

Your neighbour, he; yet, not the same.
He who beholds what you ne'er can—
Nights of fierce thunder, the black shame
And horror of the hate of man—
There, in Flanders.

Still before his quiet eyes,
Till old age upon him creep,
Visions of the dead arise,
Those who sleep their latest sleep—
There, in Flanders.

Comrades of the charging line,
Sharers of the desperate day;
If he hear no word of thine
'Tis that his heart is far away—
There, in Flanders.
