

Amos and Sarah

Melissa Ames, *Amsar Music, BMI*

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When Amos left ol' Iowa-y
To fight in Mr Lincoln's war
The boys and he promised they
Would give that Johnny Reb what for
Their departure was a celebration
Unlike the town had seen in years
If you didn't count their sweethearts' tears

Sarah waited, heart in hand
Storm clouds in her starry eyes
Prayin' for her Union man
Hopin' for to be a bride
Would tomorrow bring a casket
And a letter edged in black
Or would it bring her darlin' back?

Many were the things they saw
In that Northern Georgia hell
From Resaca down to Kennesaw
They bravely fought and bravely fell
And at the end of August, '64
Amos thought they'd win the day
But Hardee's Corp got in the way

The captured marched four months in all
Food was scarce, the nights were damp
On Christmas morn they reached the walls
Of Andersonville prison camp
And Amos shared it all with Sarah
The suffering, the misery
In the pages of his diary

Sarah looked out on the dusty fields
Barren as her hollow soul
Scars that only rain can heal
A cloudless sky had cursed them both
When a sudden shadow crossed the sun
Familiar arms around her waist
She cried as Amos kissed her face