

1 The Lord is my shepherd;

I shall not want.

2 He makes me to lie down in

green pastures;

He leads me beside the still waters.

3 He restores my soul;

He leads me in the paths of

righteousness

For His name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through

the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil;

For You are with me;

Your rod and Your staff,

they comfort me.

5 You prepare a table before me

in the presence of my enemies;

You anoint my head with oil;

My cup runs over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy

shall follow me

All the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house

of the Lord

Forever.

13 Greater love has no one than
this, than to lay down one's life
for his friends.

Low and brown barns, thatched

and repatched and tattered,

Where I had seven sons until

to-day,

A little hill of hay your spur

has scattered...

This is not Paris. You have lost

the way.

You, staring at your sword to

find it brittle,

Surprised at the surprise that

was your plan,

Who, shaking and breaking

barriers not a little,

Find never more the death-door

of Sedan-

Must I for more than carnage

call you claimant,

Paying you a penny for each son

you slay?

Man, the whole globe in gold were

no repayment

For what you have lost.

And how shall I repay?

What is the price of that red spark

that caught me

From a kind farm that never

had a name?

What is the price of that dead

man they brought me?

For other dead men do not look

the same.

How should I pay for one poor

graven steeple

Whereon you shattered what you

shall not know?

How should I pay you, miserable

people?

How should I pay you

everything you owe?

Unhappy, can I give you back

your honour?

Though I forgave, would any

man forget?

While all the great green land has

trampled on her

The treason and terror of the

night we met.

Not any more in vengeance or in

pardon

An old wife bargains for a bean

that's hers.

You have no word to break: no

heart to harden.

Ride on and prosper. You have

lost your spurs.

In Flanders Fields

By John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow

Between the crosses, row on row,

That mark our place; and in

the sky

The larks, still bravely singing,

fly

Scarce heard amid the guns below.

And wave thy silver pinions o'er

We are the Dead. Short days ago

We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset

glow,

Loved and were loved, and now

we lie,

In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:

To you from failing hands we

throw

The torch; be yours to hold it

high.

If ye break faith with us who die

We shall not sleep, though poppies

grow

In Flanders fields.

For the Fallen

By Laurence Binyon.

With proud thanksgiving,

a mother for her children,

England mourns for her dead

across the sea.

Flesh of her flesh they were,

spirit of her spirit,

Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill;

Death august and royal

Sings sorrow up into immortal

spheres,

There is music in the midst of

desolation

And a glory that shines upon

our tears.

They went with songs to the

battle, they were young,

Straight of limb, true of eye,

steady and aglow.

They were staunch to the end

against odds uncounted;

They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we

that are left grow old:

Age shall not weary them,

nor the years condemn.

At the going down of the sun

and in the morning

We will remember them.

They mingle not with their

laughing comrades again;

They sit no more at familiar

tables of home;

They have no lot in our labour

of the day-time;

They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and

our hopes profound,

Felt as a well-spring that is

hidden from sight,

To the innermost heart of their

own land they are known

As the stars are known to the

Night;

As the stars that shall be bright

when we are dust,

Moving in marches upon the

heavenly plain;

As the stars that are starry in

the time of our darkness,

To the end, to the end, they

remain.

Ode to a Snowdrop During

Wartime

by Namur King

Fragile flower, hiding your tender

purity

In the green shrouds of unborn

daffodils;

Tentative symbol of the ultimate

surety,

Of Spring, you bring

A waft of beauty to these derelict

hills.

Here is mud! A sticky, filthy,

foul morass,

Churned by marching men and

wheels endlessly turning;

Where once were flowers and trees,

soft dew-moist grass

And mossy banks - now tanks

Trundle noisily through, and

the woods are burning.

And yet, I know the vibrant

life that lies

Deep in defoliated trees,

small flower;

All of Summer's sweetness soon

to rise,

The drift, the lift

Eternally, now in your

loneliest hour.