

The tomb of the Unknown soldier lies in Westminster Abbey as a memorial to the fallen soldiers in World War 1 who were never identified. This poem is written in their honour.

The Unknown Soldier

Who was the unknown soldier
that in the Abbey lies?
A young life full of promise,
a needful sacrifice.
A mother's heart his death had broken,
A father's grief remains unseen,
The hope for children's children,
an empty shattered dream.

In him a multitude lie buried
who never can be known,
For though their names are honoured,
they died in mud alone.
Now we hold their memory
with great esteem and pride,
For through the dreadful slaughter,
the nation's hopes survived.

Though an army large in number;
each one went where he was sent,
For orders must be followed
with no regard for one's consent.
Victory was not an easy option;
it took the valour of these men,
Their courage and brave actions
will be seldom seen again.

Yet in the midst of sorrow,
greatness always seeks to shine,
And their example brings a message
that stands the test of time.
And I with many others
respect the lives they gave,
For war has many heroes
whose deeds have an unknown grave.

Stephen Howard Dulwich (1953-)