

He had no trial like Harry,
No, not as good a chance—
Just carried him off and killed him
Over somewhere in France.
They confessed it in the telegram
And the letter they sent along—
Said they were sorry for it;
Don't that show they were wrong?
And they wanted to give me money
To make up the wrong they done—
Forty dollars a month they said
Was the price of my son.
But I couldn't take money for him
Now that the deed is done;
And I'll never forgive them, parson,
For killing my second son.

