

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! How dim is the sunshine
grown,
As mother and I together speak softly in tender tone!
And the lips that quiver and falter have ever a single
theme,
As we list for your dear, lost whistle, laddie, over the
hills of dream.

Laddie, beloved laddie! How soon should we cease to
weep
Could we glance through the golden gateway, whose
keys the angels keep!
Yet love, our love that is deathless, can follow you
where you roam,
Over the hills of God, laddie, the beautiful hills of
Home.

*(Written as a tribute to Corporal Frank E. Leveridge, who
died in France, after being wounded in action.)*