**THE SOLDIER**

 Rupert Brooke

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.

1914