

We Few, We So Fortunate Few ©

This story shall the good man teach his sons and daughters,
From this day on to the ending of the world,
Of those who stepped forward to answer the call
To bind up the wounds of a hemorrhaging world

And in such tales we shall be remembered.
We few, we happy few, we band of dreamers.

Those who have shed sweat and tears and hope with me.
Shall forever be my brothers and sisters bound deeper than the ties of
kinship

And those now a-bed, those for whom the gentle earth did not sing in
ancient rhyme to,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here, that they did not rise
against impossible odds,

And hold their humanity cheap whiles any speaks
of those that fought with us for river and prairie, savanna and ancient
oaks,
Who sought only the beauty of the wildflowers and song of the
meadowlark as payment for that sacrifice

We few, we so fortunate few.

Ed Collins 2020

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