

## REQUIEM

WEEP for the dead; weep for the swift slain  
    dead,  
November skies;  
Too few the tears that day and night are shed  
From women's eyes.

Blow o'er them lightly with a soft caress,  
Wind of the sea,  
If you are tender they may miss love less—  
Where e'er they be.

Come, gentle moon, swing low your lantern light  
On reddened fields,  
And find the lonely harvest of the night  
That battle yields.

Banish the darkness filled with quivering dread,  
Lest they should know  
Some last strange horror—even they—the dead—  
Sweet moon, swing low.

Fold them at dawn, dear earth, within your arms  
So safe and strong:  
Hold them asleep till they forget alarms,  
And woe and wrong.

Master of Kings! If peace be bought with pain  
These paid the price;  
O show Thy tortured world that not in vain  
Is sacrifice!