

“Sonnet 18” by William Shakespeare

1. Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day? / Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
2. Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, / And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:
3. Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, / And oft' is his gold complexion dimm'd;
4. And every fair from fair sometime declines, / By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
5. But thy eternal Summer shall not fade / Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
6. Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade, / When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
7. So long as men can handle, or eyes can see, / So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

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“Penelope’s Song”

(Loreena McKennitt, Quinlan Road, 2007)

Now that the time has come,
Soon gone is the day.
There upon some distant shore
You’ll hear me say,

“Long as the day in the summer time,
Deep as the wine-dark sea
I’ll keep your heart with mine
Till you come to me.”

There like a bird I’d fly,
High through the air,
Reaching for the sun’s full rays
Only to find you there,

And in the night when our dreams are still,
Or when the wind calls free,
I’ll keep your heart with mine
Till you come to me.

Now that the time has come,
Soon gone is the day.
There upon some distant shore
You’ll hear me say,

“Long as the day in the summer time,
Deep as the wine-dark sea,
I’ll keep your heart with mine
Till you come to me.”

July 14, 1861

Camp Clark, Washington

My very dear Sarah,

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days—perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write again, I feel impelled to write a few lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more...

I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter. I know how strongly American Civilization now leans on the triumph of the Government and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and sufferings of the Revolution. And I am willing—perfectly willing—to lay down all my joys in this life, to help maintain this Government, and to pay that debt...

Sarah my love for you is deathless, it seems to bind me with mighty cables that nothing but Omnipotence could break; and yet my love of Country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me irresistibly on with all these chains to the battle field.

The memories of the blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me, and I feel most gratified to God and to you that I have enjoyed them for so long. And hard it is for me to give them up and burn to ashes the hopes of future years, when, God willing, we might still have lived and loved together, and seen our sons grown up to honorable manhood, around us. I have, I know, but few and small claims upon Divine Providence, but something whispers to me—perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar, that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed. If I do not, dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name. Forgive my many faults and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless and foolish I have often times been! How gladly would I wash out with my tears every little spot upon your happiness...

But, O Sarah! If the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the gladdest days and in the darkest nights...always, always, and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath, as the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by. Sarah, do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again...

Sullivan Ballou was killed a week later at the First Battle of Bull Run, July, 21, 1861.

“My Heart Will Go On”

(James Horner, 1997, Columbia Records)

Every night in my dreams
I see you, I feel you,
That is how I know you go on

Far across the distance
And spaces between us
You have come to show you go on

Near, far, wherever you are
I believe that the heart does go on
Once more you open the door
And you're here in my heart
And my heart will go on and on

Love can touch us one time
And last for a lifetime
And never let go till we're one

Love was when I loved you
One true time I hold to
In my life we'll always go on

Near, far, wherever you are
I believe that the heart does go on
Once more you open the door
And you're here in my heart
And my heart will go on and on

There is some love that will not go away

You're here, there's nothing I fear,
And I know that my heart will go on
We'll stay forever this way
You are safe in my heart
And my heart will go on and on

“Wake Me Up When September Ends”

(Green Day, WEA International, 2005)

Summer has come and passed
The innocent can never last
Wake me up when September ends

Like my fathers come to pass
Seven years has gone so fast
Wake me up when September ends

Here comes the rain again
Falling from the stars
Drenched in my pain again
Becoming who we are

As my memory rests
But never forgets what I lost
Wake me up when September ends

Summer has come and passed
The innocent can never last
Wake me up when September ends

Ring out the bells again
Like we did when spring began
Wake me up when September ends

Here comes the rain again
Falling from the stars
Drenched in my pain again
Becoming who we are

As my memory rests
But never forgets what I lost
Wake me up when September ends

Summer has come and passed
The innocent can never last
Wake me up when September ends

Like my father's come to pass
Twenty years has gone so fast
Wake me up when September ends
Wake me up when September ends
Wake me up when September ends

“The Ghost of You”

(My Chemical Romance, WEA Reprise, 2005)

I never said I'd lie and wait forever
If I did we'd be together now
I can't always just forget her
But she could try

At the end of the world
Or the last thing I see
You are
Never coming home
Never coming home
Could I?
Should I?
And all the things that you never ever told me
And all smiles that are ever ever...

Ever...
Get the feeling that you're never
All alone and I remember now
At the top of my lungs in my arms she dies
She dies

At the end of the world
Or the last thing I see
You are
Never coming home
Never coming home
Could I?
Should I?
And all the things that you never ever told me
And all the smiles that are ever gonna haunt me
Never coming home
Never coming home
Could I?
Should I ?
And all the wounds that are ever gonna scar me
For all the ghosts that are never gonna catch me

If I fall...
If I fall...
Down
Wooooooooooooooooahhhhh
At the end of the world

Or the last thing I see
You are
Never coming home
Never coming home
Never coming home
Never coming home

And all things that you never ever told me
And all the smiles that are ever gonna haunt me
Never coming home
Never coming home
Could I...
Should I?
And all the wounds that are ever gonna scar me
For all the ghosts that are never gonna....

In Flanders Fields

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.

~John McCrae, 1915

During World War I, John McCrae was tending the wounded and dying in the trenches at the Second Battle of Ypres in the Flanders area of Belgium as the Canadians held their ground against chlorine gas attacks.

When a close friend was killed and buried in a quick grave marked with a plain wooden cross, John McCrae wrote "In Flanders Fields."

First published in "Punch" magazine in 1915, the poem "In Flanders Fields" has become an abiding symbol of remembrance worldwide.

“The Gettysburg Address”
Abraham Lincoln

Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Name: _____

Date: _____

Venn Diagram

Title: _____



