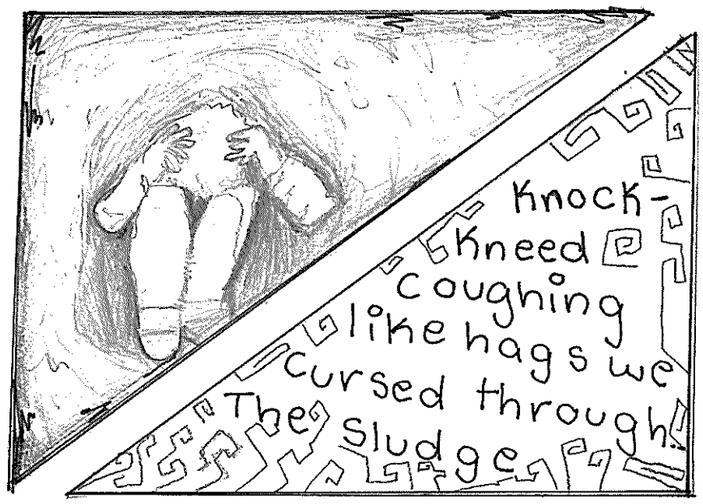
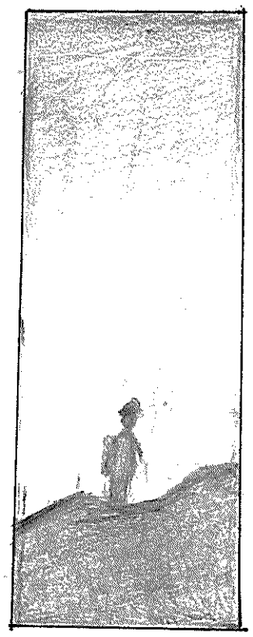
Bent double like old beggars under sacks





Dulce et Decorum est

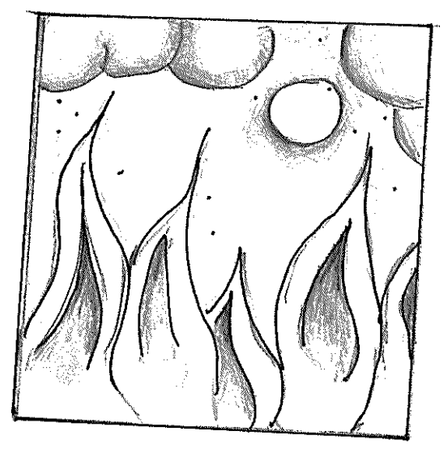
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,

and towards our distant rest began to trudge. Men marched asleep. many had lost their boots but limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind; Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoot of tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind.

GAS! GAS!

Quick, Boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling, fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;

But someone still was yelling out and stumbling, and flound'ring like a man in fire or a lime...



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

Dulce et Decorum est
Pro patria mori