

## The Field Gun Poem

We are those of the Gun, my friend  
Those who are trusted and true,  
We tackle the wall and the bottomless gorge,  
To get the twelve-pounder through.

It's pins and it's shackles and pulleys,  
It's lashings, it's ropes and it's spars,  
And it's burns from the rope, and  
It's bones that are broke, and it's ropes  
And it's tears and it's scars.

But the real prize we gain,  
It's not silver or gold,  
Or a trophy to put in the mess,  
No, that which we won the steel of the gun,  
And in knowing we gave it our best.

Runnin' the Gun, it's like running with life,  
With the damage and loss that we take,  
And the walls that we storm,  
And the chasms we cross,  
When the rope takes the mind of a snake.

You may bleed and be torn,  
Your back to the load,  
You may stumble and rise yet again,  
And the silver and gold may just pass you by,  
And your prizes may only be pain.

But a Gunner you are, and a Gunner you'll stay,  
In this life, foe ever you'll run,  
Storm the walls, span the gorge,  
With the will that you have,  
And the gear and limber and Gun.

Written as a dedication to all Field Gunners,  
present and past and to come.

Roy I. Allen (S/Sgt)