
My Son.

Where is my son?

Here he comes back from the fight

Out of the darkening night.

Proud, but without his sight,

Honour'd, but groping for light.

Dauntless, he comes!

Where is my son?

Honour is his and fame.

England is proud of his name.

Well played to his dread game!

Bravely, unfearing, but lame,

Halting, he comes!

Where is my son?

Most of them all gave he,

His life for liberty,

Guarding his memory,

Give thanks to God! tho' he

No more will come.

E. T. (*Senior VI.*)