



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 take 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.*

Major John McCrae

Canadian doctor and WWI artillery commander

Lest We Forget

(Photo: Monica Galentino)

An Stoirm

Bhí fathach feargach, fíochmhar

Amuigh go mall aréir,

Chuala mé a choiscéim,

D'airigh mé a bhéic;

4

Tuargaint ar an bhfuinneog,

Búiríl sa simléar,

B'shin é glór an fhathaigh

A bhí amuigh aréir.

8

Rug sé ar na crainn is

Stoith sé iad ó fhréamh,

D'ardaigh sé an fharraige

Ina tonnta go spéir;

12

Ach bhí mé féin go teolaí

Istigh faoin mbog-bhlaincéad,

Is níor bhac mé leis an bhfathach

A bhí amuigh aréir!

16

(leis An tSiúr Colmcille)