**People Need People - Benjamin Zephaniah**

**To walk to**

**To talk to**

**To cry and rely on,**

**People will always need people.**

**To love and to miss**

**To hug and to kiss,**

**It’s useful to have other people.**

**To whom to moan**

**If you’re all alone,**

**It’s so hard to share**

**When no one is there.**

**There’s not much to do**

**When there’s no one but you.**

**People will always need people.**

**To please**

**To tease**

**To put you at ease,**

**People will always need people.**

**To make life appealing**

**And give life some meaning,**

**It’s useful to have other people.**

**It you need a change**

**To whom will you turn.**

**If you need a lesson**

**From whom will you learn.**

**If you need to play**

**You’ll know why I say**

**People will always need people.**

**As girlfriends**

**As boyfriends**

**From Bombay**

**To Ostend,**

**People will always need people**

**To have friendly fights with**

**And share tasty bites with,**

**It’s useful to have other people.**

**People live in families**

**Gangs, posses and packs,**

**It seems we need company**

**Before we relax,**

**So stop making enemies**

**And let’s face the facts,**

**People will always need people,**

**Yes**

**People will always need people.**

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**In Flanders’ Fields – John McCrae**

**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**

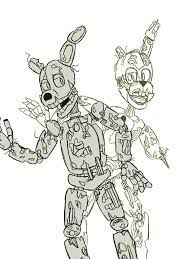
**The torch; be yours to hold it high,**

**If ye break faith with us who die**

**We shall not sleep, though poppies grow**

**In Flanders' Fields.**

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**WipWapWop – Jennifer Watson**

**My Wipwapwop, it cost a lot**

**I keep it up my sleeve**

**it's great for surfing on the spot**

**and playing make believe.**

**It's sleek and snug and mine to hug**

**to fuggle and to frowse,**

**I give it sweets, fresh bugs to tweet**

**and smarticles to browse.**

**Its fur's all soft and snootable**

**its workings quite inscrutable**

**but fundrous to behold,**

**its buttons bling, its nodals sing**

**invincible and bold.**

**I love its pod, its nanonoo**

**I crave its little frunes**

**but more than anything I love**

**its mazy little tunes.**

**It cost a lot, my Wipwapwop**

**but I'm totally conversion**

**until the day, that grabcious day**

**they bring out a newer version.**

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**The Tyger – William Blake**

**Tyger Tyger, burning bright,**

**In the forests of the night;**

**What immortal hand or eye,**

**Could frame thy fearful symmetry?**

**In what distant deeps or skies.**

**Burnt the fire of thine eyes?**

**On what wings dare he aspire?**

**What the hand, dare seize the fire?**

**And what shoulder, & what art,**

**Could twist the sinews of thy heart?**

**And when thy heart began to beat,**

**What dread hand? & what dread feet?**

**What the hammer? what the chain,**

**In what furnace was thy brain?**

**What the anvil? what dread grasp,**

**Dare its deadly terrors clasp!**

**When the stars threw down their spears**

**And water’d heaven with their tears:**

**Did he smile his work to see?**

**Did he who made the Lamb make thee?**

**Tyger Tyger burning bright,**

**In the forests of the night:**

**What immortal hand or eye,**

**Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?**

**The Women’s Land Army – Rose Perritt**

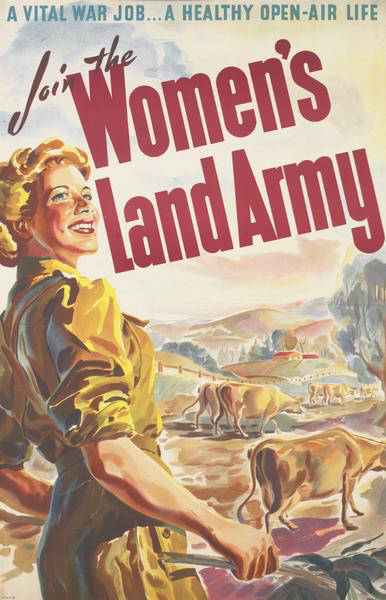
**A world of chaos, a world at war,**

**Destruction as never seen before,**

**A world of heartbreak, world of fear,**

**And misery so hard to bear.**

**Armies wrong, and Armies right,**

**Marching forth to kill and fight,**

**And lo, the toll of death was high.**

**An Army came, but not to kill,**

**Only hungry mouths to fill,**

**An Army clad in brown and green,**

**About the countryside was seen,**

**Around the farmyards, on the roads,**

**With horses, carrying heavy loads,**

**A women’s army, firm of hand,**

**Had come to conquer on the Land.**

**In lonely ones, or gangs together,**

**In strange fantastic English weather,**

**That never a moment may be lost,**

**In tearing winds and biting frost,**

**They tended livestock, planted seed,**

**Tilled, manured, conquered weed,**

**Picked potatoes, cabbage, beet,**

**So that England still could eat.**

**Now a world at peace, a world still mad,**

**A world all blasted, weary, sad,**

**A lot more hungry mouths to fill,**

**The green Army is needed still,**

**Little reward will come their way,**

**But beauty in their hearts will stay,**

**That comes to those that understand,**

**Love of a horse, the love of the land.**