## DEDICATORY HYMNS,

WRITTEN BY THE

Rev. EDWARD MEYER, of Pennsylvania, (late Chaplain in the Army,)

AND SUNG AT THE

# Dedication of the Antietam National Cemetery,

SEPTEMBER 17, 1867,

UNDER THE LEAD OF

## WILLIAM E. MACDONOUGH, of New York.

### HYMNI.

Old Hundred.

I.

"ACÉLDAMA!" O Lord, our God, Who evermore dost Israel keep, Watered in tears, baptized in blood, Thou givest our beloved sleep.

II.

They came at Freedom's trumpet call,
From hall and cottage, fane and dome,
Venturing limb and life, and all
For Truth and Right, for hearth and home!

III

Thousands of heroes bit the dust,
Antietam, on thy crimson field!
Thrice armed were they, with quarrel just,
The Lord their banner, sun and shield.

IV

Lift high the granite shaft for all
That fell where duty summoned them;
Their country's star-gem'd flag their pall,
A Nation's wail their requiem!

V.

O Lord! and shall they live again,
These bones, the seed of crimson strife?
Thy Spirit breathes upon these slain,
And they shall thrill with endless life!

VI.

In living hope, then, we commit
This precious dust, for Freedom giv'n,
To Thee, till angels gather it,
Transfigured, in the urn of Heav'n!

#### HIMMINIL

"America."

Τ.

Hallowed be all around!
This place is holy ground,
Henceforth, for aye;
Here mountain shadows wave
O'er many a cherished grave,
Where sleep the young and brave,
Home from the fray!

II.

Here, where the flash and roar
Battle and carnage bore
Over the main,
Soft, on your lowly bed,
Rest your fame-laurel'd head,
Our noble patriot dead,
By treason slain!

III.

Grief-stricken hearts have throbbed—
Sable-clad homes have sobbed

Far from your rest;
Listened for steps in vain,
That ne'er should come again,
To swell the victor's train,
From East to West!

IV.

Antietam's liquid gem
Murmurs your requiem
In mournful strain!
Angels unseen stand near,
Bright guard of honor here,
Till Christ, our Lord, appear,
Mighty to reign!

V.

Silence and sadness round—
No bugle's martial sound
Your sleep breaks now.
Columbia, saved, now sheathes
Her conquering sword; Fame wreathes
Where'er true manhood breathes,
Your pale, cold brow!

VI.

"Glory to God on high,"
Peal through earth, sea and sky,
"Good will to men!"
Blending and rising higher,
Like Pentecostal fire,
Let Freedom's strains inspire
All hearts! Amen!