

## SOLDIER REST!



Soldier rest! no armed tread  
Shall profane the sacred dead;  
Rest thee in thy narrow bed!

Peace—such peace as comes from God—  
Hovers round the silent sod  
Where the warring hosts have trod.

Yours no more the din of strife,  
Reddened fields with carnage rife,  
Yours the fuller, higher life!

Pride and grief for mastery  
Struggle, as we think of thee  
Dying there so valiantly.

For the weak your life you gave—  
He who died the world to save  
Saith "Greater love can no man have."

Soldier rest! for not in vain  
Are the suff'ring and the pain  
Life—eternal life—we gain!