

Beat of the Lone Drum...

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The young men stood at the beat of the lone drum
Waiting for the captains order to advance on the hill
The early morning silence shattered with cannon and gun
Boys became men flying into battle the time to die or kill

Then came the cries of men fallen by shot and bayonet
Many praying to heaven for help and many sent to hell
Memories seared and burned into minds never to forget
Bodies thrown and torn into the air ripped by shrapnel

Up the hill they charged with one hope in mind
Reach the top win the day push back the Redcoats
While all around men fell as the bullets whined
Those wounded awaiting death spoke many bible quotes

What value could this lonely tree covered hill hold
So many precious lives to be wasted for what cause
The grim reaper standing so still on deaths threshold
Not giving a man a single second or chance to pause

War, that terrible word that has shook the world
From the very beginning of time and ever more
Families and friends into enemies are hurled
Not wanting to die but ready to meet their Savior

The world forever changed when free men stood
Taking up arms for country when freedom calls
Fighting to free all men as only true patriots could
With freedom and justice forever installed for all

Edwin J. Smith
The Old Cowboy Poet,
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