

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.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for tracing and independent writing.

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 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 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.