

The Soldier

Rupert Brooke, 1887-1915

1 If I should die, think only this of me:
2 That there's some corner of a foreign field
3 That is for ever England. There shall be
4 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
5 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
6 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
7 A body of England's, breathing English air,
8 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

9 And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
10 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
11 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
12 Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
13 And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
14 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.