

My Son

We saw you go forth in your clean strong youth,
With your eyes so steadfast and sure;
You'd heard the call—you knew the truth,
You were burning your share to endure;
And now we know that your share is done,
We shall miss you, my darling, when the boys come
home.

You were ever so plucky, your eye so keen,
We knew that no danger you'd shirk,
And now through those terrible dangers you've been,
Oft saved from the shell, and the fire and murk,
Till now—it is over, no more will you roam.
We shall miss you, my darling, when the boys come
home.

The dear sound of your voice and your laughter so rare,
The keen-witted quip, and the kind loving thought,
The turn of your head, with its bright curling hair,
The hundred gestures, which seemed as nought
To the stranger, but to us meant so much.
Yes, we'll miss you, my darling, when the boys come
home.