

## Freedom is Not Free

I watched the flag pass by one day,  
It fluttered in the breeze.  
A young Marine saluted it,  
And then he stood at ease.  
I looked at him in uniform  
So young, so tall, so proud,  
With hair cut square and eyes alert  
He'd stand out in any crowd.  
I thought how many men like him  
Had fallen through the years.  
How many died on foreign soil  
How many mothers' tears ?  
How many pilots' planes shot down ?  
How many died at sea ?  
How many foxholes were soldiers' graves ?  
No, freedom isn't free.  
I heard the sound of Taps one night,  
When everything was still,  
I listened to the bugler play  
And felt a sudden chill.

I wondered just how many times  
That Taps had meant "Amen"  
When a flag had covered a coffin  
Of a brother or a friend.  
I thought of all the children,  
Of the mothers and the wives,  
Of fathers, sons and husbands  
With interrupted lives.  
I thought about a graveyard  
At the bottom of the sea  
Of unmarked graves in Arlington.  
No, freedom isn't free.

Enjoy Your Freedom And God Bless Our Troops