

17 Repay no one evil for evil.

Have regard for good things in
the sight of all men.

18 If it is possible, as much as
depends on you, live peaceably
with all men.

19 Beloved, do not avenge
yourselves, but rather give place to

wrath; for it is written,

"Vengeance is Mine, I will repay,"

says the Lord.

20 Therefore "If your enemy is

hungry, feed him; If he is

thirsty, give him a drink; For

in so doing you will heap coals

of fire on his head."

21 Do not be overcome by evil,

but overcome evil with good.

Do not go gentle into that good

night,

Old age should burn and rave at

close of day;

Rage, rage against the dying of

the light.

Though wise men at their end

know dark is right,

Because their words had forked no

lighting they

Do not go gentle into that good

night.

Good men, the last wave by,

crying how bright

Their frail deeds might have

danced in a green bay,

Rage, rage against the dying of

the light.

Wild men who caught and sang

the sun in flight,

And learn, too late, they grieved

it on its way,

Do not go gentle into that good

night.

Grave men, near death, who see
with blinding sight

Blind eyes could blaze like meteors
and be gay,

Rage, rage against the dying of
the light.

And you, my father, there on the
sad height,

Curse, bless, me now with your

fierce tears, I pray.

Do not go gentle into that good

night.

Rage, rage against the dying of

the light.

Now as I was young and easy

under the apple boughs

About the tilting house and

happy as the grass was green,

The night above the dingle starry,

Time let me hail and climb

Golden in the heydays of his eyes,

And honoured among wagons I

was prince of the apple towns

And once below a time I lordly

had the trees and leaves

Trail with daisies and barley

Down the rivers of the windfall

light.

And as I was green and carefree,

famous among the barns

About the happy yard and

singing as the farm was home,

In the sun that is young once

only,

Time let me play and be

Golden in the mercy of his means,

And green and golden I was

hunter and herdsman, the

calves

Sang to my horn, the foxes on

the hills barked clear and cold,

And the sabbath rang slowly

In the pebbles of the holy streams.

All the sun long it was running,

it was lovely, the hay

Fields high as the house, the tunes

from the chimneys, it was air

And playing, lovely and watery

And fire green as grass.

And nightly under the simple

stars

As I rode to sleep the owls were

bearing the farm away,

All the moon long I heard,

blessed among stables, the nightjars

Flying with the ricks, and the

horses

Flashing into the dark.

And then to awake, and the

farm, like a wanderer white

With the dew, come back, the cock

on his shoulder: it was all

Shining, it was Adam and

maiden,

The sky gathered again

And the sun grew round that

very day.

So it must have been after the

birth of the simple light

In the first, spinning place, the

spellbound horses walking warm

Out of the whinnying green stable

On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and

pheasants by the gay house

Under the new made clouds and

happy as the heart was long,

In the sun born over and over,

I ran my heedless ways,

My wishes raced through the house

high hazy

And nothing I cared, at my sky

blue trades, that time allows

In all his tuneless turning so few

and such morning songs

Before the children green and

golden

Follow him out of grace,

Nothing I cared, in the lamb

white days, that time would take

me

Up to the swallow thronged loft

by the shadow of my hand,

In the moon that is always

rising,

Nor that riding to sleep

I should hear him fly with the

high fields

And wake to the farm forever fled

from the childless land.

Oh as I was young and easy in

the mercy of his means,

Time held me green and dying

Though I sang in my chains

like the sea.

I have, myself, full confidence
that if all do their duty, if
nothing is neglected, and if the
best arrangements are made, as
they are being made, we shall
prove ourselves once more able to
defend our island home, to ride
out the storm of war, and to

outlive the menace of tyranny, if

necessary for years, if necessary

alone. At any rate, that is what

we are going to try to do. That is

the resolve of His Majesty's

Government - every man of them.

That is the will of Parliament

and the nation. The British

Empire and the French Republic,

linked together in their cause and

in their need, will defend to the

death their native soil, aiding

each other like good comrades to

the utmost of their strength.

Even though large tracts of

Europe and many old and

famous States have fallen or may

fall into the grip of the Gestapo

and all the odious apparatus of

Nazi rule, we shall not flag or

fail. We shall go on to the end. We

shall fight in France, we shall

fight on the seas and oceans, we

shall fight with growing

confidence and growing strength

in the air, we shall defend our

island, whatever the cost may be.

We shall fight on the beaches, we

shall fight on the landing

grounds, we shall fight in the

fields and in the streets, we shall

fight in the hills; we shall never

surrender. And even if, which I
do not for a moment believe, this
island or a large part of it were
subjugated and starving, then our
Empire beyond the seas, armed
and guarded by the British Fleet,
would carry on the struggle,
until, in God's good time, the

New World, with all its power

and might, steps forth to the

rescue and the liberation of the

old.