### Rupert Brooke (3 August 1887 – 23 April 1915) was an [English](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/England) [poet](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Poet) known for his idealistic war sonnets written during the [First World War](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/World_War_I) (especially [*The Soldier*](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Soldier_(poem))). He was also known for his boyish good looks.

Brooke's accomplished poetry gained many enthusiasts and followers. He was commissioned into the [Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Royal_Naval_Reserve) as a temporary [Sub-Lieutenant](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sub-Lieutenant)[[9]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rupert_Brooke#cite_note-8) shortly after his 27th birthday and took part in the [Royal Naval Division's](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/British_63rd_(Royal_Naval)_Division) Antwerp expedition in October 1914. He sailed with the British [Mediterranean Expeditionary Force](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mediterranean_Expeditionary_Force) on 28 February 1915 but developed [sepsis](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sepsis) from an infected mosquito bite. He died at 4:46 pm on 23 April 1915 in a French hospital ship moored in a bay off the island of [Skyros](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Skyros) in the [Aegean](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aegean_Sea) on his way to [battle at Gallipoli](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_Gallipoli). As the [expeditionary force](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Expeditionary_force) had orders to depart immediately, he was buried at 11 pm in an olive grove on [Skyros](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Skyros), [Greece](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Greece).

**The Soldier  
Rupert Brooke**

**If I should die, think only this of me:   
That there's some corner of a foreign field   
That is forever England. There shall be   
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;   
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,   
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;   
A body of England's, breathing English air,   
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.   
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,   
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less   
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;   
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;   
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,   
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.**

This poem was written as the First World War broke out in 1914, as part of a series of sonnets written by Rupert Brooke. Brooke himself, being predominantly a pre-World War poet, died the year after “The Soldier” was published. “The Soldier”, being the conclusion and the finale to Brooke’s ‘1914’ war sonnet series, deals with the death and accomplishments of a soldier.

[](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Rupert_Brooke_Q_71073.jpg)