

## **SIEGFRIED SASSOON** (1886–1967)

### “Glory of Women”

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 or breaks them, and they run,  
Trampling the terrible corpses—blind with blood.

\* in munitions factories

O German mother dreaming by the fire,  
While you are knitting socks to send your son  
His face is trodden deeper in the mud.

1917–18