Last Day At Gettysburg Larry Sparks

B

The gray smoke from the battle   
A B

rollin' over the hill.

The fires, the dead, the dying

A B

are in my memory ever still.

Chorus:

A

Oh, can't you hear,   
G D

hear that angel band   
 A

singing, "Come home, soldier,   
G B

to the Promised Land."

B

Longstreet, he stole away and cried   
 A B

when Lee gave him his orders to attack.

In his mind's eyes he could see   
 A B

that most of his boys would not be back.

Chorus

B

Willy Johnson and me,   
A B

Rebel soldiers both from Tennessee.

Willy, he's lyin' by my side -   
A B

spoke these words to me, and then he died:

Chorus

**Solo and fade out**