



Church bells ring out, our heads are bowed,
Soft rain provides a gentle shroud;
Familiar words sound crisp and clear,
And all the people gathered here
Respond with their remembrance,
In spoken, solemn reverence...

So many names engraved in stone,
Yet, scanning them, I feel alone,
Silent among the shuffling crowd,
Grief stricken, but immensely proud
Of such brave men, who, freed from pain
In Heaven's light, **we'll meet again...**

