

## REQUIEM.

Swing low, sweet moon, swing low thy lantern light  
O'er battle field,  
And garner in the lonely harvest of the night  
On crimson shield.

Weep for the dead, dear moon, I cannot weep.  
Pray for their souls.  
Bend low and take the children of the deep  
Within thy fold.

'Neath thy pale light in shroud of snow they rest,  
In armor white.  
Awake dear earth and take within thy breast  
Thine own Red Knight.

Sing to them softly, a tender song of life  
A sweet sad song  
Winds of the south, that they forget all strife  
All woe and wrong.

Fold warm in winding sheet and o'er them wave  
Sweet flag of France,  
Thy lilies fair will grow green o'er their grave  
Red grave of the lance.

Flow gently sweet Rhone, bear them with light caress  
On to the sea.

If you are tender they will miss love less  
Where'er they be.

Dear God above, come down and take them where  
There is no woe.

Dear God of love, we leave them to thy care  
Thy will we do not know.