

## **Here Lays an American Hero**

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The Stars and Stripes of White and Red lie on a field of Blue,  
draped across his military casket so shiny and new.  
The eerie silence in the chill of the dreary winter day,  
suddenly broken by the sound of exploding rifles in  
their salute to this fallen hero, who so gallantly  
fought for his country in the sands of a desert so  
far, faraway.

The Stars and Stripes are precisely folded and  
the Sergeant of the Honor Guard respectfully  
presents it to the forever grieving mother,  
who grasps Old Glory in her trembling arms  
with a broken heart like no other.

Then the heart wrenching sound of a lonely bugler,  
as he plays the melancholy notes of Taps, softly  
echoes from a distant hill for all to hear.  
A saddening sound causing all attending to  
shed a solemn tear.

On this cold, barren hill lies an American Hero, who  
stood proud and tall for freedom and justice for all,  
and his heroic actions defy all words of praise that  
come to bear.