

## **How sleep the brave / words by William Collins ; music by Carlo Bardetti ...**

How Sleep the Brave

How sleeps the brave, who sinks to rest, By all his country's wishes bless'd; When Spring with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck his hallowed mould, She there shall dress a sweeter sod, Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands his knell is rung; By forms unseen his dirge is sung; There Honour comes as pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps his clay And Freedom shall awhile repair To dwell a weeping hermit there.