

Tears for the dead; but none for thee,
Oh, field of mighty augury.
Though these be gone, there yet is left
To mother of her son bereft,
To widowed wife, and weeping maid,
A strength in sorrow, undismayed.
When memory shrines in glory's light
Their dead who died in freedom's fight,
With proud hearts and with weeping eyes
They consecrate their sacrifice.

Our loved, our dead; their life remains.
Though Flanders' trenched and bloodied plains
Be crammed with our Canadian graves,
Yet through the grass that o'er them waves
The wind shall whisper o'er the sea
A message, Canada, to thee.
Their strength remains. Their souls inspire
And kindle with a kindred fire
Their brothers—they who yet shall stand,
A bulwark of their native land
In hours of darkness and of doubt,
When hope fails and the light dies out.

This earth doth know no nobler thing
Than courage, and such conquering
When odds were great, and the hour dark,
In thy red angle, Langemarck!