

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

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# The Kentucky Battle Song

Par Bobby Horton

*Album : Homespun Songs Of The C. S. A., Volume 5*

Deu|In the year of '61, we left our native land,

Cause we could not bend our spirits to

the tyrant's stern command.

So we rallied 'round our Buckner,

while our hearts were sad and sore,

To offer our blood for freedom as our fathers

did before...

And we'll march! march! march!

to the music of the drum,

We were driven forth in exile,

from our old Kentucky home...

When at first the southern flag unfurled

its' folds upon the air,

Its' stars had hardly gathered 'til

Kentucky's sons were there.

And we swore a solemn oath and sternly

gathered round

We would only live as freemen in the

dark and bloody ground.

With Buckner as our leader

and Morgan in the van,

We'll plant the flag of freedom

in our fair and happy land,

We'll drive the tyrant's minions

to the Ohio's rolling flood,

and dye her waves with crimson

with the coward yankee blood.

So cheer ye southern braves,

you will soon see the day,

When Kentucky's fairest daughters

will cheer you on your way,

Then their proud old mothers

will welcome one and all,

for united we stand,

but divided we fall!