

The Patriot

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The fear of battle churns inside
As now I gaze upon the tide
Of red with shouldered muskets gleaming,
From the distant hills they're streaming.

Line by line they march unscathed
For neither side has loosed their fray
And all the while generals muse
O'er each the other's gallant moves.

Now standing firm to hold this ground,
While cannon shots burst all around,
I wait amid this sea of blue,
And pray my aim is sure and true.

With sons and neighbors side by side
We mean to turn this crimson tide
And send our message loud and clear
To George, that all his house may hear.

The throne of Britain may be yours
From English cliffs to Scottish moors
And you may o'er the empire reign
But our resolve shall never wane.

We'll stand upon this sovereign ground
In one accord against the crown
And we shall from this moment be
A nation born, forever free.

Howard Garrison Yates