**ANTHEM FOR DOOMED YOUTH**

 **Wilfred Owen**

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 orisons1.
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 shires2.

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 goodbyes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall3;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing down of blinds.

1orisons: prayers

2shires: British counties

3pall: a cloth placed over a coffin

