

## Peacetrip 13012016



*"In Flanders fields ... where poppies blow"*  
John Mc Crae

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.

We are from after the war ...and we want to hold it so

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.

## Abschied / afscheid – Alfred Lichtenstein (1889-1914)

Vorm Sterben mache ich noch mein Gedicht.  
Still, Kameraden, stört mich nicht.

Wir ziehn zum Krieg. Der Tod ist unser Kitt.  
O, heulte mir doch die Geliebte nit.

Was liegt an mir. Ich gehe gerne ein.  
Die Mutter weint. Man muss aus Eisen sein.

Die Sonne fällt zum Horizont hinab.  
Bald wirft man mich ins milde Massengrab.

Am Himmel brennt das brave Abendrot.  
Vielleicht bin ich in dreizehn Tagen tot.



LAURENCE BINYON / FOR THE FALLEN – 1914

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

WE WILL REMEMBER THEM



Ze zullen niet oud worden,  
zoals wij die achterblijven  
oud worden,  
Leeftijd zal hen niet afmatten,  
de jaren zullen hen niet veroordelen,  
Bij het ondergaan van de zon  
en in de morgen,  
zullen wij hen herdenken.

WIJ ZULLEN HEN HERDENKEN



En de zon schijnt terug op het malsgroene gras  
De klaprozen wiegen waar 't slagveld ooit was  
En de ploeg is vergeten waar de loopgraven zijn  
Geen prikkeldraad, geen sluipgas, geen oorlogsvenijn

Well, how do you do, Private William McBride,  
Do you mind if I sit down here by your graveside?  
And rest for awhile in the warm summer sun,  
I've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done.  
And I see by your gravestone you were only 19  
When you joined the glorious fallen in 1916,  
Well, I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean  
Or, Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene?

cho: Did they Beat the drum slowly, did they play the pipes lowly?  
Did the rifles fire o'er you as they lowered you down?  
Did the bugles sound The Last Post in chorus?  
Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Forest?

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind  
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined?  
And, though you died back in 1916,  
To that loyal heart are you always 19?  
Or are you a stranger without even a name,  
Forever enshrined behind some glass pane,  
In an old photograph, torn and tattered and stained,  
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?

The sun's shining down on these green fields of France;  
The warm wind blows gently, and the red poppies dance.  
The trenches have vanished long under the plow;  
No gas and no barbed wire, no guns firing now.  
But here in this graveyard that's still No Man's Land  
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand  
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man.  
And a whole generation who were butchered and damned.

And I can't help but wonder, no Willie McBride,  
Do all those who lie here know why they died?  
Did you really believe them when they told you 'The Cause?'  
Did you really believe that this war would end wars?  
Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame  
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain,  
For Willie McBride, it all happened again,  
And again, and again, and again, and again.

JOHN LENNON / IMAGINE
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Imagine there's no heaven / It's easy if you try  
No hell below us / Above us only sky  
Imagine all the people living for today

Imagine there's no countries / It isn't hard to do  
Nothing to kill or die for / And no religion too  
Imagine all the people living life in peace

**You, you may say  
I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one  
I hope some day you'll join us  
And the world will be as one**

Imagine no possessions / I wonder if you can  
No need for greed or hunger / A brotherhood of man  
Imagine all the people sharing all the world

You, you may say  
I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one  
I hope some day you'll join us  
And the world will live as one

Tyne Cot at night / Jim Boyes - England

Only the truth can bring us peace  
and truth in time will free these souls  
And those who manufacture war  
will crawl dejected to their holes



And for us it seems like a far-off dream  
But here the seeds of peace are sown  
and like a gardener we must stand by  
to nurture them until they've grown

Standing In Line / (Lester Simpson)



Puttees and polish, a cigarette and a smile  
A sepia soldier, no more than a child  
You roared 'Tipperary' down to the train  
But in Flanders the guns sang a different refrain

Standing in line, waiting to sign  
Standing in line to go over  
And a half-empty washing-line serves to remind  
That you're fallen and always standing in line

Misinformation, a well-hidden lie  
Roll up, try your luck on the coconut shy  
White feathers or glory, while government hacks  
Are busy newspapering over the cracks

But only the swallows and your postcards came home  
To the long summer days and the corn newly grown  
As certain as Empire you marched off to war  
Where fear-choked and rum-soaked, they taught you to plough

You fought and you died in the mud and the rain  
A mile into hell and a mile back again  
A pawn in their game, not fallen but pushed  
And a Portland stone bonnet forever

(as sung by Coope, Boyes & Simpson)



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Peace to you all / Johan Mayeur