

To His Love

He's gone, and all our plans
Are useless indeed.
We'll walk no more on Cotswold
Where the sheep feed
5 Quietly and take no heed.

His body that was so quick
Is not as you
Knew it, on Severn river
Under the blue
10 Driving our small boat through.

You would not know him now...
But still he died
Nobly, so cover him over
With violets of pride
15 Purple from Severn side.

Cover him, cover him soon!
And with thick-set
Masses of memoried flowers—
Hide that red wet
20 Thing I must somehow forget.

Taken from *War's Embers* (1919)
by Ivor Gurney (1890-1937)