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| ANTHEM FOR DOOMED YOUTHBy Wilfred Owen

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What passing-bells for these who die as cattle? Only the monstrous anger of the guns. Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle Can patter out their hasty orisons.No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells; Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, –The shrill, dementedchoirs of wailing shells; And bugles calling for them from sad shires.What candles may be held to speed them all? Not in the hands of boys but in their eyes Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes. The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall; Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds, And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds. | ANTHEM FOR DOOMED YOUTHBy Wilfred Owen

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