

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.

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