



War Poems.



FROM STONEY CREEK TO LANGEMARCK

At Stoney Creek a lilac grows
Beside an ancient fence,
Above the graves of friends and foes
It pours its sweet incense.
I'd love to take a shoot that waves
A lissome leafing lance,
And plant it on our soldiers' graves
In far-off blood-stained France!

The battlefield is scourged and bare
Where shrapnel tore the loam,
A Canuck lilac growing there
Would make it look like home.
Across the sea a bird might win
His way, and sing perchance
The Maple Leaf For Ever in
Our lilac tree in France.