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POEM,  
PATRIOT SIRE  
&  
MONMOUTH

Composed by

**Samuel Craig Cowart,**

Vice-President of Monmouth Chapter,  
Sons of American Revolution, and read  
by him at close of his Address of Wel-  
come and description of Battle of Mon-  
mouth, at Old Tennent Church, near  
Freehold, N. J., on the occasion of the  
Reception to the members of Washing-  
ton Pilgrimage, at that historic spot,  
on the Battle Field of Monmouth,

JUNE 24, 1914,

BY

Monmouth Chapters of Sons and  
Daughters of the American Revolution.

**Patriot Sires of Monmouth.**

---

Patriot pilgrims, you are treading,  
In the paths your fathers trod,  
When the morning light of Freedom  
Gilded Monmouth's sacred sod.

Meet ye, now on this hallowed spot,  
Beneath this ancient shade,  
To honor the Great Commander,  
And the heroes Monmouth made.

O, Patriot Sires of Monmouth,  
'Ere fell the shades of night,  
You made the British line to reel,  
And crushed the tyrant's might.

Above the clang and crash of steel,  
Above the cannon's roar,  
Rose Washington's commanding voice,  
Good Heavens! How he swore!

But 'twas the oath of righteous wrath,  
When traitor in the fight  
Would rob our land of Freedom,  
Her boon of dearest right.

O, Patriot Sires of Monmouth,  
You stood the musket rattle,  
Until Mad Anth'ny's gallant charge  
Ended the shock of battle.

And then, when noble Moncton fell,  
Best and bravest of his line,  
You fought, like Spartans, for his  
corse,  
And laid it at Tennent Shrine.

You laid him in a soldier's grave,  
With martial cloak around him,  
And gave him honors due the brave,  
When cherished friends surround him.

O, Patriot Sires of Monmouth,  
Rest in your green sward bed,  
Till the trumpet call of duty  
Wakens the quick and dead.

Then rise in your might and power,  
And with the Angels fight  
To free the world of Satan's night,  
And bring eternal light.

Ye sons of Sires, whose heritage  
Is Freedom's brightest day,  
May ev'ry star in Glory's crown  
Illumine your pathway.

O, Halcyon heights of Monmouth,  
Sacred in song and story,  
E'er will the name of Washington  
Surround your fields with glory.

O, Washington, thy deathless fame,  
Through all the ages won,  
Shall ever shine on hist'ry's page,  
As Monmouth's bravest son.

And when, on Heaven's Heroic Roll,  
Thy honored name is shown,  
Seraphic praises will extol  
And the Master say, "Well Done."



1778