



A visit from an old friend

So, you've come at last, old friend
To where they laid my bones.
You read the name beneath my cross
'Major James Harvey Jones'.
Yes, this is where they buried me
When I had died,
That day you cried for me.

'Tis true they say I died as heroes go.
I scorned to bow for shot and shell,
But boldly led on against the foe
And leading thus I fell.
Death comes swiftly for the brave.
This brush with glory
Meant the grave for me.

Oh, that I had lived like you,
To see the victory won
And gained fair Scotia's shore anew,
When all the fight was done.
To have claimed a loved one for my bride,
Or hushed a baby when it cried.
These hopes all died with me.

Nay! Turn not in anguish from this place,
Or harbour any guilt that for God's grace
You might lie here with me.
But go with head held high,
I cannot truly die,
While you still cry for me.

*Written by Major Harry Eisenhauer (photo)
West Nova Scotia Regiment, after a visit to
the grave of his good friend Harvey Jones
in Ravenna, Italy in 1989.*