

IN MEMORIAM

His form lies under the sod tonight,
'Neath a mound in a shell-swept glen,
His laden feet and weary arms
Will never be tired again,
There's a vacant space in the ranks
By our side,
That time will never fill,
There's a rifle that's laying silent
By his form so calm and still.

We listen in vain for his cheery voice,
A voice we loved so well,
But he gave his all at his country's call,
He was one of the boys who fell,
He did his bit, as he saw fit,
Without thought of earthly fame,
So on heaven's scroll, when they call the roll
They are sure to call his name.