

SOMEBODY'S SON.

DREDGED from the bottom of the river,
Somebody's son;
Found 'mongst the filth in the river,
Somebody's darling son.

Somebody longed and waited
For him to come;
Somebody lives still hoping
To meet their son.

Maybe some fair child is asking,
"When will father come;"
Maybe some fond heart is breaking,
O'er the absence of "one."

All that remains now of manhood,
A few bleached bones;
Laid away in a nameless grave
Is somebody's son.