1. Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song—Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—

2. How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound! How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found! How the sweet potatoes even

3. 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 rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast. Had they not forgot, at last to latitude—three hundred to the main; Treason fled before us, for re-

4. "Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!" So the saucy Chorus.

5. So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train, Sixty miles in fifty thousand strong, While we were marching thro' Georgia, started from the ground, While we were marching thro' Georgia.

So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Georgia.