

The spring that comes to Flanders
goes by on silent feet
Lest they should wake remembering
How once the spring was sweet;

The streams that flow in Flanders
Past poppy field and hill

Are silver streams and shimmering
And mudful streams and still,

The winds that blow in Flanders

Across the listening air
Is gentle with the grasses

That bend above them there,

The rain that falls in Flanders
So tender as a prayer.