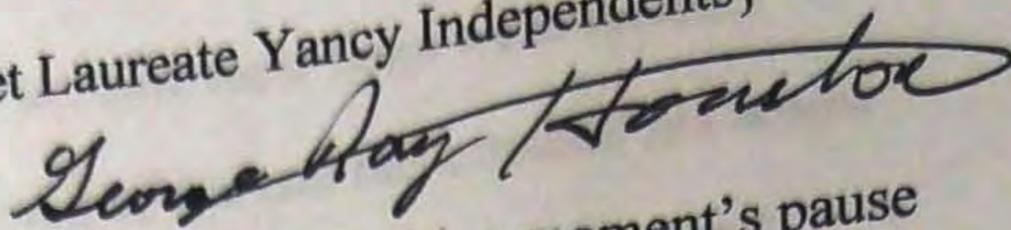


We Lay the Wreaths on Hallowed Ground

By: George Ray Houston

{Poet Laureate Yancy Independents}



The flowers and garlands with a moment's pause

Rendered in prayer their Holy cause,

Upon the monument we lay to rest,

The final chapter; they gave their best.

Upon the fields of battle in fallen death

All are gone; posterity is left.

The bodies of valor beneath the stone,

Their heroic death, all alone,

Enemy invaders we deplore,

Unwelcome presence for evermore

As we lay the wreaths for our fallen kin

For a war in which the foe would win.

O gallant warriors suppressed to yield

Upon the sites of a battlefield

In yesteryear's war for freedom's quest,

The soldiers stood the battles' test.

Our monuments carved from nature's stone

Enriched in history and heritage known

When family lore of nostalgia is shown

And the bodies of our heroes will lie alone,

Their souls throughout heaven will roam.

Tested today from an enemy's delight

We stand in defiance, secured to fight

And rally behind our soldiers in gray,

Our deceased guardians of another day.

Upon the battlefields and rivers the blood ran red,

We celebrate with reverence our Confederate dead.

The days of Lee and Stonewall united,

Their skills in battle ignited

Fire in the souls of the legions in gray

To end the Yankee invasion of the day;

Upon the fields of destruction our heroes are laid,

The death of our kin from a federal raid.

Neglect of Yankee repentance,

The Confederate cause craving independence;

Our ancestors watched their freedom sore,

Far away from Britain's shore

As our ancestors fought with valor to save

The united colonies that our patriots would crave.

We lay the wreathes on hallowed ground

The Confederate fortitude always abound;

Upon the grave sites of our soldiers in gray

Remembered with solemnity on this solemn day

As we place the wreathes with special care

On monuments and graves everywhere.

We inherit today insults at home

And all the places we might roam,

Upon the fields of modern day

Enemies wish to take away

Our monuments and flags from yesterday

And we must stand upon our land,

Stand and fight for what is right,

We salute the flags our soldiers would hold

In high regard we ne'er must fold;

Yesteryear's heroes who wore the gray

Fought Yankee invaders along the way,

From First Manassas to their Appomattox day

They made us proud of our soldiers in gray;

With battles fought on Southern ground

Gallantry and valor was much abound,

Their test was contrived with much desire

As they marched to their death in the flaming fire;

Fredericksburg, Chickamauga, Cold Harbor and Cemetery Hill,

The eminent fighting with courage and will;

Devils Den, Missionary Ridge and Sunken Road

Through the battles each carried his load
Until the time their flags were furled;
The beginning of the end has crushed his world.
Their bodies have long since laid to rest,
They gave their life to complete the test,
The honor we cherish; their bravery we crave,
Through their virtue and valor we salute the brave
As we lay the wreaths upon their grave.