Lieutenant T Ewart Mitton

Thomas Ewart Mitton
April 26th, 1897—Dec. 24th, 1917.

In 2019, the Moseley Society History Group received a request from Patrick Fuller, the great-grandson of Mabel Mitton (the sister of J. R. R. Tolkien) to use the research undertaken on Lieutenant T Ewart Mitton, Mabel's son, to be included in a reprint of an original book of Ewart's poetry that was published in 1918 by his parents to commemorate his unfortunate early death on Christmas Eve 1917. We have been fortunate enough to have been given two copies of this reprinted book for the history group's archive. These are available to be seen and read at the All Services Club in Church Road Moseley by appointment.

Peace.

Far beyond the reeking battle,
Where all human factions cease,
Her bright eyes bedimmed with weeping
Stands the gentle form of Peace.

And she calls to toiling mortals

Children see ye grieve me sore,

Drive me from your happy homesteads,

Stain your hands with lusts of War.

To the weeping maid they answer,
Lady, hear us when we plead,
For we turn from thee with sorrow,
Turn to break a tyrant's greed.

And we vow that good shall follow From our strife and warfare vile, And thy reign shall be the fairer Though we leave thee for awhile.

September, 1914.

Two of Ewart's unpublished poems from the book

To a Sister.

To Bethany of old, 'tis said Our Lord Christ Jesus came; Two sisters then their homage paid For mighty was His fame.

And one with kindly heart bestirred And set before Him meat; The other sought to hear His word, And sat at Jesus' feet.

The one by household duties moved, Was bearing plate and bowl, And Jesus chiding must have loved Her willing eager soul.

The other far from earthly cares

Was thinking thoughts of heaven,

And listening with love and prayers

Unto the Earth's Great Leaven.

Thou hast the virtues of the two,
O sister, most adored,
For while thy hands their duties do,
Thy thoughts fly heavenward.