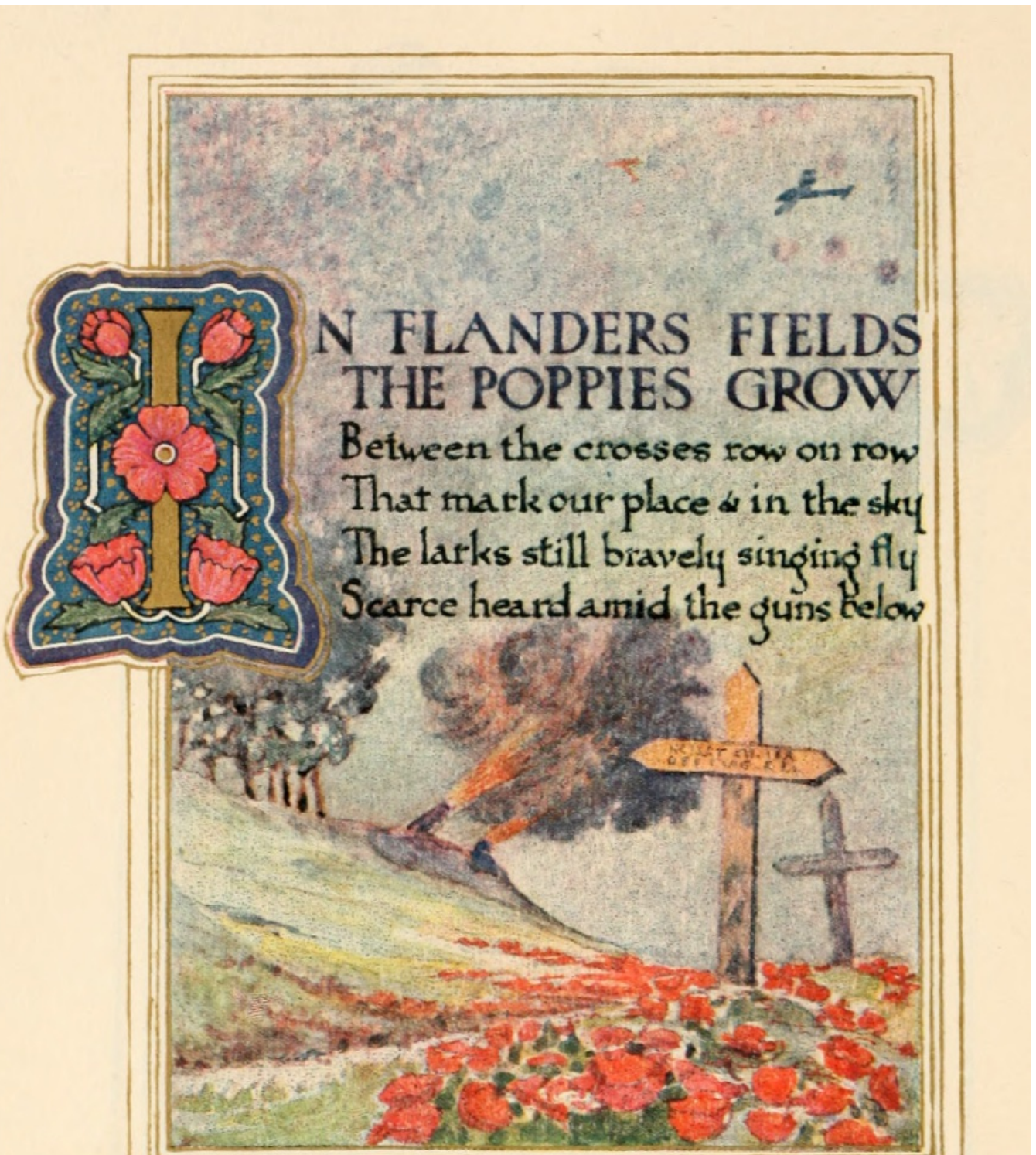





In Flanders Fields

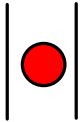





John McCrae



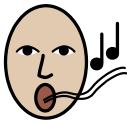



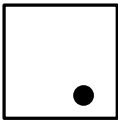

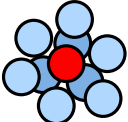



In Flanders'  fields the  poppies  blow

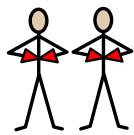
 Between the  crosses,  row on  row,

 That  mark  our  place: and  in the  sky

The  larks, still  bravely  singing,  fly

 Scarce  heard  amid the  guns below.



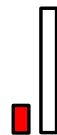


We

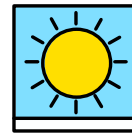
are the



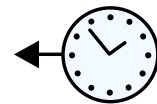
dead.



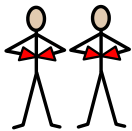
Short



days



ago



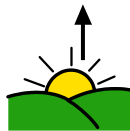
We



lived,



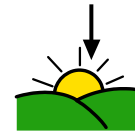
felt



dawn,



saw



sunset

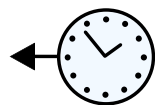


glow,



Loved

and



were

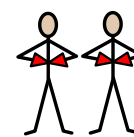


loved,

and



now



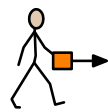
we



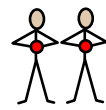
lie



In Flanders' fields.



Take



up



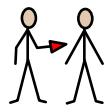
our



quarrel

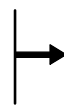
with

the foe;



To

you



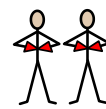
from



failing



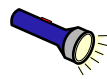
hands



we



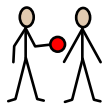
throw



The

torch;

be



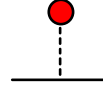
yours



to

hold

it



high,



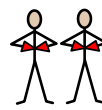
If ye

break



faith

with



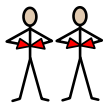
us



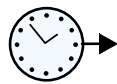
who



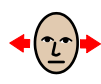
die



We



shall



not



sleep,

though



poppies



grow



In Flanders' Fields.