

# **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.**

# **In Flanders Fields**

**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.**



# **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.**

**1915, Major John McCrae**