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IN FLANDERS FIELDS

Poem by

Lieut.-Col. JOHN McCRAE

Music by

MABELANNA CORBY

Price, 60 cents, net

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LEWIS-CORBY
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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.

In Flanders Fields

Lieut. Col. John McCrae

Mabelanna Corby

Andante

Piano

mf

dim.

rit.

mp

In Flan - ders fields the pop - pies blow, Be - tween the cross - es,

pp a tempo

dolce

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

The musical score is written in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It features a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The piano part begins with a series of chords in the right hand and a melodic line in the left hand. The vocal line enters with the lyrics 'In Flan - ders fields the pop - pies blow, Be - tween the cross - es,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm of chords. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mf*, *dim.*, *rit.*, *mp*, *pp a tempo*, and *dolce*. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

pp
solemne

sing - ing, fly, Scarce heard a - mid the guns be-low. We

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

Loved and were loved, and now we lie In Flan - ders fields.

a tempo *rit.*

Ed. *

Allegro agitato

f

sempre cresc. ed accel.

Take up our quar-rel with the foe; To you from fall-ing

f *sempre cresc. ed accel.*

hands we throw the torch; be yours to hold it high; If

ff ten. *Maestoso* *ten.*

ye break faith with us who die, if ye break faith with us who die, We

sempre rall. e dim. *p*

shall not sleep, though pop-pies grow in Flan - ders fields

Adagio *molto rit.* *pp*

SONGS BY
MABELANNA CORBY *and* MARJO LEWIS

- “Spring is Here!”
- “Memory’s Garden”
- “Please, Please Do!”
- “Coquette”
- “When Skies are Blue”
- “Constancy”
- “Autumn”

DEAR FLANDERS FIELDS
(An Answer)

Dear Flanders fields, where lie asleep,
 Those valiant dead!—we ere must keep
 True faith with them, nor once forget
 The price they paid, the goal they set—
 To us they’ve left a sacred trust;
 Ah, they were brave! and now we must
 Be brave, and ever firm and just—
 And “carry on”
 For those who lie
 In Flanders fields!

’Tis ours—your quarrel with the foe,
 And we will press it till we know
 It’s won! we’ll ever hold on high
 The torch you blazoned to the sky—
 True faith with you we’ll ever keep,
 So sweetly sleep where poppies grow
 In Flanders fields!

MARJO LEWIS

Also
“WHAT HE WOULD HAVE ME DO”