



THE BURIAL.

Fold the flag above their breasts,
Bear them to their last, long rest.
Since the battle has begun
We have lost full many a one :
Love and laughter, light of youth,
Gone for aye, they seem, in truth.
Bloody paths our younglings tread,
Many boys among our dead.

Under blows of blasting hate
Many homes made desolate,
Many eyes that seek in vain
Those they'll never see again.
Heavy is the price we pay,
Long the lights of dawn delay ;
Yet each death binds hope more fast,
Radiant day must break at last



Pause awhile, your vows renew
To their faith we shall be true,
Heap the clay and press the sod,
Leave our soldier boys with God.
Bayonet thrust, nor shot can kill
Faith and love invincible ;
Force and fraud shall crumbling fail.
In the TRIUMPH of the GAEL

(HESTER PLATE).

We miss their dear familiar forms,
We miss their smiling faces,
For there is none in all this world,
Can fill our dear ones' places.