

We shall keep the faith
Moina Michael (1918)

*Oh! You who sleep in Flanders Fields,
Sleep sweet — to rise anew!
We caught the torch you threw
And holding high, we keep the Faith
With All 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
Of the flower that blooms above the dead
In Flanders Fields.*

*And now the Torch and Poppy Red
We wear in honour of our dead.
Fear not that we have died for naught;
We'll teach the lesson that we wrought
In Flanders Fields*