YOUR SON

'Twas just a year, six months ago,
When our boys were bidden to go.
So short a time and yet so long,
Because first a few, but then a throng.

When it first began we were not so sad,
Because the situation was not so bad.
The trouble being slight the number was few,
Perhaps not even affecting you.

But time went on and fate did win,
And the war really did begin.
The call came out in swift appeal
And said, "With your boy I must deal."

For any army that is going to win
There comes a demand for men.
"So from you, Mothers," said Uncle Sam,
"I want your boys to beat Japan."

So Uncle Sam on your door did knock
And from your presence he did block
The sight of your own dear son,
There was nothing you could do, it was done.

Yes, they took his presence from you,
But they cannot take his love so true.
Let come what may, and let it pass,
His love for you will always last.

All you can do for him is pray,
Pray God's Blessings on him each day,
And send him your love,
Through the one above.

Be he in the Army, Marines, or the Navy Blue,
His love for you is always true.
So all you can do is hope and pray
That he'll come home some day.

And then sometimes and it won't be long,
He'll be coming among the throng
Of other boys who go to greet their Mother,
For in their heart there is no Other.

The End  Written By
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