

Such light is there in darkness grows,
That shadows on walls far off throws,
In mourning hour we beg to pay,
In any other earthly way.

Shield brothers, maidens, hounds, and then,
Whose eyes will never gleam again,
Betrothed, beloved, hated, scorned,
By someone, somewhere ever mourned.

Fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Who now have found their races run;
Their work undone their words unsaid,
Who wander now halls of the dead.

But still, we love those in our lives,
While knowing everybody dies;
So as your cheeks with tears are stained,
Hold close your loved ones that remain.