

A BIRTHDAY

February 24th, 1919

W. D. WOODHEAD

Our bodies on a distant plain
 'Neath crosses row on row
Lie side by side, through wind and rain
 And winter-driven snow.

Battle's grey dormitory this,
 And filled is every bed;
And none may leave his place or miss
 The roll-call of the dead.

Yet, as I lie here silently,
 I think, If Fate had will'd,
To-day I should be thirty-three:
 At thirty I was kill'd.

O, you who love me, whom I love,
 Do not forget this day,
Through all the years you are above,
 And I beneath the clay.