1840

Soldiers Grave

Thomas Williams

Charles Bradlee

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

Poetry by the
REV. CHAS. WOLFE.
The Music by
THOMAS WILLIAMS.

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE 117 Washington Street.

Sotto Voce.

ANDANTE E STACCATO.

Not a drum was heard nor a
fun'ral note, As his corse to the ramparts we hurried, Not a Soldier discharge'd his

debit.

Espressivo.

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

SECOND VERSE.

Few and short were the pray'rs we said, And we spoke not a word of sorrow, But we
As steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead! And we bitterly thought on the morrow! No

useless Coffin 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!
THIRD VERSE.

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

Piu Legato.

tiring And we heard by the distant and random gun, That the
dolce.

pp

Acceller.

foe was suddenly firing, Slowly and sadly we

laid him down From the field of his fame fresh and gory We
carv'd not a line we rais'd not a stone, But we left him a-lone with his glory!

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

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 bellow.
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone!
And o'er his cold ashes upbraided 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

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

Left him a - lone with his glory!

... 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 hillow.
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone!
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But nothing he'll reek if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.