

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.

Lieut. Col. John McCrae.