

VERSES

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THEY WHO COME BACK

They who come back, how wonderful they seem,
With brave young faces grown kind and wise;
Along the hard strange path of glory come,
With war's remembrance in their thoughtful eyes.

Come from such sacrifices none can tell,
Back to a world that scarcely knows of war—
Back to the hurrying, idly-curious throng,
Finding that life cannot be as before.

They who come back with broken lives and marred,
Carrying the proudest wounds men ever knew—
Honor? There is no honor great enough!
Loyalty? None could ever be too true!

Given their best, and nobly played the game,
Shall they come back to charity, or strife,
To claim the paltry little that is theirs?
They who have earned the greatest gifts of life?

They who come back—how proudly should they come,
Back to the highest love men give to men,
Back to the proudest pride Canadians give—
They who come back, back to our love again!

OUR HEROES

Although the strings are muted now,
And low and minor the refrain,
And all the lilting notes submerged
In wistful parting tones of pain.

Full glad and strong a symphony
Of hope and courage steals its way,
Until in true interpreting
The purest music holds the sway.

The brave young hearts so strangely stilled
Gave forth their all in war's wild pain
Yet o'er the world the truth shall live—
Our heroes did not die in vain!