

### **Last Words of Sir Henry Lawrence.**

“LET THERE BE NO FUSS ABOUT ME, BURY  
ME WITH MY MEN.”

THE shades of death were gathering thick around  
a soldier's head,

A war stained, dust strewn band of men gathered  
around his bed.

“Comiade, good-bye; thank God your voice  
may cheer the dauntless brave

When I, your friend and countryman, am resting  
in the grave.

Hush, soldiers, hush, no word of thanks, it is  
little I have done

For the glory of the land we love, toward the  
setting sun.

I have but one request to make: When all is  
over, then

Let there be no fuss about me, bury me with  
my men.

Heap up no splendid monument in memory of  
my clay,

No tributary words to tell of one who's far  
away;