

The Original Song, as Sung by the Boys in Blue in Sherman's Army.

SHERMAN'S
MARCH TO THE SEA.

Written and Composed in Prison, at Columbia, South Carolina,
and Dedicated to the Army of the Union.

SONG AND CHORUS

MUSIC BY

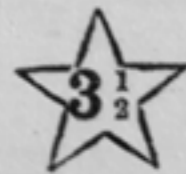
LIEUT. J. O. ROCKWELL,

WORDS BY

Lieut. S. H. M. BYERS.

CHICAGO:

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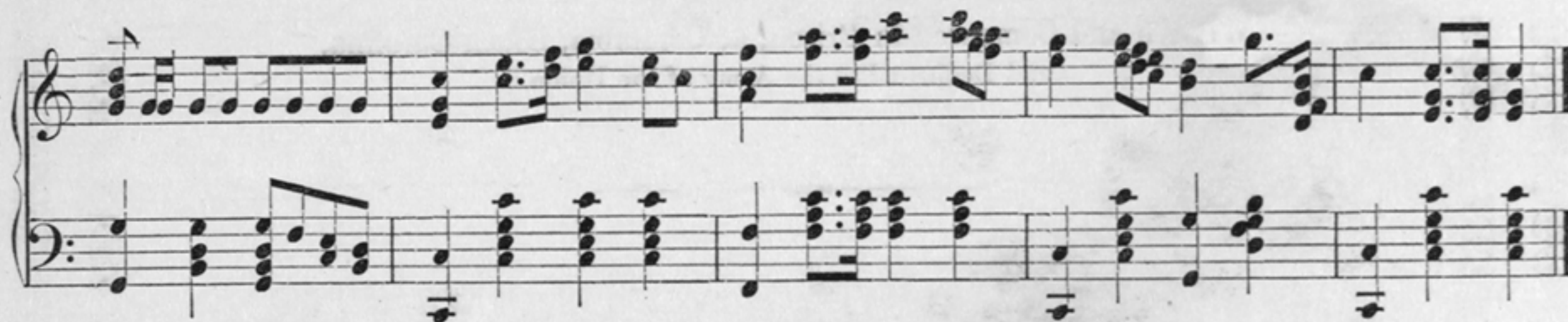
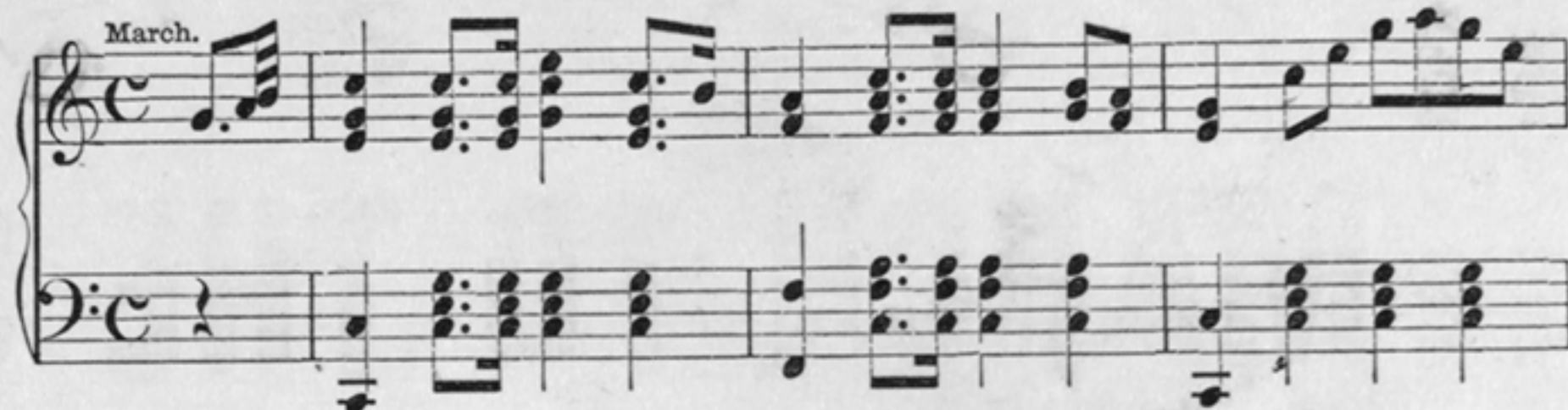
Words by Lieut. S. H. M. Byers.

Music by Lieut. J. O. Rockwell.

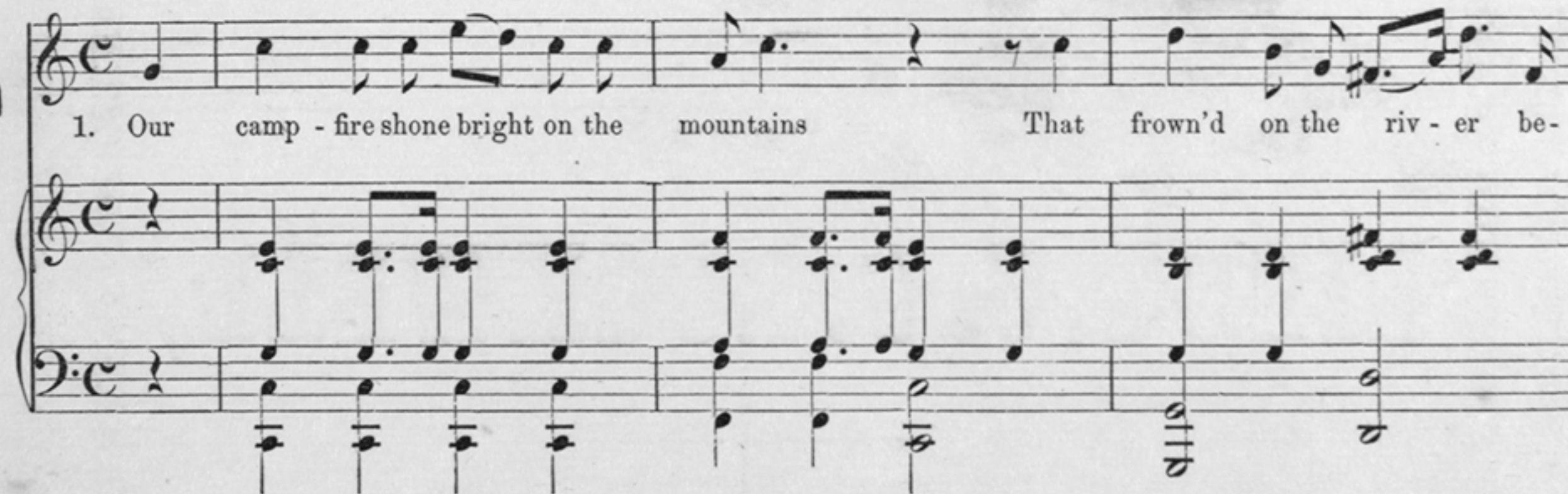
Arranged by A. E. Wimmerstedt.

Introduction.

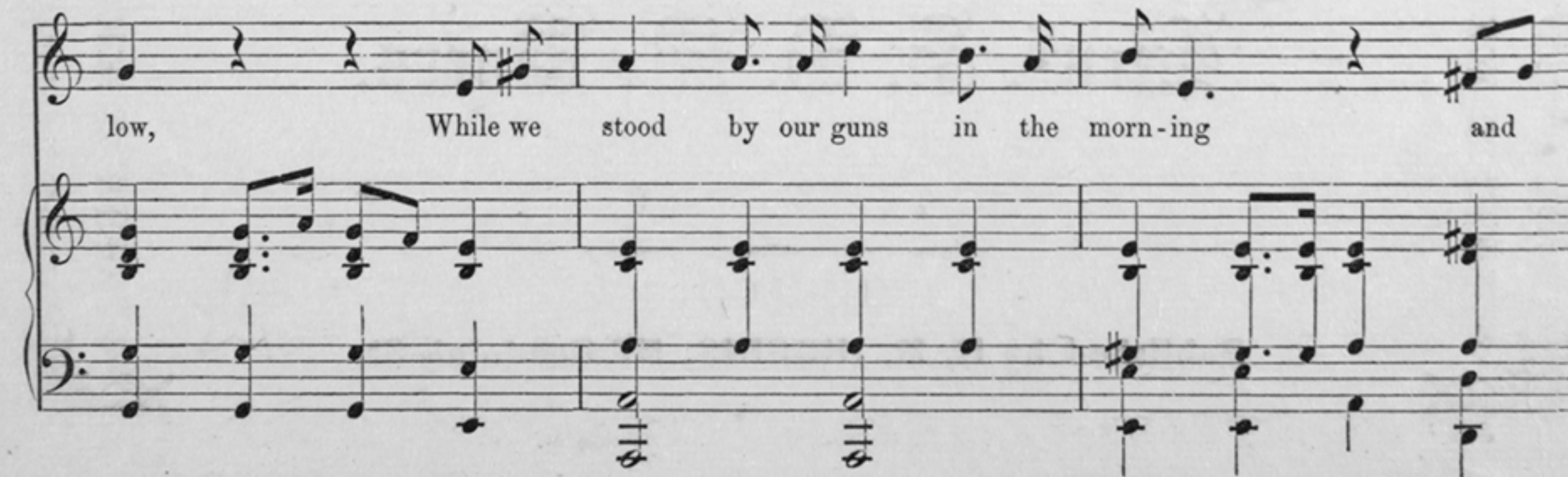
March.



1. Our camp - fire shone bright on the mountains That frown'd on the riv - er be-



low, While we stood by our guns in the morn - ing and



ea - ger - ly watch'd for the foe, When a rid - er came out from the

darkness, That hung o - ver moun - tain and tree,

Soprano.
And shout - ed "boys, up and be read - y, For

Alto.

Tenor.
And shout - ed "boys, up and be read - y, For

Bass.

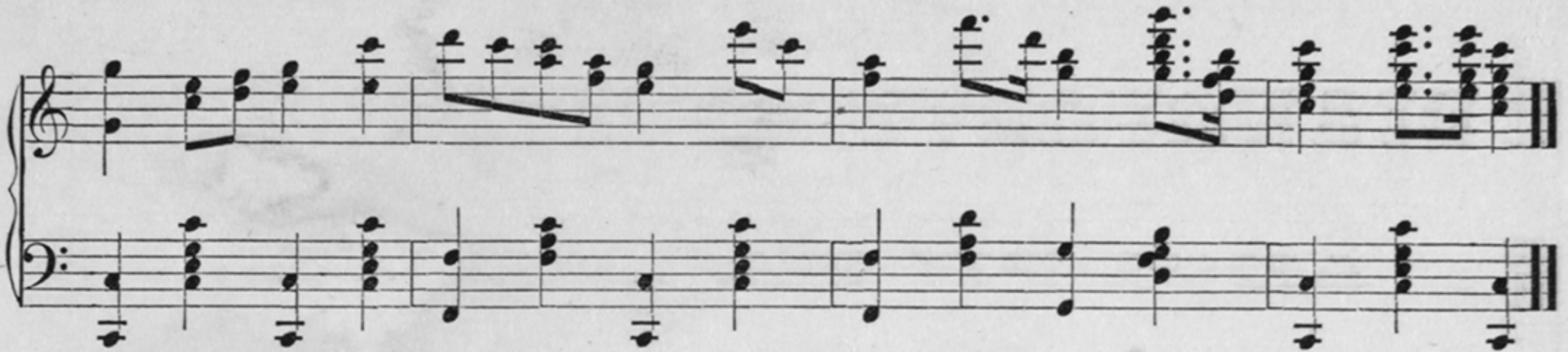
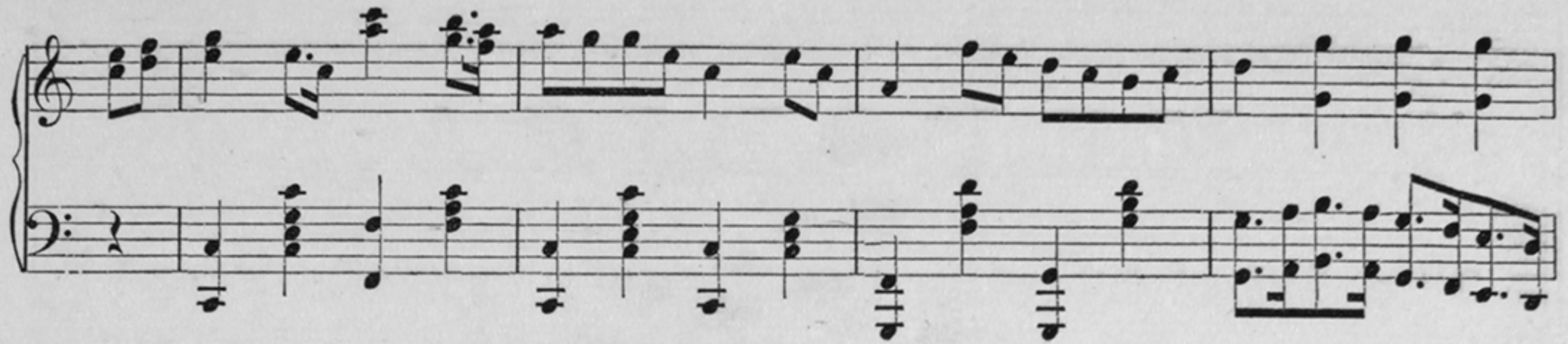
Sher - man will march to the sea." And shouted "boys, up and be

Sher - man will march to the sea." And shouted "boys, up and be

f *p*

read - y, For Sher - man will march to the sea."

read - y, For Sher - man will march to the sea."



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

3. Then forward, boys, forward to battle
 We marched on our wearisome way,
 And we stormed the wild hills of Resacca—
 God bless those who fell on that day:
 Then Kennesaw, dark in its glory,
 Frowned down on the flag of the free;
 But the East and the West bore our standards,
 And Sherman marched on to the sea.

4. Still onward we pressed, till our banner
 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,
 Who slept by each river and tree,
 Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel
 As Sherman marched down to the sea.

5. O, proud was our army that morning,
 That stood where the pine proudly towers,
 When Sherman said "boys, you are weary;
 This day fair Savannah is ours!"
 Then sang we a song for our chieftian,
 That echoed o'er river and lea,
 And the stars in our banner shone brighter,
 When Sherman marched down to the sea.