

SSgt. Barry Sadler "Trooper's Lament"

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Come all ye young maidens
And hear my sad tale
'Bout a brave young trooper, who's chute had failed

As he went up into the cloudy sky
He sang a sad song on his way to die
He sang, "My love, is far-far from me. Far beyond the
South China Sea,"
"I left her there, with a tear in her eye, for I must go
where brave men die."
Whoa-whoa-oh, yes I must go where brave men die

As he went out of the plane into the stormy night
I saw the young trooper in a burst of fiery light
As he fell through the night, his chute all in flame
A smile on his lips, he cried out his girl's name

We found the young trooper
No longer will he be sore
From the great iron bird, he'll jump no more
His face was pale, as pure as milk
And we wrapped him 'round in parachute silk
Whoa-whoa-oh, yes we wrapped him 'round in
parachute silk

So all ye young maidens, come listen to me, never love
a paratrooper
You'll never be free
For some dark night when he falls through the sky
His chute will not open; your love will die
Whoa-whoa-oh, his chute will not open; your love will
die

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