1. **I. Peace**

Now, God be thanked Who has watched 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.

1. **II. Safety**

Dear! of all happy in the hour, most blest

He who has found our hid security,

Assured in the dark tides of the world that rest,

And heard our word, 'Who is so safe as we?'

We have found safety with all things undying,

The winds, and morning, tears of men and mirth,

The deep night, and birds singing, and clouds flying,

And sleep, and freedom, and the autumnal earth.

We have built a house that is not for Time's throwing.

We have gained a peace unshaken by pain for ever.

War knows no power. Safe shall be my going,

Secretly armed against all death's endeavour;

Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;

And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

1. **III. The Dead**

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!

There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,

But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.

These laid the world away; poured out the red

Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be

Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,

That men call age; and those who would have been,

Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,

Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.

Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,

And paid his subjects with a royal wage;

And Nobleness walks in our ways again;

And we have come into our heritage.

1. **IV. The Dead**

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,

Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.

The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,

And sunset, and the colours of the earth.

These had seen movements, and heard music; known

Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;

Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;

Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter

And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,

Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance

And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white

Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,

A width, a shining peace, under the night.

1. **V. 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.

**Wilfred Owen**

1. **Anthem for Doomed Youth**

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?

Only the monstrous anger of the guns.

Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle

Can patter out their hasty orisons.

No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells,

Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,--

The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;

And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?

Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes

Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.

The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;

Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,

And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

1. **On Seeing a Piece of Our Artillery Brought into Action**

Be slowly lifted up, thou long black arm,

Great gun towering towards Heaven, about to curse;

Sway steep against them, and for years rehearse

Huge imprecations like a blasting charm!

Reach at that Arrogance which needs thy harm,

And beat it down before its sins grow worse;

Spend our resentment, cannon,--yea, disburse

Our gold in shapes of flame, our breaths in storm.

Yet, for men's sakes whom thy vast malison

Must wither innocent of enmity,

Be not withdrawn, dark arm, thy spoilure done,

Safe to the bosom of our prosperity.

But when thy spell be cast complete and whole,

May God curse thee, and cut thee from our soul!

1. **The End**

After the blast of lightning from the east,

The flourish of loud clouds, the Chariot Throne;

After the drums of time have rolled and ceased,

And by the bronze west long retreat is blown,

Shall Life renew these bodies? Of a truth

All death will he annul, all tears assuage?-

Or fill these void veins full again with youth,

And wash, with an immortal water, Age?

When I do ask white Age he saith not so:

'My head hangs weighed with snow.'

And when I hearken to the Earth, she saith:

'My fiery heart shrinks, aching. It is death.

Mine ancient scars shall not be glorified,

Nor my titanic tears, the seas, be dried.'

**Siegfried Sassoon**

1. **Dreamers**

Soldiers are citizens of death's gray land,

Drawing no dividend from time's tomorrows.

In the great hour of destiny they stand,

Each with his feuds, and jealousies, and sorrows

Soldiers are sworn to action; they must win

Some flaming, fatal climax with their lives.

Soldiers are dreamers; when the guns begin

They think of firelit homes, clean beds, and wives.

I see them in foul dugouts, gnawed by rats,

And in the ruined trenches, lashed with rain,

Dreaming of things they did with balls and bats,

And mocked by hopeless longing to regain

Bank holidays, and picture shows, and spats,

And going to the office in the train.

1. **Glory of Women**

You love us when we're heroes, home on leave,

Or wounded in a mentionable place.

You worship decorations; you believe

That chivalry redeems the war's disgrace.

You make us shells. You listen with delight,

By tales of dirt and danger fondly thrilled.

You crown our distant ardours while we fight,

And mourn our laurelled memories when we're killed.

You can't believe that British troops 'retire'

When hell's last horror breaks them, and they run,

Trampling the terrible corpses--blind with blood.

O German mother dreaming by the fire,

While you are knitting socks to send your son

His face is trodden deeper in the mud.

1. **Remorse**

Lost in the swamp and welter of the pit,

He flounders off the duck-boards; only he knows

Each flash and spouting crash,--each instant lit

When gloom reveals the streaming rain. He goes

Heavily, blindly on. And, while he blunders,

"Could anything be worse than this?"--he wonders,

Remembering how he saw those Germans run,

Screaming for mercy among the stumps of trees:

Green-faced, they dodged and darted: there was one

Livid with terror, clutching at his knees. . .

Our chaps were sticking 'em like pigs . . . "O hell!"

He thought--"there's things in war one dare not tell

Poor father sitting safe at home, who reads

Of dying heroes and their deathless deeds."

1. **The Poet as Hero**

You've heard me, scornful, harsh, and discontented,

Mocking and loathing War: you've asked me why

Of my old, silly sweetness I've repented--

My ecstasies changed to an ugly cry.

You are aware that once I sought the Grail,

Riding in armour bright, serene and strong;

And it was told that through my infant wail

There rose immortal semblances of song.

But now I've said good-bye to Galahad,

And am no more the knight of dreams and show:

For lust and senseless hatred make me glad,

And my killed friends are with me where I go.

Wound for red wound I burn to smite their wrongs;

And there is absolution in my songs.

**Charles Sorley**

1. **"When you see millions of the mouthless dead"**

When you see millions of the mouthless dead

Across your dreams in pale battalions go,

Say not soft things as other men have said,

That you'll remember. For you need not so.

Give them not praise. For, deaf, how should they know

It is not curses heaped on each gashed head?

Nor tears. Their blind eyes see not your tears flow.

Nor honour. It is easy to be dead.

Say only this, 'They are dead.' Then add thereto,

'Yet many a better one has died before.'

Then, scanning all the o'ercrowded mass, should you

Perceive one face that you loved heretofore,

It is a spook. None wears the face you knew.

Great death has made all his for evermore.

**Laurence Binyon**

1. **Ypres**

She was a city of patience; of proud name,

Dimmed by neglecting Time; of beauty and loss;

Of acquiescence in the creeping moss.

But on a sudden fierce destruction came

Tigerishly pouncing: thunderbolt and flame

Showered on her streets, to shatter them and toss

Her ancient towers to ashes. Riven across,

She rose, dead, into never-dying fame.

White against heavens of storm, a ghost, she is known

To the world's ends. The myriads of the brave

Sleep round her. Desolately glorified,

She, moon-like, draws her own far-moving tide

Of sorrow and memory; toward her, each alone,

Glide the dark dreams that seek an English grave.

1. **The Pity of It**

I walked in loamy Wessex lanes, afar

From rail-track and from highway, and I heard

In field and farmstead many an ancient word

Of local lineage like "Thu bist," "Er war,"

"Ich woll," "Er sholl," and by-talk similar,

Nigh as they speak who in this month's moon gird

At England's very loins, thereunto spurred

By gangs whose glory threats and slaughters are.

Then seemed a Heart crying: "Whosoever they be

At root and bottom of this, who flung this flame

Between folk kin tongued even as are we,

"Sinister, ugly, lurid, be their fame;

May their familiars grow to shun their name,

And their brood perish everlastingly."

**Robert Bridges**

1. **To the United States of America**

Brothers in blood! They who this wrong began

To wreck our commonwealth, will rue the day

When first they challenged freemen to the fray,

And with the Briton dared the American.

Now are we pledged to win the Rights of man;

Labor and Justice now shall have their way,

And in a League of Peace--God grant we may--

Transform the earth, not patch up the old plan.

Sure is our hope since he who led your nation

Spake for mankind, and ye arose in awe

Of that high call to work the world's salvation;

Clearing your minds of all estranging blindness

In the vision of Beauty and the Spirit's law,

Freedom and Honor and sweet Loving kindness.

**Henry Christopher Bradby**

1. **April 1918**

You, whose forebodings have been all fulfilled,

You who have heard the bell, seen the boy stand

Holding the flimsy message in his hand

While through your heart the fiery question thrilled

"Wounded or killed, which, which?"--and it was "Killed--"

And in a kind of trance have read it, numb

But conscious that the dreaded hour was come,

No dream this dream wherewith your blood was chilled--

Oh brothers in calamity, unknown

Companions in the order of black loss,

Lift up your hearts, for your are not alone,

And let our sombre hosts together bring

Their sorrows to the shadow of the Cross

And learn the fellowship of suffering.

**Edgell Rickword**

1. **War and Peace**

In sodden trenches I have heard men speak,

Though numb and wretched, wise and witty things;

And loved them for the stubbornness that clings

Longest to laughter when Death's pulleys creak;

And seeing cool nurses move on tireless feet

To do abominable things with grace,

Deemed them sweet sisters in that haunted place

Where, with child's voices, strong men howl or bleat.

Yet now those men lay stubborn courage by,

Riding dull-eyed and silent in the train

To old men's stools; or sell gay-coloured socks

And listen fearfully for Death; so I

Love the low-laughing girls, who now again

Go daintily, in thin and flowery frocks.

**May Herschel-Clarke**

1. **The Mother**

*Written after reading Rupert Brooke's sonnet, "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.*

If you should die, think only this of me

In that still quietness where is space for thought,

Where parting, loss and bloodshed shall not be,

And men may rest themselves and dream of nought:

That in some place a mystic mile away

One whom you loved has drained the bitter cup

Till there is nought to drink; has faced the day

Once more, and now, has raised the standard up.

And think, my son, with eyes grown clear and dry

She lives as though for ever in your sight,

Loving the things *you* loved, with heart aglow

For country, honour, truth, traditions high,

--Proud that you paid their price. (And if some night

Her heart should break--well, lad, you will not know.

**Edward Shillito**

1. **Hardness of Heart**

In the first watch no death but made us mourn;

Now tearless eyes run down the daily roll,

Whose names are written in the book of death;

For sealed are now the springs of tears, as when

The tropic sun makes dry the torrent's course

After the rains. They are too many now

For mortal eyes to weep, and none can see

But God alone the Thing itself and live.

We look to seaward, and behold a cry!

To skyward, and they fall as stricken birds

On autumn fields; and earth cries out its toll,

From the Great River to the world's end--toll

Of dead, and maimed and lost; we dare not stay;

Tears are not endless and we have no more.

**Wilfrid Wilson Gibson**

1. **The Conscript**

Indifferent, flippant, earnest, but all bored,

The doctors sit in the glare of electric light

Watching the endless stream of naked white

Bodies of men for whom their hasty award

Means life or death maybe, or the living death

Of mangled limbs, blind eyes, or a darkened brain;

And the chairman, as his monocle falls again,

Pronounces each doom with easy indifferent breath.

Then suddenly I shudder as I see

A young man stand before them wearily,

Cadaverous as one already dead;

But still they stare untroubled as he stands

With arms outstretched and drooping thorn-crowned head,

The nail-marks glowing in his feet and hands.

**Eva Dobell**

1. **Advent, 1916**

I dreamt last night Christ came to earth again

To bless His own. My soul from place to place

On her dream-quest sped, seeking for His face

Through temple and town and lovely land, in vain.

Then came I to a place where death and pain

Had made of God's sweet world a waste forlorn,

With shattered trees and meadows gashed and torn,

Where the grim trenches scarred the shell-sheared plain.

And through that Golgotha of blood and clay,

Where watchers cursed the sick dawn, heavy-eyed,

There (in my dream) Christ passed upon His way,

Where His cross marks their nameless graves who died

Slain for the world's salvation where all day

For others' sake strong men are crucified.

**Geoffrey Faber**

1. **Home Service**

"At least it wasn't your fault" I hear them console

When they come back, the few that will come back.

I feel those handshakes now. "Well, on the whole

You didn't miss much. I wish I had your knack

Of stopping out. You still can call your soul

Your own, at any rate. What a priceless slack

You've had, old chap. It must have been top-hole.

How's poetry? I bet you've written a stack."

What shall I say? That it's been damnable?

That all the time my soul was never my own?

That we've slaved hard at endless make-believe?

It isn't only actual war that's hell,

I'll say. It's spending youth and hope alone

Among pretences that have ceased to deceive.

**Ivor Gurney**

1. **To England--A Note**

I watched the boys of England where they went

Through mud and water to do appointed things.

See one a stake, and one wire-netting brings,

And one comes slowly under a burden bent

Of ammunition. Though the strength be spent

They "carry on" under the shadowing wings

Of Death the ever-present. And hark, one sings

Although no joy from the grey skies be lent.

Are these the heroes--these? have kept from you

The power of primal savagery so long?

Shall break the devil's legions? These they are

Who do in silence what they might boast to do;

In the height of battle tell the world in song

How they do hate and fear the face of War.