

Pretty and gentle and mild,
 His rougher companions called him
 The "widow's angel child".
 And so he grew to manhood,
 Working hard each day,
 Coming home each week-end
 And bringing me home his pay;
 Trying to help his mother,
 But they wouldn't give him a chance;
 They killed him the same as Harry,
 As they told me, "Somewhere in France".
 What was the use of trying,
 And fretting about my son?
 They fattened him up and killed him
 Just like the other one.
 It was a common murder
 I'll say it my dying day—
 Very same policeman came for him
 That took poor Harry away.
 Conscripting the lad to make him fight,
 Such actions I never saw;
 After I always told him
 To fight was ag'in the law.
 What was the use of trying?
 I wouldn't try any more—
 Making him do the very thing
 They hanged his brother for.

Away to some camp they took him,
 Took him ag'in his will,
 Training and feeding him all the time,
 Getting him ready to kill.