

To

W.D.G., J.C.B., and other young soldi

DEDICATION

*WE have heard the bees and felt the sun grow hot on the
face together,*

*And watched the great clouds tumbling up across the Sussex
down ;*

*We found the same clouds farther north and the bees among the
heather,*

*Where the woods are old and silent and the pools are dark
and brown.*

*We've read and laughed and played, good Lord ! and talked
the slow sun under,*

*And heard the nightjars whirring and the rooks go home
to bed,*

*And watched the harvest moon come up, a white and shining
wonder,*

And all the bright star-companies go marching overhead.

*The sweetest hour of all sweet hours is the hour when, long
unbroken,*

A complete silence fall that do not ask for speech ;

The finest of all fine words is the word that stays unspoken,

But . . . with both a crystal thought no utterance can reach.