

VC - Nov 1

37-21

Sir Wilfrid Laurier

*So long he bore, with rare and courtly grace,
His noble part in all our nation's life,
We scarce can deem how empty in his place,
That throbbed with toil and strife.*

*Unveiled by Death, our eyes are quick to see
God's gentleness, that made him truly great,
His eager soul, his patient chivalry,
His heart that mocked at fate.*

*Our great Sir Galahad, upon whose brow
No breath of scandal raised the blush of shame,
Has left the richest gift he could bestow—
A pure, unsullied name.*

*Proud of his Gallic blood, but swift to boast
His fealty to the British Crown and State,
His golden voice bewailed, from coast to coast,
The sin of racial hate.*

*Let bitterness and rancor disappear!—
Meet tribute to our country's honored son—
Saxon and Gaul clasp hands above his bier—
Hearts pledged to beat as one.*

JOHN M. GUNN.

London, Canada, Feb. 22, 1919.

7