“The Answer”

Lt. J. A. Armstrong of Wisconsin

In Flanders Field the cannon boom

And fitful flashes light the gloom;

While up above, like Eagles, fly

The fierce destroyers of the sky;

With stains the earth wherein you lie

Is redder than the poppy bloom

 In Flanders Field.

Sleep on ye brave! The shrieking shell,

The quaking trench, the startling yell,

The fury of the battle hell

Shall wake you not; for all is well.

Sleep peacefully, for all is well.

Your flaming torch aloft we bear,

With burning heart an oath we swear

To keep the faith to fight it through

To crush the foe, or sleep with you

 In Flanders Field.

“In Flanders Fields”

Lt. Col. John D. 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.