

Part 1

**In Hallowed Fields, the flowers blow
Between the crosses, row on row, that mark our place.
And in the sky, the larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard, amid the guns below.
We are the Dead. Short days ago, we lived.
Felt dawn, saw the sunset glow, loved and were loved,
And now, we lie in Hallowed Fields.**

**Take up our quarrel with the foe.
To you, with failing hands, we throw the torch.
Be yours, to hold it high.
If ye break faith, with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though flowers blow,
In Hallowed Fields.**

Rest ye in peace, ye Heroes Dead.

The fight that ye so bravely led, we've taken up.

And we will keep true faith with you who sleep,

With each a cross, to mark his bed,

And flowers growing overhead.

When once, his own life-blood ran red.

So, let your rest be sweet, and deep,

In Hallowed Fields.

Fear not, that ye have died for naught.

The torch ye threw to us we caught.

Ten million hands will hold it high,

And Freedoms' light shall never die.

We've learned the lesson, that ye taught,

Ye Heroes Dead.

Part 3

So, Shalt thou rest.

And what if thou withdraw in silence, from the living,

And no friend, take note of thy departure?

All that breathe, will share thy destiny.

The gay will laugh, when thou art gone.

The solemn brood of care plod on.

And each one, as before, will chase his favorite phantom.

Yet, all these shall leave their mirth,

And their employments, and shall come,

And make their bed with thee.

As the long train of ages glide away,

The sons of men, the youth in life's green spring,

And, he, who goes in the full strength of years,

Matron and maid, the speechless babe,

And the gray-headed man, shall one by one

Be gathered to thy side by those,

Who in their turn, shall follow them.

Wherefore, it behooves us, to bear in mind,

This admonition:

So live, that when thy summons comes to join

**The innumerable caravan, which moves to that
mysterious realm,**

**Where each shall take his chamber, in the silent
halls of death.**

**Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
scourged to his dungeon.**

**But, sustained, and soothed, by an unfaltering trust,
Approach thy grave, like one, who wraps the drapery
of his couch about him,**

And lies down to pleasant dreams.