When Sherman marched down to the sea

Written by S. W. H. Byars

Our camp fire shone bright on the mountains,
That shone on the rim below.
While we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the sea.
When a rider came out of the darkenss
That hung our mountain and tree,
And shouted, boys up and be ready
For Sherman will march to the sea.

Then cheer upon cheer went for bold Sherman,
Went up from each valley and glen
And the bugles echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men.
For we know that the stars in the banner
Were bright in their splendor would be
And that Hymns from Bentonford would greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys forward to battle,
We marched on our emancipom way
And we stormed the wild hills of Buzzard
God help those who fell on that day.
Then Kennesaw sunk in its glory
Forward down on the flag of the free
But the past and the swift from our standard
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

S.C. 4th, Byars 5 Iowa Regt Newton Ia
Still onward we pressed till our banners swept out from Atlanta's grim walls. And the blood of the patriot dampened the soil where the traitor flag falls. But we paused not to weep for the fallen. We slept by each river and tree. Yet our laurel was a moth of the laurel. As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Dreadly proud was our army that morning. That stood by the cypress and pine. When Sherman said boys you are weary. This day fair Sherman is then. Then sang a mass song for our Christian. That echoed over river and sea. And the stars in our banner shone bright. When Sherman marched down to the sea.

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Proprietor of C. H. Kilborn
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