

1840

Soldiers Grave

Thomas Williams

Charles Bradlee

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Recommended Citation

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THE SOLDIERS GRAVE,
Monody on the Death of
Sir John Moore.

Poetry by the
REV^d CHAS^s WOLFE,

THE MUSIC BY
THOMAS WILLIAMS.

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE 107 Washington Street.

VOICE. *Sotto Voce.*

ANDANTE E STACCATO.

PIANO-FORTE.

pp *p*

Not a drum was heard nor a

fun'ral note, As his corse to the ramparts we hurried, Not a Soldier discharg'd his

Espressivo.

farewell shot O'er the grave where our He - ro we buried. We buried him darkly at

p

a tempo.

dead of night, The turf with our bay'nets turning By the struggling moonbeams

misty light, And our lanterns dimly burning, By the struggling moonbeams

misty light, And our lanterns dimly burning.

SECOND VERSE.

Few and short were the pray'rs we said, And we spoke not, a word of sorrow, But we

stedfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead! And we bit-terly thought on the morrow! No

useless Cof-fin con fin'd his breast, Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him, But he

lay like a Warrior taking his rest, with his Martial Cloak around him! But he lay like a warrior

taking his rest, with his Martial Cloak around him!

4

THIRD VERSE.

But half our heavy task was done, When the Clock told the hour for re-

Piu. Legato

tir-ing And we heard by the distant and ran - dom gun, That the

dolce.

pp

Acceler.

foe was sudden-ly fir - ing. Slowly and sad - ly we

pp

laid him down From the field of his fame fresh and go - ry We

ff

5

carv'd not a line we rais'd not a stone, But we left him a-lone with his

glo-ry! We carv'd not a line we rais'd not a stone, But we

pp *dim:* *Slow.*

left him a-lone with his glory!

ff

this Verse (which stands as the third in the original) may be sung or omitted.

3.

We thought as we heap'd his narrow bed,
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow.
 Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone!
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
 But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

carv'd not a line we rais'd not a stone, But we left him a-lone with his

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pp *dim.* *Slow.*

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