

Beautiful Atlanta

© 1964 by Jackie R. Kays

A warm breeze stirred the Spanish moss in the old sycamore,
on that bright summer morn of September the second,
in the year of eighteen sixty four.

In a cloud of black powder smoke, a hundred canons delivered
Atlanta's death blow in one terrifying roar.
Atlanta, Atlanta, O' beautiful Atlanta will you be no more?

The gray pickets fell, as ten thousand blue coats swarmed
Atlanta's gate.
Atlanta, Atlanta what will be your fate?

Sherman lit the torch to Atlanta, then turned to the East and marched triumphantly to the
sea.
Atlanta, Atlanta, O' beautiful Atlanta what have they done to thee?

Flames and smoke rise above the grassy hills, as far as the tearful
eye could see.
Oh! Where... Oh! Where...
is the army of Robert E. Lee?

Atlanta, Atlanta, Oh! beautiful Atlanta will you rise from the ashes
like a Phoenix and return to thee with resounding jubilee?

Someday... Oh! someday,
we shall see.