



In Flanders Fields

Words
John McCrae (1872-1918)

Music by
Alexander Tilley

M.M. ♩ = 66

musical score for voice and piano, including lyrics: In Flanders fields the poppies blow, Be-tween cross-es, row on row, That mark our

10

place; and in the sky The larks, still brave - ly sing - ing,

13

fly Scarce heard a - the guns be -

meno mosso

16

low.

f rit. *pp*

20

A tempo Unison *mp*

the dead. Short days a - go We lived, felt dawn, saw sun - set

A tempo *p* *div.*

24 Unison *div.* *rall.*

glow, Loved and were loved, and now we lie

28 *meno mosso* **A tempo** *rit.*

In Flan-ders fields.

32 Unison *mf* **C**

Take up our quar-rel with the foe: To you from fail - ing

36 *f* *mp*

hands we thro torch; be yours to hold it high. If

PERUSAL SCORE ONLY - PLEASE DO NOT COPY

40 *f*

ye break faith with us who die We shall not sleep, though

p

43 *rit.*

pop-pies grow In Flan - ders fields.

rit.

8va-7

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders as the poppies grow
 Between the osses, row on row
 That mark our place: and in the sky
 The shells bravely swinging, fly
 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 original)