

The Great War Sword

VolunteerMusic

Commemorating The Fishkill Supply Depot

V.1

When John Bailey lit the forge
 Felt the flames first gift of warmth
The grip of Fishkill's morning
 Still held his hammer arm

But as fire takes the tinder
 It calls the smith's own limbs
Soon the shimmer pulse of coals
 Lead tong and hammer in

B.1

This cutler bound to sign his name
 And "Fishkill" to a sword
Did muster lore and tool and flame
 To edge the stubborn ore

CH

As with swords, so to with men,
 A forging did await
And was a Fishkill clearing
 That made a nation's fate

V.2

The shots that drove the cutler
 To Fishkill's rebel base
Were launched at New York harbor
 By an English cannonade

And so this lad from Yorkshire,
 Come up through Sheffield's trade,
Would cut the tie to England
 By the edge of freedom blade

B.2

All stores of power and prowess
 Were summoned for this sword
For the hand to grasp it
 Would be master of their cause

CH

As with swords, so to with men,
 A forging did await
And was a Fishkill clearing
 That made a nation's fate

V.3

John knew of huddled starving
 Who'd taste the horse's fodder
The hollow-cheeked, wracked by cold,
 Calling out for water

The crys of battle wounded
 The limbs and lives they gave
So many won the skirmish
 But were beckoned to the grave

B.3

And nearby him, the general
 With barest men and stores
Must summon human mettle
 To face the flame of war

CH

As with swords, so to with men,
 A forging did await
And was a Fishkill clearing
 That made a nation's fate

V.4

And soon the general rose
 As light touched the Fishkill land
And faced his crowded toil and doubt
 - the spoils of command

He donned the bluecoat once again
 Set back and shoulders straight
And cinched John Bailey's Fishkill sword
 Close against his waist

B.4
Through desperate times, their victory
 His bearing would imply
And draw a store of courage
 With Fishkill by his side

CH
As with swords, so to with men,
 A forging did await
And was a Fishkill clearing
 That made a nation's fate