

Breaking of the Sword

Loreena Mckennitt

On a sunny April morning
My dear son, you were born
Until one day you were called away
And from my heart was torn

As a boy, you knew the stables
As a lad, you knew the fields
My son, you worked beside me
But to country you must yield

You were called to serve the country
You were called to serve the King
And from our home, you left one day
And of this, today, I sing

When I stood there at the station
And our eyes one last time met
It was that - that moment, my dear son
'Tis that I'll ne'er forget

Useless[?], now, a mother's blessing
But the country's truly free
You gave your life for all of us
And all humanity

As I stand here at your graveside
The spring birds sing their song
My child, I love you more and more
And will, my whole life long

You were called to serve our country
You were called to serve the King
And from our home, you left one day
And of this, today, we sing