

## **ODE - FOR THE FALLEN**

By Laurence Binyon 1914

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,  
England mourns for her dead across the sea.  
Flesh of her flesh, they were spirit or her spirit,  
fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill,  
death August and sings sorrow up into immoral royal spheres,  
There is music in the midst of desolation,  
and glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with song to battle, they were young,  
straight of limbs, true of eye, steady and aglow.  
They were staunch to the end, against odds undaunted,  
they fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old,  
age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning,  
We will remember them.

**LEST WE FORGET**