

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 Dr. John McCrae



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Questions



Name: _____ Date: _____

1. "Between the crosses, row on row" What are these crosses representing and why are there so many?
2. What are larks?
3. Why can't the larks be heard?
4. Who is lying in Flanders Fields?
5. "Take up our quarrel with the foe/" What does this line mean?
6. Do you think this poem is meant to be inspiring or sad? Why?

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Extension Activity



Name: _____ Date: _____

Think about how the poem made you feel. Collect some of the feeling words:

Write a few ideas about what might happen in your life to make you feel the same way.

Write a poem about one of the events to make your audience feel the same way you did.