

**WHERE HAVE YOU LAID HIM?**

Where are you sleeping to-night, my lad?  
Above ground or below?  
The last we heard you were up at the Front,  
Holding a trench and bearing the brunt;  
But that was a week ago.

Ay! that was a week ago, dear lad,  
And a week is a long, long time,  
When a second's enough, in the thick of the strife,  
To sever the thread of the bravest life  
And end it in its prime.

But this we know, dear lad, all's well  
With the man who has done his best.  
And whether he live, or whether he die,  
He is sacred in our memory;  
And to God we can leave the rest.

So—wherever you're sleeping to-night, dear lad,  
This one thing we do know—  
When "Last Post" sounds, and He makes His rounds,  
Not one of you will be out of bounds  
Above ground or below.

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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.  
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 our quarrel with the foe!  
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.

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**Its Message to Speakers**