

An Ode to the Engineers



ere I to sing, before a king
Of the corps of engineers
Who long outlast, the songs O' past,
That echo throughout the years,
Tales left untold; men brave and bold,

Of the combat engineers.
For many tales, and forty ales
Ere the end of an engineer.
Sealing our fates, thro' the Devil's gates
We gladly breach and clear;
A jump and start, (he is quite smart),
'My God! It's the engineers!'
On Death's day, when all run away
Upon us the job will fall,
To turn and stand, to the last man
That the enemy advance we stall
Tho' all say Woe! We meet our foe
On the field that's wracked with fear.
The king will sit, forced to admit
Of no finer men you'll hear.
We've breached it all, you've heard our call,
'We're the combat engineers!'

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