

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks
 Knock-kneed, laughing like hogs,
 We cursed through sludge,

Men marched asleep.

Many had
 lost their
 boots

But someone still was yelling out and
 stumbling,

Gas! Gas! Quick
 boys! - An ecstasy of fumbling,
 Fitting the clumsy helmets just in

Dim, through the misty panes
 and thick green light,
 As under a green sea
 I saw him
 drowning

He plunges at
 me, guttering, choking,
 drowning

Behind the wagon we
 flung him in,

And watched 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,

Of vile
 incurable
 sores on
 innocent
 tongues,

The old Lie;

Duce et Decorum

Est Pro Patria Mori