



## WE SHALL KEEP THE FAITH

Moina Michael

Oh! You who sleep in Flanders' Fields

Sleep sweet - to rise anew;

We caught the torch you threw,

And holding high we kept

The faith with those who died.

We cherish, too, the Poppy red

That grows on fields where valour led.

It seems to signal to the skies

That blood of heroes never dies.

But lends a lustre to the red

On the flower that blooms above the dead

In Flanders' fields.

And now the torch and Poppy red

Wear in honour of our dead.

Fear not that ye have died for naught:

We've learned the lesson that ye taught

In Flanders' fields.



Lest We Forget