

# The Highland Park Press

## Our Hero Dead, Hail and Farewell!

**T**HERE shall be apples in harvest still,  
and springtime blossoms again,  
Summer returning and green on the hill  
with the early autumn rain;  
But never America's fallen sons to the  
things they used to know  
While the sun goes round, or the river  
runs, till Gabriel's trumpets blow.

Yet, maybe, an army's ghostly drum  
beats up from the far-away,  
Unseen, unheard, where a myriad come  
to memory's call today  
From alien graves o'er oceans wide to  
their marching kith and kin,  
Comrade by comrade they stand beside  
when the bugle sounds "Fall-in."

Never at all, though April seeks where  
the early heath-flower starts,  
Or the flowering almond of August  
speaks to unforgetting hearts.  
We read the message, we hear the call,  
but they their conflicts cease;  
They rest with God's stars over them  
in the dreamless halls of Peace.

There shall be honey-gold harvest wheat  
and glory that spring regains,  
Summer in shimmering veils of heat,  
and the misty mountain rains;  
But never the sons America bred, to  
the land that was their own,  
Till earth gives up her glorious dead,  
and Gabriel's trump be blown.

