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St. Julien, April 22nd, 1915

O H! fresh and fair green Maple Leaves!  
That drip red blood to-day,  
The trees are budding once again  
And through the land there runs  
The promise of another spring;  
But to those who built of you  
A sure defence 'gainst bitter lonely age,  
The sweet spring sap of life has ebbed  
Drop by drop, with your hearts' blood,  
Leaving but the gnarled and crooked, seared,  
brown, trunk,  
Defenceless to the winds of fate.

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