



*In loving  
Remembrance*

He marched away so bravely,  
His young head proudly held,  
His footsteps never faltered,  
His courage never failed.

Though buried in a distant grave,  
Amidst the shot and shell,  
For Country's sake his life he gave,  
He stood his trials well.

Who could have dealt that horrid blow  
On one we loved so well?  
We never knew the pain he bore,  
No mortal tongue can tell.

He lit my home with gladness,  
He filled my heart with joy,  
Though I am here, my heart is where  
My gallant soldier laddie lies.

Could I have only smoothed the hair  
From off his fair young brow,  
My heart, I think, would not have bled  
As it is bleeding now.

In Loving Memory of  
My Dearly Beloved Youngest Son,  
  
Private Robert Russell,

16th Royal Scots,

Who was Killed in Action in France,

On SATURDAY, JULY 1st, 1916,

Aged 19 Years.

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"He died that we might live."