

HOOD BATTALION,
2nd NAVAL BRIGADE,
BLANDFORD,
DORSET.

(5)

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 grow,
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 palace in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day,
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

* Ομοίωτον τοῦ χειρογράφου τοῦ ποιήματος ὁ Στρατιώτης
καὶ εὐμενῆ παραχώρησιν τῆς μητρὸς τοῦ ποιητοῦ Κυρίας Brooke.