

## **A Soldier's Heart**

By Ronnie Wolfe - July 2, 2005

What builds up in a soldier's heart  
To make him want to go apart,  
Away from family, friend and foe  
To a hostile land he has to go?

In that foreign land, a wicked place  
He'll meet the rival face to face.  
With guns a-blazing through the air,  
Someone may come and kill him there.

Yet he proudly marches on  
With fond memories of his home,  
A brave reflection in his stride,  
He marches on with homeland pride.

He carries well the rifle tall  
Till he's caught against the wall.  
He'll rise above the battle fray  
And use his gun another day.

And way out there with the gauntlet laid,  
Machine guns, tanks and rifles played.  
Some good men died among the fray  
To be a witness of that day.

Through mighty winds of dust and sand  
The soldier's tired; he cannot stand.  
But when he thinks his strength is gone,  
His memory thinks of those back home.

And with a strength that's not his own  
He pushes forward not alone.  
His comrades push on side by side.  
He feels their trust both deep and wide.

They fight the foe and make the gain;  
Tomorrow they go and fight again.  
Again some friend will come to death.  
The soldier thinks of his bequest.

If I should die in this cruel war,  
How will I give my children more?  
Be it by life or death to come  
I'll give them freedom for their home