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Evans, R. M.

Victory

M1646
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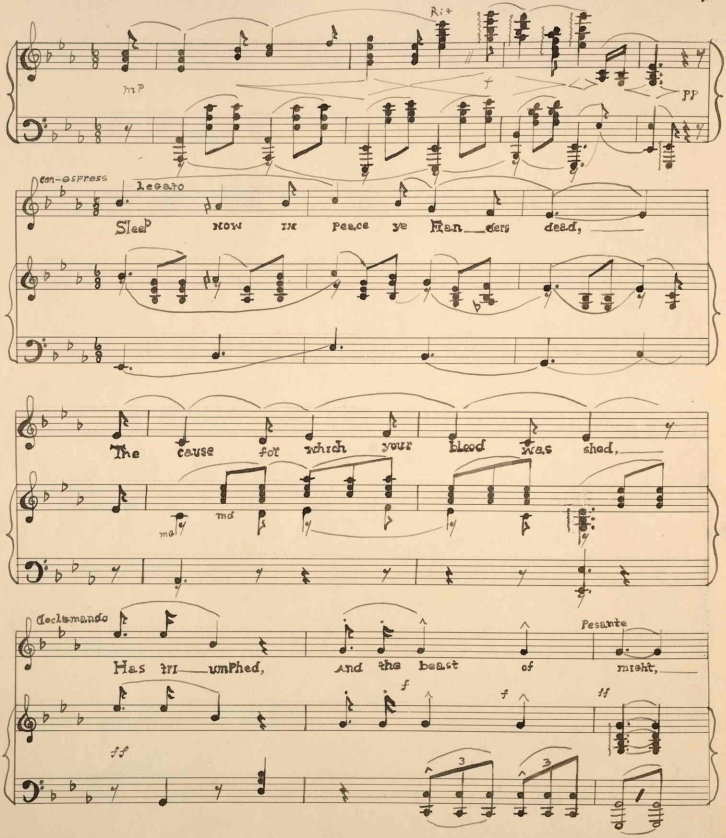
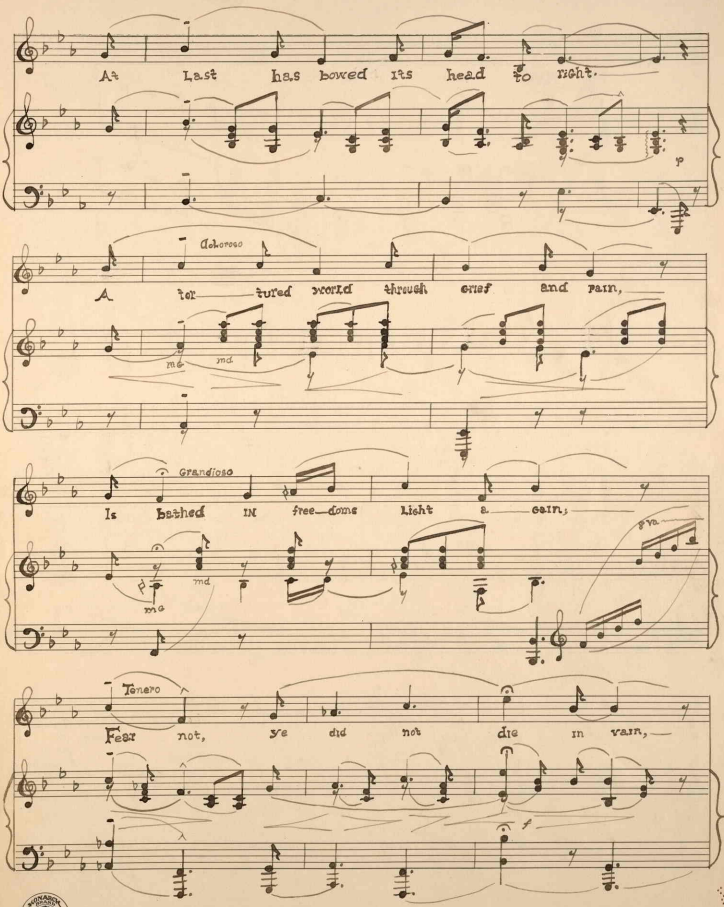
Victory


Rit
mp
pp
con espress
Largo
Sleep now in peace ye Man ders dead,
The cause for which your Blood was shed,
mf
md
declamando
Pesante
Has tri umphed, And the beast of might,
f
ff



At Last has bowed its head to right.

p

Doloroso

A tor—tured world through grief and pain,

mg md

Grandioso

Is bathed in free—dome Light a—gain;

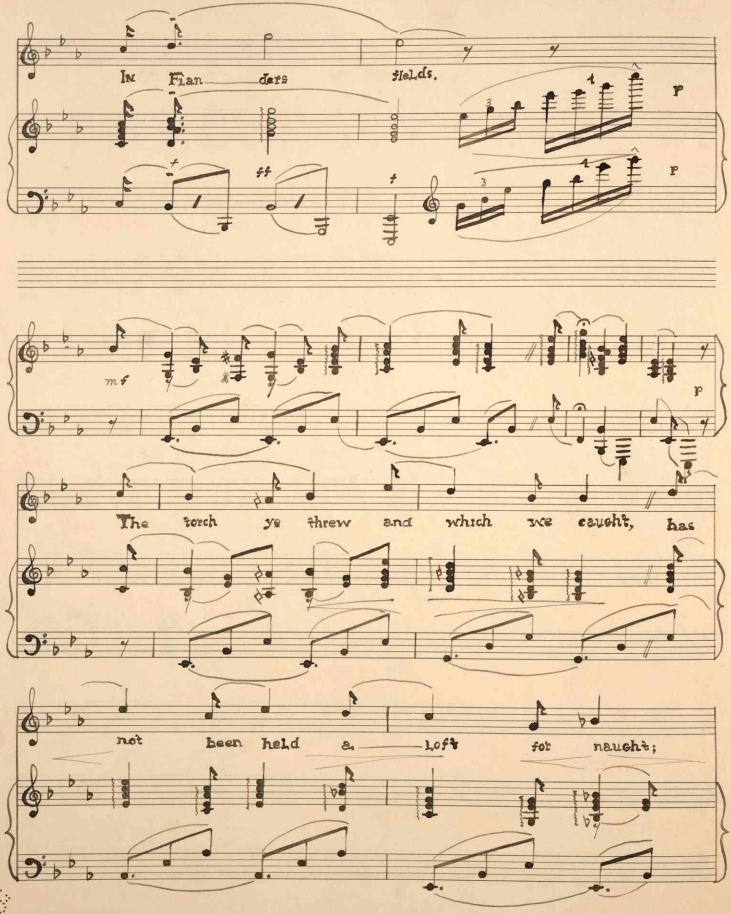
mg md

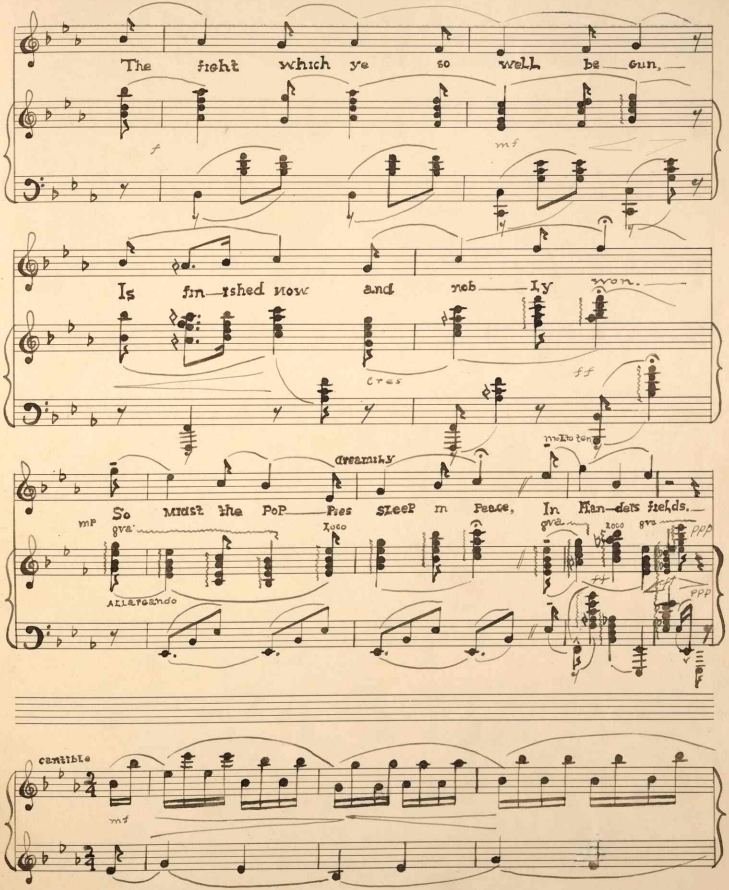
8va

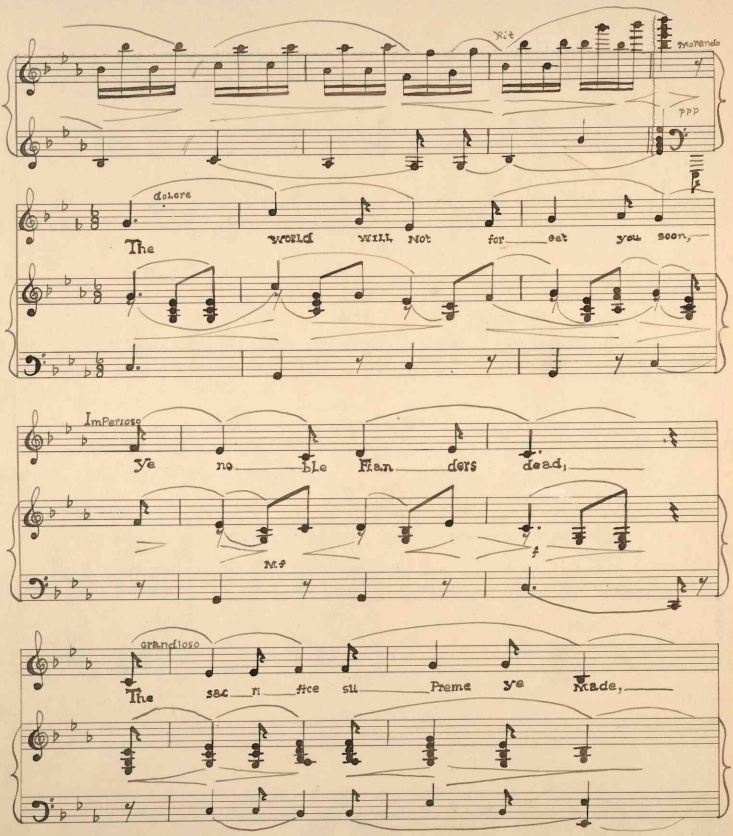
Tenero

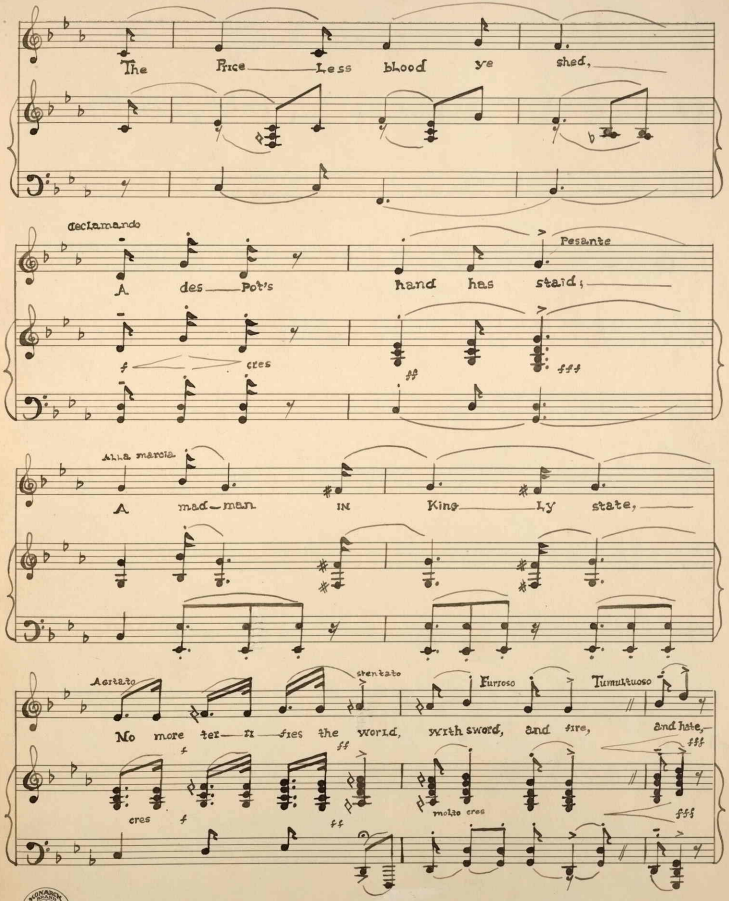
Fear not, ye did not die in vain,

f


In Flan ders fields.
The torch ye threw and which we caught, has
not been held a loft for naught;


The fight which ye so well be gun,
Is fin ished now and nob ly won.
So midst the Pop pies sleep in peace, In Flan ders fields.


Rit
morendo
ppp
dolore
The world will not for___get you soon,
Imperioso
Ye no___ble Flan___ders dead,
mf
f
grandioso
The sac___ri___fice su___preme ye made,



The Price Less blood ye shed,

declamando

A des Pot's hand has staid;

Pesante

f cres ff fff

Alla marcia

A mad-man IN King Ly state,

Agitato

No more ter-ri-fies the world, with sword, and fire, and hate,

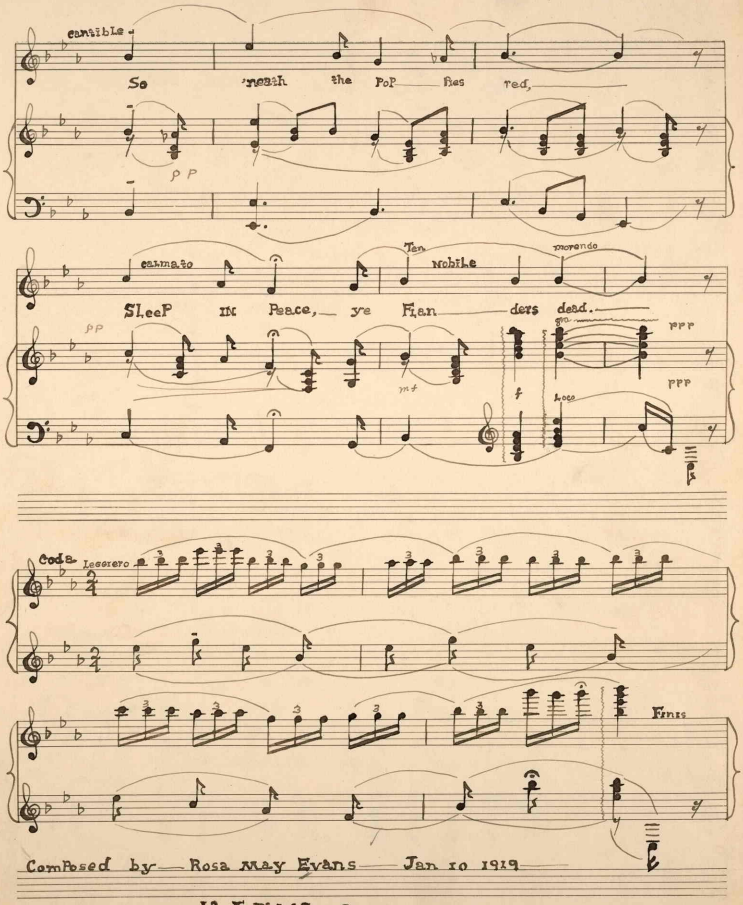
stentato

Furioso

Tumultuoso

f ff fff

cres f ff molto cres fff



Composed by Rosa May Evans Jan 10 1919

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