

But O! the ones whose breasts are stilled,  
Past all our strife and yearning;  
Whose hero hearts in earth are hilled,  
For whom is no returning;

For whom no morrow hath its birth,  
Or chapter of life's story;  
Who sleep far off in alien earth,  
Who died for Britain's glory;

Who heard the call and bravely rushed  
Where shot and shell were flaming;  
We think of them, and hearts are hushed,  
Amid the wild acclaiming;

We think of them, those voiceless ones,  
Whose absence speaks more loudly  
Than all these gleaming ranks of guns  
Of victors marching proudly.

We think of them, and up along  
The miles of shouting madness,  
The wild, glad surging, jubilant throng,  
A silence goes of sadness.

Yea, sadness, but exultantly;  
For though in earth beneath us,  
In far-off, alien graves they lie,  
Our dead go marching with us.

Far, far in London's mighty heart,  
Where life goes blindly thronging,  
Leagues from the homes they loved, apart  
The land of all their longing.

In marbled columns, side by side,  
Britain—the glory-giver,