

I Cannot Think or Reason

Willard Wattles, 1918.

Alexander Ewing, 1853.

I cannot think or reason,  
I only know He came  
With hands and feet of healing  
And wild heart all aflame,  
With eyes that dimmed and softened  
At all the things He saw,  
And in His pillared singing  
I read the marching law.

I only know He loves me,  
Enfolds and understands  
And oh, His heart that holds me,  
And oh, His certain hands  
The man, the Christ, the soldier,  
Who from the cross of pain,  
Cried to a dying comrade,  
"Lad, we shall meet again."