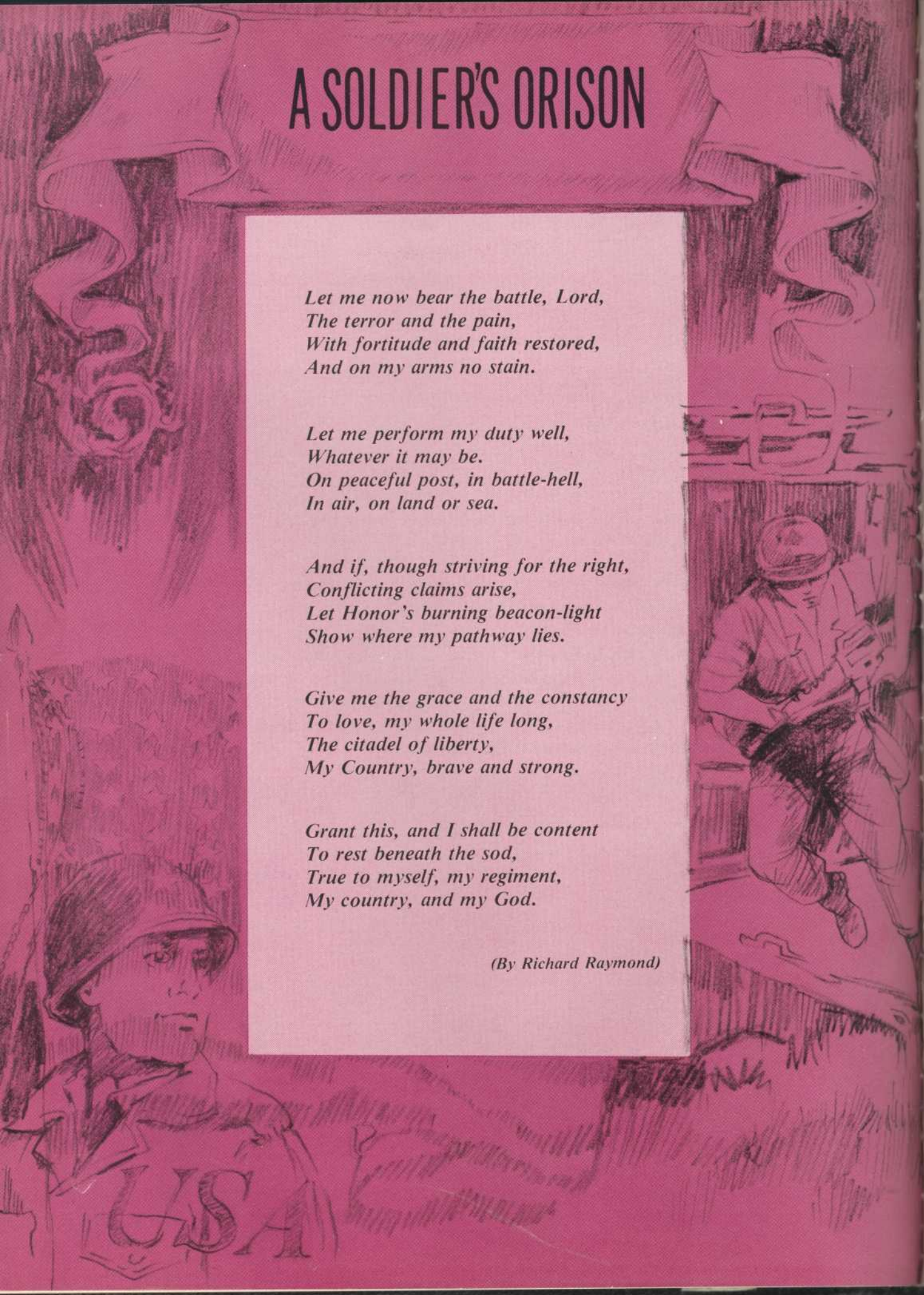
A SOLDIER'S ORISON

Let me now bear the battle, Lord,
The terror and the pain,
With fortitude and faith restored,
And on my arms no stain.

Let me perform my duty well,
Whatever it may be.
On peaceful post, in battle-hell,
In air, on land or sea.

And if, though striving for the right,
Conflicting claims arise,
Let Honor's burning beacon-light
Show where my pathway lies.

Give me the grace and the constancy
To love, my whole life long,
The citadel of liberty,
My Country, brave and strong.

Grant this, and I shall be content
To rest beneath the sod,
True to myself, my regiment,
My country, and my God.

(By Richard Raymond)