

Let our Heroes rest.

Disturb not our dead, let them sleep where they fell,
On the red field of battle afar.
In our hearts must sound the sad funeral knell,
But honoured our dead heroes are.

Ah ! leave our dear dead, with their brothers they rest,
In the graves where their comrades have laid them ;
Let them rest with her dead, and share with her best
The tribute that Britain has paid them.

In peace let them rest, our own glorious dead,
Let them sleep till the dawning of day.
For Queen and for country their life blood they shed,
And they gloried their hearts' blood to pay.

Let our dead heroes sleep in their African graves,
With the flag of the Empire above them ;
They are safe in the land where the British flag waves,
Though far from the fond hearts that love them.

'Tis no alien soil where our loved ones sleep,
Mid the brave men with whom they died,
Who answered her call from deep unto deep ;
And Britain will guard them with pride.

The hero of old was but wrapped in his cloak ;
As we learn from the beautiful story,
They laid him to rest as low sad words they spoke,
Then they "left him alone in his glory."

We may build a cairn o'er their dear sacred dust,
We may mark where our brave heroes fell,
Oh ! disturb not our dead, but in peace let them rest,
On the field where our men fought so well.