

## The Loss of Private Waller



Pray for Private Waller, boys,  
He's somewhere in the sand—  
Another red-haired mother's son  
At Uncle Sam's command.  
The sun may burn his freckled face  
And bake his freckled skin,  
The wind may rip and tear and make  
A quite new man of him.  
But seas still ripple far away  
Beyond those western dunes,  
And stars still twinkle down upon  
The surface of the moon,  
And God may look down from those stars,  
By God, I hope he does,  
For men have made this Earth a Hell,  
And the devil's here with us.  
So pray for Private Waller, men.  
Lord, lead him safely home,  
And may we all soon pass the glass—  
Still lost, but not alone.

—Maj. Jerry Drew, U.S. Army