**HYMN OF DEAD SOLDIERS.**

|  |
| --- |
| 1   ONE breath, O my silent soul,  |

|  |
| --- |
| A perfum'd thought—no more I ask, for the sake of all          dead soldiers.  |

|  |
| --- |
| 2   Buglers off in my armies!  |

|  |
| --- |
| At present I ask not you to sound;  |

|  |
| --- |
| Not at the head of my cavalry, all on their spirited          horses,  |

|  |
| --- |
| With their sabres drawn and glist'ning, and carbines          clanking by their thighs—(ah, my brave horse-          men!  |

|  |
| --- |
| My handsome, tan-faced horsemen! what life, what joy          and pride,  |

|  |
| --- |
| With all the perils, were yours!)  |

|  |
| --- |
| 3   Nor you drummers—neither at reveille, at dawn,  |

|  |
| --- |
| Nor the long roll alarming the camp—nor even the          muffled beat for a burial;  |

|  |
| --- |
| Nothing from you, this time, O drummers, bearing my          warlike drums.  |

|  |
| --- |
| 4   But aside from these, and the crowd's hurrahs, and          the land's congratulations,  |

|  |
| --- |
| Admitting around me comrades close, unseen by the          the rest, and voiceless,  |

|  |
| --- |
| I chant this chant of my silent soul, in the name of all          dead soldiers.  |

|  |
| --- |
| 5   Faces so pale, with wondrous eyes, very dear, gather          closer yet;  |

|  |
| --- |
| Draw close, but speak not. |
| 6   Phantoms, welcome, divine and tender!  |

|  |
| --- |
| Invisible to the rest, henceforth become my compan-          ions;  |

|  |
| --- |
| Follow me ever! desert me not, while I live.  |

|  |
| --- |
| 7   Sweet are the blooming cheeks of the living! sweet          are the musical voices sounding!  |

|  |
| --- |
| But sweet, ah sweet, are the dead, with their silent eyes.  |

|  |
| --- |
| 8   Dearest comrades! all now is over;  |

|  |
| --- |
| But love is not over—and what love, O comrades!  |

|  |
| --- |
| Perfume from battle-fields rising—up from fœtor          arising.  |

|  |
| --- |
| 9   Perfume therefore my chant, O love! immortal Love!  |

|  |
| --- |
| Give me to bathe the memories of all dead soldiers.  |

|  |
| --- |
| 10   Perfume all! make all wholesome!  |

|  |
| --- |
| O love! O chant! solve all with the last chemistry.  |

|  |
| --- |
| 11   Give me exhaustless—make me a fountain,  |

|  |
| --- |
| That I exhale love from me wherever I go,  |

|  |
| --- |
| For the sake of all dead soldiers.  |