

“War’s Displeasure, America’s Treasure”

By: David Reddy

Thou art an anchor, not moved by rough seas

Just a few of thou art with us today

Ye bravely fought through the frigid degrees

We thank thou for the valiance portrayed

Our memorials try to honor thee

Slabs of granite etched with our hero’s names

The great love for this nation keeps us free

Our love for thou won’t wane, but burns like flames

Endless Europe walked that attacked thee feet

Seeing thou come back home was like mail call

The way thou shake off the bite of defeat

We thank thee for the terror ye forestall

Although war was the dreadful displeasure

Thee art always America’s treasure