MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Words & Music by HENRY C. WORK.

Tempo di Marcia.

1. Bring the good old bugle, boys, well
2. How the keys shouted when they
3. Yes, and there were Union men who
4. "Shame's dashin' Yankee boys will
5. So we made a thoroughfare for

sing another song— Sing it with a spirit that will
heard the joyful sound! How the turkeys gobbled which our
wept with joyful tears, When they saw the honored flag they
never reach the coast!" So the saucy rebels said, and
Freedom and her train, Sixty miles in latitude—three
start the world along— Sing it as we used to sing it,
commissary found! How the sweet potatoes even
had not seen for years; Hardly could they be restrained from
'twas a handsome boast; Had they not forgot, a last to
hundred to the main; Treason fled before us, for re-

fifty thousand strong, While we were marching through Georgia.
started from the ground, While we were marching through Georgia.
breaking forth in cheers, While we were marching through Georgia.
reckon with the host, While we were marching through Georgia.
sistance was in vain, While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee! Hurrah! Hurrah! the
Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee! Hurrah! Hurrah! the

Marching through Georgia.
flag that makes you free! So we sang the chorus from At-

flag that makes you free! So we sang the chorus from At-

lan-ta to the sea, While we were marching through Geor-gia.

lan-ta to the sea, While we were marching through Geor-gia.

Marching through Georgia.