

*"And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and  
your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."*

... ST. JOHN, 16: 22.

## *Taps*

We must not ask the bitter question "Why?"  
Nor mourn the songs that never will be sung;  
To doubt, to grieve too much were to decry  
The brimming fervor of the deathless young.

This one we loved had music in his soul:  
We heard his anthems fill the sunlit nave,  
His sweet-voiced cornet ring and beauty roll  
From moon-washed crags in wave on silver wave.

O there was music in the way he laughed  
And in the lights and depths of his blue eyes!  
O there was music when he flew his craft  
Alone and shining in the summer skies!

He thought his laughter hid his parting tear;  
He mostly wrote of things from war apart,  
In foxholes of Tarawa conquered fear.  
How many ways we knew his mighty heart!

At school and camp each star-eyed girl and boy,  
At home his love, his friends, his relatives,  
His choir of bold Marines on barren Roi—  
All know his music and it ever lives.

Let songs be sung for him when sunsets glow  
And first stars shine, where water gently laps  
On verdant shores; another bugler blow  
His benediction — clear, sweet, lingering Taps.

... DOROTHY DIEMER

## *George Diemer*

Born Excelsior Springs, Missouri, June 11, 1920  
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