

Darryl Worley

"Shiloh"

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A mist halos the meadow
And a soft wind breathes a whisper through the trees
As I lean against a hickory
I close my eyes and I can almost see

The ghostly forms of blue and gray
And I can almost hear the cannons blast
Standin' in the presence of the past

The first few waves came cheerin'
Fear and hatred runnin' through their blood
When the day was finally over
Those left were wadin' through a crimson flood

To think I could be right here
In the spot where some young soldier breathed his last
Standin' in the presence of the past

Brother fightin' brother
Father fightin' son
By the time the sun was settin'
Looked like the south had won

Now my mouth's as dry as cotton
And my heart is beatin' fast
Standin' in the presence of the past

Sunrise caught the rebels sleepin'
And they woke to hear a Yankee bugle blow
Bullets flew like angry hornets
Till the peach tree blossoms drifted down like snow

It must've been like Hell on earth
What happened here is more than we can grasp
Standin' in the presence of the past

Brother fightin' brother
Father fightin' son
By the time the smoke had lifted
They knew the north had won

Lord my soul feels empty

As my tears fall on this grass
Standin' in the presence of the past

Brother killin' brother
Father slayin' son
From the looks of this old graveyard
Hell nobody really won

Somethin's changed inside me
It sure can happen fast
Standin' in the presence of the past

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