

And for me and my dear family—
How will ever we get on?

But there's thousands more just like me,
With starvation at the door,
But God is just and kind to all,
He will surely help the poor;
I went to save our Empire,
And risking my own life;
God help my dear young children,
God help my loving wife.

I know my days—they will seem long,
And years will never go,
So I have to sit round without my limbs,
I can neither plow nor sow;
I can only look around and think
Of that great bloody war;
And wonder in my very heart
What they kill each other for.

MEET HIM IN THE SKIES, DEAR MOTHER

In the bloody battle field many miles away,
Lies your dear and only son beneath the cold, cold clay;
Memories oft returning of his tears and sighs,
If you love your son, dear mother, meet him in the
skies.

Chorus:

Listen to his pleading mother dear, come home,
Lovingly and retreating from God no longer roam,
Let your womanhood waken, heavenward lift your eyes
If you love your son dear mother meet him in the skies.

Now my chair is vacant, home has no charms for me,
Since I joined the soldiers and went across the sea;
Now I am out fighting where the shells do fly,
If you love your son dear mother, meet him in the
skies.

Now in true repentance to the Saviour's plea,
He who pardoneth sinners will also pardon thee.