

REQUIESCANT.

They sleep, fair azure skies above them smiling,
Beneath the soil they died so well to save,
While careless hearts, with mirth the hours
beguiling,
Think little of the lives their comrades gave.

They sleep, the calm of sombre twilight stealing
O'er crimson fields that once had known no stain;
By shattered shrines the peasant folk are kneeling
With hopeful eyes and faith supreme o'er pain.

They sleep, the stars above them softly gleaming;
How deep their rest beneath an alien sky;
O'er their rude graves the moonlight palely
streaming,
They sleep the sleep of those who bravely die.

QUIET.

When will the bugles cease to peal?
When will our forms have rest?
Ever our columns deathward reel
To sleep in nature's breast:
To sleep in kindly nature's breast,
Where sleep the mighty throng,
Of those who perished in the strife,
Upon their lips a song.

FULFILMENT.

The years to me that once were sweetly flowing
Hold charms that time and distance fail to dim;
Above me now the myriad stars are glowing
Like tapers gleaming brightly there for Him.

In dreams I hear the self-same church-bells pealing,
Those Sabbath chimes, how sweet they sound to me!
They wake in me the old exalted feeling
For Him who stilled the waves of Galilee.

I know that if the dawn shall find me sleeping
Those dreams for me at last will be fulfilled
For then I will be in my Master's keeping
And joy will reign when mortal life is stilled.