

## **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 amid 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 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 grow  
In Flanders Fields.**

**By Col John McCrae**