

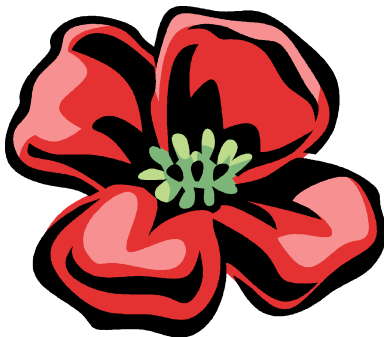


In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
 Between the crosses row on row
 That mark our place
 And in the sky
 The lark still bravely singing flies
 Scarce heard amid the guns below

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 flies
 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



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 flies
 Scarce heard amid the guns below

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
 blow

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders Fields
 The poppies blow

In Flanders Fields
 The poppies blow

In Flanders Fields
 The poppies blow

In Flanders Fields