

## Part I

Make me this night a thing apart  
From all this mad cacophony of sound  
That tears the mind of man!

Cause me to tremble never more  
At hated sounds of hate itself  
Screaming through the night.

This is my prayer, breathed from the heart  
As here I stand, mud-stained and weary  
In a land not mine.

Shorn of conviction save that I am right  
To say, 'This is my fight,' and stay  
Till there's an end of it.

*Shell-torn buildings line the sky,  
Twisted trees waiting to die,  
Flares and gunfire in the dark,  
Pain-wracked bodies lying stark.*

Oh, will the lesson be never learned?

Now when I behold this tense and tragic night,  
Shrouding the earth in deep, symbolic gloom,  
I have cause to ask:  
Are we getting harder hearted  
As we hear the awful sound  
Of nations crumbling?

## Part II

It's peaceful in the twilight  
As the shades of eve come down.  
All is hushed and quiet,  
A spell of peace  
In a heaving, shell-rocked land.

*Blow gently, good wind, from over the sea,  
Fanning the leaves of the cherry tree,  
Over the fields of ripening grain,  
Hasten the coming of cooling rain.*

The song of running water,  
Fresh green of springing grain,  
The gleam of new furrows  
Sweet-smelling after rain.  
These things shall last the lifetime  
Of this old, battered earth.  
After the war's mad frenzy  
These are the things of worth.

*Blow gently, good wind, from over the sea,*

Pausing to bless the poppies red...

*How mankind longs, like you, to be free.*

### **Part III**

Once more we have our "Flanders Fields" –  
Again the poppies grow.

This is sacred ground.  
And they who heard the call to help set free  
The peoples of the world, lie dead  
Beneath these crosses white.  
They gave up all  
That good might live  
And evil fall

The years can never dim their memory.  
Abolish from us our greatest foe–  
Of greed  
They caught the torch, and held it high.

We keep in mind the task they set  
They shall not sleep if we forget.

They caught the torch  
And kept it bright aflame,  
And threw the challenge:  
"We expect of you the same."

Excerpts from *Rhyme and Reason*  
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*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, 1915)