

In Flanders Fields

Poem: John McCrae

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

Moderato

S. A.

Choir

T. B.

In Flanders fields the pop - pies blow Be - tween the cross - es, row on

4

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

8

fly - - - - - Scarce heard a - - - - - mid - - - - - the guns be - low. - - - - - We are the

14

Dead. Short days a - go We lived, felt dawn, saw sun - set glow, Loved, and were

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2010

18

loved, and now we lie In Flanders fields. Take up our

In Flanders fields.

23

quar - rel with the foe: To you from fail - ing hands we throw The torch; be

27

yours to hold it high. If ye break faith with us who die We shall not

31

rit.

sleep, though pop - pies grow In Flanders fields.