REQUIEM

by

Robert Louis Stevenson

(1850-1894)

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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 for 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)

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