

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,

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.

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 Lawrence 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.
