

Patriotic Poem

Freedom Flies In Your Heart Like An Eagle

by Audie Murphy



Dusty old helmet, rusty old gun,
They sit in the corner and wait -
Two souvenirs of the Second World War
That have withstood the time, and the hate.

Mute witness to a time of much trouble.
Where kill or be killed was the law -
Were these implements used with high honor?
What was the glory they saw?

Many times I' ve wanted to ask them -
And now that we' re here all alone,
Relics all three of a long ago war -
Where has freedom gone?

Freedom flies in your heart like an eagle.
Let it soar with the winds high above
Among the spirits of soldiers now sleeping,
Guard it with care and with love.

I salute my old friends in the corner,
I agree with all they have said -
And if the moment of truth comes tomorrow,
I' ll be free, of By God, I' ll be dead!