

THE BROKEN HEART

Dedicated to all mothers

**While serving in Malaya I saw a sad, sad sight.
A soldier sat down weeping in the middle of the night.
I sat down beside him and asked why he bowed his head.
Tears came streaming down his face, and this is what he said.**

**"I've fought in many countries, and seen my share of dead.
I've seen the earth run red with blood, where angels fear to tread.
I've charged across the battlefields, laid cowering in my trench.
I've seen mates die, with shells from the sky, and smelt the deadly stench.
I've taken this, felt death's sweet kiss, and marched to muffled drum;
But I never thought I'd see the day I'd lose my dear old mum".**

**A letter fell upon the floor, the pages wet with tears.
Written by his brother Jim, remembering mum and bygone years.
He straightened up and smiled at me and thanked me for my care.
I put my hand upon his head and said a silent prayer.**

**Early next morning we started jungle bound;
Going very quietly we didn't make a sound.
The soldier marched beside me his eyes still moist with tears.
Heart still full of sadness, suppressing all his fears.**

**Suddenly, a shot cracked out, his mouth fell open wide,
He slowly crumpled to the ground and turned upon his side,
He looked at me with sightless eyes and said "sorry chum,
I've done my best, just like the rest, now I'm off to meet my mum".**

**I felt the love of God reach out, and take him by the hand.
He sighed just once, whispered, "Mum" and left this mortal land.
His dying word lingered on in the morning air,
He's found his God, he'd found his mum - he was in their loving care.**