

*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.

Geo. F. Swain

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DIRGE

3

SUNG AT THE CONSECRATION

OF THE

SOLDIER'S CEMETERY

GETTYSBURG. Pa.

The words by Jas.G. Percival.

Music by Alfred Delaney.

GRAVE.

PIANO.

TREELE.

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

ALTO.

TENOR.

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

BASS.

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

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

cres.

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of a musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff. The piano part consists of chords and single notes. The word 'cres.' is written above the piano staff in the fifth measure.

never is dim, Shining on with a light never ending, Glory, that never shall

never is dim, Shining on with a light never ending, Glo-ry, that never shall

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'never is dim, Shining on with a light never ending, Glory, that never shall'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

fade, nev_er O! never a - - way!

fade, nev_er O! never 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.