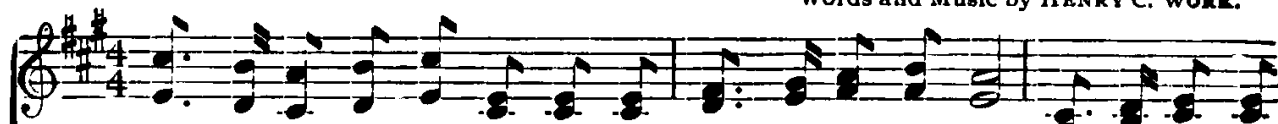

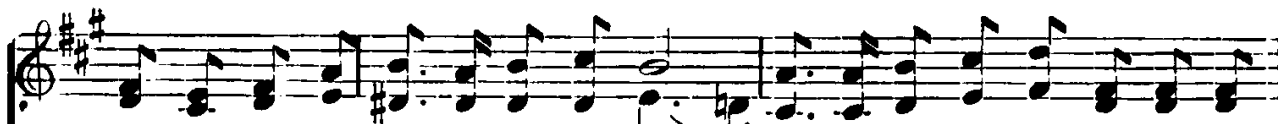


MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.


Words and Music by HENRY C. WORE.




1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song—Sing it with a
 2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
 3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the
 4. "Sherman's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the sau - cy
 5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for Free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in

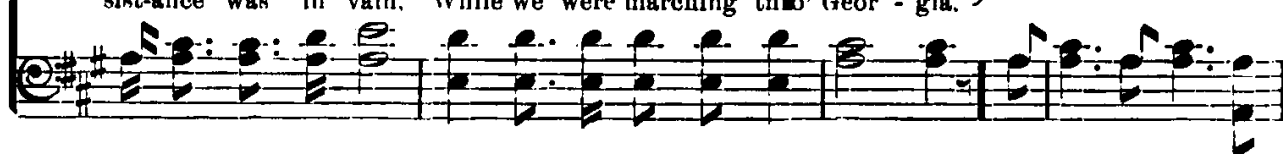
spir - it that will start the world a - long— Sing it as we used to sing it,
 gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
 hon - ored flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from
 reb - els said, and 'twas a hand - some boast, Had they not for - got, a - las! to
 lat - i - tude—three hun - dred to the main; Trea - son fled be - fore us, for re -



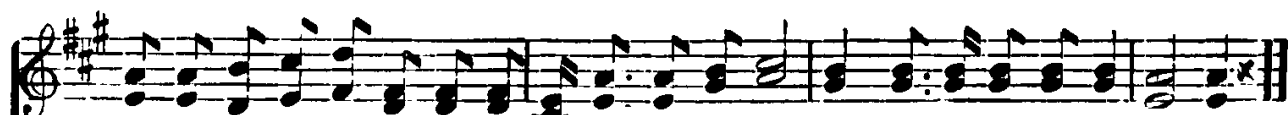
CHORUS.



fif - ty thou - sand strong, While we were marching thro' Geor - gla.
 start - ed from the ground, While we were marching thro' Geor - gla.
 breaking forth in cheers, While we were marching thro' Geor - gla. } Hur - rah! hur - rah! we
 reek - on with the host, While we were marching thro' Geor - gla?
 sis - tance was in vain, While we were marching thro' Geor - gla.




bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!

So we sang the cho - rus from At - lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Georgia.

