

## ***War Songs***

*Verses for a Wounded World*

# Verses for a Wounded World



War Songs

American Justice Foundation<sup>®</sup>

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Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### **Dedication**

To Kathryn, my music, for whom I fight life's war of words.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### Table of Contents

<i>War Songs</i>	1
Dedication	5
Table of Contents	7
Where War Is	10
Standing Ready	17
Farewell	19
The Falcon	23
At Dawn's Gray Fog	25
Melrose Goodman	27
Where Then?	31
After the Rain	35
One Man Said	39
In God's Hand	43
Crystal Ball	45
Cherokee Ashes	51
Fools on the Hill	53
Men Who Won't Fit In	57
Arrows in the Sky	63
Drop Outs	65
Hay Bales	69
Waiting Orders	75
An Eye for an Eye	79
Where is the Balance?	87
Young Tartan	91
Rulebook	95

## Verses for a Wounded World

If You Let 'Em 99

The Sapphire Ship 101

Ma? Is That You? 103

Bi-Polar? No Thank You! **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Just to Show 105

Can Justice Lose Her head? 111

This Is Heaven, Isn't It? **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Expectations **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Because They Say So? **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

The Gem Within the Stone **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

What it Means to be Friend **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Today, Friend. Today! 113

Poetic Meaning **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

To America's Strength 117



## War Songs

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### Where War Is

There's a place where nothing matters  
But the will to fight and live.  
Where flags, ideals, and duty's honor quickly disappear.  
Desire for life crowds out all else,  
Time narrows down to now.  
The world fades fast away as you face down your fear.

To kill or die, your only choice,  
It's the enemy or you.  
No time to contemplate the cause or why of bitter war.  
The chill of death is chasing you.  
Swift action is your only hope.  
A moment's pause, and you will live no more.

The faces you see are all alike,  
Their eyes reflect your own.  
Their life, your life, it's all the same where war is.  
Blood's blood, no matter whose,  
No matter what the cause.  
In war your desperate will to live is just the same as his.

So, fight you will the best you can  
Until the war is won.  
You kill your unknown foreign foe as you've been told.  
There is no rest nor reason,  
Just the enemy and you  
Alone with no tomorrow to be hoped for or to hold.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

Tomorrow doesn't matter here,  
This moment's all there is.  
To see another sunrise means you must survive today.  
Where's the next one you must kill  
To stop his killing you,  
Behind that tree, beneath that porch, invisible deadly prey?

It's not new, this place of life or death.  
It's been used for many years  
By men who play with other men like toys.  
They call us by their duty call  
To fight and die for them,  
Far off where they can't see or hear the noise.

Of gurgling throats filled full with blood,  
Of weeping in the dark,  
Or cries for mercy, mangled legs, and eyes that see no more.  
The carcass stench in our filthy trench,  
Twisted silent bodies in the mud,  
Unanswered prayers, lost hope, and horrid senseless gore.

We know the place too well, we do,  
We die there every day  
For causes we will never know nor hope to understand.  
We die for you to live in peace.  
We die because we must.  
We band of brothers bound forever by a sacred holy trust.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

The where is here, the war is now.

Our gift is all we've got.

There is no falling back today, no running, no retreat.

We are the warriors of this world,

We suffer, fight and die each day

For the figures on someone's corporate balance sheet.

Verses for a Wounded World





## War Songs

### **Standing Ready**

The battle outside is raging,  
Warfare blind people are waging  
To conquer some thought,  
That we know they cannot,  
So we wait,  
And we watch,  
And stand ready!

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### Farewell

Cradle your head on my wounded arm,  
And keep quiet. The enemy's near.  
We're safe for now. I'll stay with you, friend,  
Till the Signalmans says, "All clear!"

My arm? It's ok. Don't worry 'bout me.  
I've been wounded before, as you know.  
'Tis nothing. A scratch. How you doin'? Much pain?  
Your bleeding is starting to slow.

Don't you worry 'bout Sue, she's got Suzy and Mom.  
Is there something you want me to say?  
I'll tell 'em. Be sure. As soon as I'm home,  
If I survive through the fighting today.

I can almost just see where the other boys are,  
In the trenches just over that hill.  
I would carry you over my shoulder, old friend,  
But, the enemy's watching us, still.

Your bleeding has stopped, and that's a good thing.  
But we're pinned down, and I'm feeling weak.  
They shot us all up. They shot us up good.  
Hold on, buddy. Don't try to speak.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

Lie still. I think I hear footsteps!  
They're searching for us in these trees.  
There's a dozen or more, and they're closing in fast.  
Here they come now, so keep silent, please.

It's been a long battle, this battle of ours.  
We fought hard for the red, white, and blue.  
But, this battle is lost. The enemy's won,  
Though our purpose was noble and true.

A moment more, and we'll both be gone  
To a much safer place than here,  
A heaven where warriors will battle no more,  
With no orders, no pain, and no fear.

Cradle your head on my wounded arm,  
And keep quiet. Our victory's near.  
Your safe with me now. I'll stay with you, friend,  
Till the Signalman says, "All clear!"

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### **The Falcon**

The falcon sat calmly, no reason for life,  
My nemesis question, with eyes like a knife,  
He sat on his platform, unsupported and seemed  
Captive only of the moment, guardian only of his dreams.

Outnumbered, surrounded, while cannon explode,  
Trumpets raged rampant, and the dust from the road,  
Sifted soft through the window, a visage of doom,  
But the battle of meaning, was here in this room.

Outnumbered, surrounded, we waited the night,  
Till stars of the morning, gave way to the light,  
Blood red, a warning, but then came the blue.  
As I looked around me, and saw only you.

Outnumbered, surrounded, by all we could see,  
I sat with the falcon, who never saw me,  
For I'm but an image, somewhere in your eye,  
I'm just another falcon, and you another I.

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## War Songs

### **At Dawn's Gray Fog**

Dear friends in the field,  
At dawn's gray fog,  
Awaiting day and battle,  
Permit me to remember you  
And sing your dying song.

The night is fading into day.  
Soon the enemies' guns  
Will sicken you  
With death ...

While I rest here,  
In the quiet of my tiny room  
And write  
Of the peace  
Your pains purchase  
For me.

Let me sing your song well,  
As you go, brave friends  
To your battle and the call.

Make your mark.  
Find your destiny.  
This, your dying love,  
Is Love indeed!

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### **Melrose Goodman**

In an unmarked grave on the side of a hill  
Lie the bones of a man with the truth.  
Melrose Goodman,  
A warrior too early retired,  
And beside him his sweet wife Ruth.

Melrose was faithful as faithful can be.  
He fought with the Texas Brigade.  
Tall, handsome, he fought  
For the cause of the South,  
With his long rifle, handgun, and blade.

They charged across two miles of wide open field,  
'Gainst a rain of cannon ball hell.  
Of five-thousand men,  
Six hundred survived,  
Where young Melrose Goodman fell.

A young sergeant went later to give his report  
That the men in that mission had tried.  
Sweet Ruth heard the news  
In a torrent of tears,  
And two weeks later the poor woman died.

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## War Songs

The war was lost, of that we are sure.  
And there's no way we'll ever regain,  
The cost of the blood,  
And the tears that were shed,  
Or the souls of strong men who were slain.

But, Melrose knows. He's asleep by his wife,  
And the two of them know the truth.  
War cannot right,  
The lives that were lost,  
To Melrose and his sweet wife Ruth.

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## War Songs

### **Where Then?**

We're only a few of the many,  
Who fought for peace and failed.  
We made peace with each other,  
But not with them,  
Within whom hot hate prevailed.

There is a time that time will tell  
When life has tolled its toll,  
When all that is  
Is all wrapped up  
In the heart of a warrior's soul.

Where will you and I be then?  
Will our songs be with sorrow or mirth?  
Where are we now,  
When we're oh so near  
Being buried 'neath six feet of earth?

The time will come when life will toll,  
With an end of the songs warriors sing  
In this star-spangled world  
Of make-believe,  
Where our goal was some gilded ring.

Verses for a Wounded World





## War Songs

Wedded to Christ forever at last,  
Souls saved for glory, and then,  
We will stand strong and fast  
'Till that last trumpet blast,  
Brothers in arms to the end.

## Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### **After the Rain**

Many's the heart that's sad and blue,  
Why must our soldiers be slain,  
Leaving us waiting for their return,  
After the rain.

God will make good, that's what they say,  
Washing away our pain.  
But what kind of memory can bring back the joy,  
After the rain?

Let God be God, my friends say to me,  
Someday you'll see it plain.  
Sunshine dispels the sorrows of life,  
After the rain.

But, slaughtered by bullets of lies they were,  
Murdered for governments' gain,  
Death stole their future that won't come back  
After the rain.

Many's the heart that's breaking now,  
Millions who share our pain,  
Praying for children's return someday,  
After the rain.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

Days tick our moments to bitter dust,  
Time we can never contain,  
All will be better someday, they say,  
After the rain.

Maybe tomorrow will bring new life,  
Breaking war's horrible chain.  
Maybe tomorrow will dry our tears,  
After the rain.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### **One Man Said**

One man said to another man's dad,  
"There's something you ought to know.  
Johnny's talkin' back to the town hall clerk,  
And he's fixin' to start quite a row.

Seems he was down at the Courthouse last week,  
Shoutin' and wavin' his arms,  
'Cause the town hall clerk said he had to pay tax  
To help Chrysler and Home Dairy Farms.

They're in bankruptcy, you know,  
National security's at stake,  
So the leaders said chip in and pay,  
So the farmers and Chrysler can make

A profit for shareholders out on the ridge,  
The ones that live fancy and win  
All the favors of life, far from mobile home life,  
And Johnny says he won't give in.

"I'll pay when hell's solid froze over."  
He said, "No!" with a stamp of his foot,  
And the town hall clerk, with a sly crooked grin,  
Made a note in his giant green book.

Verses for a Wounded World





## War Songs

Poor Johnny, he just won't give in to the rest.  
He fights hard and sometimes he wins.  
And, when he talks back in that way that he does,  
He gives his wife Jacqueline grins.

She thinks just like he does. Well she *does* you know.  
She likes Johnny just as he is.  
They've a place out back of the diner on Tenth,  
A lean-to garage, and at least thirteen kids.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### **In God's Hand**

We're in God's Hand today,  
Cause we battled as we should,  
By our officers' orders to obey.  
We fought the best we could,  
Righting wrongs by what is good,  
Hoping war would keep the violence at bay.

Now, time has had its consequence,  
And all we did is done.  
There's eternity for recompense  
To know what love has won  
By the battles we've begun,  
And we pray that all our killing now makes sense.

We weren't fighting for the land,  
Nor for the flag or status quo,  
Or some principle some people think is grand.  
Breath and blood we all let go,  
For Mom, Aunt Martha, Kate, and Joe.  
Now we're safe at last in God's Eternal Hand.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### Crystal Ball

In front of every crystal ball  
(in front of and behind)  
There sits a soul who wonders at  
The very many kind  
Of folks who search this planet round  
For what they never find.

The seekers seek, the seers proclaim.  
Each one their will to please.  
The one would know, the other tell,  
What neither of them sees.  
The seer predicts for money,  
His voters' fears to ease.

Today's not all we hoped for.  
Tomorrow's all is yet to be.  
There's brighter days ahead we're told,  
Unlike the history  
That marks our bloody past with pain  
And death's dark mystery.

A crystal ball they scrutinize,  
Their eyes ablaze with hope,  
The one that he'll receive his pay,  
The other (what a dope)  
Who thinks that anyone can see  
Tomorrow through the voter scope.

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## War Songs

So politico-economists,  
With wisdom we dare not disdain,  
Give government the thoughts by which  
Our sovereign power they profane,  
While soldiers die by laws they make  
To shift the justice balance frame.

While warriors pay with blood to know  
Which way our Union's flag will swing,  
Soldiers are squandered, bleed and die,  
In fields that never see Spring,  
While Washington chats and watches the Dow,  
Counting profits more wars can bring.

We'd like to see them tote a stone  
Or clean a loo or two.  
We'd like to see them huddled close  
When toes are turning blue,  
When there's no kitchen filled with food,  
No shelter, bread, or stew.

It makes no sense for us to die  
(it's not our fault, the debt),  
Yet pay we pay, and pay some more,  
When all we give cannot abet  
The promises they promise,  
Paid by blood and painful sweat.

Verses for a Wounded World





## War Songs

They claim to know the future  
Of our homes, our jobs, our trade;  
We've trusted them thus far, at least,  
(in spite of the mess they've made).  
I wonder if they really know,  
Or are they over-paid.

They promise brighter days ahead  
To put us in the pink  
By laws they write and ponder  
In their politician rink,  
And all the while we're dying  
From our wounds of crimson ink.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### **Cherokee Ashes**

Feathers in his hair,  
He carries pride.  
Colors on his face  
In times of war, the children cry.  
Stallions running through his land  
Beneath an Indian sky,  
Cherokee.

Living through his words,  
The story's told  
Of ancestors before him  
A hundred years ago.  
Beneath the shadow of an arrow  
Lies a trail of Indian blood  
From soldiers' swords,  
Cherokee.

Sitting by the fire,  
The evening goes.  
With the songs of owls and teardrops,  
The stories flow and flow.  
Flames soon turn to ashes.  
It will all be gone, you know,  
Cherokee.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### **Fools on the Hill**

There is a town where I long to go, and stay until I die.  
My friends are there, the ones who care,  
And there I would go I.

But the hard times are now.  
There are fools at the brow  
Of the hill armed with iron and steel.  
So we'll stick to our guns  
'Till there are no more guns,  
But the guns of our iron-hearted will.

We'll breach the wall and capture them all,  
And turn them out of war.  
We'll breach their wall and capture them all,  
And turn them out of war.

For the hard times are now.  
There are fools at the brow  
Of the hill armed with iron and steel.  
So we'll stick to our guns  
'Till there are no more guns,  
But the guns of our iron-hearted will.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

For the fools on the hill armed with iron and steel.  
Are thicker and thicker, not thin.  
There are fools on the crest of that hill, don't you see,  
Armed with cannon and phosphor and steel.  
So we'll stick to our guns, 'till there are no more guns,  
But the guns of our iron-hearted will.

And then we'll return to the towns that we love,  
To the friends, to the laughter,  
And I  
Will stay till my welcome  
Is well worn through,  
And there I hope to die.

For the hard times are now.  
There are fools at the brow  
Of that hill armed with iron and steel.  
So we'll stick to our guns  
'Till there are no more guns,  
But the guns of our iron-hearted will.

Verses for a Wounded World





## War Songs

### **Men Who Won't Fit In**

Tell the general we'll be marching in the morning,  
If ya' see 'im, sir. If he's alive, that is.  
'Cause there's a trumpet calling morning,  
Just as sure as time will tell,  
And we'll be marchin' in the morning  
Straight to hell.

There's a way that seemeth right  
To us men 'twixt dark and light,  
And a few who follow what we know within.  
We don't answer to our wives,  
Nor to our friends, nor kith or kin.  
We just follow what we're ordered,  
'Cause our orders come from him.

Some of us have courage,  
Some of us have none,  
Some are simply muscle, skin, and bone.  
So, we do the things we're called to do,  
Believe in what he says,  
And wish we weren't so very far from home.

We'll attack the strongest forces,  
Ignore the fiercest fires of hell,  
And we'll walk the very truest second mile.  
We will give until we're spent,  
Fight until our hearts are rent,  
Just for the gen'ral's nod and for his smile.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

If ya' knew him you would understand.  
He's been there hot as hell,  
And he told us, "Keep on fightin' 'til the end,"  
'Cause the general is for us.  
He'll go anywhere we need.  
He'll charge the hill against the stiffest foolish foe,  
And he'll make it back with most of us,  
A victor all the way,  
It's for him that we'll be marching in the morn.

It's for him, and Jim and Jeb and Joe,  
For Abraham and John.  
Tell the gen'ral we're not quittin'  
Tell the gen'ral we'll be there.  
Tell the gen'ral we'll be marchin' in the morn.

For the bells are heavy tollin' in the churchyard.  
There are women cryin' heavy in the rain.  
There's a lot of us who just ain't comin' home,  
And that's for sure,  
But, we're marchin' for the gen'ral.  
Yep! We're doin' it for him.  
We'll be marching for the gen'ral just the same.

Here's to all the boys and girls,  
At home with sodas and their curls,  
We would like to be there with you,  
We would like to hold your hand.  
We would like to sing and dance and cry and win.

Verses for a Wounded World



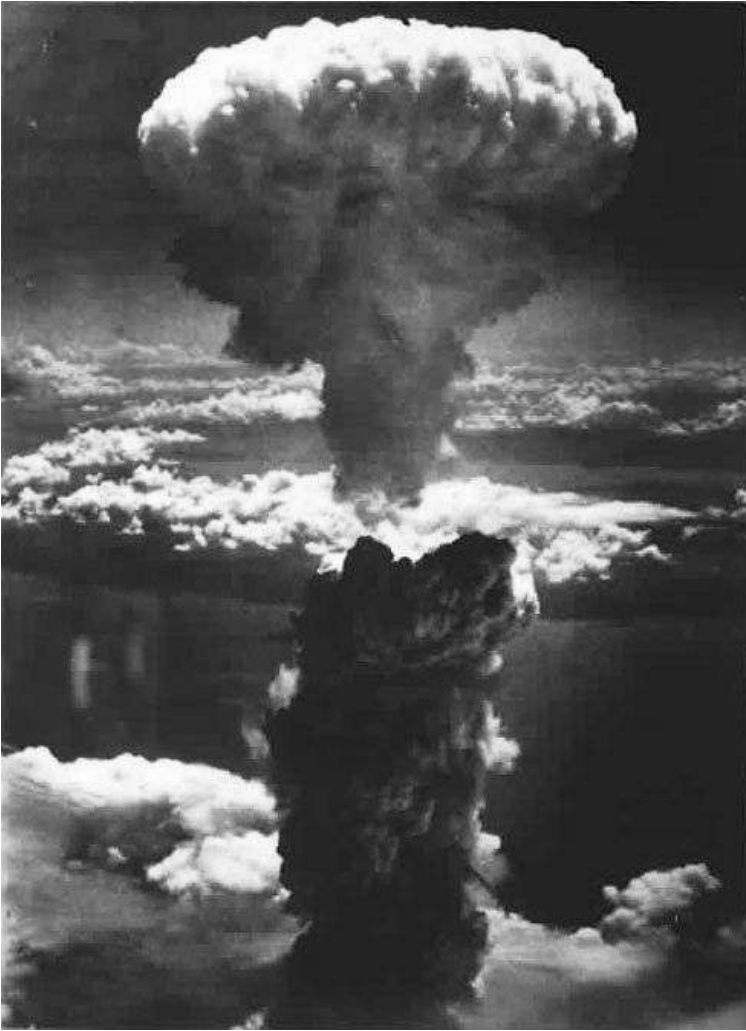
## War Songs

But, we're marchin' in the mornin'  
An' that's all there is to that,  
'Cause the gen'ral said, "We have to,"  
And we're doin' it for him.

For there's fools up there At the crest of the hill  
Armed with cannon and phosphor and steel.  
They won't follow the rules that they taught in our schools,  
And I wonder, "How'd they ever get in?"  
'Cause they don't love the little man  
Like they once did.  
They's lopsided the schoolhouse  
And took our kids' minds,  
Till they think they are safe from their sin.  
But there's just so much pain that my neighbors will bear,  
And we're angry at war from within.

'Cause the rules is the rules, as the gen'ral taught,  
And we're trustin' our lives to him.  
If we're wrong, we'll pay heavy  
In hell, that's for sure.  
But we'll know in the end  
That we followed our friend,  
And we're marchin' in the mornin'  
Just for him.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### **Arrows in the Sky**

Are there arrows in the sky to show the way,  
Angelic chevrons stained with soldier's perfect blood?  
Do we see the signs that call us to the battle of ideas,  
The War of Words?

Or do we wait with our children for a future unseen,  
Hoping someone will struggle for our peace,  
Praying some strongman will fix all that's wrong  
And right our capsized ship of state for us.

We work in our own way, each of us,  
But what we've been doing or not doing,  
Isn't working.

Broken families. Deceit in politics.  
Religious fervor wreaking terror in the name of God.  
Wolves on Wall Street.  
Where will it lead?

Christian leaders say the world must end,  
That satan's in control,  
Yet none will take the helm of state,  
Lest they lose their tax exemption.

Our nation's in a shame-full fix.  
Who'll fix the fix we're in?  
Please, someone, step up to our plate  
And hit a home run for us.

Verses for a Wounded World





## War Songs

### Drop Outs

They saw clear through the cause of society's ills,  
Smelled the stench of the traps and the trappings.  
They noted there's nothing worth notice at all  
In the rompings and stompings and flappings.

They saw that our rulers weren't ruling us well,  
Were on guard against those who'd propose  
To fix what is broken by the simplified token  
Of putting a ring in their nose.

They worked in the subways and kitchens and banks,  
They bought groceries, and movies, and gas,  
They were livin' the good life, no doubt about that,  
With their drugs and their drinkin' and sass.

Their opinions, like noses, stuck out on their face,  
They dropped out and did naught but complain,  
They were kids of the 60's who knew right from wrong,  
And, from dying they knew to abstain.

So others could fight their fights for them,  
To pay for the fun back at home,  
Drop outs are drop outs, and that's how it's been,  
When soldiers who fight don't come home.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

It's always the same, right or wrong, you see,  
And, it's not war to blame for our fall.  
The problem is us who let things go wrong,  
By doing nothing at all.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### Hay Bales

"They're mowin' the low forty now," Ivan said.  
It was time.  
They was strong.  
I was sick.

It was damp inside our old stone house  
Where we all lived,  
Damp, dark,  
Drab and dingy,  
Cold, sweaty walls in winter,  
Moldy air in other months.

Even didn't dry the damp,  
And,  
When winter came it brought more rain.

Mold filled places  
Industry would never clean,  
Nor dreams rub dry.

Our homes are stone here.  
We're not so rich as some suppose.  
We have good hay and cows,  
But, the weather here is raw,  
Ugly,  
Foreboding.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

Even wind has a name.  
They call it Old One.

The cows don't mind.  
They wander in 'round sundown,  
No matter what.

Old Ivan and Sue set to milk them,  
Long into night they milk and carry buckets,  
Cleaning ladles in the light of oil lamps.

Bob died last week.  
He had no place to go.  
Threw bales last season then turned dark around the edges,  
Got weak all of a sudden.

Murielle down the road said she'd make a new potato pie  
It I'd come down for dinner next week.  
Might bring some fresh bread from Evans' bakery  
If I get paid Friday.

Sure is hazy.  
Can't see the stars as good these days.  
Best time's midnight, I reckon,  
When all the kids is gone to sleep.

Verses for a Wounded World





## War Songs

Oh, one thing more,  
Those folks in Washington are missin' the point,  
Some of 'em.  
We ain't no debutante at the governor's ball.

We're the people,  
And there's a whole bunch more of us than there is of them.

Just then the door burst open,  
"Ivan Ivanovich?  
State police!"

Verses for a Wounded World



## Waiting Orders

All day horsemen stood long that long frozen ridge,  
Five hundred well hidden from the valley below,  
Down by the river where teepees were pitched,  
Children playing in soft drifts of snow.  
Puffs of white and strands of grey,  
Trailed upward from every tent,  
But as dark stole the day, the horsemen prepared  
To ride down 'fore the long night was spent.

Whistle in the darkness after twilight.  
Soft snort of a horse as a rider approached from the East.  
Fire ordered down on that Indian town,  
Progress must punish the peace.  
Resigned to their duty, they reined in their steeds,  
And began the long sidle down,  
Down into darkness with guns at their sides,  
Hard faces frozen in a murderous frown.

Downward they sidled toward killing and death,  
Down to the valley's wide floor,  
Sudden screams, loud reports, that was all to be heard,  
It was over. Indians lived there no more.  
Into the camp rode the horsemen,  
All English, all warriors, all tall.  
Death was quick, undelayed, without mercy,  
By their orders they slaughtered them all.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

Killing was over by morning,  
When the sun found those Templars of right,  
Returning to camp with their vict'ry in war,  
Waiting orders.

Verses for a Wounded World



## **An Eye for an Eye**

There in the ruin wrought by ignorance again,  
In twisted wasteful wreckage of the bombers' evil scheme,  
There where democracy demands what it can't have,  
Lies a soul who now will never know her dream.

An eye for an eye is the story that they tell,  
I have heard, for I know where it begins.  
There are fools on the hill, who ignore the people's will,  
So it happens, and it's happened once again.

The dead girl was not finished, hadn't learned, did not yet  
know,  
All the wonder that her life could one day be.  
She had not yet found full measure  
Of the love her soul could bring  
To correct such horrid thinking, and prevent this hated thing.  
She is lost from us forever by the curse of anarchy.

An eye for an eye is the war cry killers yell,  
I have heard, for I know where it begins.  
There are fools on the hill, who ignore the people's will,  
So it happens, and it's happened once again.

When will we tell them they must love us all or none?  
When will we press them for our share?  
When will we make them see that US means all are one,  
And the government that's good is also fair.

Verses for a Wounded World





## War Songs

An eye for an eye is the answer that they yell,  
I have heard, for I know where it all begins.  
There are fools on the hill, who ignore the people's will,  
So it happens, and it's happened once again.

When will we show them that we mean what we demand,  
That we don't intend to let the balance swing,  
That it must stop where law treats equally each one,  
So the bells of liberty can truly ring?

An eye for an eye is the gospel that they sell,  
I have heard, and I know where it all begins.  
There are fools on the hill, who ignore the people's will,  
So it happens, and it's happened once again.

When will we walk as equals, side by side?  
To take from none to give to others, as we do?  
When will our nation see the nation it can be,  
With stripes surrendered to the stars within the blue?

An eye for an eye is the chant that leads to hell,  
I have heard, for I have been where it begins.  
There are fools on the hill. They ignore the people's will.  
So it happens, and it's happened once again.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

When will we use peace to end oppression?  
Fight with words instead of bombs and guns and blood?  
When statesmen praise high principle and teach the rule of  
law,  
Instead of pandering to partisans and slinging ugly mud.

When will we see the sickness that is killing us within?  
Disease that only fairness and equality can cure?  
When will the warring factions acquiesce  
That only Justice when she's blindfolded is pure?

Why does it happen, the horrors of war?  
Why are the innocent killed?  
Why are the terrors of hatred unleashed  
And the voice of dissent harshly stilled?

Where is the answer to stop all this pain?  
Where the shelter to which we can run?  
Where the Truth that was told on that Fourth of July,  
One for all, all are equal, ... all one?

An eye for an eye is the stench that I smell,  
I have heard ... I know where it begins.  
Those fools on the hill still ignore the people's will,  
So it happens, and it's happened once again.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

Long ago the doors were closed  
At Independence Hall in June.  
They worked, those men who made us free,  
Locked in that crowded room,

Until the Fourth day of July  
When they told us the Truth we need.  
They said all are equal. That's just how it is.  
Planting liberty with independence seed.

We need to publish once again that Truth,  
The lighthouse of law, our guiding star.  
We need to tell our leaders, "Make things right for all, do it  
now!  
Regardless of our gender, skin, or the other things we are."

Make government obey the Truth  
Ring out the old. Ring in the new.  
Down with red. Up with the blue.  
Begin at once. Begin with you.

An eye for an eye is the law we must dispel  
From the hearts of our friends where it begins.  
For there are fools on the hill, who ignore the people's will,  
And till we fix our law the hate will strike again.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### **Where is the Balance?**

Where is the balance, my stout-hearted friends,  
Wherein weighs light and darkness.  
Where hangs the ponderous great decisions,  
And who will decide,  
And how?

Where is the truth our teachers said would win,  
When war and lies are banned?  
How long will we wait  
Till the leaders get it straight,  
And joy rings all over our land?

Where is the balance?  
Who holds the string?  
What are we learning from them?  
Are they wise? Are they true?  
Are they really for you?  
Or is love by their law now condemned?

When will we see Justice for me  
And for you and for you and for we?  
When will the balance be clearly revealed,  
And the lies sent to hell  
And our families healed  
From this death of your leaders' big deals?

Verses for a Wounded World





## War Songs

When will you demand  
What can only be yours  
When you stand up and fight  
For the things that are right  
And demand that the balance be free?

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### **Young Tartan**

Fair bonnie Billie lies a-dyin' in the field,  
In the grass where so many were slain,  
Felled by a foe who would not yield.  
Dinna' let him die in vain.

Oh what an hour, what an hour indeed,  
With the shouts of that Tartan yell,  
For the time had come for that honored breed  
To cast their foe to hell.

They wished for peace, no ill at heart  
To kill the men they felled,  
They only wanted to hold their ground,  
So, they stood, and they fought, and they held.

They did not cross the River Tweed,  
To invade where they didna' belong.  
But, the enemy came, so they stood their ground,  
Made bold by their bagpipes' song.

They took not their battle to conquer a foe,  
They fought for their own Scottish sod,  
They waited, strong men, with pickaxe and pike,  
And they put all their trust in God.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

Six hundred stood against three thousand strong,  
Yet, hundreds of enemy fell,  
And just a few dozen of Scottish men,  
But, young Billy Campbell as well.

He died for a cause that was noble and good,  
For a home and a wife and his land.  
His blood paid the price to let others enjoy  
The dream that poor Billy had planned.

Verses for a Wounded World



## Rulebook

Once there was a pleasant man, good to the core.  
He was one of the honest sort.  
He was kind. He was bright.  
Always stood for what's right,  
'Til death cut his happiness short.

They called him to fight in their make-believe war,  
For a cause that was flimsy at best.  
So he died in their fray,  
And they found him one day  
Clutching something close to his chest.

It was just an old King James Bible,  
Smear'd over with blood and clay,  
And there in his grip  
The blue velvet strip,  
And a verse I remember today.

“Be of good courage, he will strengthen your heart,  
All you who hope in the Lord.”  
And there lay my friend,  
Still, muddy, and dead,  
And beside him a rusting steel sword.

Verses for a Wounded World





## War Songs

'Tis not to the swift come the blessings,  
Nor to those who seek riches and gain.  
The blessings God saves  
For the men in their graves,  
Who give without counting the pain.

The Book holds a secret not many men find,  
'Bout a Mystery strange and sublime,  
Of the Spirit of Love,  
Who comes down from above,  
To bring peace in our battle with time.

With courage His Spirit will strengthen  
The daring who fight for what's right,  
Who live without guile,  
And look for His Smile,  
Through the tunnel that leads to His Light.

We share peace together, that's one thing for sure,  
Because soldiers never say, "Never."  
We're blessed by their war,  
That's just how things are  
For us on this side of forever.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### If You Let ‘Em

To hell with them, those liars,  
They’ll trap you by and by,  
Clip you on the chin  
Smirk through their grin,  
“It was somebody else, not I.”  
If you let ‘em.

Or, just as often, they’ll try to say  
(If you let them, that is, they will.)  
That it’s you causin’ trouble.  
“You need to be fixed.  
See a doctor. Read a book. Take a pill.”

Or, as often as not, they’ll advise you,  
“See here, you’re way out of control,  
You simply aren’t right.  
Let us show you the way.  
Take a label. Take a number. Give us sway

In *your* life, this *one* life that’s yours, just for you,  
Don’t look. Don’t doubt.  
We’ve your best interest at heart.  
We are true. Just relax.  
Be like us. And remember!  
If you don’t bless the bell curve,  
The bell curve won’t bless you!”

Verses for a Wounded World



## The Sapphire Ship

I saw a ship of sapphire stone,  
Carved by a fiery knife,  
And the sapphire ship was sailing,  
On the crystal sea of life,  
Far, far beyond where time begins,  
Where truth is all there is,  
The sapphire ship sailed on and on,  
On toward the final abyss.

And I, alone, stood book in hand,  
My pen allowed no rest,  
For so long as I wrote, and so long alone,  
The stormy seas she'd breast,  
With the bow of an eagle's beak she sailed,  
And tall spars for the eagle's nest.

She rode the waves as handsomely  
As any an admiral's gig,  
And the stars were bright,  
And the endless night,  
Touched by a moon so big  
That all the night was brightness for her joy.

"You will learn what is," came a voice from above,  
And I all electric within,  
Transfixed by a moment impossible,  
I saw what I cannot say.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### **Ma? Is That You?**

It's cold here, Ma, in the dead of the night,  
Then burnin' hot during the day.  
They shot off my legs this morning, Ma,  
And they're comin' to take me away.

It's not so bad, when you think of it, Ma.  
They got legs they can sew back on.  
It's not that I mind all that much, Ma,  
But, my girl, Ma, she'll hate that they're gone.

They're shippin' me home, Ma, and that's a good thing.  
They say that the fighting is done.  
Not sure why we came here to start with,  
But, soon you'll be seein' your son.

You'll be proud, Ma, they gave me a medal.  
It's all shiny and makes me real proud.  
Tell the family don't fuss when I get there,  
You know how I hate a big crowd.

There's lots of us came here, ya' know, Ma?  
And lots of us ain't comin' home.  
So, I'll see you on Tuesday, if all goes well.  
Tell Suzy which funeral home.

Verses for a Wounded World





## War Songs

### **Just to Show**

I just heard today that it's money that makes America go.  
He was speaking to a microphone my tax dollars bought.  
He was sharp.  
He was neat.  
He was clean.  
And he harped on how much we need finance reform,  
So that finance can run the show.

So I thought of his necktie, his tie clasp, and pin.  
I thought of the building  
And the builders with their squares and compasses,  
And the special place he was standing in.

And I wondered,  
"Who is he?"  
Has he ever seen a cornfield?  
Has he ever milked a cow?  
Has he ever swung a hammer in his lifetime?  
What is he saying now?

Finance is the bedrock of democracy,  
It came across quite something just like that,  
As if the money were all that counts,  
And the rest are just slaves  
To the state that we're in.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

I thought of the workers who laid all that rock  
For the dome high above him  
And the walls that hemmed him in,  
And I wondered if he ever worked in his life  
For a sawback, a C-note, or fin.  
I wondered if he'd ever been down on his luck  
In a pinch  
In a bind  
In a pen,

And I thought of the miners down deep in the ground.  
What would those fellows think about him.

I just heard it today,  
I did hear it, you know.  
My ears don't deceive me that often.  
This politician said  
That money runs the show,  
And his hard line was not going to soften.

He wanted reform,  
No more post-30's minds  
Keeping money from making more money  
Oh, no.  
Let the financiers run the show.  
Make believe that they know all they need to know.  
Just let them run the show.  
Don't say no.

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

Just be stupid, he told me.  
Don't think.  
Don't ask questions.  
Just go with the flow.  
Let us run things.  
You'll like it.  
Let money run the show.

Well, just to show I know the show,  
Consider this, I offer,  
Where would Warbucks get his dough  
If it weren't for the warriors  
And men who swing big hammers  
and carry saws in wooden boxes?

Where would money be  
But for the working man who makes it  
With his hammers and nails  
And saws in wooden boxes  
And rifles and grenades  
And a willing heart?

Verses for a Wounded World



## War Songs

### **Can Justice Lose Her head?**

Can Justice lose her head  
And keep on posing in the dread  
Of force against whose edict  
None can stand opposed?

Can Justice lose her head  
And founder in a frozen North Atlantic storm  
When all the world was certain she was safe  
In Southampton?

Can Justice lose her head  
And know not what she was  
Before she lost it?  
While children weep for fathers,  
And women weep alone.

Can Justice lose her head,  
Lose sight of what she is required to be,  
As if any of us have the slightest chance  
Of holding fast to live here on this planet?

Can such things happen?  
Nay, friends, 'tis justice with the little "j" we fear  
And for whose wild extremities  
We keep our souls  
In good repair.

# Verses for a Wounded World

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## War Songs

### **Today, Friend. Today!**

In the children's eyes  
Shines the hope of tomorrows  
And dreams of today.

In children's laughter  
Sings the song of all ages  
And joy for this day.

In a small child's wish  
Waits the rapture of new hope  
And purpose today.

In a child's thank you  
Lie all blessings worth labor  
And comfort this day.

In a baby's smile  
All wonder of life is known  
And peace for this day.

In a child's terror  
The demand for human love  
Cries loudly today.

In the children's world  
Truth begs us fight for their peace  
Today, friend, today.

# Verses for a Wounded World

## **Intrepid Wings**

Intrepid wings fly on.  
Fly on against the hateful night.  
Fly farther toward the void unknown,  
And mark your way  
    With gladness shared,  
    With glorying in song.  
    Shed joy where sorrow  
        Weeps alone,  
    And by your voice,  
    And by your voyage,  
    Take us all along,  
Until your flight is finished, flown ...  
And then against the rule of death itself,  
Fly on  
And be.  
Fly on intrepid wings.  
Fly on.

# Verses for a Wounded World

## War Songs

### **To America's Strength**

To all brave souls beneath the deep  
and those who in the earth now sleep,  
to soldiers, sailors, every one  
to whom our God will say, "Well done!",  
we owe our liberty and our lives,  
and pray God speed you home.

*On a Monument to honor the 6,700  
American Merchant Marine Volunteers,  
who lost their lives in World War II.*

*Placed 22 May 1995 on the 50th anniversary of  
The Maritime Service Training Center,  
Bayboro Harbor, St.Petersburg, Florida*

# Verses for a Wounded World