



anzacwebsites.com

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 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.

– *John McCrae (1872–1918)*



Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae was a Canadian doctor, soldier and poet. He wrote *In Flanders fields* while serving in France in 1915, apparently on the day after the funeral of a friend who had been killed in battle.