

## Thoughts Of A Soldier

Since men with life must purchase life  
And some must die that more may live,  
Unto the Great Cashier of strife  
A fine accounting let me give.  
Perhaps to-morrow I shall stand  
Before his cage, prepared to buy  
New splendor for my native land:  
Oh, God, then bravely let me die!

If after I shall fall, shall rise  
A fairer land than I have known,  
I shall not grudge my sacrifice,  
Although I pay the price alone.  
If still more beautiful to see  
The Stars and Stripes o'er men shall wave  
And finer shall my country be,  
To-morrow let me find my grave.

To-night life seems so fair and sweet,  
Yet tyranny is stalking here,  
And hate and lust and foul deceit  
Hang heavy on the atmosphere.  
Injustice seeks to throttle right,  
And laughter's stifled to a sigh.  
If death can take so great a blight  
From human lives, then let me die.

If death must be the cost of life,  
And freedom's terms are human souls,  
Into the thickest of the strife  
Then let me go to pay the tolls.  
I would enrich my native land,  
New splendor to her flag I'd give,  
If where I fall shall freedom stand,  
And where I die shall freedom live.

To-morrow death with me may trade;  
Let me not quibble o'er the price;  
But may I, once the bargain's made,  
With courage meet the sacrifice.  
If happiness for ages long  
My little term of life can buy,  
God, for my country make me strong;  
To-morrow let me bravely die.

**Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)**