

## DIVISIONAL REST

Out of the trenches shell-battered  
    Wearied we came,  
Dirty, dejected, mud-spattered;  
    The lurid flame  
Of streaming flarelights in their glow  
Lit paths to stumbling feet below.

Through duckboarded gullies amazing,  
    With quickening breath,  
In mingled shell shriekings bedazing,  
    Past spattering death  
From the grimed, sweating forms at our guns,  
And down past where the narrow railway runs.

Over the bosom of nature,  
    Crater-pocked, spoiled,  
Spune of a devil's pleasure,  
    God's imprint moiled,  
Through villages levelled in Hunnish bond,  
Marching in hope to the stillness beyond.

In the blue-grey mist of dawning  
    Our feet still rang  
Through lanes white may adorning,  
    Where yet birds sang.  
A land that seemed unearthly blessed,  
And here for the war-wearied—Rest.