

America's Answer

...to...

Flanders Fields

By Lily Waller Chatten



Dedicated to
All who served in the World War
The General
The Private
The boy who played the drum
To each anxious waiting heart

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America's Answer

O'er Flanders fields, where poppies red
Wave their bright plumes o'er our young dead,
Oh lark above, we hear thy cry
To voice the souls of those who die:
We catch the motif in thy song
And onward! onward! march along—
The while they lie
In Flanders fields.

Oh poppies red, in tongues of flame
Your bloom is spread; to call in name
Of honor, justice, and of right,
For braves to carry on the fight;
So rest ye well; Oh fair young dead,
We shoulder arms; and firm our tread
To meet thy foe,
Though poppies spread.

Oh poppies red, your heart has bled
With drops of anguish for our dead:
Their buried hopes, their brave young deeds
Will scatter as the poppies' seeds;
A nation's love, a nation's tears,
Will rise as incense through all years
To bless their name
While poppies bleed.

Fear not, dear lads, for well we know
Why poppies bleed and poppies blow;
Think not their flaming torch of red
Sears not our hearts, for our lost dead!
We see the light, we catch the flame
And bear it high in honor's name—
We go—we go,
While poppies blow.

LILY WALLER CHATTEN

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