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D1 ARMISTICE DAY, NOVEMBER 11th, 1920

Kettering Grammar School Magazine,
5, December 1920, p 2

ARMISTICE DAY, NOVEMBER 11th, 1920

*I lingered long in that last resting-place,
I lingered and I then did dream awhile.
Methought I saw a lustrous wingéd host,
Come down from Heav'n, drest all in purest white.
They hovered gently o'er that dark and lonely grave
And from it took, in shrouded linen wrapt,
The body of a man. And then forthwith
With loving arms they bore it up, as though
Of precious gold it were. So up and up
They bore it, through a dreary pall of dark
Then through a blaze of light, and up and up
So seeméd they to go. The Abbey then did fade
And melt away, but in its place there came
A ring of light, and in that ring there stood
A Warrior, clad in white, and Known to God.*