

Funeral Song of a Russian Revolutionist

By: Douglas Robson

Music by Rudolf von Liebich

Pale moon declining,
Grey clouds are spreading darkness around
As solemnly we bear thee o'er the snowy ground.
Soft winds are sighing, wife, children crying.
Comrades bewail, and Nature's voice responds
With sorrow though the vale. Fondly we loved thee.
Thy heart true and brave speaks once again
From the brink of the grave:

"Weep not in sorrow; think of the morrow;
Enter the strife for death is but a dream
And sorrow still is life."
Lamp faintly gleaming,
Hands strong and tender lay thee to rest,
And Mother Earth now holds thee to her chilly breast.
Hearts with emotion, from eyes of sadness fast drop the tear,
But in inspiring tones, thy voice we seem to hear:

"Weep not, my comrades.
Remember, ye brave, the prison is
Stronger by far than the grave.
Death cannot hold me;
Still, I will follow.
Do not despair:
Upon that day of freedom
Yet will I be there."