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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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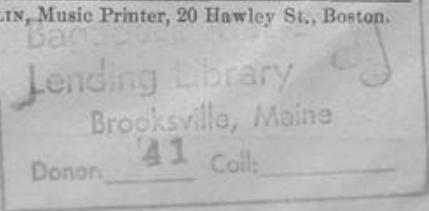


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J. F. LOUGHLIN, Music Printer, 20 Hawley St., Boston.

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May



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



throng 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



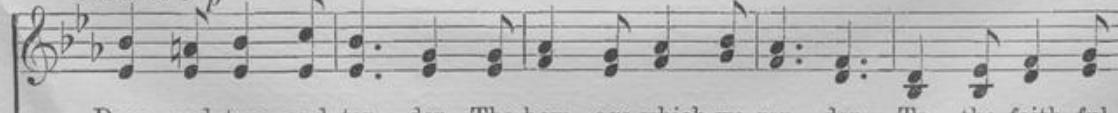
them were con - flicts and an - guish; With us were sor - row and tears; And
this was the boon they gave us: But great was the sac - ri - fice; Let



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 of-ferings 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 -|

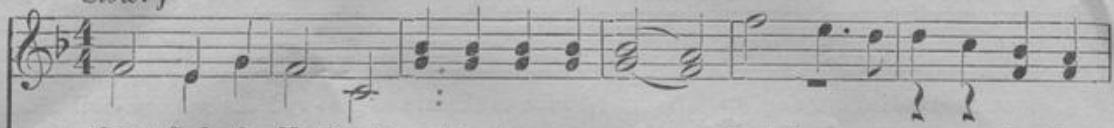
rit. pp

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'r's 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.

4

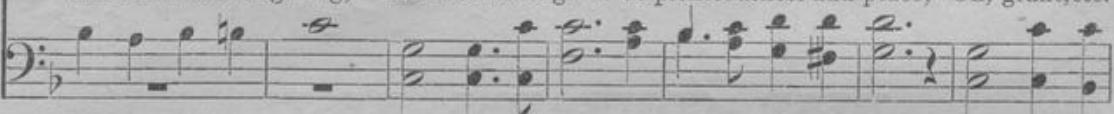
Slow. f



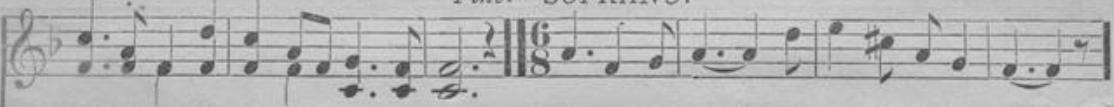
Look down up-on us in thy
That thou didst lead us out from



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.

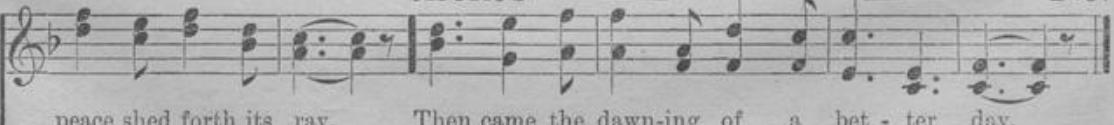


When strife and tu - mult fill'd the drear - y past, But when the star of



CHORUS.

D.C.



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

