

My Son, my son

Jack McCourt – May 2013

My son, my son, what have you done?

Relinquished calm, taken a gun,

You've trained to fight in foreign lands,

The choice was yours, you took a stand

I fear for you, your travels far,

In worlds so strange, for me bizarre

Cultures and ways unknown to you,

The prayers I send to help you through,

These times of pain, relentless stress,

Of dying friends and loneliness

You sacrifice your health and life,

To comfort those who endure strife

In order to bring peace to those,

Living unimaginable woes

I'm proud of you my soldier son

Come back to us when you are done.