

### My Brother Jack

Ten long years have passed today  
Since that sad night that you flew away  
But to those you loved you're ever near  
And the memory of you brings a tear  
To eyes that laugh, but laughing lies  
And our faces smile to hide a sigh.  
Our loss is shared by all who knew  
You brother, bold, valiant and true.

A mother's son who gave his all  
And all too soon heard the bugler's call  
The 'Last Post' over his English grave,  
There one of England's truest sons is laid.

### Only One...

Only one, only one got killed the said  
Only one.  
Only one father, only one husband, only one son  
Only one.  
For he was all these things, what is  
Only one?  
He was not always a man,  
He had been a baby, child, youth  
Collecting hearts along the way until  
Only one he made his own and they made  
Only one  
How did they know that to us he was  
'The only one' too so many.

### Hope

Why little man, what have you got?  
A gun for such a tiny tot?  
And there's a tank upon the floor  
And all those soldiers by the door.

Why you should play with coloured bricks  
Or laugh at capering yellow chicks,  
Or have a farmyard on the floor  
Instead of soldiers by the door.

When you're a big man like your Daddy,  
You won't be in the Army laddie,  
For shortly when the war is won,  
There won't be need for tank or gun.

For never again will wars be fought  
Except for life in Her Majesty's court,  
So put away those ghastly toys  
And play with bricks like other boys.

Written on 30 Jan 1953 by Jack's sister Joyce.