

"Kibworth," Leicestershire. (On Honour's Roll).

Not least among the townships of our Shire,
Who gave their best to thwart the Kaiser's scheme,
Kibworth has braved the arch-fiend's hell of fire,
And her brave sons have answered his hate theme.

Kibworth reveres her sons who stood in line,
Against the tempest of the Teuton might;
Long will the memory of the valour shine,
On those who fought for freedom and for right.

Who is not thrilled who hears the simple vow,
Of brave young Smalley in the blood and sweat,
"May I do something for old Kibworth now,— V.C.
or death" — and how he paid the debt.

E'en as I write the "last post" greets mine ear,
And rifle fire thrice rends the air in twain,
I saw the cortege and the laden bier,
And knew brave Pell had passed beyond all pain.

Kibworth has eyes to weep and hearts to break,
For such brave lads, these heroes of our own,
Yet are our hot eyes dry for freedom's sake,
And for its name we stifle sigh and groan.

How have our young men bared the strong right arm,
When duty called them to the stubborn blow;
Ours is to watch and pray mid war's alarm,
And trust their strength, — our lads would have it so.

Do we not see our broken boys to-day,
Pass in the street with manly pluck and smile,
Waiting again a summons to the fray,
With courage born anew and free from guile?

Of such grand stuff are Britain's heroes made.
Long may they live to tell the tale anew,
How Kibworth fought in column, and brigade,
To King and Country and their Village true.

Toll on, deep knell, your iron tongue ne'er sang,
A sadder nor a more inspiring song,
Your dirge can never, never hide the pang,
That stabbed the heart of those who did no wrong.

But ever clang and dirge a glory swells,
That blots the black cloud from the summer's sky,
A note supreme whose muffled minor tells,
Of gallant men whose souls can never die.

A.J. FREELAND,

Kibworth, Leicestershire.

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