

An' the pore dead that look so old
 An' was so young an hour ago,
 An' legs tied down before they're cold --
 These are the things which make you know.

Also Time runnin' into years --
 A thousand Places left be'ind --
 An' Men from both two 'emispheres
 Disenssin' things of ever' kind;
 So much more near than I 'ad known,
 So much more great than I 'ad guessed --
 An' me, like all the rest, alone --
 But reachin' out to all the rest!

So 'ath it come to me -- not pride,
 Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole
 (If such a term may be applied),
 The makin's of a bloomin' soul.
 But now, discharged, I fall away
 To do with little things a . . .
 Gawd, 'oo knows all I can say,
 Look after me in Thamesfontein!¹

*If England was what England seems,
 An' not the England of our dreams,
 But only putty, brass, an' paint,
 'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er! But she ain't!*

¹ London.