Richmond on the James

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Our land is filled with mourning
From Bourbon to Malone,
And many wives and mothers
Are weeping, sad and lone;
For many youthful heroes
Are among the noble slain,
On a blood-red field near Richmond
Fair Richmond on the James.

A soldier boy at Richmond
Lay gasping on the field.
The battle strife was over,
And the foe was forced to yield.
But there fell one noble hero
Before the foe-man's aim
On that blood-stained field at Richmond,
Fair Richmond on the James.

A comrade stood beside him,
As his life blood ebbed away.
They had been chums together
Since boyhood's early day.
Together they had struggled
'Mid strife and grief and pain ,
But to part that night at Richmond,
Fair Richmond on the James.

He said, "My noble comrade,
You will miss me for awhile,
But the faces that once loved us
Again on you will smile.
Again you will be foremost
In all the village games,
While I lie here at Richmond,
Fair Richmond on the James."

"Take the sword home to my brother,
And the star upon my breast
To my young and gentle sister,
The one I loved the best.
A brown lock from my forehead

To my mother who still dreams
Of the safe return of her soldier boy
From Richmond on the James."

"Now, my loving comrade,
On my breast is a dark brown braid.
It is of one of the fairest
Of all the village maids.
We were to be married,
But death the bridegroom claims,
While she is far that loves me
From Richmond on the James."

"I know that she is praying,
While her blessed heart still dreams,
Of the safe return of her soldier
From Richmond on the James"

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