

## Three Small Maple Leaves



A word to you, sir, if you please....  
Concerning *three small maple leaves*  
Adorning our red ensign flag  
The one our boys at Vimy had.

We need this flag but not for gain,  
To cover sacred last remains  
For these events as they unfold  
Will rival those of *knights of old*.

He's waited so long for this day  
When history, honour, come to play.  
This young man in his battle dress  
Will finally get his well-earned rest.

We hold our *maple leaf* up high  
As those who wear it well with pride  
But if our God will help us grieve,  
We'll have those *three small maple leaves*.

You are the ones should be so proud  
That you would volunteer this shroud.  
It's called "for thanks and gratitude"  
For all we've sacrificed for you.

The trenches running streams of red,  
Life from our dying and our dead;  
For was it not at your bequest  
Our brave young men risked their "last breath".

How they surprised you with their flair  
And pressed on when you wouldn't dare;  
Although you witnessed men so brave  
You were so cautious with your praise.

Our most intensive battle which  
By all accounts was Vimy Ridge,  
They fought in sleet and snow so bleak  
To plant our *three small maple leaves*.

The man in charge that fateful spring...  
He cared for us... Sir Julian Byng.  
As his right hand, General Currie...  
"Take time... train them!"... Less to bury.

Perhaps because he really cared  
About our brave young men who dared;  
The first time they all fought as one  
They showed the world it could be done!

The longest odds they would defy...  
Now you no longer could deny...  
Trusting each other, their beliefs,  
Our boys alone won four VC's.

As for that sword Currie would wield?  
Why!... knighted on the battle field!  
None other than King George V  
Would grant him this most regal "gift".

Now we ask polite in manner,  
Please send home *our sacred banner*,  
The one that's causing us such grief  
The one with *three small maple leaves*.

But not for barter or for pay,  
This very thought defiles "their day!".  
An outright gift without reserve  
Lest we forget what they deserve.

When it's in our museum proper  
Always cherishing with honour,  
All our grandkids will remember...  
How "Great granddad" served with valour.

So now we ask again and plead  
To rush it home with all God speed;  
The flag that's causing us such grief,  
*Our flag with three small maple leaves*.