

**Mum** (Afghanistan)

Sent to far Afghanistan Barely was he yet a man  
She wept and sobbed in solitude As only a mother can  
Waved him off on Dover's shore So proud... Gleeful, heroic  
Brushed her tears, crushed her fears Stayed upright tight-lipped stoic

A hurried clasp A whistle blast  
Her hopes were cast away  
The grit and sand in that foreign land will bury him one day  
The nights are cool The winds cruel Death in every crack  
A demon jumps from every rock Ambush and attack

God shield you son My only one And help you find your way  
Keep thoughts fleet Tread soft your feet. Let caution hold your sway  
Stream and brook and fishing hook An open book to read.  
Have your fight my gallant Knight... But don't discard our need

Sally's in the Moon and Star A country pint is on the bar  
Dad's fixing up the car you kept... The garage/barn is clean and swept  
I'm making up an apple pie  
Please... not the last... Before you die.

(Remembering 3 Watford lads died in Afghanistan)