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

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