

## Patriots

I. Grab your kevlar, grab your ruck  
recruits'll need both skill and luck  
Welcome, Soldier, to the battalion  
we're somewhat weary and newly back,  
hardened by death and experience;  
but here, put this welcome letter in  
your pack

from Harry F. Buggins  
Lieutenant Colonel  
Infantry, Commanding

II. Driver stop, dismount right  
fire team stack, learn to fight  
A job well done,  
young man, today you're best  
and for that, a training medal—  
then patience, war brings the rest

said Harry F. Buggins  
Lieutenant Colonel  
Infantry, Commanding

III. Dirty city, Tigris' crown  
behold Mosul, Jonah's town  
Welcome to Iraq  
boredom, danger, and fear  
to engage in combat and these combat  
The picture can't be displayed.  
we'll bring peace to this land of tears

wrote Harry F. Buggins  
Lieutenant Colonel  
Infantry, Commanding

IV. Fearful blast, all too close  
the IED almost kills us both  
Get off the Stryker, breach  
the house and flow;  
find the enemy, young  
rifle: go

Authenticated. (Harry F. Buggins  
Lieutenant Colonel  
Infantry, Commanding)



V. The blood is red, it's from his eyes  
up in the hatch my sergeant dies  
Mrs. Smith, my Soldier's sister,  
your brother's mission's done  
I honor him with heavy heart; please find  
enclosed his boots, tags, and pictured son

in sorrow, Harry F. Buggins  
Lieutenant Colonel  
Infantry, Commanding

VI. Evergreen trees, Cascade peaks,  
patriots set home their feet  
Fifteen months and three cities  
end with a color's passing glory;  
but I'd with you, if I could, train and  
together go again, on your desert story

formerly, Harry F. Buggins  
Lieutenant Colonel  
Infantry, Commanding

—Lt. Col. (Ret.) Harry F. Buggins  
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