

The Boy Enlists

His mother's eyes are saddened, and her cheeks are stained with tears,
And I'm facing now the struggle that I've dreaded through the years;
For the boy that was our baby has been changed into a man.
He's enlisted in the army as a true American.

He held her for a moment in his arms before he spoke,
And I watched him as he kissed her, and it seemed to me I'd choke,
For I knew just what was coming, and I knew just what he'd done!
'Another little mother had a soldier for a son.

When we'd pulled ourselves together, and the first quick tears had dried,
We could see his eyes were blazing
with the fire of manly pride;
We could see his head was higher
than it ever was before,
For we had a man to cherish,
and our baby was no more.

Oh, I don't know how to say it!
With the sorrow comes the joy
That there isn't any coward
in the make-up of our boy.
And with pride our hearts are swelling,
though with grief they're also hit,
For the boy that was our baby
has stepped forth to do his bit.

– Edgar Albert Guest

