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.