

B R A D K A V O

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## The Cliffs of Colleville-sur-Mer

The breeze is calm, the surf still pounds,  
No warbler's stifled call;  
The boys no longer run aground,  
The ramps no longer fall.  
Great battleships whose thund'rous rounds  
Broke down th' Atlantic Wall  
Once filled the air, no more to sound  
'Bove hedgerow and seawall.

Death's cold embrace once wrapped them tight,  
Not sparing based on prayer,  
They now have found their own respite  
Clear of youth's dark nightmare.  
Brave sentinels, gleaming cool white,  
Stand guard; their cross to bear.  
For younger men: a portent light  
On the cliffs of Colleville-sur-Mer.

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