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Battle of Shiloh Hill

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Come all you gallant soldiers, a story I will tell
About the bloody battle on top of Shiloh's hill
It was an awful struggle; it'll cause your heart to chill
All from the bloody battle on top of Shiloh's hill.

Was on the sixth of April about the break of day
The drums and fifes were playin' for us to march away
My feelings at that moment I do remember well
When first my feet went tramping on top of Shiloh's hill

Was about the hour of sunrise the battle it began
Before the fight was over, we fit them hand to hand
And the hollers of the battle did my heart with anguish fill
For the sick and the dying on top of Shiloh's hill

Was early the next morning we fit the fight again
Unmindful of the wounded; unuseful to the slain
The cannon smoke did hide the sun, 10,000 was the kill
And streams of blood went running on the top of Shiloh's hill

My uniform of blue was turned to a purplish red
When someone on a coming steed did strike me on the head
I sent a bullet to his heart and as he fell away
I saw the face of my father dressed in bloody gray

Although we won the battle, my heart is filled with pain
The one that brought me to this life I'll never see again
I pray to the lord consistent with his will
Lord save the souls of them poor boys that died on Shiloh's hill.

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