

ACT ONE

Scene 1

Marietta, Georgia, 1862

drum notation
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#1 - Prologue: The Old Red Hills of Home

LC5

1112-3-411
YOUNG SOLDIER DSC

LC10

LC15

#5

FAREWELL, MY LILA -

I'LL WRITE EVERY EVENING,
I'VE CARVED OUR NAMES
IN THE TRUNK OF THIS TREE.

FAREWELL, MY LILA -
I MISS YOU ALREADY,
AND DREAM OF THE DAY
WHEN I'LL HOLD YOU AGAIN
IN A HOME SAFE FROM FEAR,
WHEN THE SOUTH LAND IS FREE

LC16

I GO TO FIGHT FOR THESE OLD HILLS BEHIND ME,
THESE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME.

A6
SC10

GO TO FIGHT FOR THESE OLD HILLS REMIND ME
OF A WAY OF LIFE THAT'S PURE -
OF THE TRUTH THAT MUST ENDURE -
IN A TOWN CALLED MARIETTA
IN THE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME.

LC17

LC18

PRAY ON THIS DAY AS I JOURNEY BEYOND THEM,
THESE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME:
LET ALL THE BLOOD OF THE NORTH SPILL UPON THEM
'TIL THEY'VE PAID FOR WHAT THEY'VE WROUGHT,
TAKEN BACK THE LIES THEY'VE TAUGHT,
AND THERE'S PEACE IN MARIETTA
AND WE'RE SAFE AGAIN IN GEORGIA
IN THE LAND WHERE HONOR LIVES AND BREATHES -
THE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME!

FAREWELL, MY LILA! FAREWELL...