

It's Never 2 Late

dignity through technology



Memorial Day Poetry

MEMORIAL DAY

Edgar Guest

The finest tribute we can pay
Unto our hero dead to-day,
Is not a rose wreath, white and red,
In memory of the blood they shed;
It is to stand beside each mound,
Each couch of consecrated ground,
And pledge ourselves as warriors true
Unto the work they died to do.



Into God's valleys where they lie
At rest, beneath the open sky,
Triumphant now o'er every foe,
As living tributes let us go.
No wreath of rose or immortelles
Or spoken word or tolling bells
Will do to-day, unless we give
Our pledge that liberty shall live.

Our hearts must be the roses red
We place above our hero dead;
To-day beside their graves we must
Renew allegiance to their trust;
Must bare our heads and humbly say
We hold the Flag as dear as they,
And stand, as once they stood, to die
To keep the Stars and Stripes on high.



The finest tribute we can pay
Unto our hero dead to-day
Is not of speech or roses red,
But living, throbbing hearts instead,
That shall renew the pledge they sealed
With death upon the battlefield:
That freedom's flag shall bear no stain
And free men wear no tyrant's chain.

The Things That Make A Soldier Great
Edgar Guest

The things that make a soldier great
and send him out to die,
To face the flaming cannon's mouth
nor ever question why,
Are lilacs by a little porch,
the row of tulips red,
The peonies and pansies, too,
the old petunia bed,
The grass plot where his children play,
the roses on the wall:
'Tis these that make a soldier great.
He's fighting for them all.



'Tis not the pomp and pride of kings
that make a soldier brave;
'Tis not allegiance to the flag
that over him may wave;
For soldiers never fight so well
on land or on the foam
As when behind the cause they see
the little place called home.
Endanger but that humble street
whereon his children run,
You make a soldier of the man
who never bore a gun.



What is it through the battle smoke
the valiant soldier sees?

The little garden far away,
the budding apple trees,
The little patch of ground back there,
the children at their play,



Perhaps a tiny mound behind
the simple church of gray.
The golden thread of courage
isn't linked to castle dome
But to the spot, where'er it be --
the humblest spot called home.

And now the lilacs bud again
and all is lovely there
And homesick soldiers far away
know spring is in the air;
The tulips come to bloom again,
the grass once more is green,
And every man can see the spot
where all his joys have been.



He sees his children smile at him,
he hears the bugle call,
And only death can stop him now --
he's fighting for them all.

ELERGY

Lord Byron

O snatch'd away in beauty's bloom!
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year,

And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:
And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,



And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!
Away! we know that tears are vain,
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,

Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet

SOLDIER, MAIDEN, AND FLOWER

By Eugene Field

"Sweetheart, take this," a soldier said,
"And bid me brave good-by;
It may befall we ne'er shall wed,
But love can never die.
Be steadfast in thy troth to me,
And then, whate'er my lot,
'My soul to God, my heart to thee,'--
Sweetheart, forget me not!"

The maiden took the tiny flower
And nursed it with her tears:



Lo! He who left her in that hour
Came not in after years.
Unto a hero's death he rode
'Mid shower of fire and shot;
But in the maiden's heart abode
The flower, forget-me-not.

And when he came not with the rest

From out the years of blood,
Closely unto her widowed breast
She pressed a faded bud;
Oh, there is love and there is pain,
And there is peace, God wot,--
And these dear three do live again
In sweet forget-me-not.



'T is to an unmarked grave to-day
That I should love to go,--
Whether he wore the blue or gray,
What need that we should know?
"He loved a woman," let us say,
And on that sacred spot,
To woman's love, that lives for aye,
We'll strew forget-me-not.

THE SOLDIERS GRAVE

By Fannie Isabelle Sherrick

Above his head the cypress waves
Its dark green drooping leaves;
The sunlight through its branches wide
Where bright birds linger side by side
A golden net-work weaves.
Within the church-yard's silent gloom
He lies in quiet rest;
And never more to cold, pale brow,
Or proud lips mute with silence now
Will loving lips be pressed.



Perhaps even now in death's dark dream



He sees the deadly strife;
Where brothers fought with blinded eyes,
Forgetting all the tender ties
That bound them life to life.

Ah! Nobly there he proudly rode
With honest, warm, true heart;
And shrank not from the carnage red,

But bravely thee, among the dead,
He took a soldier's part.

Yet soon his hands fell helplessly,
Low at his trembling side;
For on his brow the death drops rose,
While in his heart the life-blood froze
And died his young life's pride.

The dark brown eyes, whose loving glance
Gave happiness to all,
Have closed their weary lids for aye
Beneath the sunset of life's day,
Where dark'ning shadows fall.



Oh, weary years that still creep on
Adown the sands of Time,
Give back the loving tones of yore,
That haunt us here forever more
As echoing church bell's chime.

And yet it cannot, cannot be
That hearts must ever grieve;
Above his head the shadows fall,
Yet still the sunbeams shine through all
And mystic splendors weave.

And thus upon the grieving heart
That ever weeps for him,
The dark clouds fall, yet God's sweet light
Of faith still onward takes its flight,
Through shadows vast and grim.

Oh! faint heart, with thy clinging grief,
Look upward to the sky;
For there, beyond the weary strife,
Where angels ever guard thy life,
There's One who hears thy cry.

Within the "City of the Dead"
He only lies asleep;
And soon his hand will clasp once more
Thine own as oft he did of your,
With love's pure feeling deep.

REMEMBRANCE

William. Shakespeare

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
Which I now pay as if not paid before:
--But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

