

# The Burning Of Atlanta

Claude King

Back in 1864  
On a cold November's morn  
The burning of Atlanta  
Was a sad and a dreary one

For Sherman came a marching  
With a hundred thousand men  
And through the smoke  
Through the flames  
Over the cannon's roar

[CHORUS]

You could hear them rebels call  
We ain't scared of y'all  
We don't care what the Yankees say  
The South's gonna rise again  
We're tough as nails  
And you better turn tails  
And head back where they've been  
They took our beans  
And a fat back pony  
We've still got our Confederate money  
We don't care what the Yankees say  
The South's gonna rise again

Johnny Reb's now in retreat  
But fighting till the end  
With nothing left but the burning past  
It's gone with the wind

For Sherman gave the order  
Burn Atlanta to the ground  
And through the smoke  
Through the flames  
Over the cannon's roar

[Repeat CHORUS]

The war between the North and South  
Is just a memory  
The burning of Atlanta  
Has gone down as history

But let us turn the pages back  
To the time of yesteryear  
When through the smoke  
Through the flames  
Over the cannon's roar

[Repeat CHORUS]