

Brave Old Put

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Hannah Putnam was the wife of

Brave Old Put

She lived with him through joy and strife

With Brave Old Put.

She trusted him on the frontier wild

Where the Quinebaug flowed she had a child

Nine more followed, but two died

Poor Old Put.

He worked the land with a slave and a hoe

Did Brave Old Put

Then a she-wolf killed the lambs and goats of

Brave Old Put.

He tracked her miles through the forest deep

With flame and musket he did creep

Into her den so cramped and deep

Brave Old Put.

The wolf she snarled, the wolf she growled

At Brave Old Put.

When the musket fired the wolf she howled

At Brave Old Put.

Through din of musket, shouts, and smoke

His friends jerked quickly on the rope

A hero's welcome was the hope of

Brave Old Put.

Old Put! Old Wolf!

You lived with gusto and with pride

Old Put! Old Wolf!

To some you never died.

He fought in the French and Indian Wars did

Brave Old Put

He routed them out on Champlain's shores did

Brave Old Put

He fought with Mohawks at his side

But the Caughwanagas set him on fire

General Marin saved the hide of

Brave Old Put.

He was taken prisoner to Quebec

Brave Old Put

To escape with others was the luck of

He walked two hundred miles or more

Through the forest south to Champlain's shore

Then home to Pomfret, several hundred more, did

Brave Old Put

With help he kept a fruitful farm,

Brave Old Put.

But once again, a call to arms for

Brave Old Put

Straight to Breed's Hill he did fly

"Don't shoot 'til you see the whites of their eyes!"

Soon became the battle cry of

Brave Old Put.

Old Put! Old Wolf!

You lived with gusto and with pride

Old Put! Old Wolf!

To some you never died.

The general fought with Washington, did

Brave Old Put

From New York up and down the Hudson

Brave Old Put

To capture him was the Redcoats' will

But Horseneck Heights is now Put's Hill

In Greenwich he's remembered still

Brave Old Put

It was at Putnam's Valley Forge

Brave Old Put

With his men he suffered sorely

Brave Old Put

In December of Seventeen Seventy-Nine

He reviewed his troops for the very last time

He wept as on his horse he climbed did

Brave Old Put

For ten more years he told his friends
Brave Old Put
Of wild adventures to the end
Brave Old Put
Of dreams, and deals, tricks of the trade
Of courageous acts along the way
A life that shows how history is made,
Brave Old Put.

Old Put! Old Wolf!
You lived with gusto and with pride
Old Put! Old Wolf!
To some you never died.