

# Lookout Mountain

Bobby Bare

November of '63  
High above went down to sea  
We were home in the lookout mountain

Couldn't see down through the clouds  
But there wasn't any doubt  
That there were Yankees there  
Beyond the counting

The union guns began to roar  
Firing up from the valley floor  
And through the mist  
It look like lightning

Muskets loud and blank  
Up through the fall they came  
I will not lie  
Lord it was frightening

And the captain said  
Boys ritsel high  
If you listen you'll hear Gabriel's trumpets sounding

And heaven's just a step away  
For the brave men who will die on lookout mountain

Our cannons could not fire  
Straight down mountain side  
And the yankee boys, they drew closer

The odds were 6 to 1  
So the captain ground said son  
And you were wrong  
I told him: no sir

In the driving rain  
With the powder gone  
We sent boulders crashing down around them

Well we done our bid  
But they would not turn  
We could not hold them off on lookout mountain

We saw that all hope was gone  
With the thought of the folks at home  
If we ran in the woods  
Surely disgrace them

Slowly as the bullets flew  
But it was just one thing to do  
I sit in prayer  
Turned to face them

Well we shot them down  
But there was no pain  
In the darkness one more rebel heart stopped pounding

At the morning light  
I was glory bound  
Before the rakes put the union flag on lookout mountain

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