

Honour To Whom Honour

It shall not be war time
When dim in the far time
And life be not death and pleasures increase;
When dazzle the cheering,
At the end of the fearing
And the manifold blessings of Commerce and Peace,
When pulpits are crowing,
And wine is a-flowing,
And friends are a-meeting who long have not met;
When fair is earth's promise,
And you patronize "Tommies"-
In the day of rejoicing you shall not forget:-
'Tis ours that you're reaping.
Ours, who lie sleeping.
Princes of Ypres and Loos and the Aisne:
To us be the glory.
Us mangled and gory,
First honour to Us, who you mangle in vain
Then sorrowing greatly,
You Jubilee stately
You shall keep for a fast to the friends who have fled:
Then solemnly voicing
Shall cease the rejoicing
To toast and keep toasting the health of The Dead

Henry Blythe King Allpass (1893-1916) Who died leading his troops in an attack
on German trenches.