**HYMN OF DEAD SOLDIERS.**

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| 1   ONE breath, O my silent soul, |

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

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| 2   Buglers off in my armies! |

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| At present I ask not you to sound; |

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

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

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

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| With all the perils, were yours!) |

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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| 8   Dearest comrades! all now is over; |

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

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

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

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

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| 10   Perfume all! make all wholesome! |

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

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

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

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| For the sake of all dead soldiers. |