquet came marching down  
To save all the people at Pittsburgh Town  
On the ramparts crowing like a chanticleer  
Stood Flintlock Finnegan, Dead Shot Finnegan,  
Eagle Eye Finnegan, volunteer!  

SIDE II, Band 5: THE BATTLE OF BUSHY RUN  

Bushy Run, near where the city of Irvin now stands,  
was the site of one of the "best contested actions  
ever fought between Indians and white men."  
According to George Thornton Fleming, Pittsburgh  
historian, the battle of Bushy Run on August 1,  
1763 both for its military conduct and its political  
results deserves a place among the memorable battles  
in America. It not only saved the besieged Fort  
Pitt from sure disaster, but it turned the tide  
of Indian feeling so that the tribes came to terms  
with Bouquet.

In 1764, when the village of Pittsburgh was being  
rebuilt, Colonel Bouquet erected a five-sided  
blockhouse which still stands today as the only  
surviving part of Fort Pitt.

Just as in our modern Western thrillers, Colonel  
Bouquet and his kilted Highlanders arrived in the  
"nick of time" to save the people at Pittsburgh  
and we owe much to him for his courage and daring.

I'll sing you the Battle of Bushy Run,  
A smart little battle that truly won  
All the Western Pennsylvania territories,  
For the likes of you (and) for the likes of me.

REFRAIN:  
Oh, hi-de, ka-id-id-le-um-dee,  
For the likes of you and for the likes of me.

It happened in seventeen sixty three  
When Colonel Bouquet and his company  
Came all the way across the deep blue sea  
For to teach a lesson to the Indianry.

(REFRAIN)

Oh, Colonel Bouquet's brave company  
Wore kilted Scots from the Old Countree  
And their bagpipes blew with such ferocious glee  
That they scared the feathers off the Indianry.

How Colonel Bouquet's brave company  
Were far outnumbered by the Indianry  
"If its Injun fightin' we must do" said he  
"We will use a little Injiminy!"

(REFRAIN)

So Colonel Bouquet in the dark of night  
Sent flankers to the left and flankers to the right  
And so clever was his strategy  
That caught in the middle were the Indianry.

Those Highland Scots from the Old Countree  
They hired their kils with a one, two, three,  
And aimed their muskets, very carefully  
And shot the feathers off the Indianry.

(REFRAIN)
ROBERT SCHMERTZ: The composer-singer-banjo-player is an Associate Professor of Architecture at Carnegie Institute of Technology and a partner in the architectural firm of Schmertz and Erwin. This is his third album. He is a member of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers and some of his songs have been recorded by other artists...Burl Ives, Gary Crosby, Tennessee Ernie Ford.

GRETCHEN SCHMERTZ JACOB: Bob's daughter is an accomplished singer who has appeared throughout the tri-state area in folk music programs. She is a painter and a teacher of art and has worked for some time with WQED, Pittsburgh's educational TV station.

JACK SCHMERTZ: Bob's son, formerly a flautist and piccoloist with the Harvard Band (later with the U.S. Army Band) provides the delightful wind obbligatos in the album. He is now an engineer in Boston.

VIVIEN RICHMAN: A professional folk singer, her own album of folk songs and ballads of Western Pennsylvania also appears under the Folkways label. She has performed in concerts throughout the Midwest, at National Folk Festivals, was twice recorded for the "Voice of America", and has made countless radio and TV appearances.

EERO DAVIDSON: For many years, a teacher of instrumental music, this cellist-singer-square dance caller arranged all the songs in this album. A past-chairman of the Folk Arts Leadership Committee and the founder of the Callers' Association of Western Pennsylvania, he is now working in the field of educational administration.

JO DAVIDSON: Perhaps the most versatile musician in the group, Jo, who is Eero's son, plays guitar, banjo, bagpipes, and sings too. He has performed at National Folk Festivals, at the WMA in Pittsburgh and at National Folk Camp. (Heard here only in "Forks of the Ohio").

Recorded by George Heid Productions, Pittsburgh, Pa. George Heid, Production Supervisor.

Cover by: Robert Legger, Professor in Industrial Design, College of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute of Technology.

The authentic map in the background was obtained through the kind offices of Charles M. Stotz, a foremost authority on early Pittsburgh and its forts and co-author of "Drums in the Forest".

Songs arranged by: Eero W. Davidson