

# **In Flanders' Fields**

by

**John McCrae 1872 - 1918**

**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.**