

These for the Empire stood in war array,
Barring the Hun invader on his way;
Into the battle rushed at Duty's call,
Resolved to hold their trenches or to fall;
That Britons ne'er to tyrants bend the knee
But live as they were born, unyoked and free.
Now, in the bosom of a distant land
These warriors sleep, for such is God's command.
The Fates in all decree, and have their will,
And mortals must their destiny fulfill.

J. A. CURRIE, M.P.,
Colonel.

171

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112