

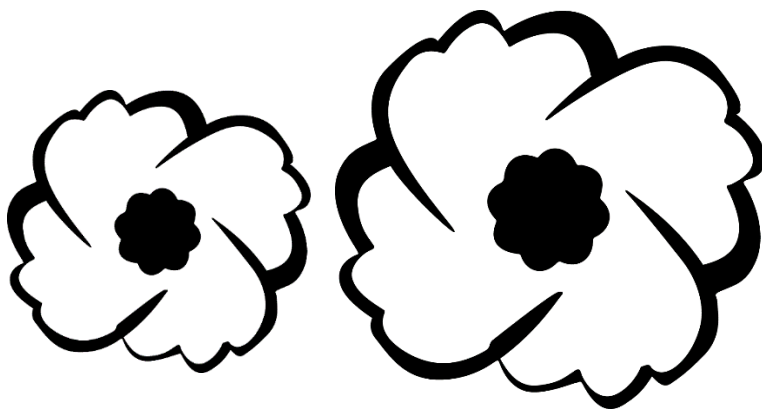
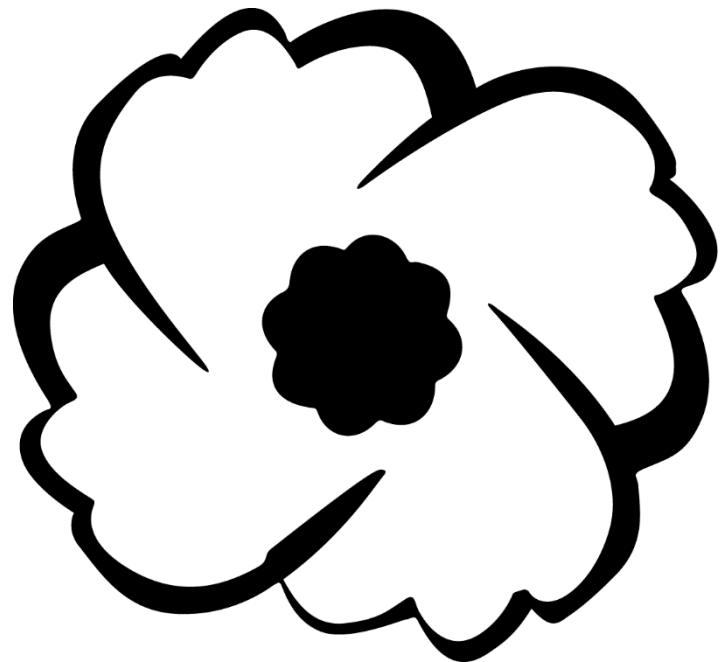
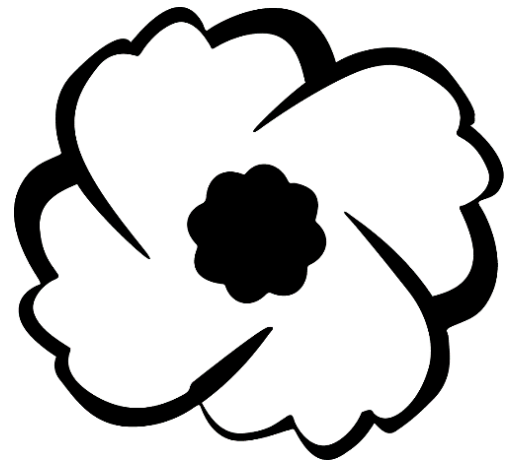
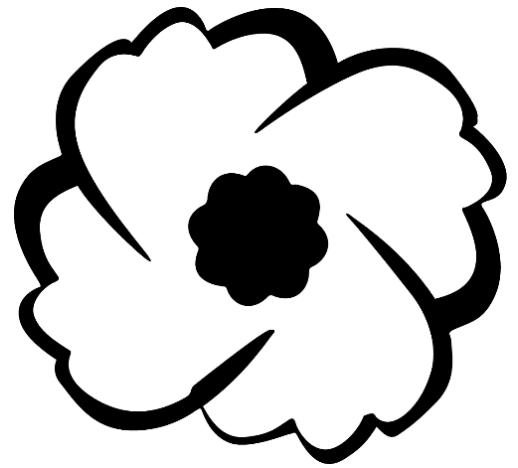
In Flanders Fields

**In Flanders Fields the Poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The lark still bravely singing fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.**

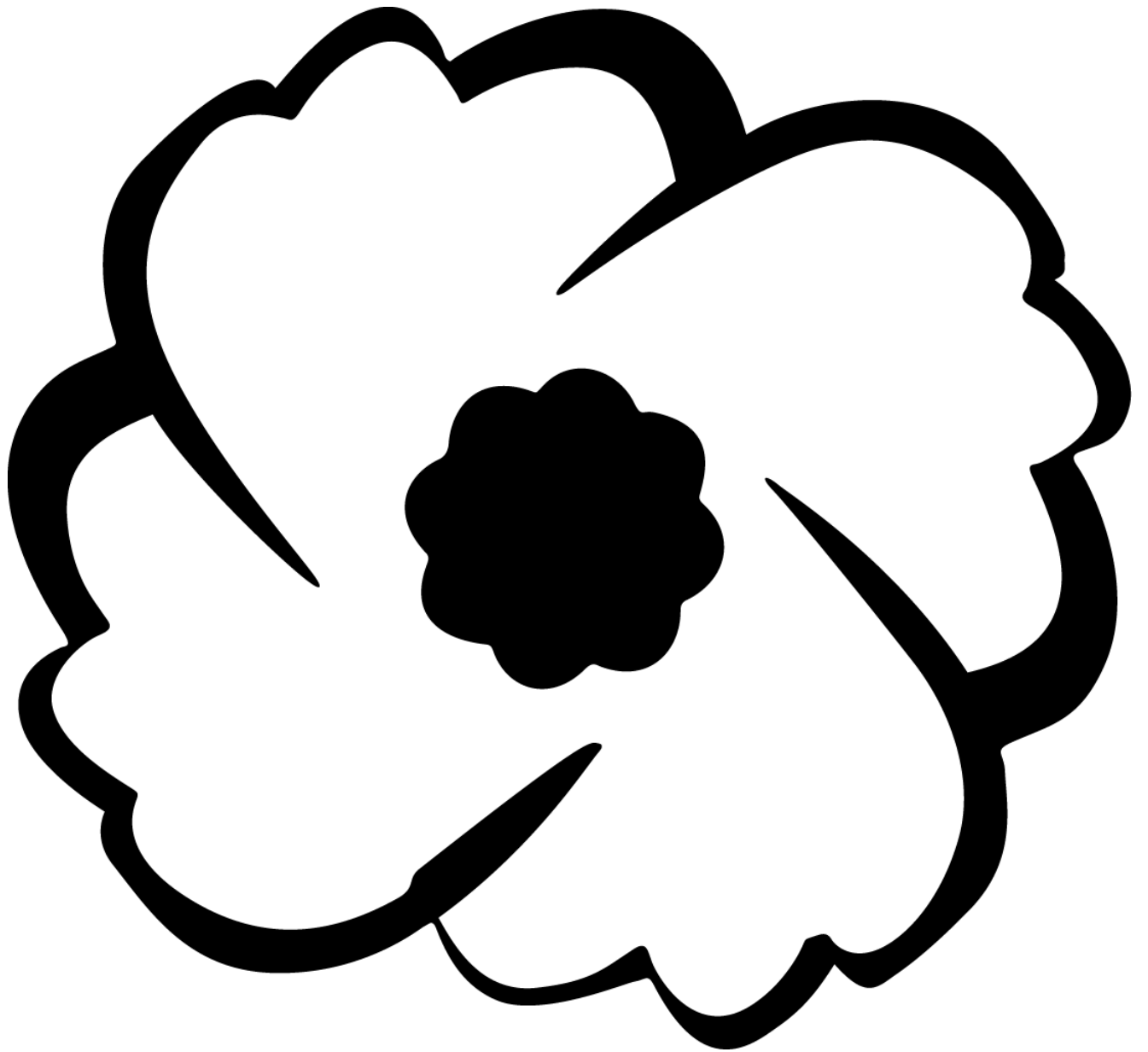
**We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.**

**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.**

- Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae



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