



**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

In Flanders Fields – By children, for children

**In Flanders fields the poppies blow,
Between the crosses, row on row.**

**Sprinting through the muddy trench,
The men, exhausted, wet and drenched.
As they stumble to their death,
The soldiers take their final breath.**

**In Flanders fields the poppies grow,
Between the crosses, row on row.**

**Another day, another gun,
Sometimes we fight, sometimes we run.
The soldiers fight in flooded ground,
With bodies falling all around.**

**In Flanders fields the poppies grow,
Between the crosses, row on row.**

**The guns light up the quiet night,
Another man loses his fight.
All the soldiers, glorious men,
They fight until the deadly end.**

**In Flanders fields the poppies grow,
Between the crosses, row on row.**

**By children,
inspired by John McCrae**



**In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,**

trench

drench

breath

death



**In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,**

gun

run

ground

around

**In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,**

night

fight

men

end



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