Bright Sunny South

Sam Amidon

From the bright sunny south to the war, I was sent,
E'er the days of my boyhood, I scarcely had spent.
From it's cool shady forests and deep roaring streams,
Ever fond in my mem'ry and sweet in my dreams.
Oh, my dear little sister, I still see her tears.
When I had to leave home in our tender years.
And my sweet gentle mother, so dear to my heart,
It grieved me sincerely when we had to part.

Said my kind-hearted father as he took my hand:
"As you go in defense of our dear native land,
"Son, be brave but show mercy whenever you can.
"Our hearts will be with you, 'til you 'turn again."
In my bag there's a bible to show me the way,
Through my trials here on earth and to Heaven some day.
I will shoulder my musket and brandish my sword,
In defense of this land and the word of the Lord.

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