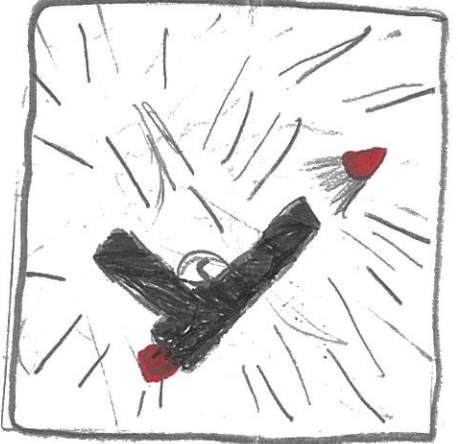


Dulce ET DECORUM

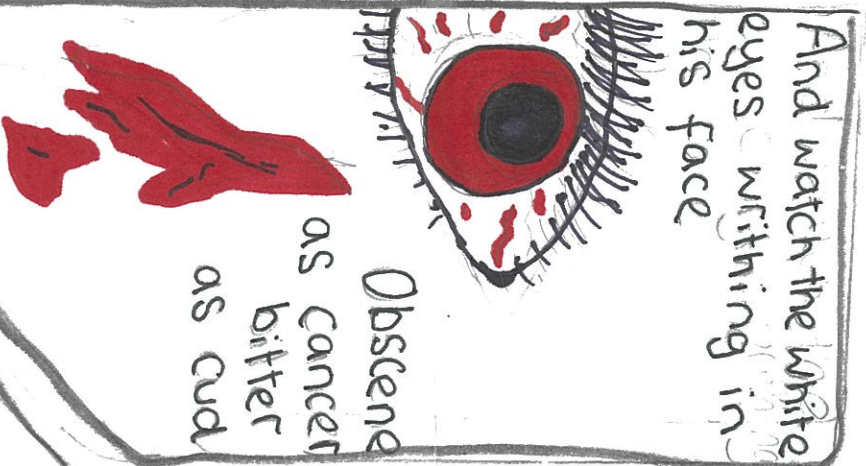


Bent double, like old beggars under sacks

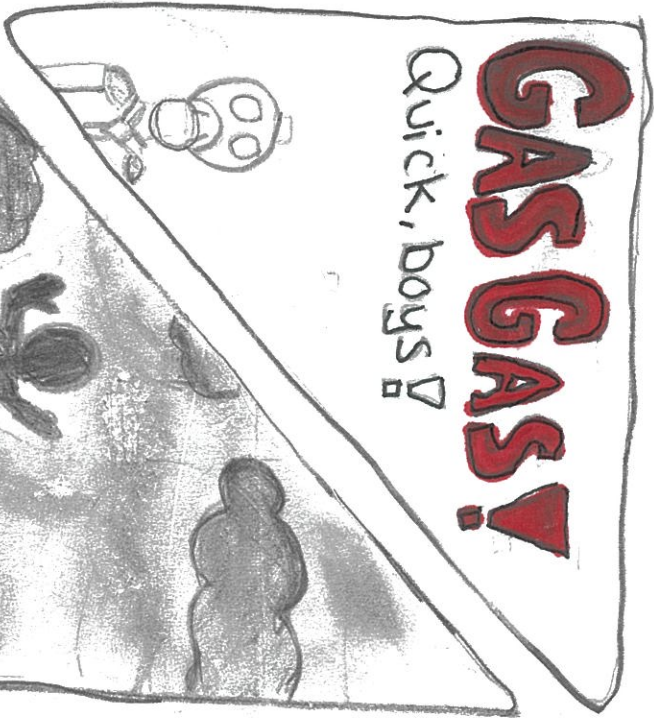
EST DECCORUM EST



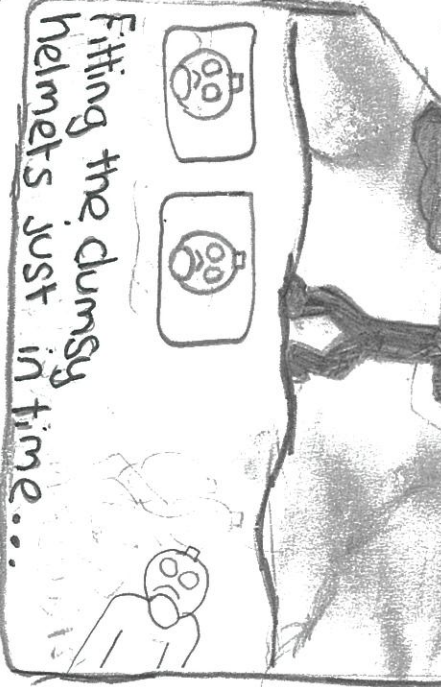
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face



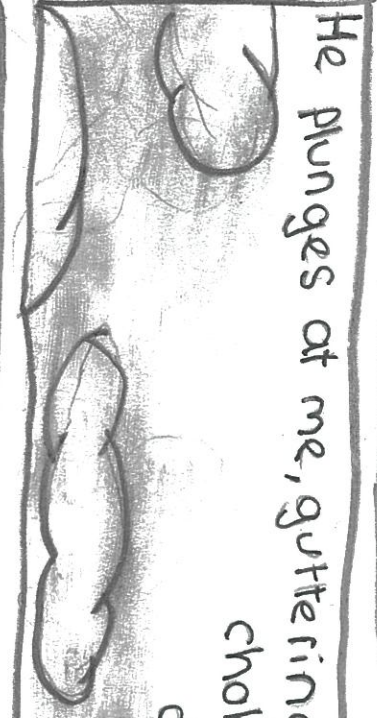
Obscene
as cancer
bitter
as cud



GAS GAS!
Quick, boys!



Fitting the dumsy helmets just in time...



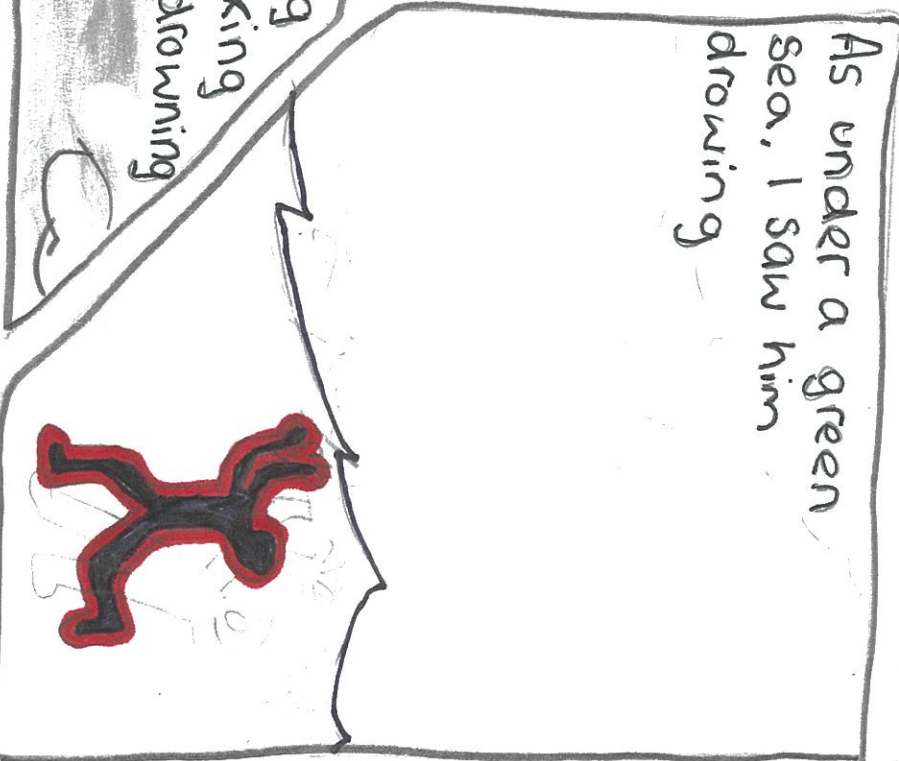
He plunges at me, guttering
choking
drowning



Drunk with fatigue

Deaf even to the hoft

As under a green sea, I saw him
drowning



The old Lie; Dulce et Decorum est



Pro patria mori