

War is Kind

River Whyless

Do not weep child, war is kind
For your father threw wild hands toward the sky
And his steed ran alone in the night
Do not weep child, war is kind

An orphan now, you are one
And what you recall of him
You look for now a man
Here in the callous of the southern ground
Where you buried him

A boy has risen to stand and you find his eyes as blue
And his heart is red and his soul is burnin' white
Ah, but you can't believe your eyes when you find that
It's calling him to the line
Like it called him to the line

But do not weep maiden, war is kind
As your lover tumbles in yellow trenches
Rage in his breast, gulps and dies
Do not weep maiden, war is kind

Widow now he is gone
And how you long for him
And see him now in your son
Oh, but you can't believe your eyes as we go blind again
Blind again, the united state of Americans
Who are calling now for their boys
Calling now for your boy

But do not weep mother, war is kind
As you hang your heart, humble as a button
On the shroud of your son
Do not weep mother, war is kind
Do not weep mother, war is kind