

In Flanders Fields



A Poppy

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.

A red flower

A bird

Barely heard

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.

Continue the fight

Dying

John McCrae



John McCrae was a Canadian poet who served as a medical officer in the Boer War and World War I. This poem honours and commemorates the men who died in the horrific battles in Flanders. It is said that he was inspired to write this poem after seeing the blood red poppies grow on the graves of his friends around Flanders. The poppy has since become a symbol of veterans worldwide. This poem was published in December 1915.