Victory Won at Richmond

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The southern boys may longer lie
On the first and fourth of sweet July
Our General Beauregard resound
    For his southern boys at Richmond.

That night we laid on the cold ground
No tents nor shelter could be found
With rain and hail was nearly drowned
    To cheer our hearts at Richmond.

Next morn the burning sun did rise
Beneath the cloudy eastern skies
Our general viewed the forts and cried
    "We'll have hot work at Richmond!"

As soon as the height we strove to gain
Our balls did fly as thick as rain
I'm sure the plains they did run red
    With the blood that was shed at Richmond.

As soon as the heights we did command
We fought the Yankees hand to hand
And many a hero there was slain
    On the plains at Richmond.

And many a pretty fair maid will mourn
For her lover who will ne'er return
And parents mourn beyond control
    For their sons they lost at Richmond.

Thirty thousand Yankees, I heard them say
Were slain all on that fatal day
And seven thousand Southerners lay
    In the bloody gore at Richmond.

Their guns and knapsacks they threw down
And ran like hares before the hounds
I'm sure the plains they did run red
    With the blood that was shed at Richmond.

Cease, you Southerners, from your hand
Which from Yankees we cannot stand

Go spread the news throughout the land
    Of the victory that was won at Richmond.

From Folksongs of the South, Cox
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