

“SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.”

---

Oh, everywhere the women wait for one,—somewhere in France,  
They wait the postman's passing step, they watch with eager glance,  
They watch and wait to know his fate, with anxious hearts in pain,  
The seas are wide and woes etide, he may not come again.

Oh, postman on your daily round, what message do you bring  
From they who fight in foreign lands for country and for king?  
And is it glad or is it sad, that missive's written page,  
Postmarked from France where men advance and frightful battles rage?

“Somewhere in France” in nowhere land, there is no mark at all  
To tell them where their dear ones fight or where their loved ones fall.  
But this must be in war you see, and so they bravely wait,  
Some mother in her quiet room, some sweetheart by the gate.

They may not know the bitter truth, they have enough to bear,  
And well it is they may not know the things that happen there.  
God keep the brave across the waves who fight for more than lives,  
And bless them, too, the women true, the sweethearts, mothers, wives.

And yet we know their sacrifice, and know they'd gladly share  
The wounds and pain of those who fight their battles over there.  
'Tis their's to bear the secret care more deadly than the blow.  
The nameless pain and heavy chains that only women know.

They may not with their loved ones march with brave and buoyant tread,  
They may not close their dying eyes or weep above their dead.  
'Tis their's to give and wait and live, 'tis their's to love and bear  
The cross for those whose life-blood flows afar in France,—Somewhere.

And love is such a wondrous thing that when its sacred flame  
Burns in a woman's heart, she learns, what language may not name.  
It pales all blooms, its light illumines, the angel's wing outgilds,  
And makes the sod a court of God, and earth to heaven builds.

Touch with such flame the hearts, O God, of waiting women here,  
And may its light leap o'er the land and gleam in every tear  
That women shed for lovers dead, by war's unholy hands,  
And bring surcease of pain, and peace to this and all the lands.

—T. A. Browne.