

# In Flanders Fields



by John McCrae



In Flanders fields

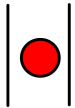
the



poppies



blow



Between

the



crosses,



row

on



row,



That

mark

our



place;

and in the

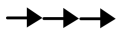


sky



The

larks,



still



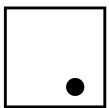
bravely



singing,



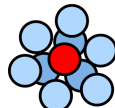
fly



Scarce



heard

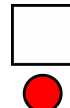


amid

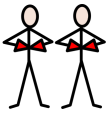
the



guns

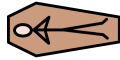


below.

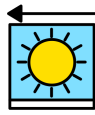


We

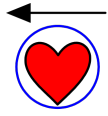
are the



Dead.



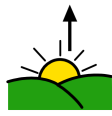
Short days ago



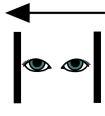
We lived,



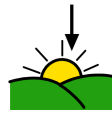
felt



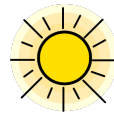
dawn,



saw



sunset



glow,



Loved

and were



loved,

and



now

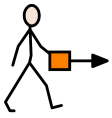
we



lie



In Flanders Fields.



Take up



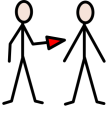
our

quarrel

with the



foe:



To you

from



failing



hands

we



throw



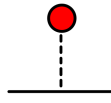
The torch;

be yours to

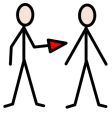


hold

it



high.



If

ye

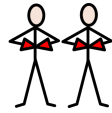


break



faith

with



us

who



die



We shall not sleep,

though



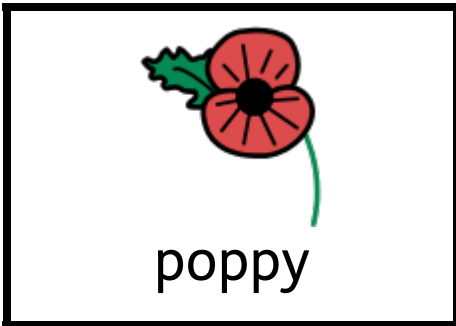
poppies



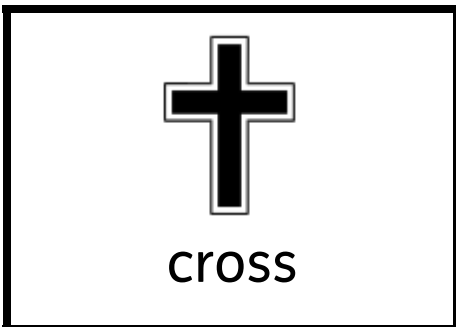
grow



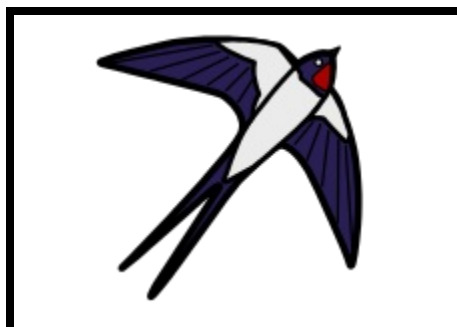
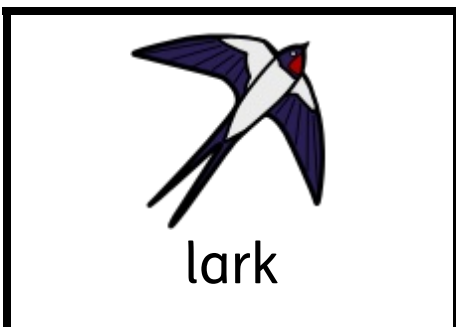
In Flanders fields.



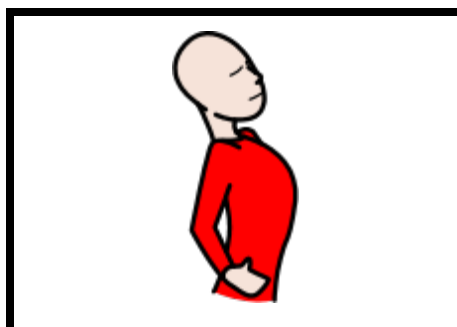
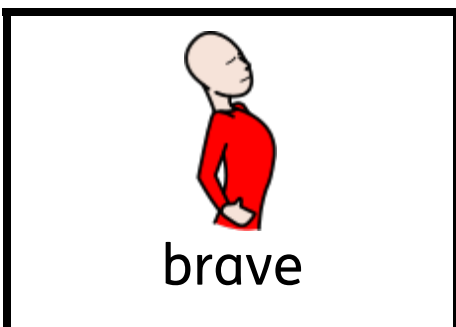
poppy



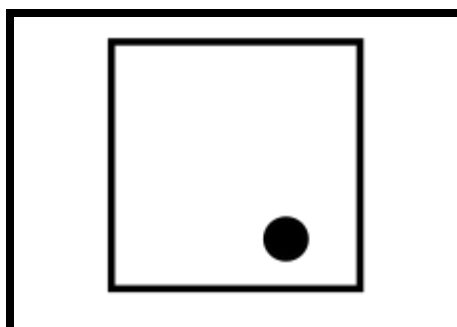
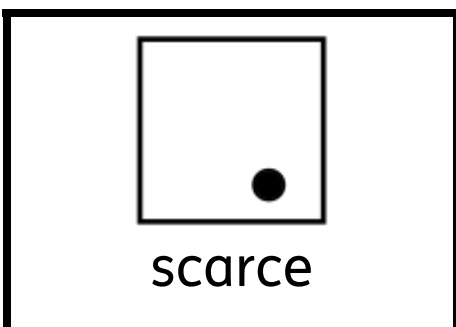
cross



lark



brave



scarce



gun



gun



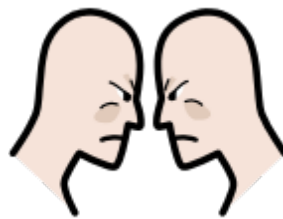
quarrel



quarrel



foe



foe



failing



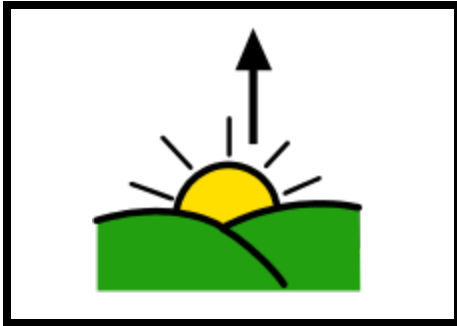
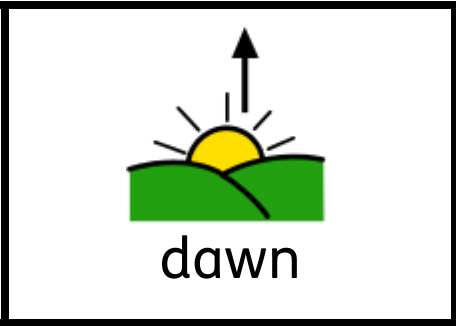
failing



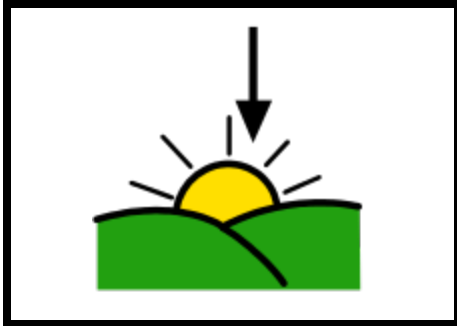
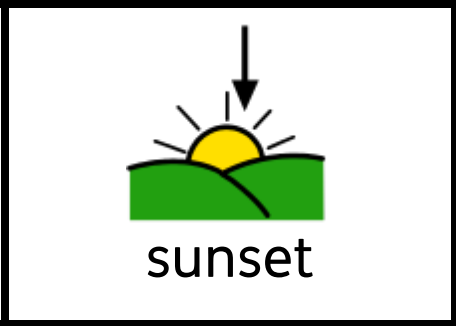
torch



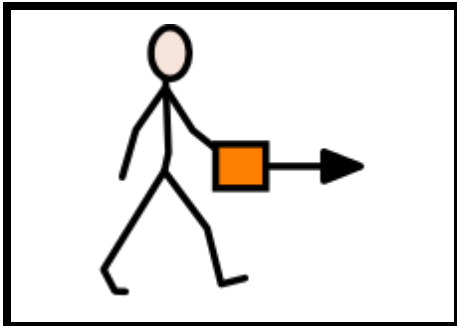
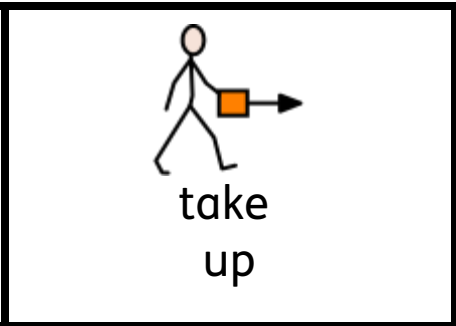
torch



dawn



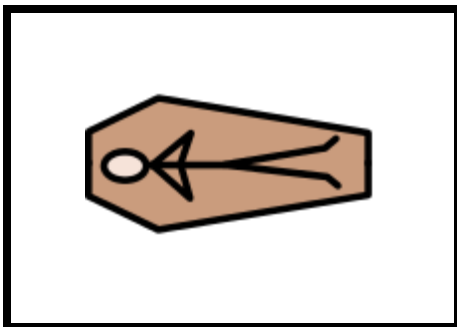
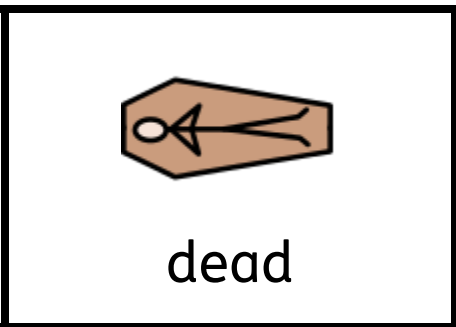
sunset



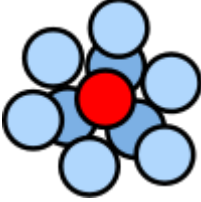
take  
up




die




dead




amid



amid



Flanders fields



Flanders  
fields

