

## THE SOLDIER

With careful hands we propped him  
 Behind the sheltering wall,  
 While round us the explosions  
 Wrought terror in us all.  
 We asked how he was wounded.  
 He answered undismayed,  
 "The orders of our Captain  
 Must always be obeyed."

With fading strength he whispered  
 How he had joined the corps,  
 Called by his nation's Sovereign  
 To serve in peace or war.  
 It mattered not the issue,  
 Nor did he count the cost—  
 He would be a faithful soldier  
 Or the kingdom might be lost.

The victories had been narrow,  
 The carnage wide and large,  
 But, ah, the foe was vanquished  
 In many a glorious charge.  
 He served our valiant Captain  
 In battles small and great;  
 Hence the beloved homeland  
 Was spared a grievous fate.

Now this, his final battle,  
 He said with closing eyes,  
 Despite its sombre outcome  
 Would bring the victor's prize.  
 Then with his life's last breathing  
 Those gripping words relayed,  
 "The orders of our Captain  
 Must always be obeyed."

Those words still shine before me,  
 Their meaning sharp and fine—  
 To be a Christian soldier  
 Means life is on the line.  
 We press our Sovereign's battle  
 With choice already made,  
 The orders of our Captain  
 Will always be obeyed!  
 — Dave Breese

