DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT DORCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 17, 1867

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OF THE

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

AT

DORCHESTER,

SEPTEMBER 17, 1867.

BOSTON:
THOMAS GROOM & CO.
1868.

1868. Dec. 30
Gift of
Francis Partridge Denny
of Dorchester.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

READING FROM THE SCRIPTURES,

BY REV. T. J. MUMFORD.

MUSIC.

DEDICATORY PRAYER,

BY REV. J. H. MEANS.

DIRGE.

SUNG BY THE CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Peace to the brave who nobly fell
  'Neath our flag, their hope and pride!
They fought like heroes long and well,
  Then like heroes died.

Hallowed forever be the graves
  Where our martyrs dreamless sleep!
Columbia, weep thy fallen braves,
  But triumphant weep!

Nobly they died in Freedom's name—
  Died our country's flag to save;
Forever sacred be their fame,
  Green their honored grave!

ORATION,

BY REV. C. A. HUMPHREYS.

ODE,

BY W. T. ADAMS, ESQ.

Sung by the Children of the Public Schools.

No more the cannon peal
And clash of ringing steel
Our land o'ersweep;
But, in the soldier's grave,
The bravest of the brave,
Who died our cause to save,
In glory sleep!

On many a battle plain,
Green with their life-blood stain,
Our heroes rest.
In holy calm they sleep,
While mourning thousands weep,
And in their hearts still keep
Their memory blest.

Immortal bays we bring
Upon their graves to fling,
Heroic dead!
They fought in freedom's fight,
Dispelling treason's night,
And in their manhood's might
Their life-blood shed.

All honor to our braves,
Who sleep in hallowed graves
In southern clime,
Or at their kindred's side;
Alike they bled and died
To stay oppression's tide—
A death sublime.

Lord God of nations, here
This monument we rear,
In thy great name.
As Thou hast blessed our land,
To Thee we give the hand
Who fell by treason's hand —
And deathless fame.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

MUSIC.

TRANSFER OF THE MONUMENT

TO THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

DOXOLOGY.

From all who dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
In every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ORATION

BY REV. CHARLES A. HUMPHREYS,

OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:

As we stand under the shadow of this monument which we dedicate to-day, its silent pointing to the heavens, its voiceless record of noble names, remind us that our theme is beyond the power of words to portray, and that silence is here the most fitting eloquence. All great things are silent, — the eternal hills, the ocean in its depths. They have no speech nor language; yet their peaceful stillness is more eloquent than the roar of tempests at the surface, or the blast of winds at their summit. So this silent orator tells more eloquently of the grand achievements and the glorious deeds of our heroes than any spoken eulogy that mortal lips can frame. How impressive is its simple silence! It bears no record of the valor of our soldiers; it lavishes no praise on their patriotic devotion; it does not even name the bloody fields where one and another laid down their precious lives; but so long as this shaft shall stand, so long as its