

The Spirits of Vimy

They had a date with destiny
Up on that ridge they call Vimy
On April ninth of 'seventeen'
They fought the battle of extremes

Yet the impossible was done
And in the end the ridge was won
But at what cost to add this sum
For all our fathers, brothers, sons...

Their courage and their selfless ways
The innocence of younger days
Their sacrifice and blood that would
Help forge our claim to nationhood.

Now more than four score years have past
Our Unknown Soldier's home at last
As our whole nation holds its breath
For this most sacred final quest

And a lone piper's sad lament
Salutes the valour of these men
Yes we are humbled in this way
In sad remembrance of those days

And at half staff, our nation's flag
Recalls the hell of this brave lad
As if it weeps... so ill at ease....
For those three proud small maple leaves

No less than in King Arthur's reign
And no less than King Charlemagne
We're here to honour, here to pray
For his so precious last remains

Another piper's spirit plays
Out on that ridge so far away
As ghostly figures in a play
Relive their death day after day

And all the horror we could dream
Could not compare to what they've seen
And even death, a sure release...
Will not allow them final peace

For they go on day after day
And listen to that piper play
This is their time... where they belong
For they're not ever coming home

Vimy

"They fought the battle of extremes"