

The Soldier's Tear

By Randal S. Doaty

Our nation's greatest treasure,
 Aligned in perfect rows.
The hopes and dreams and life unlived,
 Which we shall never know.

The price they paid for freedom,
 Was tendered with their life.
The sacred gift a soldier shares,
 Some family's painful strife.

The gift I share is modest,
Compared to what they gave.
 For liberty we all enjoy,
Was financed by our brave.

I offer you a Soldier's Tear,
 A tear of glass to keep.
To let you know we won't forget,
 The one you love so deep.

This grateful nation pauses,
 As you so deeply mourn.
We recognize your soldier's grief,
 From which our freedom's born.