

"BOBS" OF KANDAHAR

Soldier of the Empire, well thy work was done,
Fit thy sun had setting within sound and roar
of gun;

Thy soul had vision of the years fraught with
danger's woe,

And counsell'd arméd wisdom against a subtle
foe;

Now thy task has ended, the splendor of thy sun,
Sheds its setting glory on the greater life begun,
From where the Maple stands in pride to India's
torrid star,

Now, mourn an Empire's people for "Bobs" of
Kandahar!

For Lady Aileen Mary Roberts.