

## To Rupert Brooke

I give you glory, for you are dead.  
The day lightens above your head;  
The night darkens about your feet;  
Morning and noon and evening meet  
Around and over and under you  
In the world you knew, the world you knew.

Lips are kissing and limbs are clinging,  
Breast to breast, in a silence singing  
Of forgotten and fadeless things:  
Laughter and tears and the beat of wings  
Faintly heard in a far-off heaven;  
Bird calls bird; the unquiet even  
Ineluctable ebb and flow  
Flows and ebbs; and all things go  
Moving from dream to dream; and deep  
Calls deep again in a world of sleep.

There is no glory gone from the air;  
Nothing is less. No, as it were  
A keener and wilder radiance glows  
Along the blood, and a shouting grows  
Fiercer and louder, a far-flung roar  
Of throats and guns: your island shore  
Is swift with smoke and savage with flame;  
And a myriad lovers shout your name,  
*Rupert! Rupert!*, across the earth;  
And death is dancing, and dancing birth;  
And a madness of dancing blood and laughter  
Rises and sings, and follows after  
All the dancers who danced before,  
And dance no more, and dance no more.

You will dance no more; you will love no more;  
You are dead and dust on your island shore.  
A little dust are the lips where  
Laughter and song and kisses were.  
And I give you glory, and I am glad  
For the life you had and the death you had,  
For the heaven you knew and the hell you knew,  
And the dust and the dayspring which were you.

W. Denis Browne, April 1915