

Mourn Not the Dead

By:Ralph Chaplin

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie  
Dust unto dust,  
The calm, sweet earth that mothers all who die  
As all men must;  
Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell  
Too strong to strive  
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell  
Buried alive;  
But rather mourn the apathetic throng,  
The cowed and the meek,  
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong  
And dare not speak.