



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.