

A TEAR IN LONGING

FOR

Evan Lewis

YOUNGEST SON OF THOMAS LEWIS, PENRHEOL
COTTAGE, BERTH, TREGARON, CARDIGANSHIRE



Who died on his way home from the field of battle, at
the 29th Stationary Hospital, Turin on 10th April 1919

Aged 25

I bow my head, a tear on my cheek,
In deepest grief, I am weak and pale,
Every note of my song is sad,
As I put my best friends in their grave.

My dearest cousin, you turned your back on war,
Your dear face towards your father's house,
Yet, death again stood in your way,
To keep you away from your beloved country.

In the Spring of life, at the start of life's journey,
It was asked of you to wear a sombre shroud,
You dutifully said 'Amen'
I go to everlasting freedom and the grave.

Your dear mother's joy and purpose,
Was to rock your cradle, before she left this life,
And how she'd never see you hurt,
As you slept so prettily in her arms.

For your country, you gave your pure life,
For your country, today you lie in your grave,
And if you lay in Wales' dear soil,
My spirit would feel greater peace.

You went when began your journey,
To join armies in far countries,
But you left behind the deepest of scars,
That will long remain in your father's heavy heart.

Though you died in a foreign land,
Though your enemies did you harm,
Your love of country burns on the ramparts,
And your grave will shine brightly in that flame.

The sound of grief is on the breeze,
It whispers past your father's door,
The grey face of moonlight sheds a tear,
They tell the lurid tales of battle.

I so wish your grave was here in Wales,
I'd plant a flower bright and colourful,
Amongst the grass and twigs,
To show that you still live.

We so miss your joyful company,
Your kind words and pleasant smile,
They are so vivid to us now,
Time will never age them.

You left the white cottages of Wales,
Amongst them your father's old white cottage,
Your home now is beyond this realm,
Amongst the palaces of a blessed land.

Now Farewell! Someday the trumpets of the Lord
Will call you from your foreign grave,
You may rise in everlasting freedom,
To walk the white fields of the land of peace..

T. H. LEWIS.