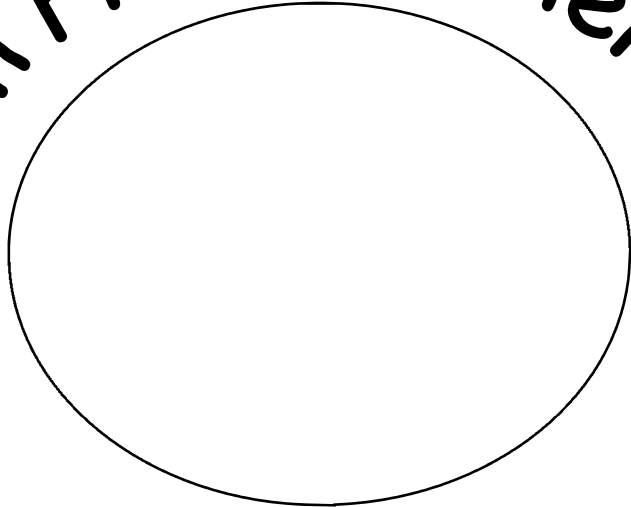
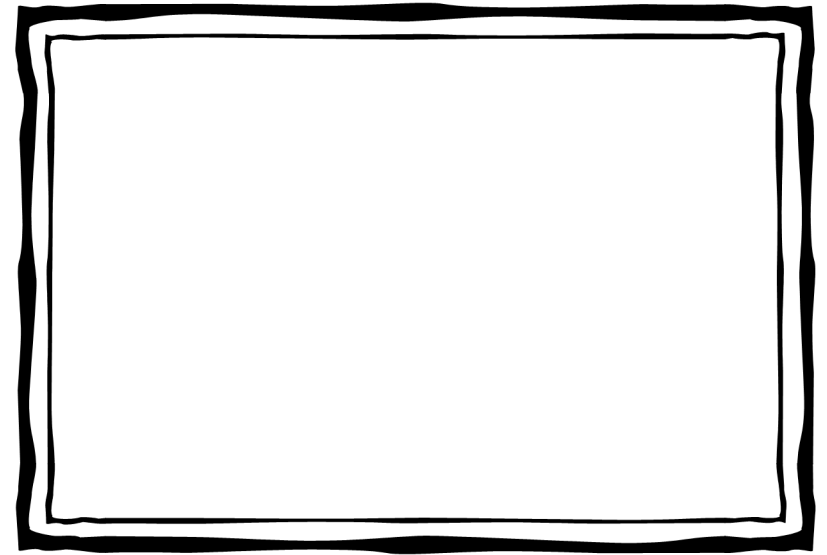


In Flanders Fields

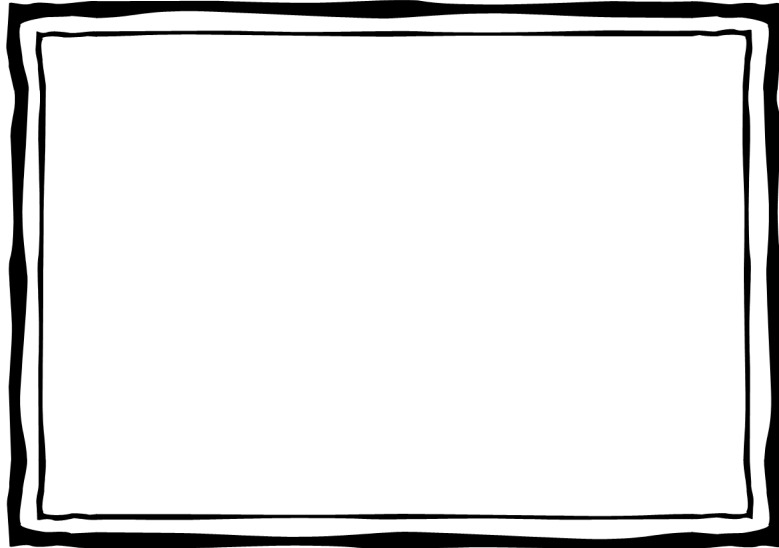


Illustrated by:



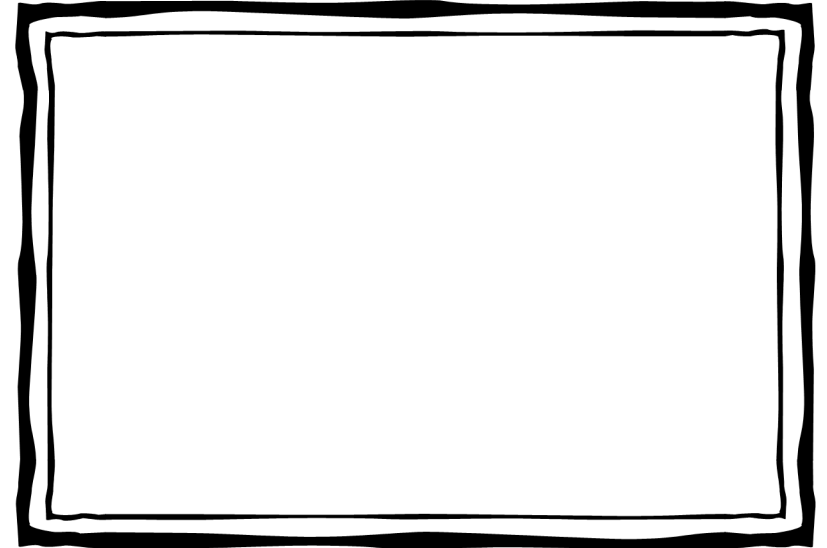
2

The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the Dead. Short days ago



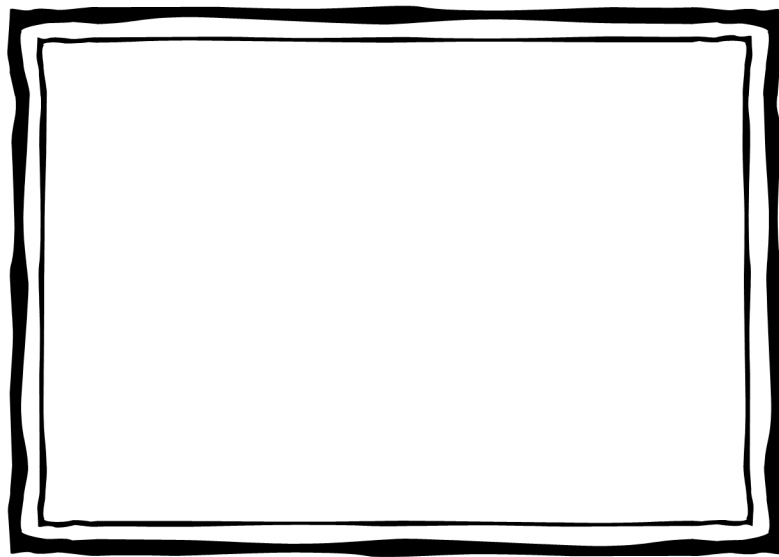
1

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky



3

We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we
lie



4

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.

Word Bank

6

Flanders

larks

poppies

fields

torch

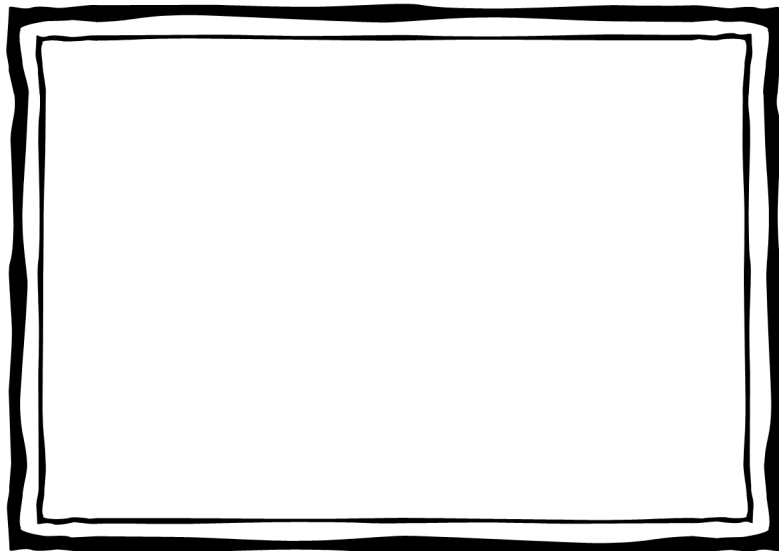
hands

faith

parades

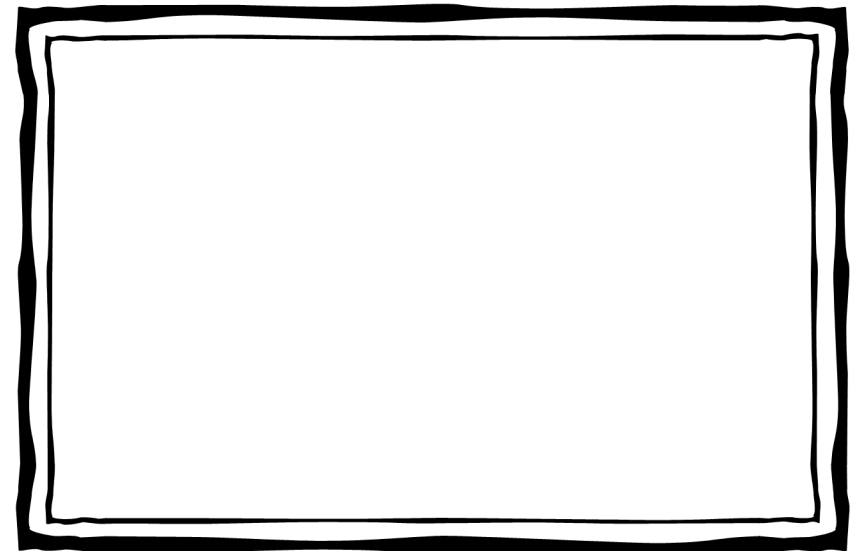
crosses

McCrae



5

If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.



It was written in 1915 by a Canadian
military doctor, John McCrae.