



THE REAPERS

Red are the hands of the Reapers

And the harvest is so white!

Red are the feet that are treading

The threshing floors by night,

And on the young brows dripping,

As with the dews of morn.

Deep rose red are the woundings,

Like scars of a crown of thorns.

Tired, so many with reaping,

Tired, with treading the grain.

Still they lie in there sleeping,

Never again to be drinking

The joy of life, like wine.

Never again to be laughing

In youth's glad hour divine.

Birds shall sing in the branches,

Children dance by the shore;

But they who shared the red reaping

Shall come back nevermore.



90th Division Association
Personal Submissions

Let who so can forget them,
Walking life's noisy ways;
We who have looked on the Reapers,
Go quietly all our days.

Guy M Charland

Written 1991-for the year of '44