

BIRTHRIGHT

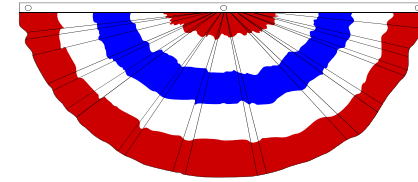
by Robert A. Wyckoff



Born of strife, a free man's creation,
More than two hundred years we've stood as a nation.
Though apathy's often a national vice,
There have always been those who will pay the price.

The huddled rabble at Valley Forge,
Who stood against odds and Britain's King George.
Who bled at Trenton and Ticonderoga,
And again at Monmouth and Saratoga.

The lonely man whose fate was to preside,
Over four years of carnage and fratricide.
Then forbore revenge when union prevailed,
And began the tasks unstrained mercy entailed.



The men who joined gaily the British and French,
Then bled or froze in a Flanders trench.
Who stood and died in the Belleau Wood hell,
Or on the banks of the Marne both fought and fell.

The men of the Eighth from their Nisson huts,
And the brave men at the Bulge when the General said
"Nuts".
The standard raisers atop Suribachi,
And the countless souls interred at sea.

The men who paid for the beach at Inchon,
As did their sons defending Khe Sanh.
The young men and women who continued the norm,
And answered the call to Desert Storm.

Honor the troops who are still sent in harm's way,
To secure our peace even today.
They stand the latest in a long, proud line,
And each can say: "The birthright's mine".

They are ever equal to each new demand,
For today our vigil's the price to remand;
The voice of the patriot's still heard in the land.

By Robert A. Wyckoff, © 2004

