

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

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William Walker

1. Sol-dier, go, but not to claim mould²ring spoils of earth-born trea-sure;
Not to build a vaunt-ing name, Not to dwell in tents of plea-sure: Dream not that the way is smooth, hope not that the thorns are ros-es; Turn no wish-ful eye of youth,

2. Sol-dier, rest;—but not for thee Spreads the world her down-y pil-low;
On the rock thy couch must be, While a-round thee chafes the bil-low: Thine must be a watch-ful sleep wea-rier than an-oth-er's wak-ing. Such a charge as thou must keep,

Where the sun-ny beam re-pos-es, Thou hast stern-er work to do Hosts to cut thy pas-sage thru; Close be-hind thee gulfs are burn-ing—For-ward, then there's no re-turn-ing.

Brooks no mo-ment of for-sak-ing: Sleep as on the bat-tle-field, Gird-ed—grasp-ing sword and shield; Those thou canst not name nor num-ber, Steal up-on thy bro-ken slum-ber.