

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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A Field in France

Oh toiler, on this field go prayerfully!
Warm blood spilled here and happy joyous youth
Went forth from here to stumble carefully
Along slow ways of life. In very truth
Young hopes are buried here. Perhaps you tread
Where a glad life went down to rise no more.
Yes, one who loved as you had fallen dead
Bereaving hearts on some far foreign shore.

On this field died some valiant hopes and fears:
Our young died here — our dauntless and our brave.
You, Stranger, reap our loneliness and tears,
You, the unknown, they died to save.
Here should there be a good, abundant yield,
Canadian valour has enriched this field.

—LUCY G. CLARKIN.