

**Dear Soldier,**

Fight well you must for loved and kin,  
And risk the loss of bone and skin.  
For fear tonight you must abstain,  
One day you will to home again.

So keep your hand on sword aloft,  
And think of times though now you scoff,  
When fall you did so low and sore,  
But sought to rise and stood and swore,  
To not bar wounds now soaked in silk,  
Which hides still pain you oft did bilk.

If life and love is act of war,  
On ache and hurt you've felt before,  
Then though you try the die is cast;  
But let as vow be now my last:  
If still you walk the path profane,  
One day you will to home again.