

We are the dead,  
Short days ago we lived.  
felt dawn,  
Saw sunsets glow,  
Loved and were loved.  
And now we lie  
In Flander's 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 Flander's Fields.



*The Brunswickan thanks Pearl McBrine for providing this poem.*