

Tears for the Dead

Tears for the dead; and what for thee,
Oh! field of mighty memory?
Field of the nation's wakening power,
The deadly strife, the pregnant hour
When honour looked in danger's eyes
And found its heaven in sacrifice.
Tears for the dead; no tears for thee,
Oh! field of mighty memory.

The constant spirit shall prevail.
They died, that Justice might not fail;
Nor vainly on that desperate day
Gave they their lives, life's debt to pay.
For honour, with heaven's fire endued,
Outlives all death, and is renewed,
A constant and a kindling flame
From age to age, and still the same.

Tears for the dead; yea, happy tears.
They have o'erpassed our cares, our fears,
Our little hopes, and little things,
And feeble, faint imaginings.
Tears for the dead; but through them shine
Glories of that unbroken line.
And strikes upon the listening ear
Thunder of Britain's charging cheer,
And freedom's onset, forward hurled
To smite the spoilers of the world.