

I think that, wide awake in that still hour  
When little doubts and nameless fears expand,  
And self-assurance lies bereft of power  
And in the awed soul stirs the Almighty Hand,  
Your thoughts go back, beyond to-day's distraction,  
To eighty thousand nameless men in action:  
And you thank God—not for your place and name—  
*But for their comprehension and acclaim.*

## TO THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

UNKNOWN, yet known to us: missing, yet  
found

To be retombed and reforgotten here  
Amid old kings in precious, holy ground:

And with you our own trysts with pain and fear  
Are buried pridefully,—to fall to dust

With hearts of poets and spent lusts of kings,  
And stricken arrogance and knightly rust,

In England's glory-heap of wornout things.

Sleep well, O unknown soldier!—known and proved:

Cold, unabashed, where storied ghosts confer.

Sleep well, O myriad-heart, well beloved!—

While we forget the splendid dreams that were.