

In Flanders

By John McCrae

Fields

Name: _____

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.

Explain each of these terms
during the discussion.

Flanders Fields:

Larks:

Scarce:

Amid:

Short days ago:

We lived, felt dawn, saw

sunset glow:

Loved and were loved:

Quarrel:

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.

Foe:

Failing Hands:

Torch:

Break Faith:

We Shall Keep the Faith

By Moina Michael

Anew:

Torch:

Cherish:

Valor:

Lustre:

Naught:

Wrought:

Oh! ye who sleep in Flanders Fields,
Sleep sweet - to rise anew!

We caught the torch you threw
And holding high, we keep the Faith
With All who died.

We cherish, too, the poppy red
That grows on fields where valor led;
It seems to signal to the skies
That blood of heroes never dies,
But lends a lustre to the red
Of the flower that blooms above the dead
In Flanders Fields.

And now the Torch and Poppy Red
We wear in honor of our dead.
Fear not that ye have died for naught;
We'll teach the lesson that ye wrought
In Flanders Fields.