

**THE GLORY OF THE
TRENCHES; AN
INTERPRETATION.
[NEW YORK-1918]**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649594450

The Glory of the Trenches; An Interpretation. [New York-1918] by Coningsby Dawson & W. J. Dawson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CONINGSBY DAWSON & W. J. DAWSON

**THE GLORY OF THE
TRENCHES; AN
INTERPRETATION.
[NEW YORK-1918]**

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

CARRY ON:

LETTERS IN WARTIME

SLAVES OF FREEDOM

THE RAFT

THE GARDEN WITHOUT
WALLS

THE SEVENTH CHRISTMAS

THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY

THE ROAD TO AVALON

FLORENCE ON A CERTAIN
NIGHT

THE WORKER AND OTHER
POEMS



Photograph by Walters, Newark, N. J.

LIEUTENANT CONINGSBY DAWSON
CANADIAN FIELD ARTILLERY

THE GLORY OF THE TRENCHES

AN INTERPRETATION

BY
CONINGSBY DAWSON

Author of
"CARRY ON: LETTERS IN WARTIME," ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY HIS FATHER, W. J. DAWSON

*"The glory is all in the souls of the men
—it's nothing external."—From "Carry On"*

NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY
LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
TORONTO: S. B. GUNDY . . . MCMXVIII

Copyright, 1917, 1918
By INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY
Copyright, 1918
By JOHN LANE COMPANY

TO YOU AT HOME

*Each night we panted till the runners came,
Bearing your letters through the battle-smoke.
Their path lay up Death Valley spouting flame,
Across the ridge where the Hun's anger spoke
In bursting shells and cataracts of pain;
Then down the road where no one goes by day,
And so into the tortured, pockmarked plain
Where dead men clasp their wounds and point the way.
Here gas lurks treacherously and the wire
Of old defences tangles up the feet;
Faces and hands strain upward through the mire,
Speaking the anguish of the Hun's retreat.
Sometimes no letters came; the evening hate
Dragged on till dawn. The ridge in flying spray
Of hissing shrapnel told the runners' fate;
We knew we should not hear from you that day—
From you, who from the trenches of the mind
Hurl back despair, smiling with sobbing breath,
Writing your souls on paper to be kind,
That you for us may take the sting from Death.*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
TO YOU AT HOME. (<i>Poem</i>)	5
HOW THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN	9
IN HOSPITAL. (<i>Poem</i>)	18
THE ROAD TO BLIGHTY	19
THE LADS AWAY. (<i>Poem</i>)	52
THE GROWING OF THE VISION	53
THE GLORY OF THE TRENCHES. (<i>Poem</i>)	104
GOD AS WE SEE HIM	105

1
2
3

4
5
6
7

8
9
10

11

12

13
14

15

16

17