

Junior Division, Poem

Brooklyn Keefe, Springdale

If it were me

If it were me in their shoes,
I don't know what I would do.
Peut-être que je courrais,
Je ne sais pas ce que ferais.

If it were me, I would be scared,
Out on a battlefield, as guns blared.
Ils sont plus courageux que moi,
Je suppose qu'ils n'avaient pas le choix.

If it were me, I would be homesick,
Sometimes I sit and wonder, how did they do it?
Seul sur un champ de bataille,
Leur dévouement m'émerveille.

If it were me, I'd freeze in fear,
Out there alone, they wiped their own tears.
Ils ont quitté leurs maisons,
Notre liberté était la raison.

I could never do what they have done,
They were all brave soldiers, each and every one.
Ils se sont battus pour la liberté,
Je me souviens donc de leur dignité.

So here's to the ones who shaped who we are,
In our thoughts they'll live on, no matter how far.
Il ne faut pas les oublier,
Nous allons leur vie feter.

Lest we forget, so we say,
We will remember them everyday.
N'oublions pas, disons-nous,
Nous souvenons d'eux tous les jours.