

### 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.