Peaceful Days ArouNd the World

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| \*\*\*\*\*\*\*I know, we live to create,But we should be patient and strong.Although we did not use to wait,The way to the top can be long.The time is the law for all things:All things are the start and the ending.It teaches to live and it bringsSolution to problems by waiting.But it does not mean only wait,You should grow high like a tree.I know, we live to create | **Peace Is**Peace is something we all seek, When we lack it, we feel weak. Since it's rooted deep inside, With our peace, we're closely tied.Peace is something you can't buy, You won't catch it from the sky. Something about it is truly sublime, It does not follow distance nor time.Peace is something we mutually share, For it is just, and always fair. When we find it, peace is sweet, It shall make our life complete |
| **Peace is Kind**Since the day of your birth, We have hoped for peace on earth. You can help, by doing your part, We know you can, because you're smart.For peace to happen, we cannot fight, Help each other, and be polite. When there's a problem, let's just talk, Sometimes peace just needs a walk.All you need to spread the word, Get some help from your dog or bird. Peace is something you will find, Start with yourself, and be very kind. | Your poemOr the poem you like |

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|  \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*The man that worked for EnglandThey have their graves at home:And bees and birds of EnglandAbout the cross can roam. But they fought for England,Following a falling star,Alas, alas foe EnglandThey have their grave afar. And they that rule in England,In stately conclave met,Alas, alas foe EnglandThey have no graves as yet.Gilbert Keith Chesterton | **My Heart's In The Highlands**My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer -A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe;My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the NorthThe birth place of Valour, the country of Worth;Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;Farewell to the forrests and wild-hanging woods;Farwell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deerChasing the wild deer, and following the roe;My heart's in the Highlands, whereever I go.Robert Burns |

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| Your poemOr the poem you like | C.Маршак**В ГОРАХ МОЕ СЕРДЦЕ**В горах мое сердце... Доныне я там.По следу оленя лечу по скалам.Гоню я оленя, пугаю козу.В горах мое сердце, а сам я внизу.Прощай, моя родина! Север, прощай, -Отечество славы и доблести край.По белому свету судьбою гоним,Навеки останусь я сыном твоим!Прощайте, вершины под кровом снегов,Прощайте, долины и скаты лугов,Прощайте, поникшие в бездну леса,Прощайте, потоков лесных голоса.В горах мое сердце... Доныне я там.По следу оленя лечу по скалам.Гоню я оленя, пугаю козу.В горах мое сердце, а сам я внизу. |