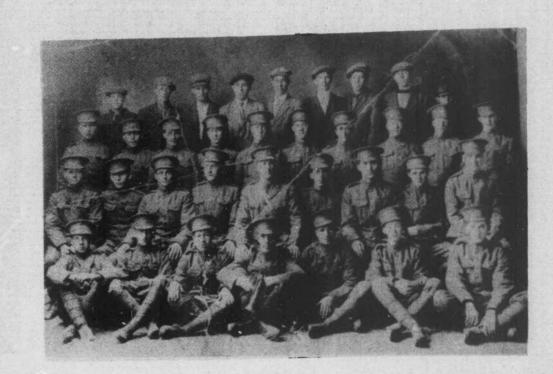
We are the dead, Short days ago we lived. felt dawn, Saw sunsets glow, Loved and were loved. And now we lie In Flander's Fields.



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.