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