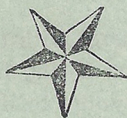


A Canadian's Appeal
From Flanders' Field

— *With* —

America's Answer



Compliments of
HINDENBURG LINE EXHIBIT



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 the quarrel with the foe!
To you, from failing hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders' fields.

John McCrae



AMERICA'S ANSWER



REST ye in peace, ye Flanders' dead!
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up! And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep,
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing overhead
Where once his own life blood ran red!
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders' fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught,
The torch ye threw to us we caught!
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders' fields!

R. W. Lillard

