Sherman marched down to the sea

Patriotic Song and Chorus

Music by W. C. Peters.

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SHERMAN MARCHED DOWN TO THE SEA.

Words by Adj't Byers.  

These words were written by Adj't Byers of the 5th Iowa, while confined in the rebel prison at Columbia South Carolina.  

"The following is the latest army song which Sherman's veterans were chumming on their victorious march:"

MARSTOSO.

Our camp fires shone bright on the mountains  
That frowned on the river below,  
While we stood by our guns in the morning  
And eagerly watch'd for the foe.

1895-4.

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1866, by J.L. Peters & Bro. in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District Court of Mo.
rider came out from the darkness  That hung o'er mountain and tree,  And

shouted, "Boys up and be ready;  For Sherman will march for the sea!"  Then

sang we a song to our chief-tain;  That echo'd o'er river and lea,  And the

stars in our banner's shone brighter  When Sherman march'd down to the sea.

Sherman march'd down, 1865-4.
REFRAIN. To be sung in Chorus at the end of each Verse.

SOPRANI.

Then sang we the song of our chieftain, That echoed o'er river and lea, And the

4.V. O, proud was our army that morning That stood where the pine darkly towers, When

TENORE.

Then sang we the song of our chieftain, That echoed o'er river and lea, And the

4.V. O, proud was our army that morning That stood where the pine darkly towers, When

BASSO.

Then sang we the song of our chieftain, That echoed o'er river and lea, And the

4.V. O, proud was our army that morning That stood where the pine darkly towers, When

stars in our banners shone brighter When Sherman marched down to the sea......

Sherman said, 'Boys you are weary, But today fair Savannah is ours!'......

stars in our banners shone brighter When Sherman marched down to the sea......

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stars in our banners shone brighter When Sherman marched down to the sea......

Sherman said, 'Boys you are weary, But today fair Savannah is ours!'......

Sherman marched down.
4. Still onward we press'd, till our banners swept out from Atlan. ta's grim walls, And the

blood of the Pa. tri. ot dampened The soil where the trait. tors flag falls. But we
bulges re. e. chôd the music That came from the lips of the men. For we
stormed the wild hills of Re. sa-ca. God bless those who fell on that day. Then

pause'd not to weep for the fallen, Who slept by each riv. er and tree, Yet we
know that the stars in our banner. More bright in their splendor would be, And that
Ken. sa. w frownèd in its glory, Frownèd down on the flag of the free, But the
twînd them a wreath of the laurel, And Sher-man march'd down to the sea. Chorus:

blessings from Northland would greet us, When Sherman march'd down to the sea. Chorus.
East and the West bore our standards, And Sherman march'd down to the sea. Chorus.

Sherman march'd down, 1095.