

### 131. To our Fallen

By Robert Ernest Vernède

YE sleepers, who will sing you?  
We can but give our tears—  
Ye dead men, who shall bring you  
Fame in the coming years?  
Brave souls ... but who remembers 5  
The flame that fired your embers? ...  
Deep, deep the sleep that holds you  
Who one time had no peers.

Yet maybe Fame's but seeming  
And praise you'd set aside, 10  
Content to go on dreaming,  
Yea, happy to have died  
If of all things you prayed for—  
All things your valour paid for—  
One prayer is not forgotten, 15  
One purchase not denied.

But God grants your dear England  
A strength that shall not cease  
Till she have won for all the Earth  
From ruthless men release, 20  
And made supreme upon her  
Mercy and Truth and Honour—  
Is this the thing you died for?  
Oh, Brothers, sleep in peace!