When Sherman Marched Down to the Sea

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Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
As we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe.
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be read
For Sherman will march to the sea."

Then cheer after cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
Till the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of our men.
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be
And that blessings from Northland would greet us
When Sherma n marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, foward to battle,
We marched on our wearisome way,
Till we stormed the wild heights of Resaca ---
God Bless those who fell on that day.
And Kennesaw high in its glory
Frowned down on the flag of the free,
And the east and the west bore our standards
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Still onward we pressed till our banners
Shone out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriots dampened
The soil where the traitor's flag falls.
But we paused not to weep for the fallen
Who slept by each river and tree,
But we twined them a wreath of the laurel
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Oh, proud was our army that morning
That stood by the cypress and pine,
When Sherman says, "Boys, you are weary,
But today fair Savannah is mine."
Then sang we a song for our chieftain

That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

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Collected from William N. Allen, Wausau WI

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