

But oh, the anguish of his death! the pang, the void!  
This cruel, cruel war, this world-wide war  
To ask so much! To slaughter all our sons  
And slay their mothers at their hearths;  
To rob the land of all her choice.  
What need for this? The German lust!!  
Alas, alas 'tis done; the last post has been blown.  
No more, no more will he return  
To cheer his widowed mother's home;  
To take his place in Banking House;  
No more to play a game of Golf  
Nor prove his science with the Oar  
'Mongst confreres of the Rowing Club;  
Nor summer at Chateau Vista Camp  
With friends and kin of by-gone years;  
But the social charm will still endure  
And keep his memory green.

His sympathies were broad and deep;  
His thoughts were pure and high;  
Virtue and prudence met in equal parts,  
While balanced judgment added poise  
To solid sense in argument.  
And in his social and engaging life  
Friends, enduring friends were made  
Whose hearts are wounded by his loss.  
The young, the true, the good seem first to fall  
And we are left to mourn; yet should we mourn  
When man goes forth to meet his larger self?  
Life's but a span nor days nor years dare measure it.  
Mature, refined and dignified; at his best  
He gave his blood for home and country.  
What nobler end achieve?  
Man's achieved Good, which being Life, abides.

True patriot! He made the sacrifice and faltered not.  
The gods grant Graecian urn to hold his dust.  
His name shall live, such records never die;  
No nobler type of Canada's blood  
Adorns her brilliant Honour Roll.