**IN FLANDERS FIELDS**

**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.

*John McCrae was a Canadian poet, physician author, and soldier. During World War I, he was first a field surgeon and then director of another field hospital in France. “In Flanders Field,” one of the most popular war poems, was used in many fund-raising campaigns as well as in the US to gain support for entering the war.*