In Flanders Fields

By John McCrae

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.