

ONCE WE WERE YOUTHS WITH A FUTURE

Once we were youths with a future,
Rugged, and full of grit,
Headstrong, ambitious and fiery,
Known as the choice of the fit.
Now we're a nation's burden
Burned out, weary and lame,
Old crocks to the young generation,
But still we would do it again.

We worked each one at his calling,
We were known from the east to the west
As the flower of the country's manhood,
Acknowledged and found the best.
Then came the call of the bugle
From the land far over the sea,
Calling for youth and its glory,
Answered by you and by me.

Then we were shoved into khaki
Told how to handle a gun;
Hailed as the cream of creation,
The greatest men under the sun.
We trained, we toiled and we sweated
Till we learned what we had to know.
Then we were placed on a troop train
To embark to the land of the foe.