

'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