

Mourn not for him, his country's name
And flag he raised on high in France,
And fell triumphant on the field;—
He fell as Heroes fall.
Such sons, so virile and so brave,
Speak well for blood and country too;
Our sons are brave; in arms are brave
*And Canada too, is brave,
But only, when her troops display
True courage on the battlefield;
'Tis then that dross elutriates and souls mount up
And touch their higher levels;—*ex pede Herculem!*
'Tis men, high-minded men who make the State.

In France beside his troops he sleeps;
The troops he led along the Ancre,
And here near Courcelette he halts
To await the final bugle call.
Another Rachel mourns her son,—
The very reflex of her soul,—
A noble son, so true in filial love.
A mother's heart will cease to bleed
When she hath crossed the great divide;
Canada mourns her fallen son
And round his name her history twines
'Tis such give pride to every page;
A mother hath for her undying sacrifice,
To soothe and heal her broken heart;
And cherish in her hours of sorrow,
The memory sweet of valiant son;
A son,—the noblest dower of womanhood,—
Whose sacrifice immortalized her name;
A patriot son who died for King and Country.

'Tis patriots' blood that purges self
And lifts man God-like to the skies
And binds and seals an Empire's bonds.
For sacrifice so pure and full
God grant the issues worthy be,—
When weighed by Father Time,