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1862

We are Marching on to Richmond

E.W Locke

Composer

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We are Marching on to Richmond.

Poetry and Music by E. W. LOCKE, Author of "We are marching down to Dixie's Land," "There's a fresh little Mound near the Willow," "Down by the Sea," "I feel I'm growing old, fatter," "I'd rather I wish I were married," "The Union Forever!" &c. &c. &c.




1. Our knap - sacks sling, and blithe - ly sing. We're march - ing on to Rich - mond; With wea - pons bright, and
2. Our foes are near, their drums we hear, They're camped a - bout in Rich - mond, With pick - ets out, and to
hearts so light, We're march - ing on to Rich - mond. Each wea - ry mile with song be - guile, We're
tell the rout Our ar - my takes to Rich - mond. We've craft - y foes to meet our blows, No
march - ing on to Rich - mond. The roads are rough but smooth e - nough To take us safe to Rich - mond.
doubt they'll fight for Rich - mond. The brave may die but nev - er fly, We'll cut our way to Rich - mond.

Chorus.
SOPRANO.



Then tramp a - way while the bu - gles play, We're march - ing on to Rich - mond, Our
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
Then tramp a - way while the bu - gles play, We're march - ing on to Rich - mond, Our



flag shall gleam in the morn - ing beam, From man - y a spire in Rich - mond.
flag shall gleam in the morn - ing beam From man - y a spire in Rich - mond.

3.
But yesterday, in mur'drous fray,
While marching on to Richmond;
We parted here from comrades dear,
While marching on to Richmond;
With manly sighs and tearful eyes,
While marching on to Richmond;
We laid the braves in peaceful graves,
And started on for Richmond.
Chorus: Then tramp away, &c.

4.
Our friends away are sad to-day,
Because we march to Richmond;
With loving fears they shrink to hear,
About our march to Richmond;
The pen shall tell that they who fell,
While marching on to Richmond,
Had hearts aglow and face to foe,
And died in sight of Richmond.
Chorus: Then tramp away, &c.

5.
Our thoughts shall roam to scenes of home,
While marching on to Richmond.
The vacant chair that's waiting there,
While we march on to Richmond;
'Twill not be long till shout and song,
We'll raise aloud in Richmond,
And war's rude blast, will soon be past,
And we'll go home from Richmond.
Chorus: Then tramp away, &c.

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