

In a Belgium field near the North Sea,
Dead soldiers lie so we could be free.
They died for me not knowing my name,
They fought for freedom not for fame.
They fought on land, in the air and on the sea.
Passchendaele, Netherlands, Normandy,
Dieppe, Ortona, Korea, Afghanistan.
They left this earth not where they began.
What this poem is written to say,
We all must remember on this day.