



# DEATH OF A SOLDIER

*By Mary Jean Linville*

In midst of war, a young man stood under the bright blue sky.

Death angel flew overhead but failed to pass him by.

He swept him up without a thought of loved ones left behind.

And bore him to his heavenly home until the end of time.

He wasn't ready for death that day

But the death angel took him anyway.

His loved ones cried and loved ones moaned

As he was bore to his heavenly home.

But time will come when we will meet

The one we love at Jesus' feet