

DEC 18 1918

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IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

FOR MALE VOICES.

COL. DR. JOHN McCRAE.
Moderato.

O. M. OLESON.

mf

In Fland-ers fields the pop-pies blow be-tween the cross-es,

f *p*

row on row, that mark our place; and in the sky the

mf

larks, still brave-ly sing-ing fly, scarce heard a-mid the

Poco allegro tranquillamente.

guns be low. We are the dead. Short days a-go we

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lived, felt dawn, saw sun - set glow, loved and were loved, and

now we lie in Flan - ders fields. Flan - ders fields.

Allegro ben marcato poco a poco cresc.

Take up our quar - rel with the foe! Take up our quar - rel

poco a poco cresc.

with the foe! To you, from falling hands, we throw the torch. Be yours to



ff 1 *ff* 2

hold, be yours to hold it high! hold it high!

ff *ff*

Andante.
mf *f*

If ye break faith with us who die we shall not sleep.

mf *f*

Poco allegro.
ff *f*

we shall not sleep, though pop-pies grow in

ff *f*

Flan - ders field, in Flan - ders fields.

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE.

FOR MALE VOICES.

O. M. OLESON.

Moderato.
mf

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee..... Sweet
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee..... Land
 3. God bless our splen - did men..... Bring

land of lib - er - ty,..... Of thee I sing:
 of the no - ble free..... Thy name I love;
 them safe home a - gain..... God bless our men!

f
 Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the pil grims' pride!
 I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and temp - led hills;
 Make them vic - to - ri - ous, Pa - tient and chi - val - rous

ff
 From ev' - ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
 My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 They are so dear to us God bless our men.