

The Torch of Liberty. In Remembrance of July 5th, 1922.

Written by Cecil Day-Lewis about the consecration & dedication of Sherborne School's War Memorial and roll of honour on 5 July 1922 by the Right Rev. Henry Whitehead, Bishop of Madras.

There is a trumpet blowing... a great throng
Goes forth, girt as to run, steady and strong.
Lo! Through the black whirlwind, a flickering light,
The torch of Liberty is borne, upright.
Now wildly tossed, like a ship's lantern seen
Far out upon the writhing surge, the gleam
Shakes its wild wind-strewn hair of flame; but never
Falters the fiery courier; for ever,
When one spent runner sobs and falls, the brand
Is snatched and hastened by another hand.

So went they forth, so ran the race... Some lie
Where blood-red poppies blow and soft winds sigh
O'er Flanders' fields. Some the hot desert hides,
North, East and West and South, where'er the tides
Beat upon land. O'er some sea-blossoms sing
To the slow music of the waves, where swing
Great ships out to the Northern stars... Their name
Engraved in golden rune ye see; their fame
Is writ in radiant letters o'er the sky
With fire from that fair torch for which they joyed to died.