

## **BURY ME WITH SOLDIERS**

I've played a lot of roles in life;  
I've met a lot of men.  
I've done some things I'd like to  
think  
I wouldn't do again  
And though I'm young, I'm old  
enough  
To know someday I'll die.  
And think about what lies  
beyond, And  
Besides whom I would lie.

Perhaps it doesn't matter much;  
Still if I had my choice,  
I'd want a grave amongst  
soldiers when  
At last death quells my voice  
I'm sick of the hypocrisy  
Of lectures by the wise  
I'll take the man with all his  
flaws  
Who goes, though scared, and  
dies.

The troops I know were  
commonplace;  
They didn't want the war

They fought because their fathers  
and  
Their father's fathers had before.  
They cursed and killed and wept

God knows they're easy to deride

But bury me with men like these;  
They faced the guns and died.

It's funny when you think of it,  
The way we got along.  
We'd come from different worlds  
To live in one, where no one  
belongs  
I didn't even like them all and,  
I'm sure they'd all agree.  
Yet, I would give my life for  
them,  
I hope. Some would for me.

So bury me with soldiers, please  
Though much maligned they be  
Yes, bury me with soldiers, for  
I miss their company.  
We will not soon see their like  
again  
We've had our fill of war.  
But, bury me with men like them  
Till someone else does more!

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