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:
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.

Ours is the pride of future years;
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.

THAT MARK OUR PLACE; AND IN
THE SKY THE
GUNS ARE THE
SHORT
WE LIVED,
SUN
GLOW,
NOW WE
FLANDERS
TAKE UP
QUARREL
FOE: TO
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.