

Prayer of a Soldier

Joyce Kilmer + 1918

Carl G.L.Bloom

1. My shoul-ders ache be - neath my pack (Lie eas - i - er, Cross, up -
4. Lord, Thou didst suf - fer more for me Than all the hosts of

1. on His back) I march with feet that burn and smart (Tread,
4. land and sea. So, let me ren - der back a - gain This

Fine.
1. Ho - ly Feet, up - on my heart.) 2. Men shout at me who
4. mil - lionth of Thy gift. A - men. 3. (Then shall my fic - kle

2. may not speak (They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek.) I
3. soul for - get Thy Ag - o - ny of Blood - y Sweat?) My

2. may not lift a hand to clear My eyes of salt - y drops that sear.
3. ri - fle hand is stiff and numb (From Thy pierced palm red riv - ers come.)

D.C. al Fine.