

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies grow,  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place, and in the sky  
The larks still bravely singing fly,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead, short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders 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 blow  
In Flanders fields.

JOHN MACCRAE,  
(Lt.-Col.)

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