

***EDWARD  
THOMAS***

A photograph of a traditional stone cottage with a thatched roof, surrounded by lush greenery and a stone wall in the foreground. The cottage has a white door and several windows with diamond-patterned panes. A black metal fence runs along the front of the property, and a stone wall is visible in the immediate foreground. The scene is set in a garden with various plants and flowers.

***POEMS***

**Edward Thomas**

# Poems

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## **THE TRUMPET**

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RISE up, rise up,  
And, as the trumpet blowing  
Chases the dreams of men,  
As the dawn glowing  
The stars that left unlit  
The land and water,  
Rise up and scatter  
The dew that covers  
The print of last night's lovers—  
Scatter it, scatter it!

While you are listening  
To the clear horn,  
Forget, men, everything  
On this earth newborn,  
Except that it is lovelier  
Than any mysteries.  
Open your eyes to the air  
That has washed the eyes of the stars  
Through all the dewy night:  
Up with the light,  
To the old wars;  
Arise, arise!

## **THE SIGN-POST**

THE dim sea glints chill. The white sun is shy.  
And the skeleton weeds and the never-dry,  
Rough, long grasses keep white with frost  
At the hilltop by the finger-post;  
The smoke of the traveller's-joy is puffed  
Over hawthorn berry and hazel tuft.

I read the sign. Which way shall I go?  
A voice says: You would not have doubted so  
At twenty. Another voice gentle with scorn  
Says: At twenty you wished you had never been born.

One hazel lost a leaf of gold  
From a tuft at the tip, when the first voice told  
The other he wished to know what 'twould be  
To be sixty by this same post. "You shall see,"  
He laughed—and I had to join his laughter—  
"You shall see; but either before or after,  
Whatever happens, it must befall,  
A mouthful of earth to remedy all  
Regrets and wishes shall freely be given;  
And if there be a flaw in that heaven  
'Twill be freedom to wish, and your wish may be  
To be here or anywhere talking to me,  
No matter what the weather, on earth,  
At any age between death and birth—  
To see what day or night can be,  
The sun and the frost, the land and the sea,  
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring—  
With a poor man of any sort, down to a king,  
Standing upright out in the air  
Wondering where he shall journey, O where?"

**TEARS**