

Somewhere in France  
Thursday Dec.2<sup>nd</sup> [1915]

My Dearest Mary,

Seeing that I'm not going out tonight, I thought I would write you another loving letter, dearie. I am writing this on the Thursday but I cannot get it away till Saturday. Another young chap is going home on leave. I sent the other letter off with a young man who went home to get married. Lucky old man! I only wish it had been me. What do you say?

It seems like years since last we parted,  
Since we kissed and said goodbye.  
And you whispered "I'll be waiting".  
Then you smiled lest you should cry.

Oh, it's fine when drums are beating  
Folks laugh hearty and feel gay.  
But there's always someone lonely  
When the lads have marched away.

In your picture – yours and mothers  
Better pals could a lad ne'er find!  
And tonight I think I see you  
Girlie that I've left behind

Bravest lass in all the Kingdom  
True an' loal [loyal?] in storm or shine.  
Working with a smile – and loving  
Ain't you now, sweetheart o'mine.

When a lad is feeling lonely,  
Thinking life is crabbed and queer.  
Oft a lassie's whispered love words:  
"I'll be waiting!" come to cheer.

And he grips his rifle tighter.  
Stars seem brighter all the while.  
And just for that lass that's waiting  
He would dare death with a smile.

Sweetheart that's just how I'm feeling  
And I'd write lots more to you  
But the Censor ain't built that way  
Sure, he'd score the love bits through

Someday I'll be speeding homewards  
When the stars of victory shine.  
Love will sweeter be for waiting  
Love will last, dear sweetheart mine.

I thought I would write this bit of poetry as it [is] just what I am doing and thinking. I have just had a look at your dear photograph and I've smothered it with kisses. No one knows how I'm longing to see you darling one. I don't think I have ever felt so loving as I do just now. How I wish I was coming home to see you, dearie! What a meeting it would be. Sweetheart, I love you, love you with all my heart. When I do come home I have something to ask you, dear and I suppose you will know what it is. But we will let the matter drop till the time comes.

It is Friday now. I had to finish writing this letter last night and go on guard. We have no parades today as it is raining. We are having some very wet weather now. I don't think we have had two fine days since we came here.

Last night while on guard I thought of the happy times we had together, Mary dear. My only wish is that we can have some more happy times together. And I know we will when I come back.

Well Mary darling, I think I will close.

With tons of love and kisses.

From your ever loving Boy,

Fred  
Xxxxx  
Xxxxxx