

The Chosin Reservoir

by
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In the hills of North Korea
by a lake of azure blue,
rides a farmer in his ox cart
on the road to Hargaru.

He is singing songs of history
that his father taught to him,
as his eyes survey the scenery
that's no longer gray and grim.

In his mind he hears the cannons,
the recoilless rifle's roar,
and the chatter of the Burp guns
all around the Reservoir.

Mortars crashing, Carbines flashing,
Screaming men and boys,
Bugles, flares and Howitzers,
A symphony of noise.

He is thinking of his childhood
when he saw the soldiers come
to this peaceful mountain valley
that had never heard a gun,

And he's never understood it,
he will always wonder why,
why so many men had come there
from so far away, to die.

How they fought with savage fury
agonizing through the snow,
fingers turning black with frostbite,
Death was sweeping to and fro.

MacLean and Faith, Commanders:
Hodge, and thousands more,
fought and froze, and bled to death
at Chosin Reservoir.

In the hills of North Korea
by a lake of icy blue,
there's no monument to witness,
and no crosses are in view.

Just some land of little value
covered well by falling snow,
but they say to listen carefully
when the wind begins to blow,

And you will hear the ghostly bugles
from the mountain pass, nearby.
You may hear the battle spreading
from the mountains to the sky.

Lives were ending, Futures pending,
Fate was casting dice.
Some would live and some would die,
Karma, carved in ice!

The battle long is over,
but fought each night anew,
in dreams of those who can't forget;
They're called "The Chosin Few."

So, let the Veterans tell the stories,
let the legend live and grow,
let the Chosin be remembered
with the Men of Alamo,

With Bastogne and with Wake Island,
and the Bunker Hill Command,
and wherever there's courageous men
to take a valiant stand.

Once they fought to save a nation,
they could not have offered more
than the sacrifices made there
at the Chosin Reservoir.

In the bitter bloody battles,
at the Chosin Reservoir.