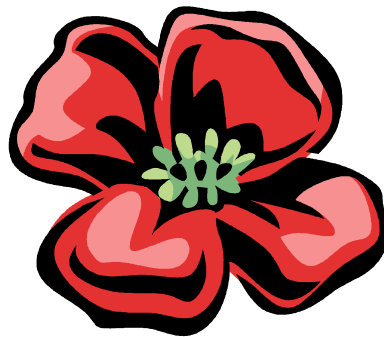

In Flanders Fields

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.

- John McCrae



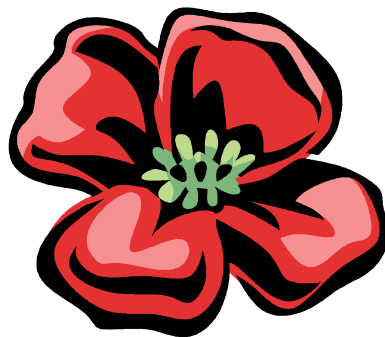
Poppy

We are but children small,
We are too little to do it all.

Children you may do your part.
Love each other is how you start.
Play without fighting.
Share your games and toys.
Be kind and thoughtful,
To all girls and boys.

Remembrance Day

We wear a poppy
On Remembrance Day,
And at eleven
We stand and pray.
Wreaths are put
Upon a grave.
As we remember
Our soldiers brave.



Little Poppy

Little poppy
Given to me,
Help me keep Canada
Safe and free.

I'll wear a little poppy,
As red as red can be,
To show that I remember
Those who fought for me.

Are You Sleeping?

(to the tune of "Frère Jacques")

See the poppies
See the poppies
Oh so red
Oh so red
Growing on the hillside
Growing on the hillside
Soldiers lay dead
Soldiers lay dead

We remember
We remember
On this day
On this day
Soldiers on the hillside
Soldiers on the hillside
Far away
Far away

