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New Music for Memorial Day

M.E Mrs. Mayo
Composer

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NEW MUSIC

FOR

MEMORIAL DAY.



“HONOR TO THE BRAVE,”

“REST, COMRADES, REST!”

(SUNG AT THE DECORATION.)

AND

“GREAT GOD OF NATIONS.”

BY

— MRS. M. E. MAYO. —



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HONOR TO THE BRAVE.

1st verse p

1. This is a day of mem-'ries Ris - ing out of the past; How they
2. Hap - py and free our coun - try; Hon - ored our star - ry flag, As it

through the tho'ts of our he - roes, Safe home from the wars at last! With
floats from o - cean to o - cean, On hill - top and tow'r - ing crag! And

them were con - flicts and an - guish; With us were sor - row and tears; And
this was the boon they gave us: But great was the sac - ri - fice; Let

rit.

mem - 'ry brings us a vis - ion Undimm'd by the flight . . . of years.
per - fume of grate - ful in - cense To their mem - 'ries sweet - - - ly rise.

CHORUS. p

Deep, and true, and ten - der, The hom - age which we ren - der To the faith - ful

ones who died our flag to save; Praise to them, and glo - ry! As we re - call the

sto - ry; We heart - i - ly u - nite in sing - ing, Hon - or to the brave.

REST, COMRADES, REST!

p
 1. Rest, comrades, rest! We deck your graves with care, And fragrant as the blossoms which we
 2. Sleep, comrades, sleep! Our offerings here we bring; A grateful nation, each returning!
 3. Peace, comrades, peace To all your precious dust! O, mother earth, be faithful to thy

bear Are mem - 'ries of the past, Your du - ties nob - ly done, Life's
 Spring, Re - mem - bers thus her dead; And on each sol - dier's grave There
 trust! In sun - ny South, to - day, How glad - ly would we place For -

rit. pp
 battle fought and all its victories won, With honor crown'd at last, — Rest, comrades rest!
 floats the flag he gave his life to save, While flow'rs their fragrance shed. Sleep, comrades, sleep!
 get-me-nots upon their resting-place Unknown and far a - way. Peace, comrades, Peace!

GREAT GOD OF NATIONS.

Slow. f

1. Great God of Na-tions! from thy throne a - bove Look down up - on us in thy
2. Great God of Na-tions! thanks to thee we bring That thou didst lead us out from

ten - der, gra - cious love! Bless our whole land with plenteousness and peace; Oh, grant thy
war's o'er-shadowing wing; That thou hast giv'n us plenteousness and peace; Oh, grant, etc.

Fine. SOPRANO.

watchful care o'er us may nev - er cease. Dark was the night when war its shadow cast,

ALTO.

DUET. p

When strife and tu - mult fill'd the drear - y past, But when the star of

CHORUS.

D.C.

peace shed forth its ray, Then came the dawn-ing of a bet - ter day.