

Missionary Ridge

Shovels & Rope

It was a faction of the Army of the Cumberland, the 15th Army Corp

Just a few years back were a bunch of boys that never left home before

But the shame of Chickamauga, so hungry they could almost die
Without any order from the General, they clamored up the mountain side

Clamored up the mountain side

Don't go whistling Dixie on Missionary Ridge

Don't call to arms those poltergeists, open up the casket lid

You'll wake those boys to wander among the old carnage

So don't go whistling Dixie on Missionary Ridge

On the 25th of November it happened in the broad daylight

Gazing down on Chattanooga, Bragg could not foresee the fight

Out numbered by the blue coats 2-to-1, he tucked his tail to flee

The Union broke the Confederate line and marched out to the sea
Marched out to the sea

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In the stillness of the morning, when you breathe that mountain air

The chill that you will feel, reminds you what happened there

When the light drips down the mountain, and the fog lifts from its face

The darkness of that memory lies buried in a sunny place

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