

Marching Through Georgia - song lyrics

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MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

By Henry C. Work.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song-
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along-
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.

Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea.
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful Bound;
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found;
How the sweet-potatoes even started from the ground.
While we were marching through Georgia.-Chorus.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years; -
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.-Chorus.

Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast;
So the saucy rebels said-and 'twas a handsome boast-
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host.
While we were marching through Georgia.-Chorus.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.-Chorus