Freedom Rings

Bring forth your trumpets of silver and brass
March to the rhythm of the flute and tambourine,
Beat loudly the majestic drums
To sound deep into our land and homes;
Sending the joyous message,
Freedom rings in our great land!
As memories unfold we in silence honor
Those who stood firm and bold,
Our hope of freedom to hold.
Many died as they marched against the foe.
We bow in mingled tears as the solemn taps
Seem to resound for those
Who lie buried at sea or on foreign soil;
While others, in churchyards or nearby, are at rest.

We watch the eagle soar high above, into the clouds,
Of blue and steel gray, ascending to the mountain top.
As the eagle, so we must soar above disappointments.

Awake and onward march, my friend!
Wave Old Glory, proudly and triumphantly.
Our children's children must pass this way.
May they through our wisdom and watchful care
Learn to forever cherish and love the flag;
As its colors unfurl red, white, and blue.
In our land which God Has richly Blessed;
May freedom for all always ring!

Mary E. West