

Dirge sung at the consecration of the Soldier's Cemetery at Gettysburg, Pa..

Delaney, Alfred; Percival, James Gates, 1795-1856

Gettysburg, PA: The Misses Wills, 2023-07-10

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To his Excellency
ANDREW G. CURTIN
Governor of Pennsylvania

DIRGE

SUNG AT THE CONSECRATION

— OF THE —

Soldiers' Cemetery at Gettysburg:

(NOV. 19TH 1863)

Composed and arranged for Four Voices

— BY —

ALFRED DELANEY.

70 cents per Copy

DIRGE
SUNG AT THE CONSECRATION
OF THE
SOLDIER'S CEMETERY
GETTYSBURG, Pa.

The words by JAS. G. PERCIVAL

Music by ALFRED DELANEY

Grave

PIANO

TREBLE.

O! it is great for our Country to die, whose ranks are con-tend-ing,

ALTO.

TENOR.

O! it is great for our Country to die, whose ranks are con-tend-ing,

BASS.

PIANO

As sung at the Consecration of Soldiers Cemetery, November 19th 1863, by
Matilda Gillespie, Soprano, Martha Martin, Alto, Robert Little, Tenor, Samuel Witherow, Bass.
Published by the surviving daughters of Martha (Martin) Wills, The Misses Wills; Gettysburg, Pa.

Bright is the wreath of our fame; glo - ry a - waits us for aye; Glo - ry, that

Bright is the wreath of our fame;— glo - ry a - waits us for aye; Glo - ry, that

cres.

nev-er is dim, Shin-ing on with a light nev-er end-ing, Glo-ry, that nev-er shall

nev-er is dim, Shin-ing on with a light nev-er end-ing, Glo-ry, that nev-er shall

fade, nev-er O! nev-er a - way!—

fade, nev-er O! nev-er a - way!—

2

O! it is sweet for our Country to die, how softly reposes
 Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
 Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him with garlands of roses,
 Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

3

Not in Elysian fields, by the still oblivious river,
 Not in the Isles of the blest, over the blue rolling sea;
 But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted forever;
 There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant and free.

4

O! then how great for our Country to die, in the front rank to perish,
 Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's shout in our ear;
 Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
 We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.