

A Lament for the Somme

**On this day so many Men did rise
From the mud and stench of war
To face a foe greater than fear
Only to fall like so many petals
Of a summer rose,
Scattered, Broken, and lost.**

Yes, they walked through the Valley of Death

Certain they would not return.

So keep them safe, Lord.

The Young Men, the Apprentices, the Pals, the Sons,

Never to become Fathers.

And now a single bugle sounds

In the morning light

Rising to meet them,

To let them know

We will remember

The Sons of the Somme

Rod Brookfield

1 July 2016