

# 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.*