



Remembrance Day by Cathy Connors

On this day the soldiers fought for freedom and for pride,
Some of them were wounded, many of them died.

With Poppies we remember the soldiers that have died,
With them we now have freedom, because they fought with pride.

There they lie in Flanders fields, where bright red poppies grow.
In the war they fought for freedom, and that, we'll always know.

Poppy Fields Forever by Peter Balkus

Those poppy fields were lifeless,
but now they shine with light.
The war has made them bleeding,
the Peace has made them smile.
Each flower is a soldier,
who sacrificed his life,
who gave up his own future,
to make our future count.
Each flower tells a story of man and woman's fight,
you hear them in the glory of petals shining bright.
Shhh, quiet, can you hear this?
The flowers - making sound.
The unsung heroes singing the song of joy - and life.



Remembering the Heroes by Tracey Groundrill

Putting on the uniform for country and queen: polishing boots
until reflection seen

Stood to attention, saluting senior rank: on horseback, midships,
in air, field or tank.

Protecting us all, ensuring our country is free: without their pride
and sacrifice where would we now be.

Fighting for our freedom at a cost to their lives: Some never
returning home to their children or wives

They never lived to see victory, to hear they helped win a war:
They laid dead where they fell in fields, trenches and shore.

We'll never forget, it's our duty to remember each year: The men
and women who fought regardless of their own fear.

So buy a poppy, wear it proud and keep their memories alive: for
all of those heroes we owe so much, who never survived



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 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.

'The Exhortation' you heard during the presentation is taken from this poem, can you find it?