

## **The Larks of Flanders Fields**

They wheel and dive like larks in flight,

So high above the Flanders mud.

In skies of blue so clear and bright.

These birds shed blood.

With childlike dreams of knightly jousts

And scant flying hours trained.

Their noble dreams would soon be doused,

So few remained.

Yet fly and fly again, they flew,

These noble few, so high the score.

Honour then these pilots, the crew.

(of the) Royal Flying Corps.



(photo credit BAE Systems)