

# TO THOSE WHO SLEEP IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

*(A Canadian Response.)*

Heroes, sleep on! in that long row  
Of graves, where crimson poppies blow;  
The larks, with hearts undaunted, sing,  
And, rich in hope, their music fling  
Where guns have scattered death below.

Men call you dead; ye are not so,  
For you the Unsetting Sun will glow;  
Your deeds will kindred souls inspire  
And fill with patriotic fire,  
And Memory, till our life depart  
Will keep you living in each heart.  
Grief on your graves her tribute lays,  
And Gratitude her homage pays,  
And Love, with proud yet wistful eye,  
Keeps vigil, where ye sleeping lie  
In Flanders fields.

Still more now is your fight our own,  
The torch that from your hands was thrown  
Shall not be quenched, but held on high,  
The faith ye teach us shall not die.  
Then take your rest in slumber deep,  
Doubt not that we the tryst will keep,  
Nor dream that ye in vain have died,  
Freedom shall not be crucified;  
Through summer shine and winter snow  
Sleep, where the drowsy poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

JAMES FERRES.

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*Miss Mildred Lee  
Compliments to  
James Ferres*