Words by
Lieut. Col. John McCrae

NOV -9 1917
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In Flanders Fields

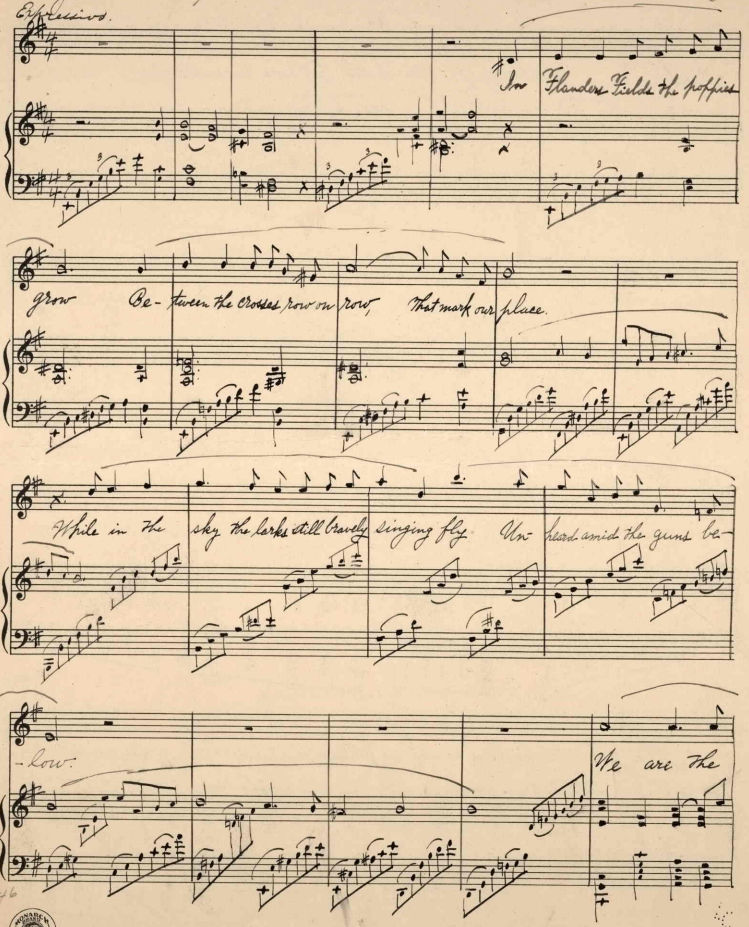
Dolce Grossmayer.

Expressivo.

In Flanders Fields the poppies grow Be-tween the crosses row on row, That mark our place.

While in the sky the larks still bravely singing fly Un-heard amid the guns be-low.

We are the



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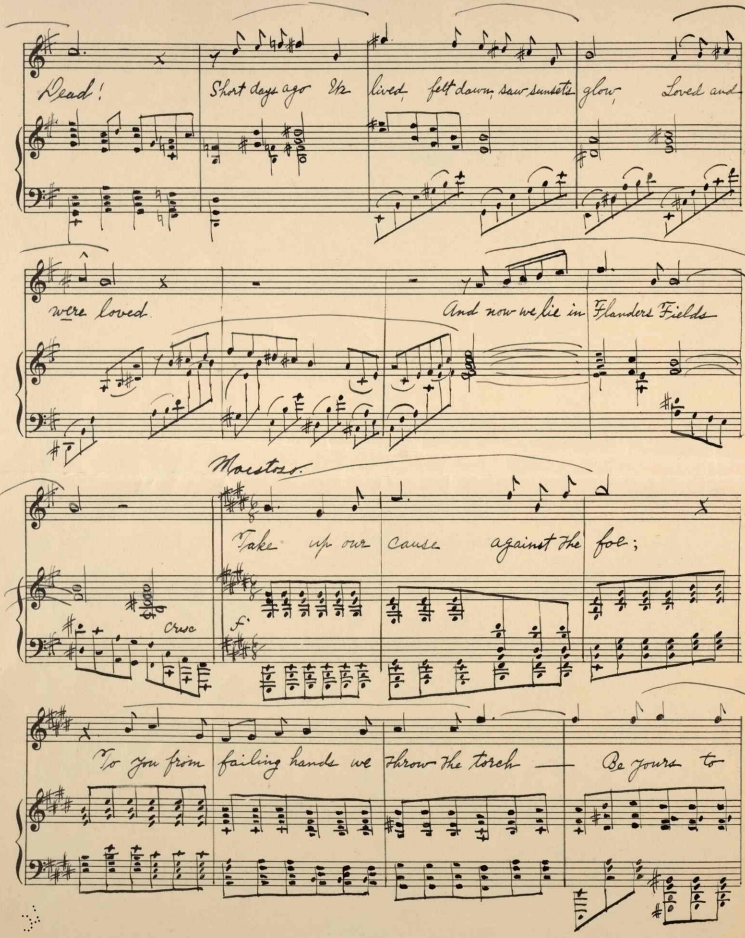
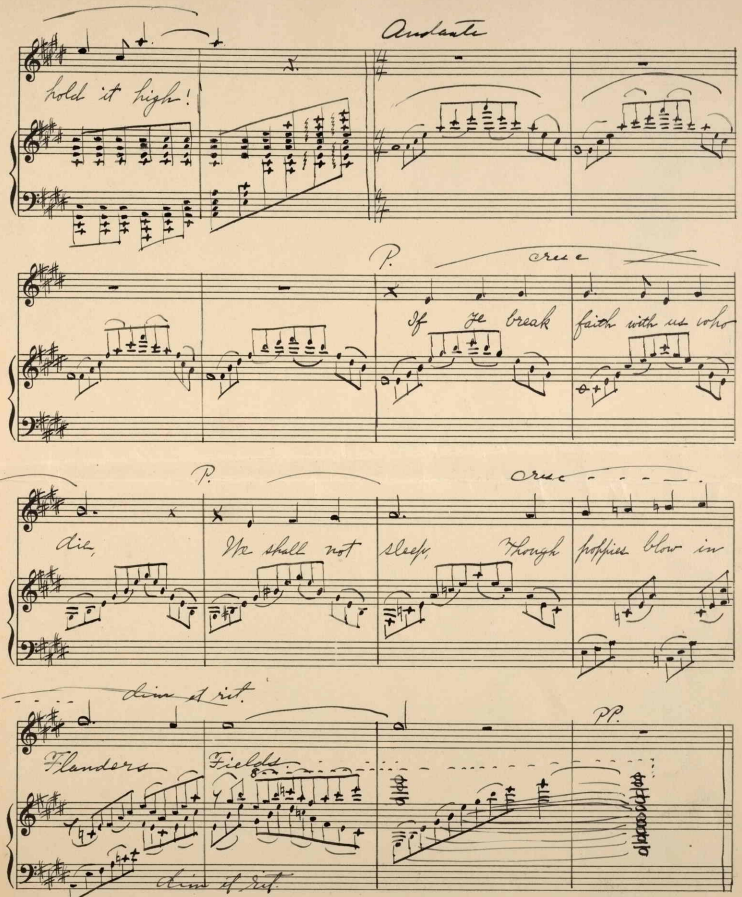
Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 10-12 lines.


Dead!
Short days ago We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow, Loved and
were loved
And now we lie in Flanders Fields
Maestoso.
Take up our cause against the foe;
Cres
f.
To you from failing hands we throw the torch
Be yours to



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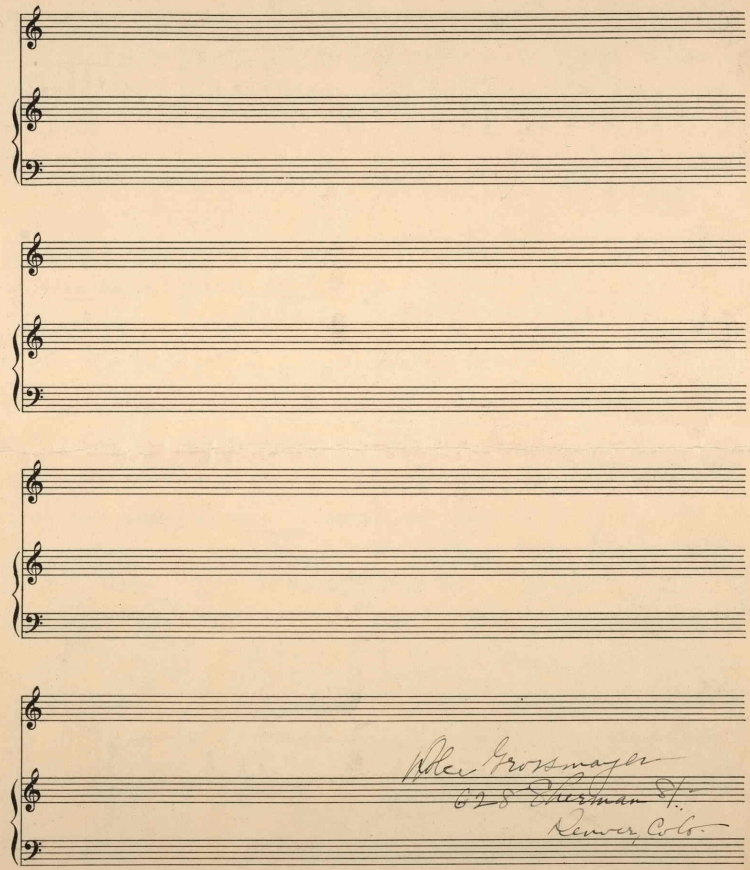
Alex Grossmayer
628 Sherman St.
Denver, Colo.