

But we will not grudge you your joy, dear,  
 Or the glory of your reward,  
 In the noble army of martyrs you serve with never a fear  
 In God's own mighty kingdom—for ever with the  
 Lord;  
 We therefore will rejoice for your great and glorious gain,  
 Though we cannot help but miss you when the boys  
 come home.

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### **"Missing!"**

Missing!—Oh, surely 'tis hardest of all to bear.  
 Where is he? Does he suffer? Perhaps needing my care?  
 Hush! troubled one, hush! restrain your weeping;  
 But *one* thing remember—waking or sleeping—  
*Wherever* he is—he is in God's keeping.