

“Pour It On”

To form the line move up ahead
And face the role that all do dread
How can they go when such the case?
Of certain death by cartridge laced
A ball or bullet it does not matter
When fired with shot begins to splatter
The line, the man, the flesh and bone
For now I stand and not alone
And still I aim and “pour it on”

How futile is this line and order
Of legions march in cadence call
A saber drawn, a drum that beats
A horn that blows, a call that leads
A right, a left, and then we ready
We load, we aim and suddenly
A salvo given, and round is taken
Now falling souls and bodies shaken
And ever so I “pour it on”

And then the ranks begin to thin
The left, the right is closing in
A shift to cover on the flank
Oblique at times by given rank
Yet from the rear, the unexpected,
A shot so aimed and small projected
It enters in and down I go
Could such be from the forward role?
But though now maimed, I “pour it on”

The life, the blood the body so
Is weakened by the constant flow
And head turned round to see behind
Indeed the shot was from my line
Not one or two but several did
Discharge their loads on order give
To shoot the back of one so near
To think that I was always dear
Yet ever still, I “pour it on”

And always will, I “pour it on”

About the verse, "Pour It On"

"Pour It On" is in keeping with both the times and action of the Napoleonic warfare; and like "The Last Full Measure", applies some aspect of such events to the basic quality of courage and conviction. The term or order, "pour it on" was sometimes used by the field command to fire a salvo or to "fire at will". In the heat of a battle or skirmish, the rate of the discharge of the weapon (besides the size of the firing line) could determine the victor. As sometimes applied as a standard, a soldier should be able to fire three aimed shots in one minute.

Using this order or expression with meaning similar to "bring it on", the application is that life sometimes brings a "salvo" of less-than desired consequences or conditions. We don't necessarily ask for such events to arise or enter our lives - nor do we believe that we necessarily deserve them - but they happen...sometimes sporadically...sometimes simultaneously in a flurry...

For the "lucky" recipient is the challenge of how to prepare for and endure in this volley as best as can be anticipated or accounted; although to prepare for such an onslaught is more about character than about counting or countering the measure of the challenge before us. We can never be fully assured of what lies before us; thus, we must find reassurance elsewhere...beyond ourselves alone.

I found the picture to the right among a collection of my children's early exploits; in this shot, they are evidently guarding For McAllister near Savannah, Georgia. Only recently did I realize that even my youngest is attempting to form-up so that he, like his brothers and sister, can "pour it own"; but if you knew this one as I did, you would agree that he is *ready and able* to "pour it on"...with double-shot.



If we must find reason to face the challenges of life, it can sometimes be that someone needs us; or said another way, we are important to someone...to somebody. I would like to believe that everyone has value and worth – and God is present to remind me that each of us is created with that in mind and intent; why else would he "pour it on" for me, for you...or for anyone?