

An Evening Parade

In Blue and White Dress

**The evening slips slowly off into night,
As the lights of the ramparts bring the bugles aglow
The audience is seated as the bell sounds the time,
Officers draw sabers and give the command;
Marines snap to attention ready to enter the field.**

**At the end of the field is "The President's Own"
They proudly step off playing a march
Written a century ago by one of their own**

**Chesty is here, a feisty old dog,
Named for a legend, he's part of the corps.**

**It's the "Commandant's Own" they're ready to play,
They start with the drums and all move as one
Keeping time with the beat
Bayonets now fixed there's silence again.**

**The parade is now formed only one thing awaits
The lights grow dim as the Colors enter the field;
The audience stands to honor the Flag
As Color Guard moves to their honored place.**

**The Drill Team is ready; perfection is near.
Not a command will be given nor a word spoken.
All that can be heard is a slap of the wood,
The rifle inspector now enters the Drill.
Rifles are thrown and pass in the air,
Each movement is perfect, they're the best in the world**

**Now it's time to "Pass in Review"
The band plays the Hymn we know it by heart.
Those in the stands rise to their feet,
Not just for those who pass in review
But all Marines who have served**

**Taps are now heard bringing an end to the day;
Others will follow and answer this call.
Marines who will march In Blue and White Dress,
While serving at the oldest post in the corps.**

Dedicated to:

**Capt. William F. Lee
Company Commander**