



**Valor**  
*Gen. George S. Patton*

When all hearts are opened,  
And all the secrets known,  
When guile and lies are banished,  
And subterfuge is gone.

When God rolls up the curtain,  
And hidden truths appear,  
When the ghastly light of Judgement Day,  
Brings past and present near...

Then shall we know what once we knew,  
Before wealth dimmed our sight,  
That of all sins, the blackest is  
The pride which will not fight.

The meek and pious have a place,  
And necessary are,  
But valor pales their puny rays,  
As does the sun a star.

What race of men since time began,  
Has ever yet remained,  
Who trusted not it's own right hand,  
Or from brave deeds refrained?

Yet spite the fact for ages known,  
And by all lands displayed,  
We still have those who prate of peace,  
And say that war is dead.

Yes vandals rise who seek to snatch  
The laurels from the brave,  
And dare defame heroic dead,  
Now filling hero graves.

They speak of those who love,  
Like Christ's, exceeds the lust of life  
And murderers slain to no avail,  
A useless sacrifice.

With infamy without a name,  
They mock our fighting youth,  
And dare decry great hearts who die,  
Battling for right and truth.

Woe to the land which, heeding them,  
Lets avarice gain the day,  
And trusting gold it's right to hold,  
Lets manly might decay.

Let us, while willing yet for peace,  
Still keep our valor high,  
So when our time of battle comes,  
We shall not fear to die.

Make love of life and ease be less,  
Make love of country more.  
So shall our patriotism be  
More than an empty roar.

For death is nothing, comfort less,  
Valor is all in all;  
Base nations who depart from it,  
Shall sure and justly fall.

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