**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