

## ROSES OF FRANCE

“WHY are your Roses red, Oh, France,  
That climb the ruined sill,  
That toss and bend in the lonely wind  
That mourns above the hill;  
That droop and sigh where the crosses stand  
So ghostly white and still?”

“Ah, they are the blood of my martyred sons,  
Sprung from the sodden soil—  
A riot of color and perfume,  
Thro’ all this world turmoil,  
Bearing the fragrance of brave deeds  
Nor death nor time can spoil.

“There my murdered infants lie;  
A church—that vast stone heap;  
That gibbering wreck that moans and sighs,  
Has suffered wrongs so deep  
That all she craves is the healing touch  
Of God’s eternal sleep.

“All this, and more, had been thy fate,  
Nation beyond the sea;  
The vulture talons were outspread  
To snatch thy liberty;  
Then give me thy sons, O Canada!  
For mine have died for thee!”