

Old men who pick up life like a broken rose
Which they had thrown away;
Old women who unbind their temple snows
And comb them up for a new holiday;
Young maidens, all their spirits like the flow
Of the new melted snow;
Flow, flag, in the soft wind; blow, bugles, blow.

This that we hear is but a shining drop
In the glad sea of mirth.
The tide flows round the world and will not stop
Until it brims the earth.
The Bedouin Arab now invites his dance
Where the sandstorms croon;
And a mad company in lilting France
Unwind a rigadoon.
Down a soft English lane
Wild, happy, blue-eyed children chase the rain.
They wrap their throats in song from Maine to where
The Golden Gate unwinds her mist of hair.
One grief alone we have; blow, bugle, blow:
The crosses stand in Flanders, row on row.
They shall not watch with us to-day nor fare
On our bright bugles blare.

Flow, flag, in the soft wind; blow, bugles, blow;
And then, at e'en, when all the lights are dim,
Let us pour out our thanks in praise to Him
Who gave the peace we know.

Toronto, November 11th, 1918.