

#785

The Soldier and
Conf Pam #785
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THE SOLDIER AND HIS HEART.

I

My heart is weary, sore, and sad,
No human friend knows where to find me,
The sights and sounds that made me glad,
Have long been left so far behind me:
Yet oh, my heart, be strong and brave!
Nothing moves thee
While this sweet light
Streams through the night,
"Father loves me!"

II

Amid the noisy, crowded camp,
Or on my lone and hard bed lying,
When on the toilsome march we tramp,
Or when before the foe are flying,
Then, oh! my heart, be strong and good!
Nothing moves thee,
While this sweet light
Streams through the night,
"Mother loves me!"

III

While dreaming on the cold wet ground
And with no tent but dark clouds o'er me,
Facing the midnight sentry round,
With foils and dangers thick before me;
Still, oh! my heart, be strong and firm!
Nothing moves thee
While this sweet light
Streams through the night,
"Sister loves me!"

IV

Though poor, unknown, in need, oppress,
No sweet face near, no voice to praise me,
Imprison'd, sick, bereft, distress,
No touch to thrill, no hand to raise me;
Now, oh! my heart, be strong and true!
Nothing moves thee,
While this sweet light
Streams through the night,
"Bertha loves me!"

V

And when I hear the last long shout,
My comrades in their triumph crying,
And then behold the foeman's rout
While I sink, bloody, torn and dying,
Then, oh! my heart be strong and still!
Nothing moves thee,
While this sweet light
Streams through the night,
"Jesus loves me!"

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