

# Amos and Sarah

Melissa Ames, *Amsar Music, BMI*

Becky Buller, *Goodnight Sparky Music, BMI*

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