

# Shiloh

## David Berkeley

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  
A mist halos the meadow  
And a soft wind breathes a whisper through the trees

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