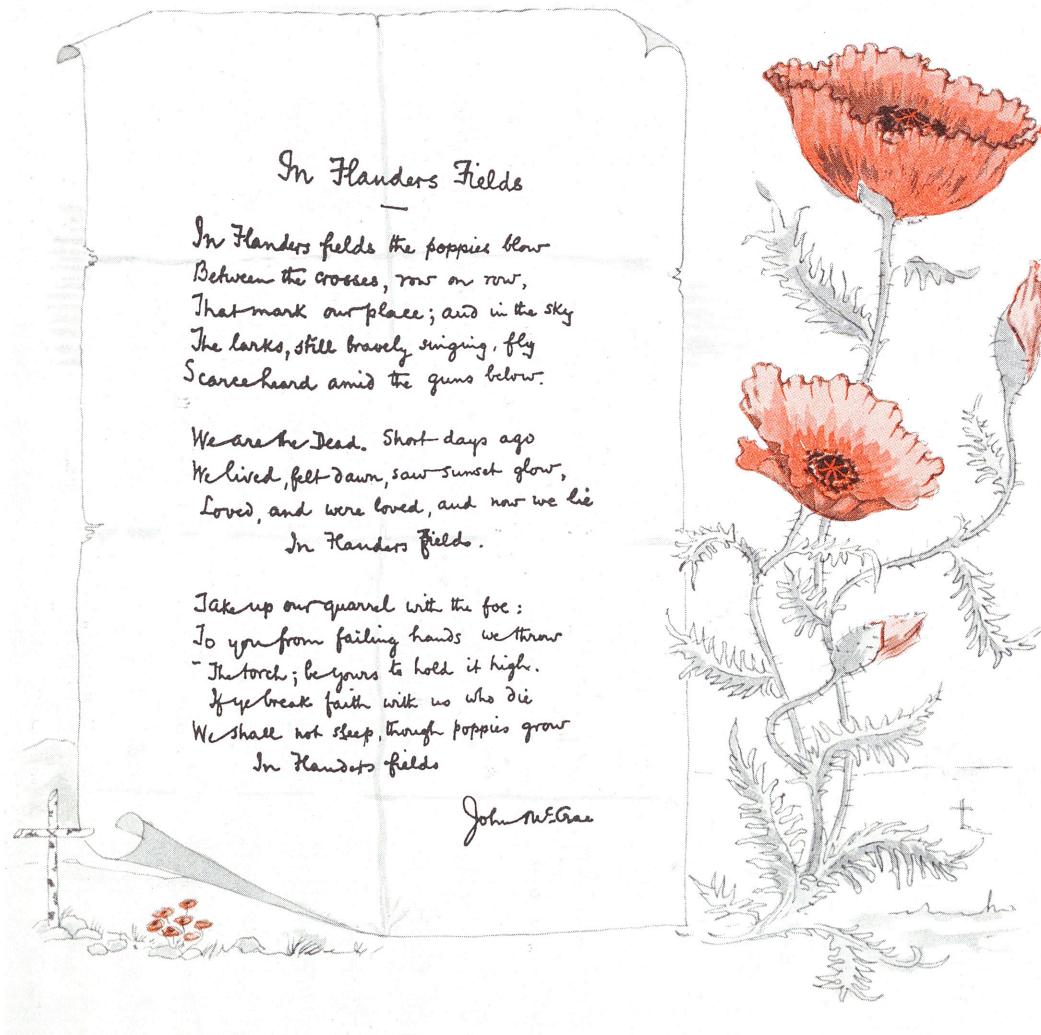


# In Flanders Fields



## In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
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.

John McCrae

The famous lines written at YPRES in 1915 by  
Lt. Col. John McCrae, MD., BA. FRCP. (Eng), FRCS. (Eng), CAMC.  
Born in Guelph Ontario November 30th 1872

# In Flanders Fields

*In memory of Capt. J. Ross Macpherson, D.S.O., P.P.C.L.I., killed in action near Arris August 26, 1918.*

LT. COL. JOHN McCRAE.

ANGUS WILLSON MACPHERSON

**Larghetto**



*Recit.*

In Flan - ders Fields the pop - pies blow be - tween the cros - ses row on row, \_\_\_\_\_



— that mark our place — and in the sky the larks still brave - ly



*rit.*              *ten.*              Lento              Molto Lento

saw sun-set glow lov'd and were loved \_\_\_\_\_ And

now we lie                    In Flan - ders Fields.

Grave

**Animato**

*f*

Take up our quar - rel with the foe To you from fail - ing hands we thro' the

3 3 3 3

3 3 3 3

**Marcato**

torch. Be yours to hold it high If ye break faith with

3 3 3 3

3 3 3 3

*rit.*

*p*

us who die We shall not sleep though pop - pies blow, we

*rit.*

*p*

shall not sleep tho' pop - pies blow, In Flan - ders Fields, In Flan. - ders Fields.

*pp*

*pp*