



Requiem to the American Soldier

Mine eyes have searched the battlefields, two hundred years ago, And fixed upon my Fathers...with crosses row-on-row.

Their blood has nourished Courage and Ardent Virtue bought. They stood in battle bravely - and fought the wars they fought.

The mist of years have softened, but the battle's heat I feel: Their lines sway like a banner as they charge up San Juan Hill.

In timeless sleep they stagger, beneath a khaki sky, But stand forth ever ready, to fight, to win, or die.

On Chickamauga's creek beds, and Santiago's slopes They fought as ones be-knighted, defending cherished hopes.

From the Ardennes' bloody contest, to the walls of old Bastogne American blood and courage Have gained the Heights alone.

The shots at Concord township, join those of Gettysburg, And those fired at Fort Sumter, around the world were heard.

The beaches red at Normandy, and those of Inchon's shores Were bought and paid by courage, yet still the battle roars.

On Mekong Delta's paddies, and Khe Son's rugged slopes The Grand Old Flag was lifted, with clear and crispy notes.

America's youth and valor, were tested, tried and torn But pressed on proud and bravely, despite the Traitor's scorn.

To you, you Knights of Valor, Press on the torch of Right. Reclaim the trailing Ensign, Restore the Shining Light.

The Light of Freedom's promise, The hope of present years, Are now the struggle's object, Though won through Sweat and Tears.

A City, Bright and Gleaming, stands grandly on the Rise, The blood-bought fruits of Freedom beneath the Azure Skies,

Are all our Fathers fought for, and freely bled and paid So you and I could know it, before the glory fades.

With God our hope established in pastures Green with Love And all our National Treasures, a gift from Him above,

We have no right to wander from Truth or Light or Trust, But to the Throne of Mercy, our March is Good and Just.

~By Jerry Ogles, Bishop, AOC & St. Andrews Church