

'The Recruit' 'If I should die...' second pencil draft of V. The Soldier
King's College, Cambridge. The Papers of Rupert Chawner Brooke. RCB/V/1 f.16

'The Recruit

If I should die, think only this of me;
that there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever 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,
~~Who eat her food, who breathed her English air,~~
home

a body of England's, breathing English air
the
washed by her river blest by suns of home.

And think,
Think, too, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the Eternal mind no less

thoughts
Gives somewhere back the store by England given,
Her sights + sounds, Dreams happy as her day;
and laughter, learnt of friends: + gentlemen,

(And still content) {under an English heaven
beneath

In hearts at peace'
eyes