



South Australians at war – transcript – PRG 244/9

Extract from letters from Len Hussey

Transcription of selected text

Transcribed by Susie van der Sluys, January 2002

Ships that pass in the night
A soldier lay on the battle field
Of Belgium's war torn land
No comrade heard his dying word
As they ran, in a mighty band
Across the bridge they took the ridge
And dug in fast and hard
But no one knew that in mud like glue
Lay then true and faithful "Pard"
He lay for hours through the dark cold night
And yet he felt no pain
But the ground was wet with bloody sweat
And soaked with a deep red stain.
A vision he saw through an open door
Of a river, and "wonderful sight"
For floating along in an endless throng
Were ships that pass in the night
There were ships of love and ships of hate
And ships of sorrow and joy
But no one saw through the open door
The dying soldier boy.
But at last there came, like a golden flame
The ship whose name is grace
And the Captain saw through the open door
The brave young hero's face
He pointed his hand towards the land
And beckoned the lad on board



And so there passed, time to the last

A soul, to his sure reward

L Hussey

France 18-10-17

Written in memory of some of my dear old pals who fell in the world's great war