This is the field where the poppies now grow.
These are the children who like to play
Out in the field where the poppies now grow.
This is Ben and his best friend Ray
Who are two of the children that like to play
Out in the field where the poppies now grow.
These are the trenches used for cover
To hide from the enemy and each other,
Built by Ben and his best friend Ray
Who are two of the children that like to play
Out in the field where the poppies now grow.
This is the makeshift aerodrome
With barricades of sand and stone
That shield the trenches used for cover,
To hide from the enemy and each other
Built by Ben and his best friend Ray
Who are two of the children that like to play
Out in the field where the poppies now grow.
These are the armies joined up by men,
   Men like Ray and his old friend Ben
Who march by the makeshift aerodrome
   With barricades of sand and stone
That shield the trenches used for cover
   To hide from the enemy and each other,
Built by Ben and his best friend Ray
Who were two of the children that liked to play
Out in the field where the poppies now grow.
This is the battlefield, barren and stark
A stage for a war, dangerous and dark,
To be charged by armies joined up by men,
Men like Ray and his old friend Ben
Who march by the makeshift aerodrome
With barricades of sand and stone
That shield the trenches used for cover
To hide from the enemy and each other,
Built by Ben and his best friend Ray
Who were two of the children that liked to play
Out in the field where the poppies now grow.
This is the soldier, injured and hurt
Left to die in the cold and the dirt
Out on the battlefield, barren and stark
That staged a war, dangerous and dark,
Charged on by armies joined up by men,
Men like Ray and his old friend Ben
Who march by the makeshift aerodrome
With barricades of sand and stone
That shield the trenches used for cover
To hide from the enemy and each other,
Built by Ben and his best friend Ray
Who were two of the children that liked to play
Out in the field where the poppies now grow.
This is the soldier, bold and brave
Who risked his life in order to save
Another soldier, injured and hurt
Left to die in the cold and the dirt
Out on the battlefield, barren and stark
That staged a war, dangerous and dark,
Charged on by armies joined up by men,
Men like Ray and his old friend Ben
Who march by the makeshift aerodrome
With barricades of sand and stone
That shield the trenches used for cover
To hide from the enemy and each other,
Built by Ben and his best friend Ray
Who were two of the children that liked to play
Out in the field where the poppies now grow.
Ben was the soldier Ray found.
Ben was the soldier Ray found
Lying alone on the battleground.
Ray was the soldier, bold and brave
Who risked his life in order to save
Another soldier, injured and hurt
Left to die in the cold and the dirt
Out on the battlefield, barren and stark
That staged a war, dangerous and dark,
Charged on by armies joined up by men,
Men like Ray and his old friend Ben
Who marched by the makeshift aerodrome
And barricades of sand and stone
That shielded the trenches used for cover
To hide from the enemy and each other,
Built by Ben and his best friend Ray
Who were two of the children that liked to play
Out in the field...
...where the poppies now grow.
At The Going Down Of The Sun And In The Morning
We Will Remember Them