

*Farewell to the 164th  
April 1917*

*The frosty ground is showing  
The snowdrops, frail and white;  
While lilies, too, are raising up  
Their slender bells of light,  
And maple trees are budding,  
And skies are bright and blue  
To herald springtime's coming  
And make a world anew.*

*But far from April's glories  
Our thoughts fly swift away,  
And in our hearts we wonder,  
"Where are our boys today?"  
Have they crossed the broad Atlantic?  
Are they now upon the sea?  
Or are they still in Canada?  
Where we would have them be?*

*Oh! Is it true they left us,  
Those dear, brave lads we know?  
Did they smile and say good-bye to us  
A short, short time ago?  
When the golden sun was sinking  
'Mongst the rose-tipped clouds of grey  
And the train with haste impatient  
Swiftly bore our boys away.*

*And now that they're so far from us  
We seem to love them more—  
Those Halton-Dufferin so'diers,  
Our boys of the "one-six-four"  
"Our boys," oh, what sweet memories  
Those two loved words recall,  
God grant they'll all return to us,  
"Our boys," yes one and all.  
-Topo, Milton.*