

Remember, remember the poppies in
November,
The soldiers were fighting for their life,
Wanting to see their children and wife,
Their bodies lay in Flander's field,
Where the beautiful poppies now yield,
The poppies are red like the soldier's blood,
From where they were struck down into the
mud,
The poppies represent the soldier's heart,
Which they gave so that we could all have a
fresh start.

