

ON FLANDERS FIELD

Words by John Kershaw

Music by Sylvia Forrest

How fierce, how bit - ter was the fight, On Flan - der Fields
She cheer'd and helped us by her light on Flan - ders Fields, How pure and kind this
maid - en fair, Who help'd and cheer'd our war - fare there, Who nursed us with such
ten - der - ness, Her pre - sence seem'd a warm ca - ress On Flan - der's Fields.

CHORUS

Sweet Ger - trude nurse on Flan - ders Fields, The Sol - diers hom - age
to you yield, Your lov - ing care we'll ne'er for - get, Your mem - o - ry lin - gers
with us yet, Sweet nurse of Flan - ders Fields.

2. When tired and weary of the fight
On Flanders Field,
We dreamed and longed for home fires bright
On Flanders Field,
Her presence there mid shot and shell
A mud trench brightened by her spell
Like fiends we fought both strong and well
For Country, Freedom, Home and Dell
On Flanders Field.

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