

LRRP/RANGER SONG

Written by

Dwight “Bull” Durham

Killed in action, April 10, 1969

Company H, 75th Rangers, 1st Cav Division

Sang to the tune “Ghost Riders in the Sky”

Gather `round you college kids a story I will tell of six brave Recondo men who spent their days in hell; with “16” at their shoulder and claymores in their pack, six men went out that day, but only one came back.

Bully’s boys and weaklings, they all went out that day, a’ fighting old Charlie-Cong, the devil they had to pay; with “16” at their shoulder and claymores in their pack, six men went out that day, but only one came back.

Oh, Boggie had his courage, he knew he was the best, the weakling had a plastic cross he wore upon his chest. with “16” at their shoulder and claymores in their pack, Six men went out that day, but only one came back.

Oh, Charlie knew they were there the minute they set down, they pulled upon a hill top and the gooks were all around. Six “16” were a blazing underneath the setting moon, but they all knew as sure as death, the reaper would come soon.

The LRRP’s thought they had it made the sun was in the sky, but about that time old Charlie let a B40 fly. They heard it screaming through the air, a coming straight at them, but they just stood their ground, those brave Recondo men.

The rifles they were silent and the blood was all around. five brave rangers lay dead upon the ground. The weakling stumbled to his knees and to the men he cried, “Why did you leave me here? Oh, God, please let me die!”

Charlie was a-coming up the hill to collect his gory pay, the weakling saw them coming and Escape there was no way. With a “16” at his shoulder and a claymore to his front, he fought off Charlie Cong that day, for the team dead at his back.

But then he heard the sound, that sound he knew so well, the birds were coming for him, to take him from that hell. With trigger-finger slacking, and a tear in his eyes, B but it never fell for them, for rangers don’t cry.

So when they got him back to camp they said you need a rest; He lowered his head, unbuttoned his shirt and there upon his chest, the plastic cross had melted, but he was still alive; the rocket had left its mark to remind him of those five.

Now you ask him to this day just what he did in “Nam” he’ll say he walked the jungle and fought old Charlie Cong. With a “16” at the ready, and a claymore in my pack, six men went out that day,

But only I came back