

WE ARE THE RAIDER 19  
God bid us rise from the sand where we reposed  
For years we slept while you wept  
We waited for this day when we say our final farewell to you  
There is no need to mourn again  
We are now in Gods command  
So march the caisson slowly once pass the sacred ground  
Where buddies wait for us to join them in everlasting sleep  
Let the sound of rifles fill the morning air  
Have the bugler sound taps one last time  
This isn't good by it's only so long till we meet again  
On heavens welcomed shore  
Semper Fi Marines

Pfc. Charles W. Tatum  
B-1-27<sup>th</sup>-5<sup>th</sup>

Iwo Jima

Permission to use granted  
Chuck Tatum

Written at Arlington National Cemetery  
On August 17<sup>th</sup> 2001

Permission to use granted

