

Our comrades graves dot foreign soil,
From Albert to the sea;
They died like men, and while men live
Shall ne'er forgotten be.

We're still the First Contingent, lads,
To leave our native land;
Come rough or smooth, we still can say
We've always played our hand.

Vimy, July 3rd, 1917.

27. WHEN HEROES DIE.

When heroes die our eyes are dim,
The last post sounds our sorrow;
We chaunt a drear funereal hymn
And face with dread the morrow.

For them, death held no coward fears,
Life held no time for sighing;
Why should we dim with bitter tears
The splendour of their dying?

A silver river, bright and wide,
To meet the dawn is flowing;
Their souls embarked upon its tide,
Nor trembled at their going.

When heroes die, let trumpets play
The morning's bright Reveille,
For God has cleared the mists away,
His light shines o'er the valley.

Shornecliffe, August 17th, 1917.

29. CRIANLARICH.

At Crianlarich by Ben More,
The hills are soft in summer haze,
The shadow clouds drift o'er the braes,
And peace is here of other days,
Nor sounds the tumult of the war,
At Crianlarich by Ben More.