

field where they fall! Let them sleep be - neath the sod,... That
ash - es re - pose All un - hal - low - ed by tears, Their
wak - en the flow'rs That in beau - ty o'er them wave,. The

drank up their blood in the dead - ly af - fray, When their spi - rits went home to
lau - rels are fade - less, they nev - er can die, While we meas - ure the fleet - ing
soft whispering breezes a re - qui - em sad, Murm'ring o - ver their lone - ly

God: Let their rest - ing place be where their brave deeds were done, With the
years; Though no marble may rise o'er their low lone - ly beds, There to
grave; But we mourn for them not as all calm - ly they sleep, Far a -