

“I am Well”

There is a sentence of three words,
Whose power no tongue can tell;
To cheer our anxious hearts at home,
These three words – “I am well”.

When our old eyes, in the papers, scan
The battle news at the front,
We breathe a fervent prayer for those
Who, with out bairns, bear the brunt.

We hope and pray for victory,
To do our bit we try,
Our hearts are faint with anxious fear
When we hear the postman’s cry.

The neighbour runs to neighbour,
The gladsome news to tell –
“I’ve got a postcard from the front,
And on it, ‘I am well.’ “

More precious far than bankers note,
The writing far more grand,
Is our address in dear old Leith –
Penned by our loved one’s hand.

God grant our postcards from the front,
Whatever else they tell,
No blot or stroke be upon
These three words – “I am well”.

When days are dark and faith is weak,
Oh God, Be Thou our help and stay;
No dear one near to share our grief,
As in days now far away.

We pray and hope, when victory’s won,
And they come home to dwell,
Our ears will hear those words of cheer,
“I thank God, I am well.”

E.H. – Links, Leith (Published 15 April 1916)