

Bobby Horton

"We Are Coming Father Abraham"

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We are coming, Father Abraham, 300, 000 more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New
England's
Shore.

We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and
children

Dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent
Tear.

We dare not look behind us but steadfastly before.
We are coming, Father Abraham, 300, 000 more!

CHORUS: We are coming, we are coming our Union to
Restore,
We are coming, Father Abraham, 300, 000 more!

If you look across the hilltops that meet the northern
Sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may
descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil
Aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave
music
Pour,
We are coming, father Abr'am, three hundred
thousand
More!

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