In Flanders Fields

## - <br> In Flanders Fields

2 Part Choir

John McCrae
Craig Cassils


In Flan-ders fields the pop-pies blow $\qquad$ be-tween the cros-ses


that mark our place; while in the sky $\qquad$ the


_ be-tween the cros - ses row on row,__
that mark our place; while



hands we throw $\qquad$ the torch; be yours to hold it high. $\qquad$ If ye break faith with




pop-pies blow $\qquad$ be-tween the cros - ses
row on row,


that mark our place; while in the sky $\qquad$ the larks, still brave - ly


## 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.

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.

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 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.

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