

Charlie Kirk, R.I.P.

Oh Charlie boy, the pipes, they are forlorn
Both east and west, where Christian men reside
Your battle's o'er, your admirers all mourning
'tis you that's gone while we all must abide.

We'll know you're here when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
We'll sense you here in sunshine and in shadow
Oh Charlie boy, my friend, we miss you so.

And though you've gone, you'll not be forgotten
Memories survive, here truth will always dwell
See your bronze, its likeness of you begotten
Then smile and say *"my friends you cast me well."*

And we might hear, tho' soft you tread amongst us
For here your works will always safely be
We'll not fail to keep the faith and hold them thus
Until that day we meet again with thee.

(Please feel free to copy and reprint this in any way you may wish.)