

An Unknown Soldier Died Today

He was getting old and paunchy
And his hair was falling fast,
And he sat around the Legion,
Telling stories of the past

Of a war that he had fought in
And the deeds that he had done.
In his exploits with his buddies;
They were heroes, every one.

And tho' sometimes to his neighbors,
His tales became a joke,
All his buddies listened,
For they knew whereof he spoke.

But we'll hear his tales no longer,
For ol' Bob has passed away,
And the world's a little poorer,
For a Soldier died today.

He won't be mourned by many,
Just his children and his wife.
For he lived an ordinary,
Very quiet sort of life.

He held a job and raised a family,
Quietly going on his way;
And the world won't note his passing;
Tho' a Soldier died today.

When politicians leave this earth,
Their bodies lie in state,
While thousands note their passing,
And proclaim that they were great.

Papers tell of their life stories,
From the time that they were young,
But the passing of a Soldier,
Goes unnoticed and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution,
To the welfare of our land,
Some jerk who breaks his promise,
And cons his fellow man?

Or the ordinary fellow,
Who in times of war and strife,
Goes off to serve his country
And offers up his life?

The politician's stipend
And the style in which he lives,
Are sometimes disproportionate,
To the service that he gives.

While the ordinary soldier,
Who offers up his all,
Is paid off with a medal
And perhaps a pension small.

It's so easy to forget them,
For it is so long ago,
That our Bob's and Jim's and Johnny's
Went to battle, but we know

It was not the politicians,
With their compromise and ploys,
Who won for us the freedom,
That our country now enjoys.

Should you find yourself in danger,
With your enemies at hand,
Would you really want some cop-out,
With his ever waffling stand?

Or would you want a Soldier,
Who has sworn to defend,
His home, his kin, and country,
And will fight until the end?

He was just a common Soldier
And his ranks are growing thin,
But his presence should remind us,
We may need his likes again.

For when countries are in conflict,
Then we find the Soldier's part,
Is to clean up all the troubles,
That the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honor,
While he's here to hear the praise,
Then at least let's give him homage,
At the ending of his days.

Perhaps a simple headline,
In the paper that might say:
"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING,
FOR A SOLDIER DIED TODAY."
(author unknown)