

March 22, 1945

THE SOUND OF MARCHING FEET

I heard the sound of marching feet go by,
And for each boy my heart cried out in pain.
They were too young to fight; too young to die,
But every mother's plea had been in vain
When trying in some way to keep her boy
Home, safe from all the awful toils of war.
Each boy marched on with head held proudly high,
So proud to think that he was going to fight
For all such things that money could not buy
For freedom, happiness, all things so right.
He had no fear, but kept his spirits high
As on he marched into the still, blue night.
The sound of marching feet soon died away,
And all that we can do back home is pray.

-Pauline Ketcham-