

## REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you 'grave from me:  
Here he lies where he long'd to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.

- Robert Louis Stevenson