

Unchanging
Love



WHEN THE WAR IS OVER, MOTHER DEAR

When the war is over, mother dear,
When the bands all play and people cheer,
As the boys come marching thro' the dear home town,
Joy-bells ringing gaily as the sun goes down;
Tho' your heart is aching, mother dear,
For your soldier boy never fear,
I'll come back some day, and kiss your tears away,
When the war is over, mother dear.

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*Libgate
Spit*



Dear Mother

Thought

I would send you this card
to let you know where I am
yet and hope these few
lines will find you the same
we are having splendid weather
here now the boys are all fine
around here yet. I will write
soon now I am waiting for
news I will write about Tuesday
or Wednesday *Pitkin Spicer*

*Mrs R. Spicer
Barnhart P.O
Ontario
Canada*