

The Rifles

"He Ain't Heavy, His My Brother"

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The road is long
With many a winding turn
That leads us to who knows where
Who knows where
But I'm strong
Strong enough to carry him
He ain't heavy, he's my bro-th-er

So on we go....

His welfare is of my concern
No burden is he to bare
We'll get there

For I know
He would not encumber me
He ain't heavy, he's my bro-th-er....

If I'm laden at all
I'm laden with sadness
That everyone's heart
Isn't filled with the gladness
Of love for one another

It's a long, long ro-a-d
From which there is no return
While we're on the way to there
Why not share

And the load-oh-a-hoad
Doesn't weigh me down - at all
He ain't heavy he's my brother

He's my bro-th-er
He ain't heavy, he's my bro-th-er (x 3)

~ IN LOVING MEMORY ~

R.I.P UNCLE MARK

You niece.

April 04

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