

Fallen Comrades

Dedicated to the memory of my comrades of the Royal
Canadian Regiment who have fallen in France and Flanders.

O ye, so strong in health and manly pride,
Full of the yearnings and the dreams of youth,
Who loved life well, but rushed into the tide,
And rushing died to serve immortal Truth—
Shall we who live regard your deed as vain
Because we may not see you here again?

A thousand Noes!..Tho' human nature craves
Companionship with those it knew before—
We stand saluting at your simple graves
Strong in the comfort of our ancient lore,
Which shows how men may reach their highest goal
Acting as men in man's most noble role!

'Twas "Hail!" but now "Farewell, my Comrades!" Rest
As warriors who have triumphed high and won,
And we who wake shall hold your memories blest
Till life's activities are wholly done:
Till then farewell! We neither weep nor wail,
For soon or late, shall we not hear your "Hail!"?



To the Heroic Dead

"Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori!"—Horace.

Brothers, who sailed to Freedom's fight and died,
You went unknowing fear or hate,
And so, indeed, your deaths are sanctified;
And, waking, we look forth and wait
Until the time shall come when we may say:
'Twas sad, but fine! How glorious was their day!

Facing his front, "over the top" he leaps;
Unflinching meets the white-hot shard;
His heart is pierced—only a red stream creeps
Athwart the ground; his face unmarred
Yearns to the empyrean deeps afar,
Kissed later by some lone and pitying star!

Sleep well, heroic Dead, or work and rest!
...For may it not be we shall find
That in another life you know the zest
Of high endeavor for mankind?
What value has the phrase, "my hero friend"
If every striking bullet means the end?