Heb 2:14,6; Fld 3:18-22 16-2:9 test SUBSECT! Our Freds Endrange Just The Space

GF CF

Heb 2:14,6; Fld 3:18-22 16-2:9 test SUBSECT! Our Freds Endrange Just The Space

GF CF

2. Cree of Viera server, painted or at prior dies not me but a Edy de peter. One ser deis by one of prior dies not me but a experience de contrata aprile. De server proceso de creaties. One starra, from aprile. 180. 53:10, 11 Boarring as 3. attended next un known aprile. 180. 53:10, 11 Boarring as 3. attended next un known aprile. 180. 53:10, 11 Boarring as d. cuttoni 1 deserver for 3 km. to fish with them peter.

6. The Company Laurel to be proceded in fire.

III projection Fact

1. STEP but years of seconds

1. STEP but years?

1. STEP but years?

1. STEP but years?

1. STEP but years?

1. State of the second of

2. V Evoped 1 to the DavaTo's, to A faces dead of the word DavaTo's, to A faces classico put a Whaison, but also found in Mend and a companio and a companio and the principal of the same.

not a principal of the same of the same.

all in the words.

3. X prince BE 60 UTFP TT 20709

The to get put in the per one facilities and person one person of the form: some facilities, a decemberation of the form: some facilities, the did not one or the facilities of the form out, to suffer, a did not out or sould set can. buy out, to suffer, and out of formation.

3. \(\text{V} did not out or sould set can. buy out, to suffer, and out, a brighter released out the same of the set of the same of the formation of the set of the same of the set of th

IV. one on for us: web. 3: 9, (4, 17, 18; 4: 17,11)

The Unknown Soldier Speaks

By Clare Hazelwood

Listen, youngster, you who thrill so To the sound of marching feet, To the call of bugles blending With the drum's rhythmatic beat; Listen to those bands a-playing, "Neath your country's flag a-flying, But listen, youngster, I am praying; There is no glory in your dying.

Listen, youngster, you who love so All the glamour of parade;
Buttons do not shine so brightly
When you're standing, sick, afraid,
In the thick of war's inferno,
When your glag is drenched with blood,
Blood of comrades, swaying, praying,
Knee deep in a trench of mud.

Listen, youngster, bands cease playing In the hell-fire of the fight; Screaming shells will be your music, Singing hymns of death and fright; Shells that kill or make you beggars, Legless on some city street; Men with tin cups in a doorway--Ask them, son, if war is sweet.

Here I lie, The Unknown Soldier, Wreaths of nations line my bed, Honors have been heaped upon me, But listen, youngster, I AM DEAD! Somewhere in this land you love so, Someone's waiting for me still, Wonders could I be their loved one, Forever wonders, ever will.

Listen, youngster, you who thrill so When plumes and bayonets sparkle bright, There is no beauty in death's plumage--Only bones bleached bare and white. Listen, youngster, you want glory--I've had glory, honors spread Above my tomb in countless numbers, But listen, youngster, I AM DEAD.