

Classic Poetry Series

**Hugh Reginald (Rex)
Freston
- poems -**

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Hugh Reginald (Rex) Freston(25 July 1891- 24 January 1916)

Second Lieutenant Hugh Reginald (Rex) FRESTON was born 25 July 1891 in Tulse Hill, Surrey. He was educated at Dulwich College, Exeter College, Oxford. He Served with the 3rd (Attached 6th) Battalion, Royal Berkshire Regiment and was killed 24 January 1916. He is buried in Becourt Military Cemetery, Becordel-Becourt, France.

The Gift

His eyes are bright and eager, with the brightness
of the sun,
(England, he gives them you)
His hands are strong for climbing and his feet are
swift to run,
(England, he gives them you)
He has knowledge of the meadows, in the dreamy
autumn days,
The brown hill, and the gold hill, and the green
forgotten ways,
(But he leaves them now for you).
There s a certain ancient city where he once was
free and young,
(But he leaves it now for you),
Where Oxford tales are spoken, and Oxford ways are
sung,
(But he leaves them now for you)
And his heart is often weary, for that dear old river
shore,
And he thinks a little sadly, of the days that come no
more,
(But he gives them up for you).
If his dust is one day lying, in an unfamiliar land,
(England, he went for you)
Oh, England, sometimes think of him, of thousands,
only one,
In the dawning, or the noonday, or the setting of
the sun,
(As once he thought of you) .
For to him and many like him, there seemed no
other way
(England, he asked not why)
The giving up of all things, for ever and for aye,
(England, he asked not why)
And so he goes unshrinking, from those dearest paths
of home,
For he knows, great-hearted England, let whatever
fate may come
You will never let him die !

Hugh Reginald (Rex) Freston