

THE DAWN OF VICTORY.

Have you ever climbed a mountain
In the darkness of the night,
Just to watch the distant hill tops
Glittering in the dawn's first light?

Long and hard the trail and tiring But the faith within your heart Led you forward, filled with yearning That with darkness, doubt depart.

Though you stumbled, faltered sometimes, Still your faith did lead you on; Faith that with the rays' first glimmer Night and anguish would be gone.

Three long years of toil and waiting, Struggling up that rugged path Till we reach the lofty summit Whence we'll quell the tyrant's wrath.

Night of agony and darkness, Now we near our mountain's crest; See the darkness slow departing, See the rising light of rest;

See the distant hill tops shimmering Like the wavelets of the sea; See the slowly rising sunbeams Of "The Dawn of Victory".

A.V.Forsyth Sudbury, Ontario, December 10th., 1942.

W.L.M. King Papers, Memoranda and Notes, 1940-1950, MG 26 J 4, Volume 233, pages C157056-C157704