

In Memoriam

Not with the mortal lamentation,

That rises in the brazen bugle's reverberate
Beguathing anguish to the passing gale; -

Not with the sobbing of the muffled drum
Hearseily invoking troubled days that come
No more to mortal invocation; -

Not with slow and measured tread
Of warrior ranks whose feet
Monotonously beat
Misere for the dead; -

Not with the trappings of a nation's grief
Which fold and deck the festly honoured clay,
To symbolize the greatness of a chief
Death stricken in the fulness of his day: -

With these we mourned not, - these not
ours to bring;

Yet not the less a peso we have borne
To endless rest amiss where waters sing
A dirge to put all elegies to scorn.

River that passeth by the lonely ways
In broken light and shade where he lies dead,
Take year by year the drifting forest strays
And all our dreams unsaid : —

Take them with swift and unreturning tide
And bear them to the all-receiving sea ; —
To thy eternal requie in we confide
His holy memory.

The links that hold us where our comrades^{lie},
Time unbroken year by year must break away,
But there are voices that ~~ever~~ never die
Though lips are turned to clay.

We wander at the summons of the dead,
Our ears unsealed, our eyes with visions filled,
We follow on and know that we are led
By hearts in death unstilled

On sun-crowned heights of memory they stand
Who trod the path of duty without fear,

Who loved the Right, who heard its high command
And held fair honour dear.

Theirs shall not be the inarticulate doom
That waits to bury all our idle breath,
Their words shall ring, their actions blush and bloom
Above the wilds of death.
