

Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
 Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
 Where husled awakenings are dear. 20
 But I've a rendezvous with Death
 At midnight in some flaming town,
 When Spring trips north again this year,
 And I to my pledged word am true,
 I shall not fail that rendezvous.

*"From 'Poems by Alan Seeger (1888-1916).
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IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

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 amidst the guns below. 5

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 the quarrel with the foe, 10
 To you from falling 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.

Lieut.-Col. John M'Crae (1872-1918).