

A SOLDIER OF AMERICA

A soldier of America,
Lay dying in Vietnam.
There was no medic to comfort him,
No woman to hold his hand.
But a friend stood beside him,
While his life-blood drained away.
And he knelt beside his comrade,
To hear what he might say.

"I'll never see my home again,"
The dying soldier said.
"Would you take a message home with you,
I'd appreciate it, if you can.
Would you ask them why I died here,
Died in Vietnam?"

"Tell my mother not to cry for me,
For I have found peace at last.
Tell the kids to keep protestin',
And get this over fast.
Because they shouldn't have to die here,
Die in Vietnam."

"Ask the people to forgive me,
For ever fighting here.
I didn't come for honor,
It was jail that I feared.
There is no glory in dying here,
Dying in Vietnam"

His voice grew faint and hoarser,
As he lay on the ground and bled.
His friend tried to help him,
But the spark of life had fled.
A soldier of America,
In Vietnam--lay dead.

John Mark McCrarey II
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