

A Broken Heart.

In a quiet little village
That stood on yonder hill
I lived for nearly forty years
Until the Germans came to kill

Many weary hours I spent,
With only my baby son
Thinking of his father
Who had gone to fight the Hun

Twelve dreary months I've sat alone
Watching the old log burn,
Picturing, as the ashes fell,
The day of his dad's return.

My boy was only three years old,
Quite a tiny little tot,
He was worth the world of gold to me
Both he and his little cot.

At night, when feeling lonely,
The cradle I would rock
Until everything was silent
But the ticking of the clock.

One morning I felt uneasy
My heart was feeling sore
As I took a letter handed
From the postman at the door.

For a moment I was full of thought,
Whatever can this be?
It is not husband's writing
The man so dear to me

The letter I then opened
And trembled while I read.
"He did his duty nobly,"
My God, I'm told he's dead.