

# ***My days among the dead are past***

***My days among the dead are past; Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast, The mighty minds of old;  
My never-failing friends are they, With whom I converse day by  
day.***

***With them I take delight in weal, And seek relief in woe;  
And while I understand and feel - How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often bedewed - With tears of thoughtful gratitude.***

***My thoughts are with the dead, with them - I live in long-past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn, Partake their hopes and  
fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find - Instruction with a humble  
mind.***

***My hopes are with the dead, anon - My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on - Through all futurity;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust, That will not perish in the dust.***

***—Robert Southey***

***1774-1843***

***For the families and friends of the Army National Guard crash victims.***