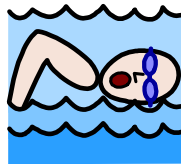


The Invasion of Gallipoli

**1915 – 1916**



**The Bathe**



by

A. P. herbert

of Hawke Battalion, Royal Naval Division

The Bathe by A. P. Herbert

Part of the Gallipoli Music Memorial Resources

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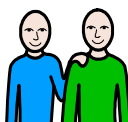

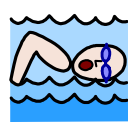
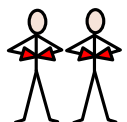



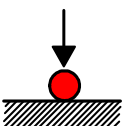




This version is available electronically from [www.gallipoli-music.co.uk](http://www.gallipoli-music.co.uk)



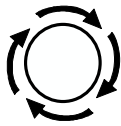



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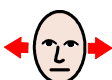


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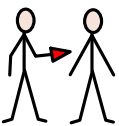
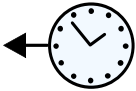










  
 Come friend and swim. We may be better then,

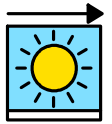
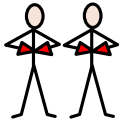









  
 But here the dust blows ever in the eyes




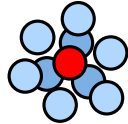







  
 And wrangling round are the weary fevered men,



  
 Forever made with flies.






  
 I cannot sleep, nor even long lie still,







  
 And you have read your April paper twice;

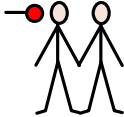






  
 Tomorrow we must stagger up the hill






  
 To man a trench and live among the lice.

The Bathe by A. P. Herbert





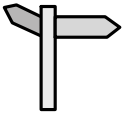


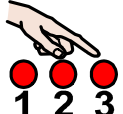




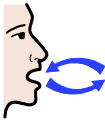
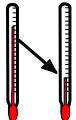

 But yonder, where the Indians have their goats,








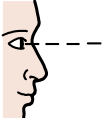
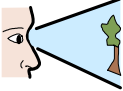
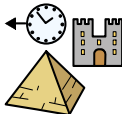




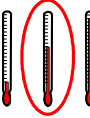





 There is a rock stands sheer above the blue,










 Where one may sit and count the bustling boats




 And breathe the cool air through;

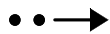
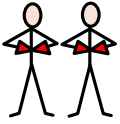








 May find it still is good to be alive,





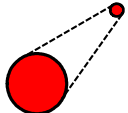

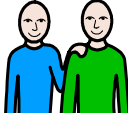





 May look across and see the Trojan shore


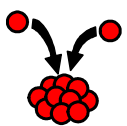

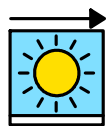
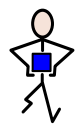






 Twinkling and warm, may strip, and stretch, and dive.


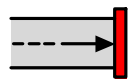



 And for a space forget about the war.


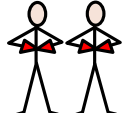
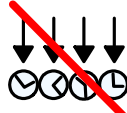

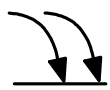
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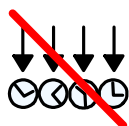



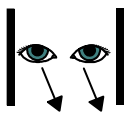






 Then will we sit and talk of happy things,






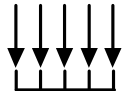








 Home and 'the high' and some far fighting friend,



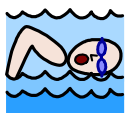









 And gather strength for what the morrow brings,



 For that may be the end.






 It may be we shall never swim again,






 Never be clean and comely to the sight,








 May rot untombed and stink with all the slain.








 Come, then, and swim. Come and be clean tonight.