

In Flanders Fields

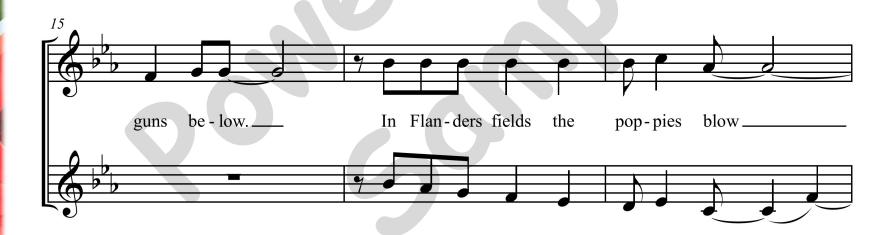
2 Part Choir

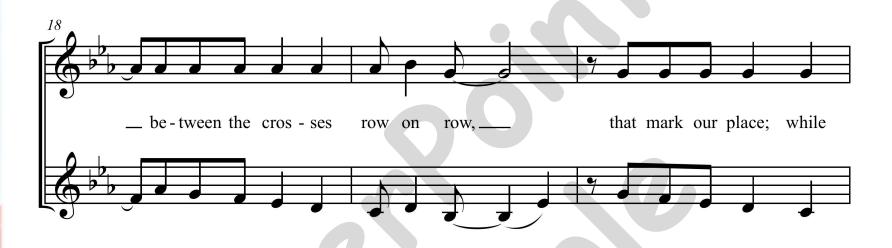


In Flan-ders fields the pop-pies blow_ be-tween the cros-ses

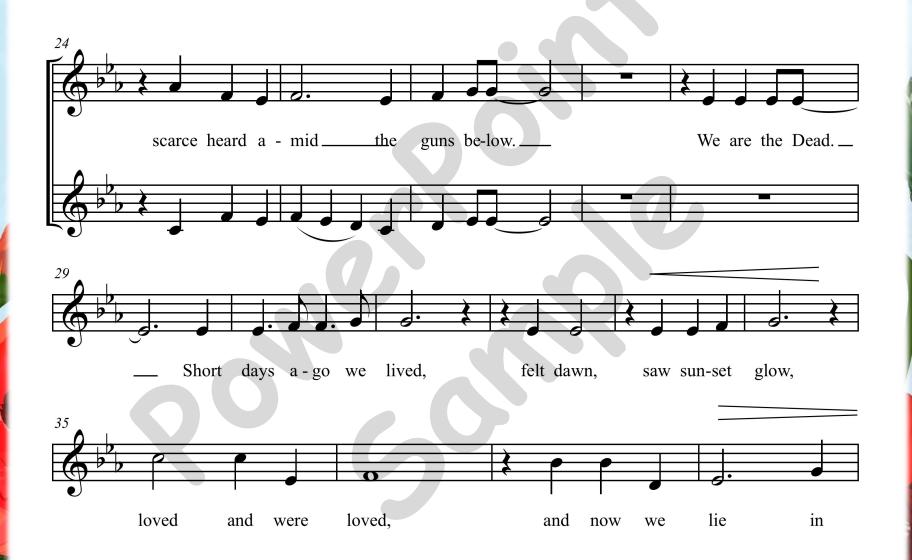








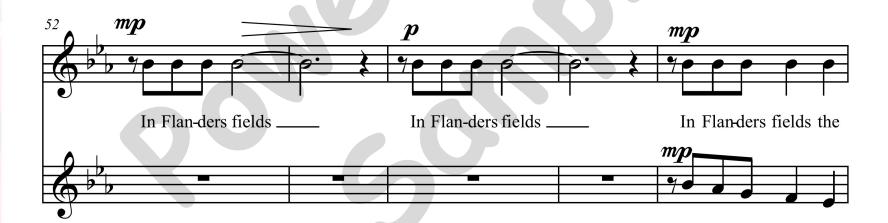


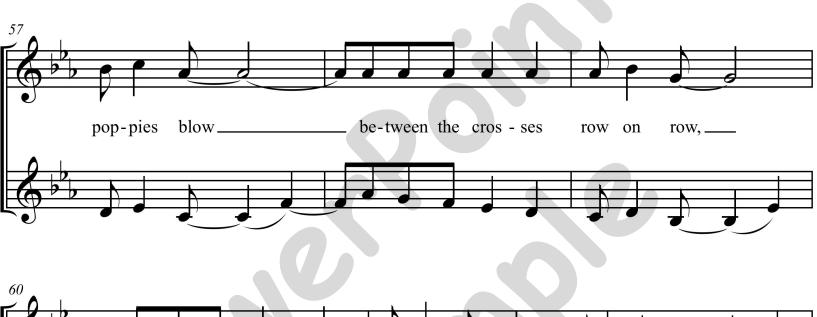


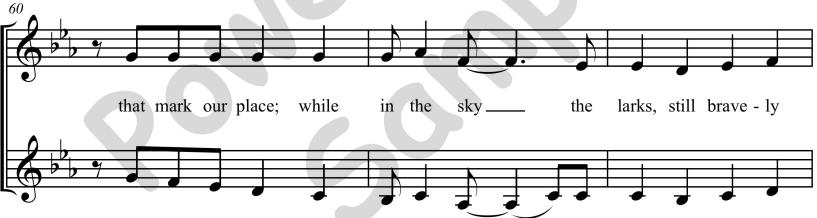






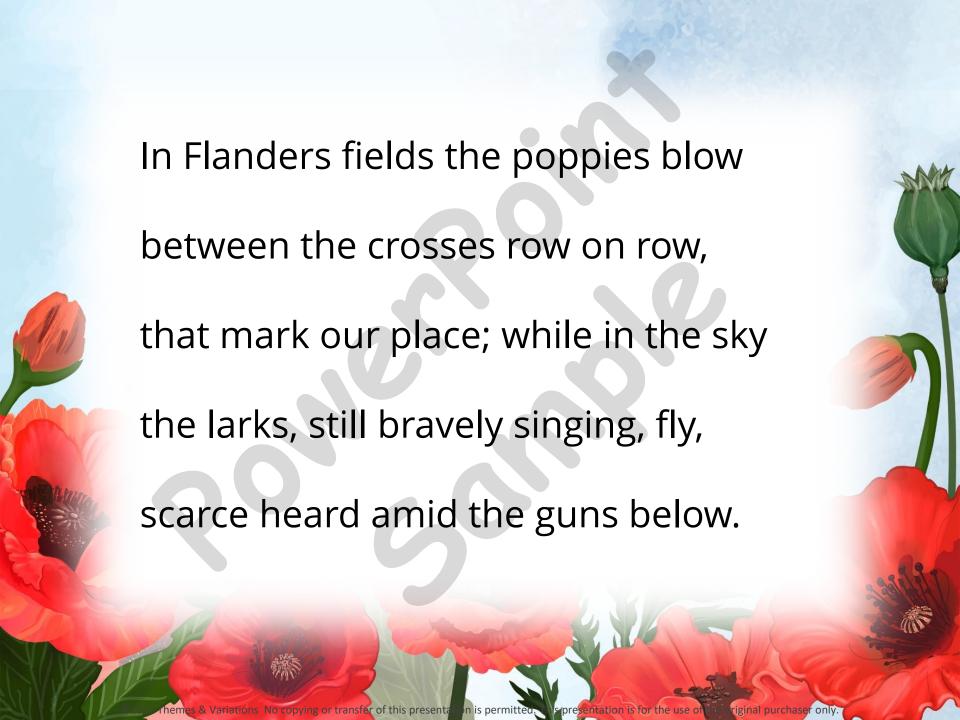


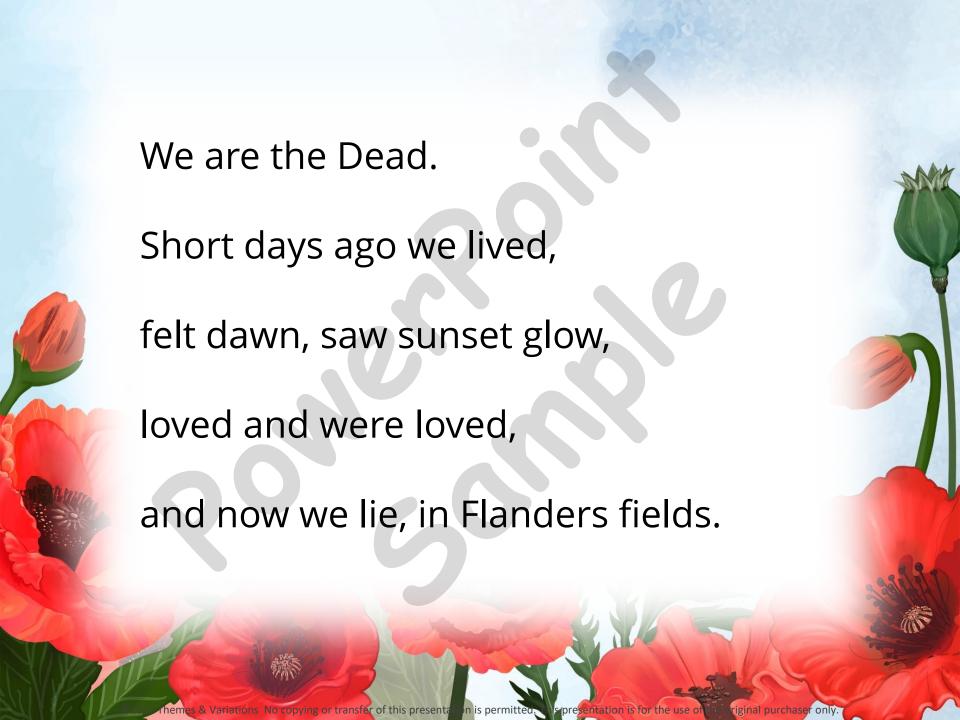






In Flanders fields the poppies blow between the crosses row on row, that mark our place; while in the sky the larks, still bravely singing, fly, scarce heard amid the guns below.





Take up our quarrel with the foe; to you from failing 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, in Flanders fields.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow between the crosses row on row, that mark our place; while in the sky the larks, still bravely singing, fly, scarce heard amid the guns below. John McCrae -1915

