

## 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 amidst 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, in Flanders fields!  
And now we lie in Flanders fields. \_\_\_

Take up your 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, in Flanders fields.  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow,  
In Flanders fields, in Flanders fields. \_\_\_\_\_