

Mothers of War

Oh mothers of the soldiers
Who marched so bravely off to war,
How did you manage to gather the strength
To let them walk out the door?

It must have been so hard for you
To watch them walk away,
Not knowing if they'd come home at all,
Much less return unscathed.

You were the ones who hurt the most,
Oh mothers of the war,
Waiting, worrying, for your children
As they braved the raging storms.

In gruelling conditions they did fight,
Through violence so profound,
But with valiant honour they fought for their home,
And for that you can be proud.

I'm thankful that some lucky few
Were able to make it home
And return at last to your waiting arms,
Not having to suffer alone.

But to the mothers who were met
With sorrow and despair
When you found out you'd lost your child
To the horrors of warfare,

I'm so sorry for your loss
And for the hurt that you endure.
I wish the world had been kinder,
And not taken from you a life so pure.

But while I, too, mourn their loss and courageous sacrifice,
I thank you, mothers, for the strength it took to let them go and fight
Because I don't think, if I were you, that I could do the same,
And thanks to you, brave mothers of war, Canada may sleep peacefully tonight.

KARINA