Western Ukraine Grieves Cheerfully

As hallowed misty mornings fade to bright blue sunny skies,
I have pedalled golden cornfields, ploughed up paddocks rich and black.
I have waved at smiling faces, helpful deeds have touched my heart,
I have tried to make a difference, I have tried to play my part.

Such a people deserve our succour, such a people deserve support,
Living live tween air raid sirens, entering bomb shelters to be taught.
Evil triumphs in the world when good men do nought,
Let action be your byword, give them help in deed, not thought.

A hundred flags arrayed atop the small town's town hall lawn,
Each bears a name, dates of birth and death, a hundred families mourn.
On sandbagged streets the restaurants filled with women alone,
Two men in uniform sit apart, a silent world of their own.

I have heard the bugle calling as the funeral party waits
The whole square down on one knee, in proud and somber state.
Help! and feel glas smiles surround you, heartfelt thanks will fill your heart,
As I have known and been replenished, you can say " I played my part".