

THE WORDS

The Last Parade

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Let the bugle blow
Let the march be played
With the forming of the troops
For my last parade

The years of war and the years of waiting
Obedience to orders, unhesitating
Years in the states, and the years overseas
All woven in a web of memories
A lifetime of service passes in review
As many good friends and exotic places too
In the waning sunlight begin to fade
With the martial music of my last parade

My last salute to the service and base
Now someone else will take my place
To the sharp young airmen marching away
I gladly pass the orders of the day
Though uncertain of what my future may hold
Still, if needed-before I grow too old
I'll keep my saber sharp, my powder dry
Lest I be recalled to duty by and by

So let the bugle blow
Fire the evening gun
Slowly lower the colors
My retirement has begun

Author Unknown