

Poppy, Poppy

Poppy, poppy what do you say?

Wear me on Remembrance Day.

Poppy, poppy what do you tell?

Many soldiers in battle fell.

Poppy, poppy what should we know?

Peace on earth should grow, grow, grow.



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.



In Flanders Fields
By
John McCrae



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.



They shall grow not old, as we
that are left grow old:

Age shall not weary them, nor
the years condemn.

At the going down of the sun
and in the morning

We will remember them.

From "For the Fallen" by Robert Laurence Binyon

