

II

Be they remembered here with each reviving spring,
 Not only that in May, when life is loveliest,
 Around Neuville-Saint-Vaast and the disputed crest
 Of Vimy, they, superb, unfaltering,
 In that fine onslaught that no fire could halt,
 Parted impetuous to their first assault;
 But that they brought fresh hearts and springlike too
 To that high mission, and 'tis meet to strew
 With twigs of lilae and spring's earliest rose
 The cenotaph of those
 Who in the cause that history most endears
 Fell in the sunny morn and flower of their young years.

III

Yet sought they neither recompense nor praise,
 Nor to be mentioned in another breath
 Than their blue coated comrades whose great days
 It was their pride to share—ay, share even to the death!
 Nay, rather, France, to you they rendered thanks
 (Seeing they came for honor, not for gain),
 Who, opening to them your glorious ranks,
 Gave them that grand occasion to excel,
 That chance to live the life most free from stain
 And that rare privilege of dying well.