

# LEST WE FORGET...



ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

Author of *Laurentian Lyrics, Lyrics from the Hills, etc.*



DANIEL CARMAN MCARTHUR

### Immortality

They are not dead, the soldier and the sailor,  
Fallen for Freedom's sake;  
They merely sleep, with faces that are paler  
until they wake.

They will not weep, the mothers, in the years  
The future will decree;  
For they have died that the battles and the tears  
Should cease to be.

They will not die, the victorious and the slain,  
Sleeping in foreign soil,  
They gave their lives, but to the world is the gain  
Of their sad toil.

They are not dead, the soldier and the sailor,  
Fallen for Freedom's sake;  
They merely sleep, with faces that are paler  
until they wake.

Arthur Bourinot.



Wear  
\*\*\*A  
Poppy

### - Le Caporal -

Tremble! ye signallers, every man,  
Under the glance of Corporal Dan!  
Brand new clothes from tip to toe -  
- All dressed up, and no place to go -  
Looks like a scarecrow up the line  
But back in billets it's polish and shine.  
- When the photographer turned his crank  
Dan struck an attitude - "beaucoup swank"  
Exposed his flags and stripes and knife,  
And the camera took him true to life!

France, May, 1918

D.C. MCARTHUR

### Reconciliation

"Forgive," they tell us, "and forget:  
"Are they not fellow-men?"  
Ah, how those wounds are throbbing yet  
That smote so deeply then!

Pardon is yours, whose share was done,  
Yours to withhold, or give;  
But we, who never held a gun,  
How shall we dare forgive?

L. A. Mackay.

### In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies grow  
Between the crosses, row on row  
That mark our place: and in the sky  
The larks still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard and the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch: be yours to hold it high!  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields

John McCrae



JOHN MCCRAE

Author of *In Flanders' Fields and Other Poems.*



LOUIS A. MACKAY

As a "REMEMBRANCE DAY" tribute, we have selected some poems by Canadian writers of the early 1900's. The four poems were taken from *Canadian Singers and Their Songs: A collection of Portraits, Autographs and Biographies* by Edward S. Caswell, Published by McClelland & Stewart, 1925. The poems illustrate the many ways in which those writers who experienced war looked upon it; with melancholy, humour

NOTE—THE WORD "GROW" (INSTEAD OF "BLOW," AS IN THE ORIGINAL) IN THE FIRST LINE IS EVIDENTLY AN INADVERTENT ERROR OF THE