

Valor
Johnny Major Hill
Omaha Beach

Tobacco, corn and cotton fields, one hundred acres all around,
farming runs right through the blood, tilling soil is where you're found.

But the Army called his name one day, there was so much to learn,
he was one of few still standing and a Ranger title he would earn.

The battalion headed overseas, The English Channel lie ahead,
then he stormed the beach at Omaha, his friends would soon be dead.

Mortar shells were raining down, bullets whipping though the air,
the water and the sand turned red as you heard the cries and prayers.

He held his ground like all the rest, then forward they all crawled,
with guts and will and steel and might they busted through the walls.
He fought in Belgium and then Luxemburg, tanks and planes and guns,
"You must protect your country" and keep fighting 'till you've won.

A bronze star and a purple heart would decorate Staff Sergeant's chest,
two citations from a president meant that his battalion was the best.

He came back home to Lebanon, built a house with his strong hands
and Major went right back to farming that rich Low Country land.

There are heroes still among us but one by one they're called on high.

Did you listen to their stories before they said their last goodbye?

Look for a weathered booklet, the ink is fading soon from view,
thanks to the greatest generation that this country ever knew.