

# Untitled

If I should never see the moon again  
Rising red gold across the harvest field,  
Or feel the stinging of soft April rain  
As the brown earth her hidden treasures yield.

If I should never hear the thrushes wake  
Long before the sunrise in the glittering dawn,  
Or watch the huge Atlantic rollers break  
Against the rugged cliffs in baffling scorn.

If I have said goodbye to stream and wood  
To the wide ocean and green clad hill,  
I know that he who made this world good  
Has somewhere made a heaven better still.

This I bear witness with my last breath  
Knowing the love of God  
I fear not death.

by Major Malcom Boyd