

- ▢ [Home](#)
- ▢ [Reading notes](#)
- ▢ [Good Poems](#)
- ▢ [Media Diary](#)
- ▢ [Photos](#)
- ▢ [Live Blogs](#)
- ▢ [Links](#)

Rupert Brooke - 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 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.

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