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| Siegfried Sassoon (1886–1967). 17. **Suicide in the Trenches**

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| --- | --- |
| I KNEW a simple soldier boy |   |
| Who grinned at life in empty joy, |   |
| Slept soundly through the lonesome dark, |   |
| And whistled early with the lark. |   |
|    |  |
| In winter trenches, cowed and glum, | *5* |
| With crumps and lice and lack of rum, |   |
| He put a bullet through his brain. |   |
| No one spoke of him again.    .    .    .    . |   |
| You smug-faced crowds with kindling eye |   |
| Who cheer when soldier lads march by, | *10* |
| Sneak home and pray you’ll never know |   |
| The hell where youth and laughter go. |  |

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