

In a Military Cemetery at Ypres

Here lie the mighty brave, our hope and pride,
Immortal sons of fame, to action spurred;
They rushed to death and perished at a word
That justice, peace and freedom might abide.
In Flander's gory fields they fought and died,
And there, by bugle's note no longer stirred,
In silent, spectered courts they lie interred,
Where heroes sleep with heroes side by side.
No more can battle's stern and angry call
Disturb their calm repose, or bid it cease,
Whose blood in Freedom's cause was freely shed;
They came from many lands, one holds them all,
And in its bosom now they rest in peace,
The brave, the dauntless, the immortal dead.

—D. S. M., '34.