

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 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.

John McCrae

FACSIMILE OF AN AUTOGRAPH COPY OF THE POEM
'IN FLANDERS FIELDS' (page 13)

THIS WAS PROBABLY WRITTEN FROM MEMORY AS "GUNS" IS USED IN
PLACE OF "BLUES" IN THE FIRST LINE.