NORMANDY BEACHHEAD
June 6, 1944
By Harold P. Sinclair

From out the choppy waters of the sea,
Through mines and traps and roaring Nazi fire,
They rush toward that beachhead you desire—
A deadly strip of sand in Normandy!
Some drop and clutch where no support can be—
Just swirling waves their lonely funeral pyre....
While others struggle onward to the wire,
All panting hard, and praying silently.

Then through terrific fire, long yard on yard,
In Nazi lines they make a tiny breach;
Until at last fresh comrades, stern and hard,
Smash in with lion hearts and hold the beach!
Revere those lads who sank beneath the sea....
Thank God we took that beach in Normandy!
WE SHALL KEEP FAITH!

England, late May, 1944. Just before the Normandy Invasion
(To Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae, and his "In Flanders Fields")

In Flanders Fields, the dead
Lies long our enemies dead;
Some say, in Flanders Fields.

Till anger of the fallen
Shall mount to keep them那里.

We shall keep faith.

Alternate 12th line: Our flowering fields, area coming high,

On can air-born temper, a coming high.
"THE PLEDGE"

Being an extract from an address given by General Douglas MacArthur on his arrival in Melbourne, Australian, on 1st March, 1942

As set by Poetry by A. W. Senior

"My brave Australian friends: I have come here
All a loyal comrade in a great crusade
Of human liberty as opposed to creed,
And endless slavery. My faith in final
victory is inescapably and staunch;
And so, I long to every one of you
Tonight, the unbreakable deposit of
The free man’s military code in support
Of our just cause.

That sacred code has been handed
Down to us from long before the days
Of knighthood and of chivalry; and the
Enduring, iron-clad bond which stand the test
Of any science or philosophy,
That this unhappy world suffers or any
Other world has ever known. For this
Great code embraces truth and right and condemns
All tyranny and wrong; and under its
Brave banner, all of the free souls of the world
Are united strong today.

For there can be
No compromise with tyranny and cruelty
And evil; and we shall win for us
Shall die, and to this end I pledge you all
The full resources of that mighty power
Which is my country’s, and all the blood
Of my brave contemporaries."

End
"THE TIDE HAS TURNED"

Dealing

An Ode to the Day from The Supreme Commander General Dwight D. Eisenhower

To the Allied Expeditionary Forces on D-Day, June 6th, 1944

An Exhortation by A Grateful Admiration

"To the soldiers, sailors, and airmen
Of the Allied Expeditionary Force:
You are now embarking on a great crusade,
On which we have worked hard these many months;
And the hopes and prayers of freedom-loving people
Everywhere go with you all. On company
With our United Nations and our comrades.
On all these fronts, you will bring about
The destruction of the German war machine,
The elimination of cruel tyranny,
And security for all
In a free world."

"Your task won't be easy
One for your enemy is well-equipped, well
And battle-hardened and well-trained, and he
Will fight both hard and savagely. But much
Has happened in the year of Rations Forty-Five,
And since the early days of March,
For the United Nations have inflicted
Many great defeats upon the Axis,
Mort 200,000 in death toll, and our
Air offensive has reduced their strength
Throughout the seas of Europe, and the their
Capacity to wage war on the ground;
While our landfronts had given us a great
Superiority in weapons and
In trained reservists and reservists men.

"Yes, the mighty tides of war have turned;
And we are now the master of our world.
And we are marching to final victory.
And I have the fullest confidence in each
And every one of you and in your wishing;
And courage and devotion; and rendering this
To our supreme victory with we accept.
So, God bless to every one of you.
And let us all be with the blessing of
Almighty God upon this great and noble
Undertaking.

- End -
THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
November 19, 1863

As let to do poetry by a grateful admiring

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers
brought forth on this continent a new
nation, conceived in liberty and
dedicated to the proposition that
all men should be free, an equal opportunity,
and the full protection of their rights.

Now we are fighting a great civil war,
just as our fathers did.
we are met here
on a great battlefield of the dead and cruel
war, we have come here to dedicate a portion
of that field, as consecrated, sacred
by the blood of those brave men who gave
their lives that this great nation might live on.
It is fitting and proper then, that we
should do this, and in a larger sense,
we cannot
consecrate this hallowed ground. For the brave men,
living and dead, who struggled here,
we have consecrated it so far above our own
poor power to add or to detract the war.
Our part seems so small, the world will little note
or long remember, what we are doing here;
but never will this world forget
what these brave men did here. It is therefore
for us, the living ones, to be seen
Dedicated to the unfinished work,
which they who fought here on these blood stained fields
have so nobly advanced. It is for us
To be dedicated to that great
remaining task before us. That from
these honored dead, we are about to take increased
devotion to that cause for which they gave
With the last full measure of devotion,
that we shall live, that nation shall not be divided
in two; and that this nation, under God,
shall have a new and stronger birth of freedom;
therein our mighty government,
God, with the people, shall
live on, and never perish from the earth."
"A Fire Is Kindled"

Being
Excerpts from an Address Given by Prime Minister Winston Churchill
Of England During the Night Bombing of London in September, 1940
At the Gaumont Cinema, a Public Assembly.

"These cruel, wanton, indiscriminate Bombings of London are of course a part of Adolf Hitler's foul invasion plans. And this man hopes, that by such "

Helpless men and women and young children too, that he will terrify and overcome the people of this mighty ancient city. Making them see a blot on the Achievement And this should attract attention from the ferocious onslaught that he is preparing. Now, but little does he know the British And underlying spirit of the British Nation, or the hard, tough fiber of the Londoners, whose forbearance and hardihood part in the establishment of Parliament And who have all been broken to pieces Freedom for about three times. This wicked man, the Redeemer and Redeemerism Of many hearts of soul destroying hatred, This monstrous plot of former wrongs and shame, has never succeeded to break the resolve of our famous Island race But in indifference and in heartless course Of slaughter and destruction. But what this wretched man has really done is to kindle fact A mighty fire in British hearts, free and throughout the world, a fire which will burn long after All traces of the cruel conflagration which he has caused have been removed. Yes, he has lighted a great fire which will burn high, And with a steady and consuming flame until The last vestige of Nazi tyranny has been burnt out of Turkei, and with The Old World — an Old World can join strength and To build anew the temples of freedom, Man's freedom and man's honor, upon a great foundation

London Stone which will not soon or easily Be overthrown."

— End —
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
3rd Ave. Northeast,
Seattle, Wash.,
April 28, 1946

Dear Madam,

I am enclosing a few of your late husband's speeches, to find verse for possible publication in a projected book of war poems, and perhaps for magazine publication also. I am uncertain as to whether your late husband's addresses are copyrighted, but I thought I would write you anyway, as I thought you might like a copy of the first poem which I have sent to them. From the President's daily prayer which I am enclosing,

I am also enclosing addresses, made by General MacArthur, Winston Churchill, General Eisenhower, and Abraham Lincoln, all of which I have used to feature, and which I thought you might be interested in, and am also enclosing the addresses of my shorter war poems, all of which I thought would give you a better idea of my project. The projected book will contain some 150 war poems which will constitute a brief chronological history of World War II, and there will also be about thirty poems in a World War I section, and about fifty poems in a "Poems of Peace" section of the book, where the Lincoln poems etc. will be placed. I have now completed about two hundred of the projected two hundred and fifty poems, many of which are quite long.

I thought like you to keep the enclosed poems, if you would care to do so, and if you would like to see Lincoln's "Second Inaugural Address," Churchuill's "This Was Their Fisted Hour," and "We Shall Fight On the Beaches," or any of my battle poems, "The Red Banks of Arden" (Bayonet) etc., I should be glad to send them to you, hoping that I haven't burdened you with too much of your time already. I ask, very truly yours,

Harold F. Lincoln
"THY WILL BE DONE"

Prayer for the Allied Troops Landing on the Normandy Beaches,
As Broadcast by President Franklin D. Roosevelt to the American People
On D-Day, June 6th, 1944.

By A Grateful Admiring Fellow American

"Fellow Americans: Last night when I spoke to you all about the fall of Rome,
I knew that our courageous Allied troops,
All forged together in a great crusade,
Were at that very moment, moving forward
Across the land and deeply English Channel,
Sailing, and in greater safety.
And it has come to pass that this
crusade has succeeded unexpectedly far.
And so, in this most poignant hour, I ask
You all to join me in a humble prayer:
"

"Almighty God, Our same proud great nation,
Here today rest upon a mighty
Understanding! A struggle to believe.
Our very brothers and sisters all to set free
A chastened and suffering humanity!
So lead them straight and take, O Lord, and give
Strength to their arms and stout heart to each youthful
Heart, and make them steadfast in their faith.
For they will need all the blessings, Lord."

"This road will be both long and hard.
For the cruel enemy is strong and holds
tightly without mercy; and he may make and force
time after time. But his shall drive
On hard, time and again, because we know
That by Thy grace and by the righteousness
Of our just cause, that thine arms shall triumph.
"

"Also, they will be sore tried, by night and day,
And at times the whole until the battle
Sieze upon them and the danger will be rest by prayer
And shame, and young men's souls will be shaken.
Hard with the anguish of warfare.
For these are men but lately drawn from out
The gentle ways of peace, and they fight not
For a Constantinople, but only to end tyranny.
And to liberate it is a world, down to the end of the world.
Some of these brave men never will return...
So in peace them, Father, and receive them as
Thy chosen servants, into thine own kingdom."

"And so for us long, and anxiously at home-
the families, mothers, children, sisters write-
Of brothers of those men overseas-
With thoughts and prayers, we have them near us;
In their hearts; in that in these, our hour
Of greatest sacrifice, will we through the days the days,
In this hour of darkness, and the hour of the worlds;
And then shall we be able to see the stars,
In the sky when men and women shall be
The final, will be a fitting of our suffering courage to thine own;
Thou alone, Father, art the one to help us.

- End -