

17 Repay no one 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

rage 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 lightning 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 lifting 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 huntsman 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 hay

And nothing I cared, at

my sky blue trades, that

time allows

In all his tuneful 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.