



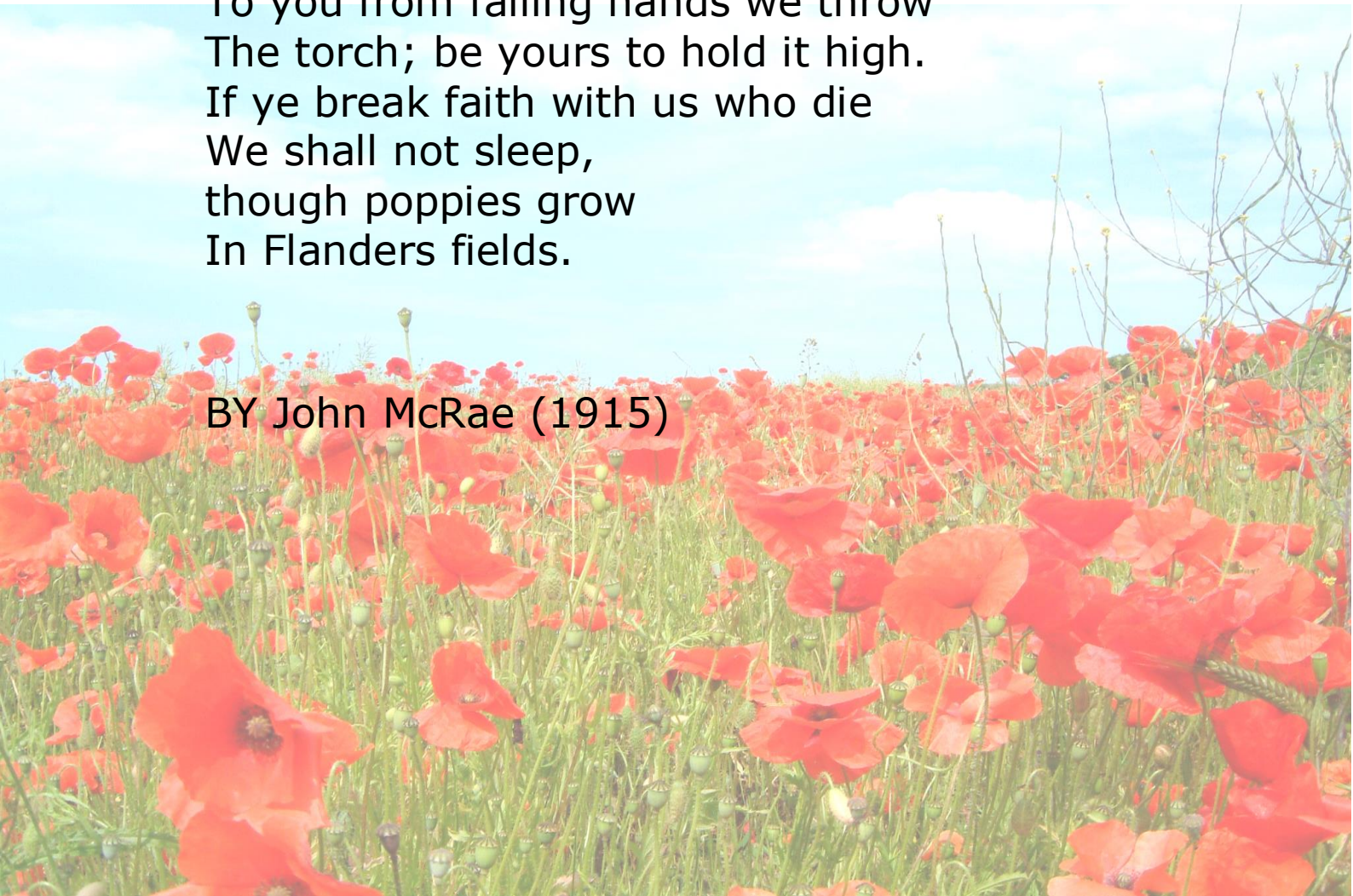
In Flanders Fields...

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 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.

BY John McRae (1915)



Remembrance Task

Using the images that are created within this poem, create a pictorial representation of this poem.

For example;

Images of poppies between crosses or sunset for the background of the art work.

Extension

Make a list of words that you associate with the Great War and then write a poem based on the words you have listed.

Speak to your English teacher for guidance.

Resources;

Google

www.westernfrontassociation.com