

Along The Paths O' Glory

Along the paths o' glory there are faces new to-day,
There are youthful hearts and sturdy that have found the westward way.
From the rugged roads o' duty they have turned without a sigh,
To mingle with their brothers who were not afraid to die.
And they're looking back and smiling at the loved ones left behind,
With the Old Flag flying o'er them, and they're calling 'Never mind.

'Never mind, oh, gentle mothers, that we shall not come again;
Never mind the years of absence, never mind the days of pain,
For we've found the paths o' glory where the flags o' freedom fly,
And we've learned the things we died for are the truths that never die.
Now there's never hurt can harm us, and the years will never fade
The memory of the soldiers of the legions unafraid.'

Along the paths o' glory there are faces new to-day,
And the heavenly flags are flying as they march along the way;
For the world is safe from hatred; men shall know it at its best
By the sacrifice and courage of the boys who go to rest.
Now they've claimed eternal splendor and they've won eternal youth,
And they've joined the gallant legions of the men who served the truth.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)