

Home Coming

Stepping from the train, he stood just looking up and down
It felt so good to be back here in this small market town
Shouldering his kit bag, he set off down the lane
In France he'd often wondered if he'd see all this again

Standing in a gateway, he looked across the view
Fields and hills and hedges, everything he knew
The stillness of the summer's day eased his troubled mind
From the memories of warfare he would rather leave behind

Walking on he saw the farm, the barn, the house, the yard
For a moment tears sprang to his eyes and took him off his guard
For there she stood, his Mary, feeding chickens, scattering corn
But when she turned her shape spoke of the child as yet unborn

In that moment all his hopes and dreams just flew away
He never thought of such a thing, he never thought she'd stray
Her whitened face was filled with shock – "Tom" was all she said
Then "the telegram, it told me you were missing presumed dead"

He asked her, "Who's the father? I can't believe it's true
I always thought you loved me, just as much as I loved you
"It's yours you foolish man" she said, "when you came home on leave."
When he remembered straight away, new dreams began to weave.

Then tears and hugs and kisses were the order of the day
And Mary? She forgave Tom for thinking she would stray
They talked about the future, the crops that they would grow
Of taking things to market in sun and rain and snow.

For Tom he was a lucky one – came back to his new wife
Came back to have a family, came back to have a life
So many weren't so lucky, their stories still untold
But they will be remembered, and they shall not grow old.