

"Everyone Sang" by Siegfried Sassoon (1886 – 1967)

Everyone suddenly burst out singing; And I was filled with such delight As prisoned birds must find in freedom, Winging wildly across the white Orchards and dark-green fields; on -on - and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted; And beauty came like the setting sun: My heart was shaken with tears; and horror Drifted away... O, but Everyone was a bird; And the song was wordless; the singing will never be done

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