

Ella Jane Osborn, Diary

s. l., 1 January 1918–29 April 1919.

Autograph manuscript signed, 1 vol, approx. 245 pages.

[*draft*]

Mon July 29. went to the dressing room this morning had 22 dressings. 2 under Anesthesia, did not get off for any time & came off dead tired & went to bed

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders Fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place. While in the Sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Unheard, amid the guns below.
We are the dead, Short days ago
We lived, felt dawns, saw sunsets glow:
Loved and were loved – but now we lie

In Flanders Field

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch, Be yours to bear it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep tho' poppies blow

In Flanders Field

Written by Lt. Col. John D. McCrea – Canada

The Answer

Written by Lt J. A. Armstrong. Beloit. Wisconsin

[2] July 30. Tues. Miss Forsythe and I went for a walk – and met some boys that were here when we came (on this front) 1st Div They have since been up to the western front & lost many of their men & are now back to this sector

The Answer –

In Flanders Field the cannon boom
And fitful flashes light the gloom;
While up above, like Eagles, fly
The fierce destroyers of the sky;
With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom

In Flanders Field.

Sleep on ye brave! The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startling yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not; for all is well.

Sleep peacefully, for all is well.
Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep the faith to fight it through
To crush the foe, or sleep with you

In Flanders Field

Notes: The poems as transcribed by Ella Osborn differ slightly from the published versions.