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In the Poppy Fields of France



By
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In the Poppy Fields of France

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Spirited Waltz Tempo but rather sad

Rather spirited

Shriek-ing, crash-ing in-to the si-lence, Shat-ter-ing it to the in-fin-ite spac-es, Tear-ing deep

gash-es, rock-ing the world, Bat-ter-ing death in-to en-e-my plac-es, Whizz the shells of hate in

Slow and sad

France. O-ver the fields where red pop-pies flut-tered, Splash-ing the earth with their scar-let viv-id,

Fields shad-owed now by the flam-ing sword, Car-pet-ed thick with dead fac-es liv-id Glide the planes of

Dolcissimo

death in France. Plung-ing, surg-ing in-to fatr-ci-ties, Wreck-ing, pol-lut-ing, the Teu-ton horde dash-es,

rit.

Flood-ing the dusk with the weird flare of star-shells, Cut-ting the dark-ness with bay-o-net flash-es, Ming-ling dull cannon roar,

sharp cries of wound-ed, Fall-ing cath-e-drals thun-der-ing crash-es Swarm the

Valse lente
 forc-es of Hell in France. Back to the homes that are ruined and plun-dered To their al-tars of Peace by Huns dese-

crated With hearts seared for-ev-er by Mem-o-ry's hell flames, Brand-ed vi-sions of dead babes of maids vi-la-ted With

eyes tear blind-ed, but look-ing to-ward God, With souls to Hu-man-i-ty's need con-se-crated Cor-nethe war wear-y women of

Slow with expression
 France. Un-der the sod where the pop-pies flut-tered Cov-ered on-ly by long grass-es tan-gled, Crowned by the Sa-voir's

cross of Christ, Prov-en theirs by young bod-ies tor-tured man-gled Sleep the sol-diers of Peace in France.

In the Poppy Fields of France ?

