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IN FLANDERS FIELDS THE POPPIES GROW

Song with Piano Accompaniment
by

LIEUT. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

Words by
LIEUT.-COL. JOHN McCRAE

Price, 60 cents

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IN FLANDERS FIELDS THE POPPIES GROW

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
    That mark our place, and in the sky,
    The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
    In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
    The torch; be yours to hold it high:
    If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
    In Flanders fields.

LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN McCRAE,
Canadian Army

This poem was first published anonymously in London "Punch." The author is Dr. John McCrae, formerly of the Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal, now with No. 3 Canadian General Hospital in France.

28163

In Flanders Fields the Poppies Grow

Words by
Lieut. Col. John Mc Crae
Canadian Army

Music by
Lieut. John Philip Sousa
U. S. N. R. F.

Andante

Voice

Piano

p

very evenly and sustained

In Flan-ders fields the pop-pies grow, the pop-pies grow, the pop-pies

p

grow — Be-tween the cross-es, row on row, row on row, That mark the

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slightly faster

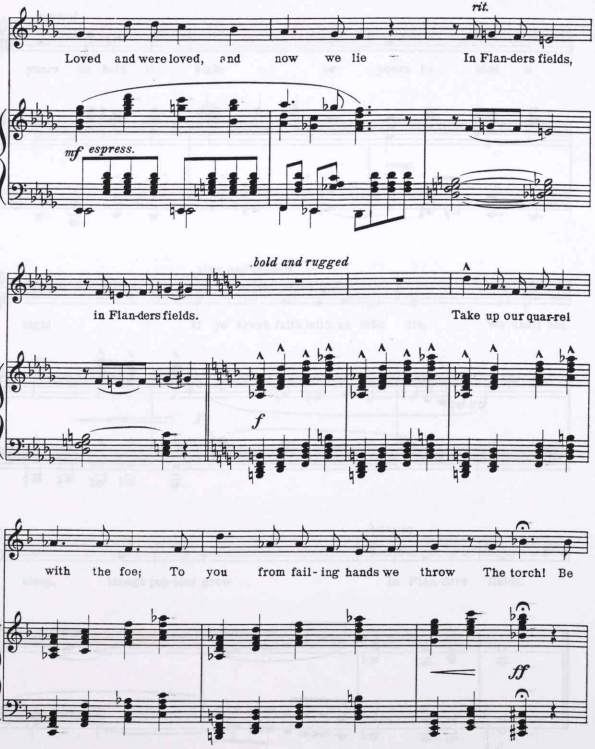
place, and in the sky, The larks, still brave-ly sing - ing fly, Scarce

rall.

heard a-mid the guns be - low.

slow *p*

We are the dead: short days a-go We lived, felt dawn, saw sun-set glow,


rit.
Loved and were loved, and now we lie In Flan-ders fields,
mf espress.
bold and rugged
in Flan-ders fields. Take up our quar-rel
f
with the foe; To you from fail-ing hands we throw The torch! Be
ff

martial

yours to hold it high; be yours to hold it

cresc.

slow and intense

high! If ye break faith with us who die, We shall not

p

Adagio

sleep, though pop-pies grow In Flan-ders fields.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

A Song with Piano Accompaniment

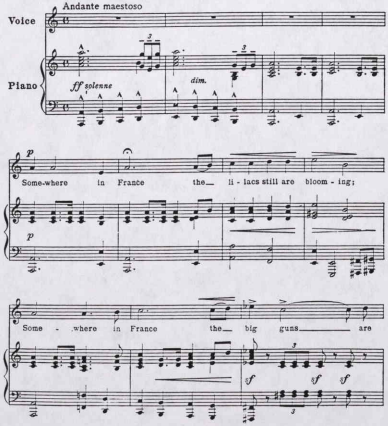
Words by

JAMES P. SINNOTT

Music by

MAY HARTMANN

PRICE, 60 CENTS



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