

The Reading of the Names

Children and Youth

“In Flanders Fields”

Jay Marett

*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 you from falling 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.*



The Piper’s Lament

***The Last Post**

***Two Minutes of Silence**

***Reveille**

***O Canada**

O Canada! Our home and native land!
True patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true north, strong and free.
From far and wide O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.
God keep our land glorious and free,
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.