

The 1861 Project

"Children Of Pride"

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Children of Pride by The 1861 Project
The 1861 Project -
Children of Pride

Sherman's just across the hill
Muskets lay upon the ground
Hoofs and canons still resound
Oh my God how young they are
The wind is blowing softly in the trees
Fanning through the spanish moss
There's a longing on the breeze
Times gone by, all that's lived and died
This land and its children of pride
No cotton cause the earth is scorched
No mansion that has not been torched
the valley's stream is running red
the vanquished never can forget
oh my God how young they are
chorus
fifty and one hundred years have gone
and still the ghosts cry the same old song
chorus

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