

# Bass

# In Flanders Fields

Poem: John McCrae

Melody and Arrangement: Barry Taylor, Matthew Ackroyd, Denis Khvatov

**Moderato**

4  
In Flan - ders fields the pop - pies blow Be - tween the cross - es, row on

8  
row, That mark our place; and in the sky The larks, still brave - ly sing - ing,

13  
fly \_\_\_\_\_ Scarce heard a - mid \_\_\_\_\_ the guns be - low. \_\_\_\_\_

17  
— We are the Dead. Short days a - go We lived, felt dawn, saw sun - set

20  
glow, Loved, and were loved, and now we lie In Flan - ders

24  
fields. In Flan - ders fields. \_\_\_\_\_ Take up our quar - rel with the

28  
foe: To you from fail - ing hands we throw The torch; be yours to hold it

32  
high. If ye break faith with us who die We shall not sleep, \_\_\_\_\_

rit.  
— though pop - pies grow \_\_\_\_\_ In Flan - ders fields. \_\_\_\_\_

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