First pencil draft of The Soldier, on Hood Battalion paper. King's College, Cambridge. The Papers of Rupert Chawner Brooke. **RCB/V/1 f.15**

'Once love Gave of her flowers to pick, her ways to roam (+ fed by her and shaped) HOOD BATTALION, an English 2nd NAVAL BRIGADE, Who breathed her air stream + was washed by the warm of home BLANDFORD, washed by the rivers DORSET. If I should die think of me (only this there's That in- some corner of a foreign field. Something of England lies is That is forever England There shall be In that rich earth a richer dust concealed A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware, Who ate her food, who breathed her English air And think Think too, this heart, all evil shed away Think too, this heart, all evil shed away, An 'obscure pulse' in the Eternal mind Giving somewhere back the thoughts (that England gave) Thoughts Dreams happy as her day thoughts

Content'