

In Flanders Fields - Lt. 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.



To Germany - Charles Hamilton Sorley

You are blind like us. Your hurt no man designed
And no man claimed the conquest of your land.
But gropers both through fields of thought confined
We stumble and we do not understand.
You only saw your future bigly planned,
And we, the tapering paths of our own mind,
And in each others dearest ways we stand,
And hiss and hate. And the blind fight the blind.
When it is peace, then we may view again
With new won eyes each other's truer form
And wonder. Grown more loving kind and warm
We'll grasp firm hands and laugh at the old pain,
When it is peace. But until peace, the storm,
The darkness and the thunder and the rain.



War is Never Over - Cecil L. Harrison

War is never over
Though the treaties may be signed
The memories of the battles
Are forever in our minds

War is never over
So when you welcome heroes home
Remember in their minds they hold
Memories known to them alone

War is never over
(Nam) veterans know this well
Now other wars bring memories back
Of their own eternal hell

War is never over
For I knew world war two
And I'll not forget the battles
Or the nightmares that ensue

War is never over
Those left home to wait know this
For many still are waiting
It was their farewell kiss

War is never over
Though we win the victory
Still in our minds the battles
No freedom is not free!

