

# 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 gave for me:  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.

by Robert Louis Stevenson