



## THIS IS HALLOWED GROUND

WHY YOU DON'T WALK BETWEEN THE COLORS

Between these flags that proudly fly  
Let no man dare to stand.  
For here our fallen comrades lie,  
We call it Hallowed Ground.  
A symbol, yes, but mark it well.  
Here let us ever humbly pause  
In Memory of the lads who fell  
In fighting for our sacred cause.

On sea or land these buddies died.  
Some lie beneath a foreign sod  
In graves caressed by wind and tide,  
In spots unknown to all but God.  
And so, this place is Hallowed Ground,  
And it shall be forever blessed.  
As though it were a grassy mound  
Beneath which gallant heroes rest.

Be ever watchful, Legionnaire,  
Of those two flags which signify  
That we should guard this spot with care,  
Where our departed comrades lie.  
And, if a man should dare to tread  
This spot where lie our gallant brave,  
He desecrates those noble dead.  
As tho' he walked upon their grave.

