

THE HEART IS A STUBBORN THING

The heart is an obstinate organ,
The heart is a stubborn thing:
When you judge that it's time to be leaving
Your sorrow for a turn in the sun,
Your heart, with an obstinate murmur,
Refuses all solace you bring,
And continues its own wayward grieving
Long after the mourning is done.
When your head has a turn to be merry
And finally bury old pain,
Your heart calls you down the deep valleys
To sing its soft dirges again.

When you wake up to the smile of the sunshine,
And you spring to your task with a vim,
Then your heart, with a nostalgic flicker
Indulges its lacrymose whim:
When you've urged and expended all reason,
And numbered each cause to rejoice,
The heart gives a sigh for old seasons,
And gropes for the sound of a voice,
And calls you far down the deep valleys
To break into grieving again:
For the heart is an obstinate organ,
The heart is a stubborn thing.

But when evil is drying your life blood,
And the dark tent of day is all pain,
And your head tells your heart to stop fighting,
And the way to despairing is plain:—
Then the heart, with its own wayward logic
Into heat of the battle will spring—
Not a sigh, not a tear, but a challenge!
Not dirges but war chants to sing!
O, the heart is an obstinate organ,
The heart is a stubborn thing.

—A. P. C.