

## “Try to Be As Brave”: Cross-Continental Comparisons of Great War Poetry Robert Means

In the Summer 2018 issue of *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Robert Means compares poetry from British Great War authors with poetry about the war featured in the *Relief Society Magazine*, a Utah-based publication. The poems Means discusses in his article are reproduced below in their entirety.

### H. B. K. ALLPASS

#### *Afterwards*

“My King and Country needed me,” to fight  
The Prussian’s tyranny.  
I went and fought, till our assembled might  
With a wan triumph had dispersed in flight  
At least the initial P.

I came back. In a crowded basement now  
I scratch, a junior clerk.  
Each day my tried experience must bow  
Before the callow boy, whose shameless brow  
Usurps my oldtime work.

I had not cared – but that my toil was vain,  
But that still raged the strong:  
I had not cared – did any good remain.  
But now I scratch, and wait for War again,  
Nor shall I need to wait long.<sup>1</sup>

### ANONYMOUS

#### *Armistice Hymn*

Hail to the warriors peacefully sleeping.  
Nameless or known in the cross-covered plains;  
Bow we with those who sit quietly weeping,  
Bearing their loss for the world’s richer gains.

We will be keeping the tryst ye decreed us,  
Ye who lie under the wave and the sod;  
Watchful we stand, guarding all that has freed us,  
Resting our deeds in the judgment of God.<sup>2</sup>

#### *Only a Volunteer*

Why didn’t I wait to be drafted,  
And led to the train by a band,  
And put in a claim for exemption;  
Oh, why did I hold up my hand?

Why didn’t I wait for the banquet?  
Why didn’t I wait to be cheered?  
For the drafted men “get the credit”  
While I—merely volunteered!

And nobody gave me a banquet  
And nobody said a kind word.  
The grind of the wheels of the engine  
Was all the goodbye that I heard.  
Then off to the camp I was mustered  
To be trained for the next half year,  
And then in the shuffle forgotten—  
I was only a volunteer.

And maybe some day in the future  
When my little boys sits on my knee  
And asks what I did in the conflict  
And his little eyes look up to me—  
I will have to look back, as in blushing,  
To the eyes that so trustingly peer,  
And tell him I missed being drafted—  
I was only “a volunteer.”<sup>3</sup>

#### *Note Returned to a Utah Girl from Army Front*

I want to thank you for the socks you knit,  
But sorry to say they do not fit.  
Wear one for a scarf and one for a mitt,  
Where in the world did you learn to knit?<sup>4</sup>

### HAROLD BEGBIE

#### *Fall In*

What will you lack, sonny, what will you lack  
When the girls line up the street,  
Shouting their love to the lads come back  
From the foe they rushed to beat?  
Will you send a strangled cheer to the sky  
And grin till your cheeks are red?  
But what will you lack when your mate goes by  
With a girl who cuts you dead?

Where will you look, sonny, where will you look  
When your children yet to be  
Clamour to learn of the part you took  
In the War that kept men free?  
Will you say it was naught to you if France  
Stood up to her foe or bunked?  
But where will you look when they give the glance  
That tells you they know you funk'd?

How will you fare, sonny, how will you fare,  
In the far-off winter night,  
When you sit by the fire in an old man's chair  
And your neighbours talk of the fight?  
Will you slink away, as it were from a blow,  
Your old head shamed and bent?  
Or say—I was not with the first to go,  
But I went, thank God, I went?

Why do they call, sonny, why do they call  
For men who are brave and strong?  
Is it naught to you if your country fall,  
And Right is smashed by Wrong?  
Is it football still and the picture show,  
The pub and the betting odds,  
When your brothers stand to the tyrant's blow  
And England's call is God's?<sup>5</sup>

#### **VERA BRITAIN**

##### *The Lament of the Demobilised*

"Four years," some say consolingly. "Oh well,  
What's that? You're young. And then it must have been  
A very fine experience for you!"  
And they forget  
How others stayed behind and just got on—  
Got on better since we were away.  
And we came home and found  
They had achieved, and men revered their names,  
But never mentioned ours;  
And no one talked heroics now, and we  
Must just go back and start again once more.  
"You threw four years into the melting-pot—  
Did you indeed!" these others cry. "Oh well,  
The more fool you!"  
And we're beginning to agree with them.<sup>6</sup>

#### **RUPERT BROOKE**

##### *War Sonnet V: The Soldier*

If I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.  
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;  
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.<sup>7</sup>

#### **LEAH BROWN**

##### *The Prayer of a Mother*

'Twas the prayer of mother saved him,  
The babe on mother's knee,  
From the care and toils of baby-land,  
That only babies see.

'Twas the prayer of mother saved him,  
The boy at death's dark gate,  
And brought him back to baby-land—  
A mother's prayer and faith.

Then 'twas the faith of mother  
That bade him at her chair,  
To kneel and ask protection  
In humble, childlike prayer.

If a mother's prayer may save him  
While at the mother's knee,  
So has it now that power  
On distant land or sea.<sup>8</sup>

#### **ROBERT GRAVES**

##### *The Patchwork Quilt*

Here is this patchwork quilt I've made  
Of patterned silks and old brocade,  
Small faded rags in memory rich  
Sewn each to each with feather stitch,  
But if you stare aghast perhaps  
At certain muddied khaki scraps  
Or trophy-fragments of field grey,  
Clotted and torn, a grim display  
That never decked white sheets before,  
Blame my dazed head, blame bloody war.<sup>9</sup>

**WILLIAM NOEL HODGSON**

*Before Action*

By all the glories of the day,  
And the cool evening's benison:  
By the last sunset touch that lay  
Upon the hills when day was done:  
By beauty lavishly outpoured,  
And blessings carelessly received,  
By all the days that I have lived,  
Make me a soldier, Lord.

By all of all men's hopes and fears,  
And all the wonders poets sing,  
The laughter of unclouded years,  
And every sad and lovely thing:  
By the romantic ages stored  
With high endeavour that was his,  
By all his mad catastrophes,  
Make me a man, O Lord.

I, that on my familiar hill  
Saw with uncomprehending eyes  
A hundred of Thy sunsets spill  
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,  
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword  
Must say good-bye to all of this:—  
By all delights that I shall miss,  
Help me to die, O Lord.<sup>10</sup>

**RUDYARD KIPLING**

*Epitaphs of the War*

Ex-Clerk

Pity not! The Army gave  
Freedom to a timid slave:  
In which Freedom did he find  
Strength of body, will, and mind:  
By which strength he came to prove  
Mirth, Companionship, and Love:  
For which Love to Death he went:  
In which Death he lies content.<sup>11</sup>

**ANNIE G. LAURITZEN**

*A Prayer for the Nations*

Great God of the hosts of Israel,  
Look down in much mercy I pray,  
Relieve thou the war-ridden nations,  
O, lead them back into thy way.

O, soften their hearts by the power  
Of thy Holy Spirit divine,  
Bring them back from the death traps of error,  
By a Father's deep love that is thine.

Lead them back from the wild desolation;  
From horrors of war set earth free;  
Bid men turn back from following Satan,  
And teach them to come unto thee.

O, soften their hearts by the Spirit,  
No more thy blest precepts to spurn;  
That celestial joys thy may inherit;  
When to heaven and thee they return.<sup>12</sup>

**JOHN MCCRAE**

*In Flanders Fields*

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

**MRS. PARLEY NELSON**  
**(SARAH AHLSTROM NELSON)**

*Letters*

If you have a soldier laddie  
In the ranks, on land or sea,  
Fighting for the Starry Banner  
And the cause of liberty,  
Let the messages you send him  
Carry words of hope and cheer;  
Try to do your part as nobly  
As the lad you hold so dear.

If you have a soldier brother,  
Friend or dear one "over there,"  
Sit not down to useless grieving,

This is no time for despair;  
Gird you soul with strength and courage,  
Send him words of hope and cheer,  
Try to be as brave a soldier  
As the one you hold so dear.<sup>13</sup>

#### *Thanksgiving Memories*

Thanksgiving time! Again I live  
Thanksgivings long since fled!  
When you were just a little tad,  
With ringlets round your head.  
Again I see your childish form  
As kneeling by my chair,  
With folded hands, you softly lisped  
A child's Thanksgiving prayer:

"I thank thee, Lord, for mama dear,  
And for my daddy, too,  
I'm thankful that I have a home  
And for my sister Lou.  
I'm thankful for my nice new skates  
And for my rubber boots,  
I'm thankful for my jack knife and  
My real air gun what shoots,  
For these and other blessings, Lord,  
I'm thankful that I have a home,  
And as I lay me down to sleep  
Please, Lord, take care of me."

The busy years slipped quickly by,  
You grew to man's estate,  
Your country called and you went forth  
To meet a soldier's fate.  
And now you sleep in Flander's field,  
Where countless flowers grow,  
With valiant comrades lying near,  
'Neath crosses row on row.  
You gave your life in freedom's cause,  
And though my tears still fall,  
I'm thankful that you stood for right,  
I'm glad you heard the call.  
I lift my heart in thanks to God  
Who sent a son so true;  
And though in foreign land you sleep,  
I know He cares for you.<sup>14</sup>

#### *To the Departed Year 1918*

Your birth was heralded 'mid clouds of gloom,  
So dark, we scarce dared think of happiness;  
Famine and Death stalked broadcast o'er the earth  
But Right prevailed against the power of Might!

O, glorious year, you brought the Victory.<sup>15</sup>

#### **MRS. MAUD C. OLIVER**

*Lines to Sister Rowena M. Whipple, In memory of the  
death of her Soldier Son, on July 20, 1918*

They are bringing all that's earthly  
Of your soldier boy who died  
Far away from home and mother,  
Only strangers at his side.  
It is hard to thus behold him,  
Stricken in the prime of life,  
But you have this consolation:  
He is free from all earth-strife.

And you know that his dear body  
Rest not on a foreign shore,  
But beside your other children  
Who have only gone before.  
Wrap the Stars and Stripes around him,  
Emblem of the true and brave,  
And with loving hands consign him  
To a soldier's honored grave.<sup>16</sup>

#### **WILFRED OWEN**

*Dulce et Decorum Est*

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through  
sludge,  
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,  
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,  
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;  
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling  
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,  
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling  
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime.—  
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,  
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight,  
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace  
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,  
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;  
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood

Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud  
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—  
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est  
Pro patria mori.*<sup>17</sup>

#### VERONA BANKS PETERSON

##### *Enlist Now*

“Enlist now! Help your country!”  
Comes the cry all o’er the land.  
Enlist now! Help the needy!”  
Come join our valiant band.  
For the Lord has “White Cross Sisters”  
For those wounded in life’s fight.

They need your help, or you need theirs  
To make life’s burden light.  
The aid in want, in dire distress,  
They feed the mind, help souls progress.  
Enlist now! Join this order of the Army of the Lord!  
Help spread the Gospel message to the homes that need  
His word.

Help clothe the needy children of the armies of the poor.  
Help drive the demon “Ignorance” away from every door  
Where children dwell. In Zion or abroad throughout the  
world,  
May we find recruiting stations,  
May we see our flag unfurled!  
The Relief Society needs you!

Can’t you hear your conscience call?  
There is work for every sister,  
Come, enroll now, one and all,  
Be a member of this order of the Army of the Lord.  
Learn yourself the Gospel message,  
Help the Lord to spread His word!<sup>18</sup>

#### JESSIE POPE

##### *The Call*

Who’s for the trench  
Are you, my laddie?  
Who’ll follow French  
Will you, my laddie?  
Who’s fretting to begin,  
Who’s going out to win?  
And who wants to save his skin—  
Do you, my laddie?

Who’s for the khaki suit—  
Are you, my laddie?  
Who longs to charge and shoot—  
Do you, my laddie?  
Who’s keen on getting fit,  
Who means to show his grit,  
And who’d rather wait a bit—  
Would you, my laddie?

Who’ll earn the Empire’s thanks—  
Will you, my laddie?  
Who’ll swell the victor’s ranks—  
Will you, my laddie?  
When that procession comes,  
Banners and rolling drums—  
Who’ll stand and bite his thumbs—  
Will you, my laddie?<sup>19</sup>

##### *Socks*

Shining pins that dart and click  
In the fireside’s sheltered peace  
Check the thoughts that cluster thick –  
*20 plain and then decrease.*

He was brave—well, so was I—  
Keen and merry, but his lip  
Quivered when he said good-bye—  
*Purl the seam-stitch, purl and slip.*

Never used to living rough,  
Lots of things he’d got to learn;  
Wonder if he’s warm enough—  
*Knit 2, catch 2, knit 1, turn.*

Hark! The paper-boys again!  
Wish that shout could be suppressed;  
Keeps one always on the strain—  
*Knit off 9, and slip the rest.*

Wonder if he’s fighting now,  
What he’s done an’ where he’s been;  
He’ll come out on top, somehow—  
*Slip 1, knit 2, purl 14.*<sup>20</sup>

#### L. LULA GREENE RICHARDS

##### *The Home Coming*

“Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”

Hark! the sound of returning steps we hear,  
And in it the ring of victory’s cheer.  
Our soldiers, our heroes, are coming home

From battle front, over the ocean's foam.  
In the cause of liberty, truth and right  
They bravely enlisted, and won the fight;  
But—Lord, Thou gavest them the power divine—  
The honor, the triumph, the praise are Thine,  
And humbly and gratefully they return  
To loved ones, still praying, whose hearts still yearn.  
They have given answer to freedom's call,  
And they come—they come—but they come not all!

Now, oh, Thou Beloved! Who was lifted up  
And drank to the dregs that bitter cup—  
Thou art the great Comforter, be Thou near  
The lonely bereft ones to soothe and cheer.  
Make easy the yoke, and their burdens light—  
Theirs have but followed with Thee in the fight,  
As oft to the faithful Thou didst appear,  
Let these feel the joy of their loved ones near.  
Cut short Thy work, and may all who must wait  
Feel that even now they participate,  
And draw from the measureless source above  
The glory of Faith and the strength of Love.<sup>21</sup>

#### ISAAC ROSENBERG

##### *Break of Day in the Trenches*

The darkness crumbles away  
It is the same old druid Time as ever,  
Only a live thing leaps my hand,  
A queer sardonic rat,  
As I pull the parapet's poppy  
To stick behind my ear.  
Droll rat, they would shoot you if they knew  
Your cosmopolitan sympathies,  
Now you have touched this English hand  
You will do the same to a German  
Soon, no doubt, if it be your pleasure  
To cross the sleeping green between.  
It seems you inwardly grin as you pass  
Strong eyes, fine limbs, haughty athletes,  
Less chanced than you for life,  
Bonds to the whims of murder,  
Sprawled in the bowels of the earth,  
The torn fields of France.  
What do you see in our eyes  
At the shrieking iron and flame  
Hurled through still heavens?  
What quaver—what heart aghast?  
Poppies whose roots are in man's veins  
Drop, and are ever dropping;  
But mine in my ear is safe,  
Just a little white with the dust.<sup>22</sup>

#### SIEGFRIED SASSOON

##### *Glory of Women*

You love us when we're heroes, home on leave,  
Or wounded in a mentionable place.  
You worship decorations; you believe  
That chivalry redeems the war's disgrace.  
You make us shells. You listen with delight,  
By tales of dirt and danger fondly thrilled.  
You crown our distant ardours while we fight,  
And mourn our laurelled memories when we're killed.  
You can't believe that British troops "retire"  
When hell's last horror breaks them, and they run,  
Trampling the terrible corpses-blind with blood.  
O German mother dreaming by the fire,  
While you are knitting socks to send your son  
His face is trodden deeper in the mud.<sup>23</sup>

##### *The Hero*

"Jack fell as he'd have wished," the Mother said,  
And folded up the letter that she'd read.  
"The Colonel writes so nicely." Something broke  
In the tired voice that quavered to a choke.  
She half looked up. "We mothers are so proud  
Of our dead soldiers." Then her face was bowed.

Quietly the Brother Officer went out.  
He'd told the poor old dear some gallant lies  
That she would nourish all her days, no doubt.  
For while he coughed and mumbled, her weak eyes  
Had shone with gentle triumph, brimmed with joy,  
Because he'd been so brave, her glorious boy.

He thought how "Jack," cold-footed, useless swine,  
Had panicked down the trench that night the mine  
Went up at Wicked Corner; how he'd tried  
To get sent home, and how, at last, he died,  
Blown to small bits. And no one seemed to care  
Except that lonely woman with white hair.<sup>24</sup>

##### *The Redeemer*

Darkness: the rain sluiced down; the mire was deep;  
It was past twelve on a mid-winter night,  
When peaceful folk in beds lay snug asleep;  
There, with much work to do before the light,  
We lugged our clay-sucked boots as best we might  
Along the trench; sometimes a bullet sang,  
And droning shells burst with a hollow bang;  
We were soaked, chilled and wretched, every one;  
Darkness; the distant wink of a huge gun.

I turned in the black ditch, loathing the storm;  
A rocket fizzed and burned with blanching flare,  
And lit the face of what had been a form  
Floundering in mirk. He stood before me there;  
I say that He was Christ; stiff in the glare,  
And leaning forward from His burdening task,  
Both arms supporting it; His eyes on mine  
Stared from the woeful head that seemed a mask  
Of mortal pain in Hell's unholy shine.

No thorny crown, only a woollen cap  
He wore—an English soldier, white and strong,  
Who loved his time like any simple chap,  
Good days of work and sport and homely song;  
Now he has learned that nights are very long,  
And dawn a watching of the windowed sky.  
But to the end, unjudging, he'll endure  
Horror and pain, not discontent to die  
That Lancaster on Lune may stand secure.

He faced me, reeling in his weariness,  
Shouldering his load of planks, so hard to bear.  
I say that He was Christ, who wrought to bless  
All groping things with freedom bright as air,  
And with His mercy washed and made them fair.  
Then the flame sank, and all grew black as pitch,  
While we began to struggle along the ditch;  
And someone flung his burden in the muck,  
Mumbling: "O Christ Almighty, now I'm stuck!"<sup>25</sup>

#### *Suicide in the Trenches*

I knew a simple soldier boy  
Who grinned at life in empty joy,  
Slept soundly through the lonesome dark,  
And whistled early with the lark.

In winter trenches, cowed and glum,  
With crumps and lice and lack of rum,  
He put a bullet through his brain.  
No one spoke of him again.

You smug-faced crowds with kindling eye  
Who cheer when soldier lads march by,  
Sneak home and pray you'll never know  
The hell where youth and laughter go.<sup>26</sup>

#### *They*

The Bishop tells us: "When the boys come back  
"They will not be the same; for they'll have fought  
In a just cause: they lead the last attack  
on Anti-Christ; their comrades' blood has bought  
New right to breed an honourable race,

They have challenged Death and dared him face to face."

"We're none of us the same!" the boys reply.  
"For George lost both his legs; and Bill's stone blind;  
Poor Jim's shot through the lungs and like to die;  
And Bert's gone syphilitic: you'll not find  
A chap who's served that hasn't found some change."  
And the Bishop said: "The ways of God are strange!"<sup>27</sup>

#### **CHARLES SORLEY**

##### *When You See Millions of the Mouthless Dead*

When you see millions of the mouthless dead  
Across your dreams in pale battalions go,  
Say not soft things as other men have said,  
That you'll remember. For you need not so.  
Give them not praise. For, deaf, how should they know  
It is not curses heaped on each gashed head?  
Nor tears. Their blind eyes see not your tears flow.  
Nor honour. It is easy to be dead.  
Say only this, "They are dead." Then add thereto,  
"Yet many a better one has died before."  
Then, scanning all the o'ercrowded mass, should you  
Perceive one face that you loved heretofore,  
It is a spook. None wears the face you knew.  
Great death has made all his for evermore.<sup>28</sup>

##### *To Germany*

You are blind like us. Your hurt no man designed,  
And no man claimed the conquest of your land.  
But gropers both through fields of thought confined  
We stumble and we do not understand.  
You only saw your future bigly planned,  
And we, the tapering paths of our own mind,  
And in each other's dearest ways we stand,  
And hiss and hate. And the blind fight the blind.

When it is peace, then we may view again  
With new-won eyes each other's truer form  
And wonder. Grown more loving-kind and warm  
We'll grasp firm hands and laugh at the old pain,  
When it is peace. But until peace, the storm  
The darkness and the thunder and the rain.<sup>29</sup>

#### **JOSEPH HUNT STANFORD**

##### *To a Lark.*

Heard singing near support line during artillery service,  
February, 1918.

How can you sing? 'Tis true the skies are blue,

And in the air there comes a breath of spring;  
But hurtling death shrieks o'er the head of you—  
Beneath—around you—till it seems your wing  
Must surely brush the flying shot and shell  
That screams across the fields you love so well.

How can you sing? The sun is warm, I know,  
Beyond what is this February's dew;  
And song's your business, whereso'er you go,  
'Tis nothing more that we expect from you.  
But—here's my point—by what astounding chance  
Came you to sing in this grim part of France?

Is there a message in the song you sing  
Which, could it be rightly understood,  
Would cheer us in the faith that everything—  
E'en war—works only for some final good?  
Or do you sing because you have no choice—  
You're just a bird that must report its voice?

About that "final good" you will agree  
(Should hopes of that your own free soul inspire)  
That there's but little here to make us see  
An eye to eye with you as you desire.  
The good to us seems altogether void,  
While with this bloody work we are employed.

Look at the fields beneath you, do they please?  
Can you see aught but desolation there?  
Look at the blackened stumps that once were trees—  
Your wildest fancy cannot make them fair!  
Look in the hearts of men, then tell me true  
If you're so sanguine after that review.

I hear your song. I, too, have often heard  
That song called Pippas—"God is in his heaven,  
So all's right with the world"; but every word  
Seems mockery when all that world is given  
To mad ambition, treachery, and strife,  
And shameful sacrifice of human life.

Still, keep on singing! To at least one ear  
Your song is sweet, whate'er its meaning be;  
It makes this devastation seem less drear,  
It wakes the music long asleep in me.  
For mine, and song's sweet sake, then, sing away—  
I'll try and scale the blue with you today.<sup>30</sup>

## **BERTRAM DOW TITUS**

### *Only a Volunteer*

It must've been great to be drafted  
And hear the cheers of the throngs,  
And march away from home and friends

'Midst laughter, kissing and songs.  
It must've been great to say goodbye  
To mother and sweethearts dear.  
But I joined the colors and no one knew,  
I went as a VOLUNTEER.

They paid the highest tribute  
To those who were forced to go,  
And share the burdens of Uncle Sam  
In the hour of strife and woe.  
They gave them banquets and suppers  
And said they went without fear,  
But never a thought did they give to the man  
Who went as a VOLUNTEER.

Oft times I've talked with my bunkie  
And heard him speak of his home  
Of his wife and kiddies no left alone  
While he with the Regulars roam.  
He sighs as he thinks of his love ones  
And brushes away a tear,  
Yet he's proud of the day he enlisted  
As only a VOLUNTEER.

Again I try to figure out,  
When the guns have ceased to roar,  
How much of the glory will go to those  
Who were forced to enter the war.  
No doubt they'll come back with glory  
'Midst many a shout and cheer,  
But after all I'm satisfied,  
I was only a VOLUNTEER.

One thing I know is certain  
We'll all fight side by side,  
And show the world we're Yankees,  
Whatever might betide.  
And when I tell the story  
To those who care to hear,  
I'll tell them all I went and came  
As only a VOLUNTEER.<sup>31</sup>



- <sup>1</sup> H. B. K. Allpass, "Afterwards," *Never Such Innocence: A New Anthology of Great War Verse*, ed. Martin Stephen (London: Buchan and Enright, 1988), 326–27.
- <sup>2</sup> "Armistice Hymn," *Relief Society Magazine*, November 1925, 563.
- <sup>3</sup> "Only a Volunteer," *Relief Society Magazine*, January 1918, 29.
- <sup>4</sup> "Note Returned to a Utah Girl from Army Front," *Relief Society Magazine*, January 1918.
- <sup>5</sup> Harold Begbie, "Fall In," *Never Such Innocence*, 71.
- <sup>6</sup> Vera Brittain, "The Lament of the Demobilised," *Scars Upon My Heart: Women's Poetry and Verse of the First World War*, ed. Catherine Reilly (London: Virago, 1981), 14.
- <sup>7</sup> Rupert Brooke, "War Sonnet V: The Soldier," from "Poems of 1914," *The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke* (New York: John Lane, 1916), 111.
- <sup>8</sup> Leah Brown, "The Prayer of a Mother," *Relief Society Magazine*, August 1918, 468.
- <sup>9</sup> Robert Graves, *Poems about War* (London: Cassell, 1988), 53.
- <sup>10</sup> Jack Medomsley, *William Noel Hodgson: The Gentle Poet* (Durham, England: Mel Publications, 1989), 140–41.
- <sup>11</sup> Rudyard Kipling, "Ex-Clerk," from "Epitaphs of the War," *Rudyard Kipling's Verse, Inclusive Edition, 1885–1932* (New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1938), 443.
- <sup>12</sup> Annie G. Lauritzen, "A Prayer for the Nations," *Relief Society Magazine*, August 1918, 441.
- <sup>13</sup> Mrs. Parley Nelson, "Letters," *Relief Society Magazine*, November 1918, 624.
- <sup>14</sup> Mrs. Parley Nelson, "Thanksgiving Memories," *Relief Society Magazine*, November 1920, 621.
- <sup>15</sup> Mrs. Parley Nelson, "To the Departed Year 1918," *Relief Society Magazine*, January 1919, 23.
- <sup>16</sup> Mrs. Maud C. Oliver, "Lines to Sister Rowena M. Whipple, In memory of the death of her Soldier Son, on July 20, 1918," *Relief Society Magazine*, October 1918, 549.
- <sup>17</sup> Wilfred Owen, "Dulce et Decorum Est," *The Poems of Wilfred Owen*, ed. John Stallworthy (New York: W. W. Norton, 1986), 117–18.
- <sup>18</sup> Verona Banks Peterson, "Enlist Now," *Relief Society Magazine*, August 1917, 464.
- <sup>19</sup> Jessie Pope, "The Call," *Scars Upon My Heart*, 88.
- <sup>20</sup> Jessie Pope, "Socks," *Scars Upon My Heart*, 89–90.
- <sup>21</sup> L. Lula Greene Richards, "The Home Coming," *Relief Society Magazine*, January 1919, 39.
- <sup>22</sup> Isaac Rosenberg, "Break of Day in the Trenches," *The Collected Poems of Isaac Rosenberg* (New York: Schocken Books, 1949), 73.
- <sup>23</sup> Siegfried Sassoon, "Glory of Women," *Siegfried Sassoon, the War Poems* (London: Faber and Faber, 1983), 100.
- <sup>24</sup> Siegfried Sassoon, "The Hero," *The War Poems*, 49.
- <sup>25</sup> Siegfried Sassoon, "The Redeemer," *The War Poems*, 16–17.
- <sup>26</sup> Siegfried Sassoon, "Suicide in the Trenches," *The War Poems*, 119.
- <sup>27</sup> Siegfried Sassoon, "They," *The War Poems*, 57.
- <sup>28</sup> Charles Sorley, "When You See Millions of the Mouthless Dead," in Jean Moorcroft Wilson, *Charles Hamilton Sorley: A Biography* (London: Cecil Woolf, 1985), 202.
- <sup>29</sup> Charles Sorley, "To Germany," *Charles Hamilton Sorley*, 168.
- <sup>30</sup> Joseph Hunt Stanford, "To a Lark," *Relief Society Magazine*, October 1919, 584.
- <sup>31</sup> Bertram Dow Titus, "Only a Volunteer," *Only a Volunteer and Other Poems* (Douglas, AZ: International Publishing, 1919), 5–6.