

Ludington's Ride

Catherine Faber

♩. = 100

Violin

Dm C Dm C Dm

A can-ter-ing horse in the rai - ny night Lack - ing an es - cort or e - ven a light; The
 She rat-tles the shut-ters to give ac - count, Sav - ing the sec - onds it takes to mount. Wake
 The Brit-ish have lan-ded at Com - po Beach, Dan - bur-y vil - lage with in - their reach. As
 The oil and lard of the bur - ning meats, Runs like wa - ter in Dan-bur-y streets. The
 Wake the oth - ers and arm and see. Go straight to my fa - ther; don't fol - low me. I've
 Sy - bil Lud-ing-ton stayed her course. Home at dawn on a weary horse, The

Violin

5 Dm F C F C A

red - coats are com - ing in - land a - gain; Colo - nel Lu - ding - ton calls his men.
 up! you're need - ed in Dan - bur - y, To harry the en - em - y to the sea.
 sol - diers you know what they came to do: Burn our pro - vis - ions and hou - ses too!
 Brit - ish en - joy - ing our rum and wines, Warm their bel - lies and cloud their minds.
 miles to ride ere my job is done. Yes, I'll be care - ful now rise and run!
 life she lived I can't de - ny, Ne - ver rose to the pu - blic eye.

Vln.

9 Dm C Dm Dm F G A

9 Out of the for - est and past the farms. Sy - bil is sum - mon - ing all To arms! The

Vln.

13 F C F A

13 re - gi - ment mar - ches at break of day Leave your blan - kets and come a - way,

Vln.

17 Dm C Dm

17 Leave your blan - kets and come a - way.