

## THE COLORS OF FREE

If I should die before I wake  
Here is my wish, my last to make,  
When out you take my body to drag  
Cover it please with America's flag;  
Bestow upon me the colors of three  
My soul to know, at last I am free,  
Thoughts in death were none but true  
As I slipped away, I bid adieu.

No deed have I done, no hero am I  
Only love was my reason, my reason to die,  
Mine was my duty, my duty the best  
My life was its shield upon which it did rest;  
I gave no more than what I could  
I gave no less than what I would,  
I gave my all and all I did  
Now down upon me close my lid.

My manner of end I knew not of  
My order of leave came somewhere above,  
I was willing and went, what more can I say  
And now I am here, here where I lay;  
No cannon you'll fire, no volley you'll hear  
No taps of the bugle, not even a tear,  
The flag will sound the end of my story  
At peace under cover, with me and Old Glory.

K.M. Phelps

