

# RETREAT

The gray line is formed,  
The sun turns the sky to red,  
The Corps pays its formal tribute,  
The earth is ready for bed.  
Silence is only broken  
by the mournful notes of retreat;  
then the last note has sounded.

The universe is darkened as covered by a  
sheet;  
Retreat is to pay homage  
To that beautiful flag we love,  
and beg for forgiveness  
from Him who abides above.

