

## A LAMENT.

Where shall we write your names,  
ye brave!

Where rear for you a monument

Who lie in many an unnamed  
grave

In Afric's troubled continent.

Young, bright and brave, the top-  
most flower

Of our Canadian chivalry,—

With you what glory ceased to be;

Nay—lives again in hearts of men.

An inspiration and a power.

Our Country holds them in her  
heart,

Shrined with her mountains and  
her rivers,

And still for them her proud lip  
quivers,

And tears to her great eyelids  
start:—

But they are tears of love and  
pride;

And she shall tell to coming  
years

The story of her Volunteers,

For all their names are her's and  
Fame's—

The brave who live, the brave who  
died,

Told to her children o'er and o'er,

Loved, and revered, and glorified

Forevermore—forevermore.

——K. S. McL.