

1914: *The Soldier*

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,

Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less

Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke

1914: *Peace*

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His
hour,

And caught our youth, and wakened us from
sleeping,

With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,

Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,

And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found
release there,

Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has
mending,

Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;

Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending;

And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

Rupert Brooke