



# Nebraska Supplement

Daniel Marr, Editor  
danmarr@outlook.com

## The Knight Templar at Rest

by Robert Morris

Resting in calm repose,  
The fiercest blast that blows  
And bows yon sturdy oaks on Bashan's height,  
Can yield no influence here;  
For many and many a year  
Hath " slept in Jesus " this our stalwart Knight.  
While rust corrodes his great cross-hilted sword,  
The toil-spent Templar rests before the Lord.

He heard an inward call,  
" Leave home, leave country, all  
That love you or are loved, - leave wealth and fame,  
And with this ruddy Cross,  
Count other things but dross,

To go and battle in your Master's name!  
There, where I walked in early days with men,  
Go, I will meet you, striving there, again! "

Meekly he rose and went;  
His hard-earned tortune spent  
In the high cause for which he took the sword;  
He chose the lowliest place;  
For nothing can abase  
The servant when he imitates his Lord.  
Yet where the strokes fell thickest midst the din  
He listened, yearning for that voice again.

And here the Templar fell;  
Battling full long and well;  
He fell beneath the point of Paynim spear;  
But to his dying eve  
The Master's form drew nigh,  
The Master's whisper blest his dying ear;  
" Well done, true Knight, inherit thy reward!  
The servant is not greater than his Lord!"