



## REQUIESCENT

On lonely watches, night by night,  
Great vision burst upon my sight.  
Far down the stretches of the sky,  
The hosts of dead go marching by.

Strange ghostly banners o'er them float,  
Strange bugles sound an awful note,  
And all their faces and their eyes  
Are lit with starlight from the skies.

The anguish and the pain have passed.  
And peace has come to them at last,  
But in the stern looks linger still,  
The iron purpose and the will

Dear Christ who reigns above the flood  
Of human tears and human blood,  
A weary road these men have trod,  
Oh house them in the home of God!

Dedicated to the Warriors  
Of the 357<sup>th</sup> G Co.  
Guy M Charland