

Glory of Women - By Siegfried Sassoon	They - By Siegfried Sassoon 1918
<p>You love us when we're heroes, home on leave,  Or wounded in a mentionable place.  You worship decorations; you believe  That chivalry redeems the war's disgrace.  You make us shells. You listen with delight,  By tales of dirt and danger fondly thrilled.  You crown our distant ardours while we fight,  And mourn our laurelled memories when we're killed.  You can't believe that British troops "retire"  When hell's last horror breaks them, and they run,  Trampling the terrible corpses—blind with blood.  O German mother dreaming by the fire,  While you are knitting socks to send your son  His face is trodden deeper in the mud.</p>	<p>THE Bishop tells us: 'When the boys come back  'They will not be the same; for they'll have fought  'In a just cause: they lead the last attack  'On Anti-Christ; their comrades' blood has bought  'New right to breed an honourable race,  'They have challenged Death and dared him face to  face.'</p> <p>'We're none of us the same!' the boys reply.  'For George lost both his legs; and Bill's stone blind;  'Poor Jim's shot through the lungs and like to die;  'And Bert's gone syphilitic: you'll not find  'A chap who's served that hasn't found some  change.'</p> <p>And the Bishop said: 'The ways of God are strange!'</p>