

THE KLEMMER TIMES

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The Last of The G. A. R.

Farewell

A hundred dashing soldier boys,
Of Lincoln's Army true,
Came home again in sixty-five
Their peacetime jobs to do.

They came to Hancock County when
Our prairie lands were new.
As pioneers they broke the sod,
Built homes for me and you.

But now their working days are o're,
These men who wore the blue;
The last to go to the Great Beyond
Was Klemme's comrade "Lew."

Lew Lewis reached age ninety-five,
And then he passed away,
His spirit joined the camp above,
We honor now his clay.

The Stars and Stripes he loved so well,
Are draped upon his bier,
The Legion Boys, with rifles poised,
Salute their comrade dear.

Farewell, beloved soldier boy,
Farewell, our good friend "Lew,"
We bow our heads as the 'bugler boy,'
Blows 'final taps' for you.

- - Arthur Wellemeyer