

fade, nev\_er O! never a - - way!

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## 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.