



## **We'll Twine A Wreath**

By Benjamin Beckerman

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We'll twine a wreath in the morning hours  
When Maytime zephyrs blow,  
A chaplet of the starry springtime flowers  
For the lads who are lying low.

In the wreath we make, the vine and rose  
We will deftly weave between,  
The names of the men that the service knows,  
To keep their memories green.

We'll hang our wreath on the fountain there,  
Where crowds may gather to weep  
For the boys who feared not to do and dare,  
Till their ships went down in the deep.

And every year we will come again  
To their monument near the sea,  
And bring our wreaths for the wireless men—  
The lads who served at the key.