

ETERNAL LIGHT AT ARLINGTON

There echoes in the silence of a late November day
The muffled drums and marching feet that carried him away
To a hillside in Virginia where his flame is burning bright
Where a widow mourns her loved one in the stillness of the night.

So tenderly with flaming torch as if from failing hand
She touched it to eternal light that shone for all the land
Then slowly they departed as their eyes began to fill
And saddened hearts were carried from the grave upon the hill.

The one with ringless finger clutched an emblem of the dead
To face the empty world alone without the man she wed
As tear drops of the mourners fell upon the hillside grave
The martyr was committed to a place among the brave.

In a grave across the river under blue Virginia skies
Under tributes of a nation our youthful leader lies
In the silence of the hour; in the stillness of the night
Go mourners to the hillside where his flame is burning bright.

Donald E. Reinert

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