

VIMY RIDGE (Liona Boyd June 13th 2014)

Thick green grass and barbed wire fences
Sun and shadows on distant fields
Wartime secrets, flashes of thunder
Bucolic scene of shifting light

Grazing sheep, unaware of danger
Land mines buried beneath their hoofs
Tread gently my friends, beware your moves
On this mounded earth no humans dare

Your grass grew rich from blood soaked soil
Blood of courageous Canadian boys
Who fell by the thousands... Canadian men
From Rimouski, Prince Rupert, North Bay and Red Deer

From Grand Bank, Nanaimo, The Pas, St John
Brave soldiers who collapsed in sandbagged trenches
On this muddy ridge where they fought and prevailed
So many died that we might live
And your dream survived, brave countrymen

Cream white monument stretching skyward
Wind on the wreaths and each soldier's name
Homage to tragedy, a silent prayer
Mother Canada mourns her dead
Mother Canada mourns her wounded

Wounded warriors she can't forget
Inconceivable insanity of ugly war
And the war that followed, and all our wars
I pray we've learned, but fear we've not

Thick green grass and barbed wire fences
Sun and shadows on distant fields
Wartime secrets, flashes of thunder
Vimy Ridge, Canada's sorrow
Vimy Ridge, Canada's pride