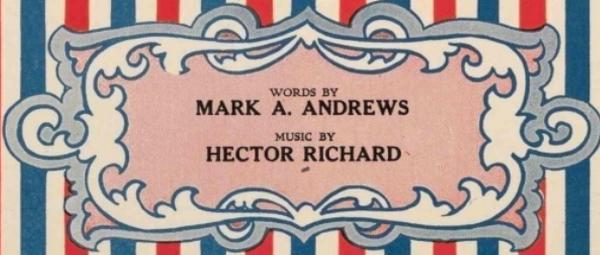


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# On The Battlefields Of Flanders



WORDS BY  
**MARK A. ANDREWS**

MUSIC BY  
**HECTOR RICHARD**



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# On the Battlefields of Flanders

Words by MARK A. ANDREWS

Music by HECTOR RICHARD

*Moderato*

*mp*

On the bat-tle-fields of Flan - ders Our boys had fought and fell, Now  
 Now the moth - ers are griev - ing For the lov'd ones there That  
 As the pop - pies grow old - er, Oh, the pop - pies that wave O'er

*p*

we are here to an - swer, For their work was done so well. You can  
 our plans re - ceiv - ing And their hon - ors to share. For the  
 our dear brave sol - diers That our moth - ers gave, For they

look this world all o - ver, And you can plain - ly see That our  
 pop - pies that cov - er The lov'd ones at rest, The  
 sleep now so sad - ly, And they nev - er did fear, Our

sol - diers and sail - ors Are the pride on land and sea. —  
 sons of our moth - ers, The ones lov'd the best. —  
 boys we gave glad - ly, The ones we lov'd dear. —

*rit.*

CHORUS. *Allegretto moderato*

For those lit - tle white cross - es That's placed at their

heads Are to show that our loss - es Are

all our brave dead. For those dead.

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