when the sun has passed
the flanders field and the
after glow is red and
the silver moon is
shining on the cold and
silent dead i am thinking
of a soldier boy who is
sleeping far afin france

2

without one word of warning
he braved the battle field and lost
his life to save his country
true he braved the foe he
suffered all to keep our banner
free from stain he died that
nations might be free o
god help me to live for
his truth and right and with
a starlit soul to fight nerved
by his immortality

3

he did not go to feed the
guns and yet he went with
a purpuse high to fight
for peace and over throw
the plans of germans for
he dreded not the battle
field he went like a man
a brave true hero

4

i wear a gold star on my
breast a star of strife a star
of rest it marks a sword
thrust through my heart
it tells of glory and of
pain of bitter loss and
wonderous gain of youth
that played the hero part

5

far off grave in france so
far i may not hear my
brothers sweet voice but
his face will never be
forgotten his body may
lay in foregin land and
i shall keep his membrance
fond forever deep down
within my heart

4

my heart doth feel with
exclant pride that for
humanity he died with
heart aflame and soul
aright he fravely went
for gad to fight

we had a dear sweet
mother as dear to us as
he and yet she grieved
her self to death for that
dear boy that lays in
flanders field

we loved them yes we
loved them but angels loved
them more and to day have gone
to yonders shining shore

the golden gates was open a gentle
voice sed come and with kind words
she ask us to live that we might
come.

and when his vacant place
i see my heart doth bound with
grief to now that he lays across
the deep blue sea.

composed by Lewis Gray
his sister