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RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE
KINGS COUNTY AMERICAN LEGION

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

(WE ONLY SLEEP, IN FLANDERS)

SONG

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS ⁘ WE ONLY SLEEP, IN FLANDERS

WORDS BY — WORDS BY

LIEUT. McCRAE ⁘ L. E. FRENCH

MUSIC BY

L. E. FRENCH

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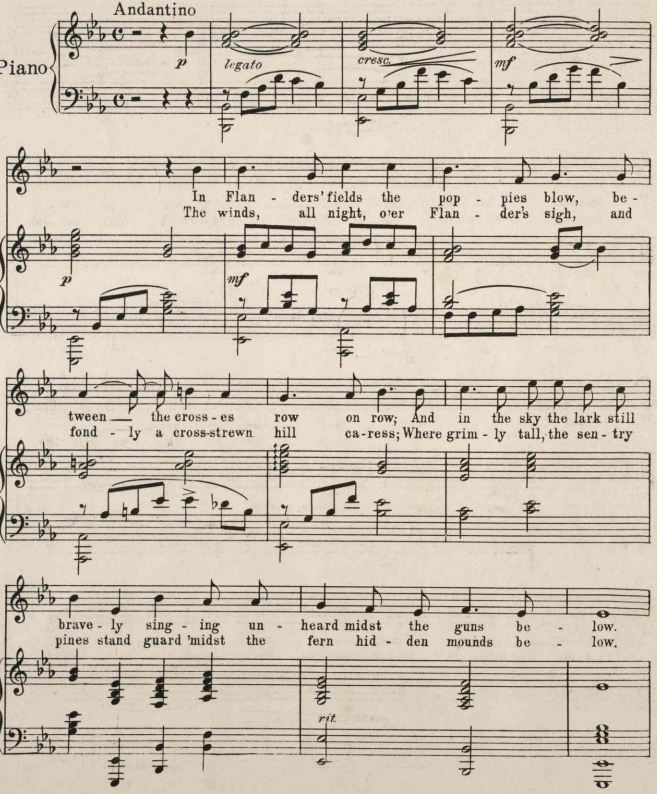

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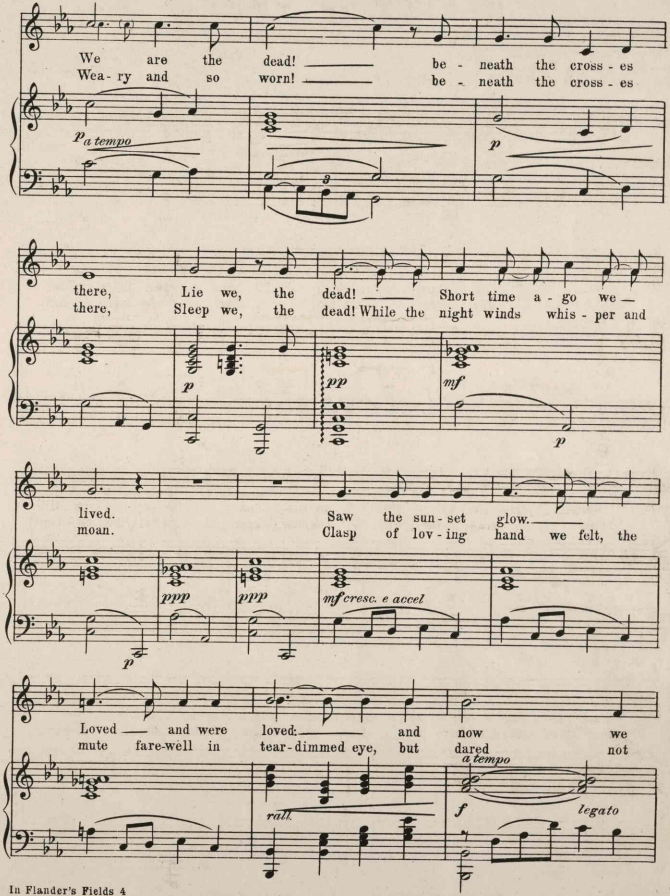
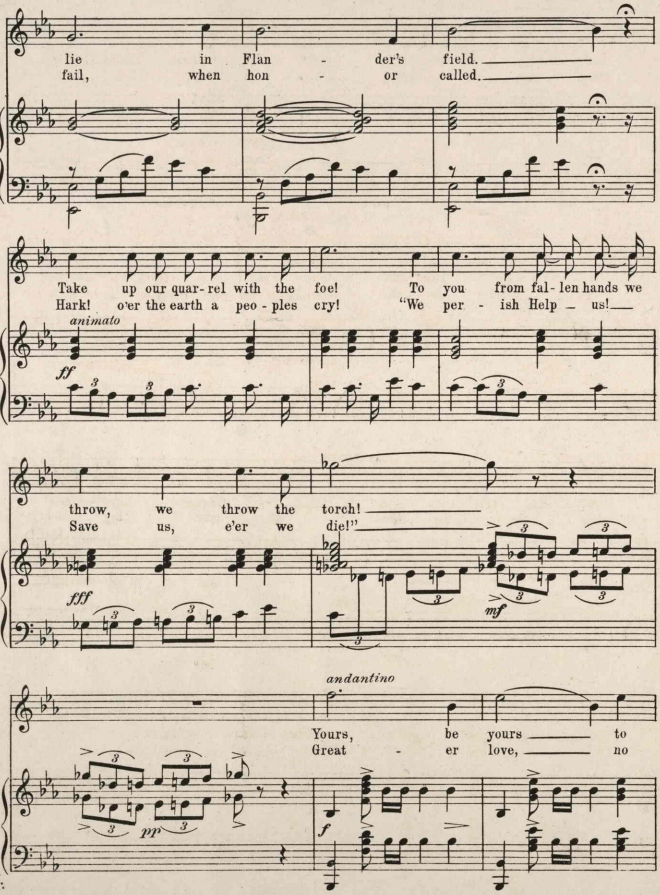
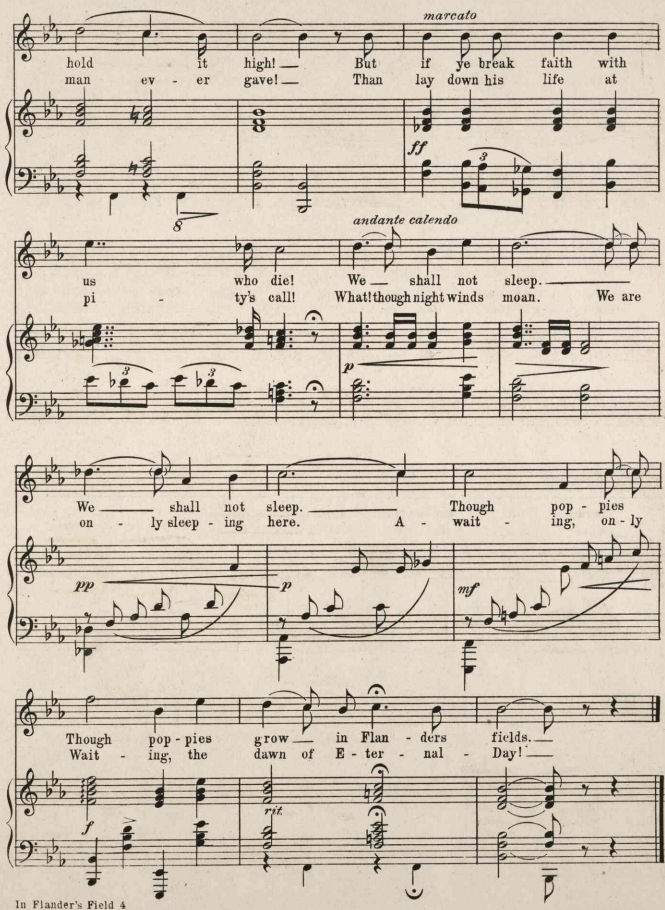

We are the dead! be - neath the cross - es
Wea - ry and so worn! be - neath the cross - es
p a tempo
p
there, Lie we, the dead! Short time a - go we
there, Sleep we, the dead! While the night winds whis - per and
p
pp
mf
p
lived. Saw the sun - set glow.
moan. Clasp of lov - ing hand we felt, the
ppp
ppp
mf cresc. e accel
p
Loved and were loved: and now we
mute fare-well in tear-dimmed eye, but dared not
rall.
a tempo
f
legato


lie in Flan - der's field.
fail, when hon - or called.
Take up our quar- rel with the foe! To you from fal- len hands we
Hark! o'er the earth a peo - ples cry! "We per - ish Help — us!"
animato
ff
throw, we throw the torch!
Save us, e'er we die!"
fff
mf
andantino
Yours, be yours to
Great - er love, no
pp
f


marcato
hold it high! But if ye break faith with
man ev - er gave! Than lay down his life at
ff
andante calendo
us who die! We shall not sleep.
pi - ty's call! What! though night winds moan. We are
p
We shall not sleep. Though pop - pies
on - ly sleep - ing here. A - wait - ing, on - ly
pp
p
mf
Though pop - pies grow in Flan - ders fields.
Wait - ing, the dawn of E - ter - nal - Day!
f
rit.

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