

Dedicated with love
to Norm

In Flanders Fields

Text by John McCrae

Music by Eleanor Daley

Freely (♩ = 108)
p

Soprano
Alto

In Flan - ders fields the pop - pies blow Be -

5
tween the cros - ses, row on row, That mark our place, and

10
in the sky The larks, still brave - ly sing - ing, fly Scarce heard a -

15
S
A
T
B
mid the guns be - low. We are the Dead. Short

20
days a - go We lived, felt dawn, saw sun - set

25
Loved and were loved, and
glow, Loved and were loved, and
Loved and were loved, and

28 *più mosso* (♩ = 116) *f* take

now we lie In Flan-ders fields.— Take up— take

33 up *f* take

— our quar-rel with the foe: To you from— to you

38 *f* take

fail - ing hands we throw The torch; be yours to— hold— it—

41 *rit.* *f* take

fail - ing we high. If ye— break faith with— us who die We shall not

45 *Tempo primo* *dim. e rit.* *ppp*

sleep, though pop - pies grow In Fland - ers fields.

