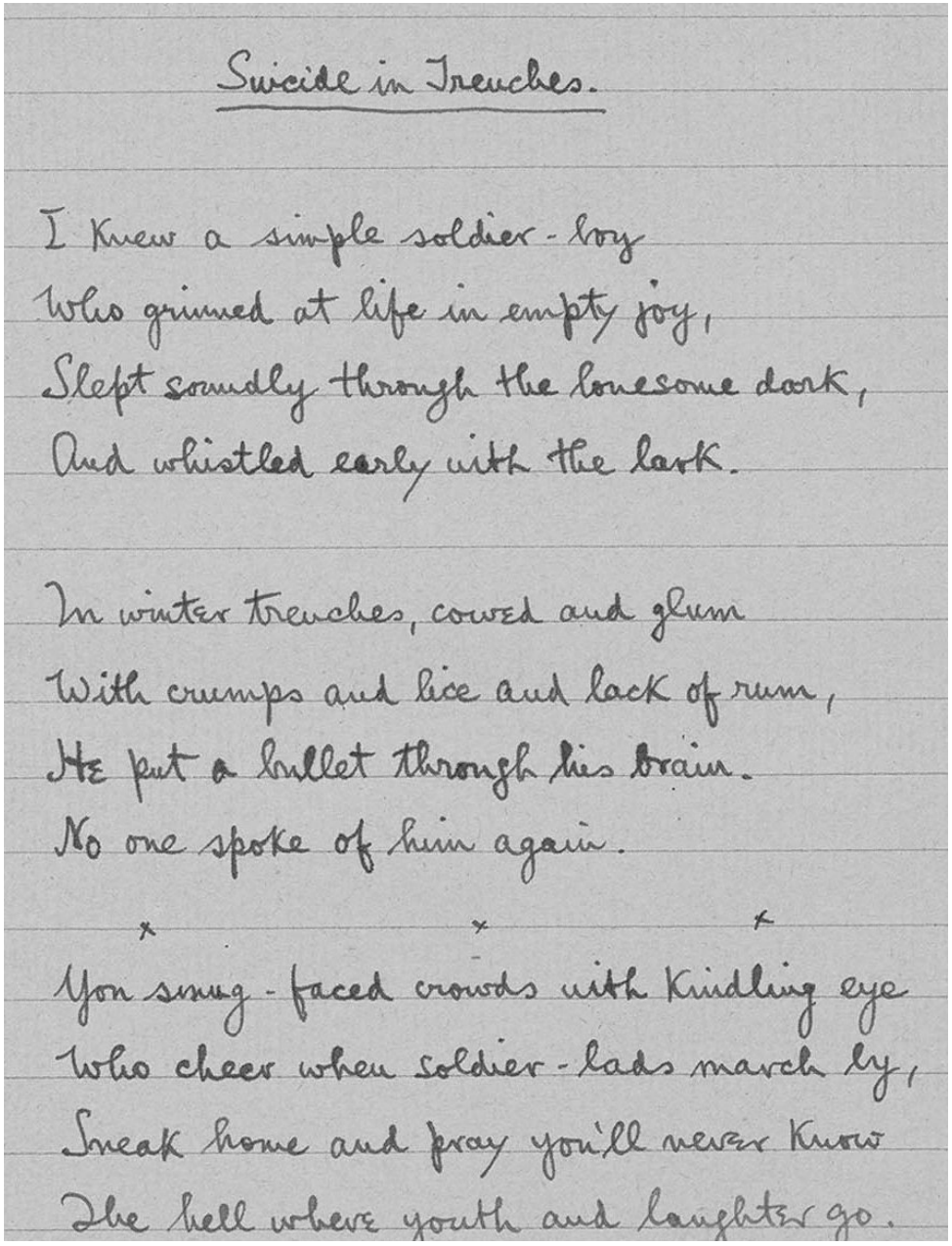


3A

SUICIDE IN THE TRENCHES

By Siegfried Sassoon, 1917

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.

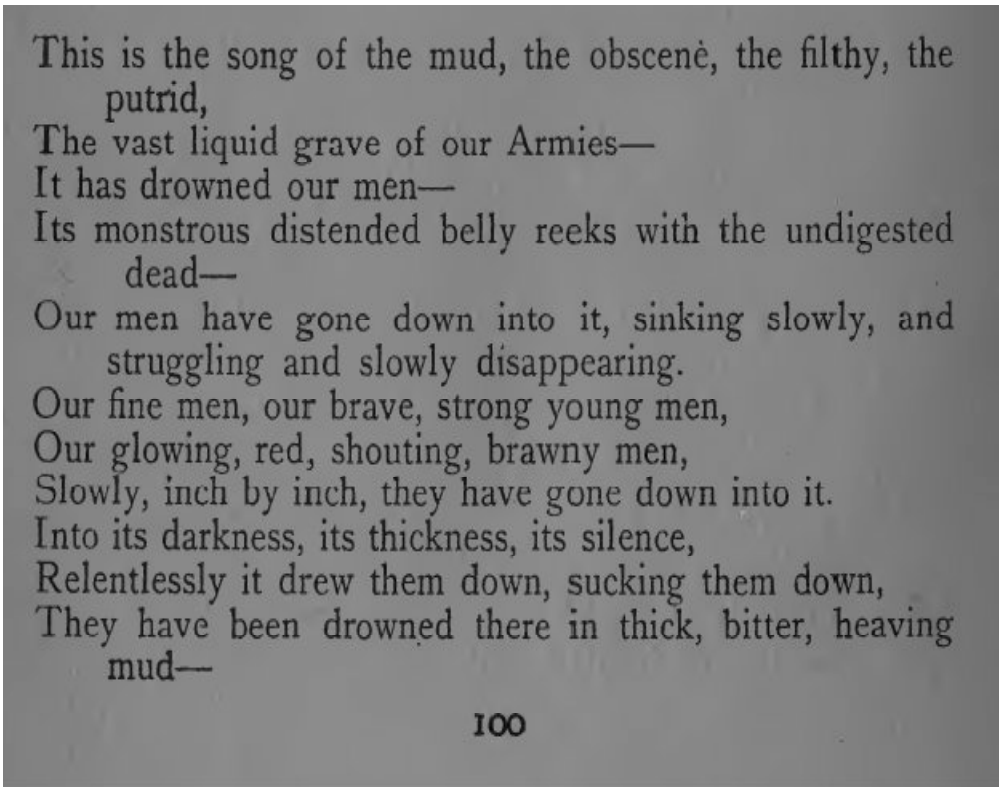
You smug-faced crowds with kindling eye
Who cheer when soldier lads march by,
Sneak home and pray you'll never know
The hell where youth and laughter go.

Sassoon, Siegfried. "Suicide in the Trenches." *Counter Attack and Other Poems*. 1919. 28 of 47. Retrieved from http://www.oucs.ox.ac.uk/ww1lit/collections/document/9855/9721

THE SONG OF THE MUD (FROM AT THE SOMME) 3A

Mary Borden-Turner, 1917

This is the song of the mud, the obscene, the filthy, the putrid,
The vast liquid graves of our Armies –
It has drowned our men –
Its monstrous distended belly reeks with the undigested dead –
Our men have gone down into it, sinking slowly, and struggling and slowly disappearing.
Our fine men, our brave, strong young men,
Our glowing, red, shouting, brawny men,
Slowly, inch by inch, they have gone down into it.
Into its darkness, its thickness, its silence,
Relentlessly it drew them down, sucking them down,
They have been drowned there in thick, bitter, heaving mud --



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100

Borden-Turner, Mary. "At the Somme." *English Review* 25.2 (1917): 97 – 102. Web. 29 Aug. 2013. http://archive.org/details/2englishreview25londuoft