

My Reverie.

To-DAY I sit in my dug-out musing
Over days a long time past,
When I did nought but my choosing,
Days much too happy to last ;
When I rollicked at home with my children,
Played with them hour after hour,
One of my joys was to thrill them
With tales of the Empire's power.

First I think of wee delicate Ronnie,
With heart so true, true as steel,
Face supernaturally bonnie,
Eyes full of loving appeal ;
And I think of strong, robust Harry,
Joy of a fond mother's heart,
Who burden of home would carry,
Manfully doing his part.

Then the face of my baby-girl Mary
Comes in my dreams every day,
And Winnie, winsome wee fairy,
To me is a heaven-born ray.
To-day I muse much of another,
Faithfully bearing her load,
Who is wife, sister and mother,
To me on this war-scarred road.

So alone in my shelter I'm dreaming,
Of days so free, free from pain,
On faith may I ever be leaning,
God grant me homeland again.