

FAREWELL TO J. F. K.

Half-masted under saddened skies  
The emblem of his office flies  
The people mourn with disbelief  
The passing of the nation's Chief.

A nation's tears of grief are there  
We feel the sadness in the air  
An emptiness has set apart  
This day within the nation's heart.

Hail to the Chief; one last salute  
Along life's ever shortened route  
Cover him over and let him sleep  
Beneath the tears so many weep.

Beneath the final prayers we say  
To rest his soul so far away  
The man who gave so much for you  
God rest the man who saw it through.

Donald E. Reinert

*Donald E. Reinert*

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