

March Poem



Memorial Day poppies:

In the spring of 1915 in France, John McCrae, a surgeon, had spent 17 days taking care of wounded and dying soldiers. He sat on the back of an ambulance and wrote a poem that has become very famous. From where he sat, he could see red poppies springing up among the nearby graves. When he finished it, McCrae threw the poem away. Another officer found it and sent it to newspapers in England. It was published in London in December 1915.

“*In Flanders Fields*”

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 down, 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.



Date Due: March 31

Parent's Signature _____