

### **The Soldier by Rupert Brooke**

If I should [1] \_\_\_\_\_, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign [2] \_\_\_\_\_  
That is for ever England. There [3] \_\_\_\_\_ be  
In that rich earth a richer [4] \_\_\_\_\_ concealed;  
A dust whom [5] \_\_\_\_\_ bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her [6] \_\_\_\_\_ to roam;  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the [7] \_\_\_\_\_, blest by suns of home.

And think, [8] \_\_\_\_\_ heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England [9] \_\_\_\_\_;  
Her sights and [10] \_\_\_\_\_; dreams happy as her day;  
[11] \_\_\_\_\_ laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
In hearts at [12] \_\_\_\_\_, under an English heaven.

Given   England   peace   die   shall   this   rivers   field   ways   And   dust  
sounds