

# The Music of War

By Robin Lipinski

Oh to see them twirl,  
Round and round sipping wine, sipping ale.  
Country muse to music boys, it's off to war soon.

Lancaster farms with lovely lass to caress the wounded,  
Hearts held captive with the dance.  
Country muse to music boys, our youth is gone, strings to drums,  
Summer idyllic to love, all gone.

Listen, close now, crescendo of sound, nary a word spoken,  
Ladies in waiting as the laughs have left now,  
The music of war has spoken.

The End