

To Lieut. Gen. Grant.

Richmond is Ours!

Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!
Hark! to the jubilant chorus!
Up, through the lips that no longer repress it,
Up, from the heart of the people! God bless it!
Swelling with loyal emotion,
Leapeth our joy, like an ocean!
Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!
Babylon falls, and her temples and towers
Crumble to ashes before us.

WORDS BY

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MUSIC BY

MRS. E. A. PARKHURST,

Author of "Dey said we wouldn't fight." "No Slave beneath that Starry Flag." "New Emancipation Song."
"Soldier's dying farewell." "O, send me one flower from his grave." "A home on the mountain." 30 cts. each.

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