

A GRIEVING TEAR

FOR

EVAN LEWIS



THE YOUNGEST SON OF THOMAS LEWIS, PENRHEOL
COTTAGE, BERTH, NEAR TREGARON, CEREDIGION

**Who died on his way home from the battlefield, at
the 29th Stationary Hospital, Turin, on 10th April 1919**

Aged 25 years

I bow my head, a tear runs down my cheek,
I am weak and my appearance is pale from grieving deeply;
I sing a song whose notes are oh so sad,
When placing my best friends in the grave.

My dear cousin, after turning your back on the battle
And heading towards home,
Still, death was awaiting around the corner,
And stopped you reaching the bosom of your dear homeland.

In the springtime of your life, at the start of your glistening career
You were asked to wear a glistening sword,
And faithfully you replied "Amen,
I will go for freedom or maybe the grave."

Your dear mother's first task,
Was to rock your cradle, before she passed away;
And oh, she would never wish you harm,
Sleeping so sweetly on her tender breast.

For your country, you gave your pure life,
And for your country, you're today in your grave,
But if you were laying beneath Wales's soil,
My spirit would feel greater peace.

You left us at the start of life's journey,
To join another country's army,
But oh, how you left the deepest of scars,
That still remain in your father's heart.

Although you died in a foreign land,
And even if you were harmed by your enemies,
There is such burning patriotism on the ramparts,
That your grave shines brightly in the light of the flame.

The sound of grief is on the cold breeze,
Like a lullaby going past your father's door,
And the moon's grey sullen face has a tear,
As it tells of the army's tales of woe.

I wish your grave was here in dear Wales,
So that I could plant a pretty colourful flower,
Amongst the green grass at dusk,
To show that you are still alive.

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

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

Now farewell!! God's trumpet one day,
Will call you from your faraway foreign grave,
And you can rise again, free forever,
To walk over the white fields of peace.

T. H. LEWIS.