

## Young Rob

Why, thank you sir for asking  
Young Rob is keeping fit  
You know he's joined the RAF  
He wants to do his bit  
Of course his Mother worries  
You know what mothers are  
Though he's just on early training  
And he isn't very far  
But then, you see; he's all we've got  
And we waited many years  
So I'm sure you'll understand, sir  
A loving Mother's fears.

Why, thank you sir for asking  
Young Rob is doing well  
He's done his flying training  
And he loves it; I can tell  
He's flying heavy bombers now  
So it's all our constant prayer  
That the Lord will see him safely through  
And keep him in his eyes  
Of course his Mother worries  
Over accidents and things  
But bless you sir we felt so proud  
When he gained his pilots wings.

Why thank you sir for asking  
Yes, it's true as you have read  
We had the news a week ago  
That now young Rob is dead  
He's buried in a foreign land  
And all his crew as well  
His mother's hardly spoken since  
I'm afraid, sir, truth to tell  
She won't be far behind him  
I can see it in her eyes  
Each lonely day that passes  
Her poor heart slowly dies.

Why, thank you sir for telling me  
That God's will must be done  
You're quite right to remind me  
He gave his only son  
But you see, I've lost a wife as well  
So forgive an old man's tears  
But it's hard to face up on my own  
To the lonely, empty years  
I try not to be bitter  
For I know the Lord is wise  
I believe we'll meet again some day  
In the land beyond the skies.

Anon.