IN FLANDERS FIELDS

SONG

Words by
LIEUT. COLONEL McCRAE

Music by
J. DEANE WELLS

Price, 50 cents
(In U. S. A.)

THE BOSTON MUSIC COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

THE FREDERICK HARRIS CO.
LONDON, ENGLAND — OAKVILLE, ONT., CANADA
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:
Tho' poppies grow
    In Flanders Fields.

John McCrae
In Flanders Fields

Words by
Lieut. Col. JOHN McCRAE

Music by
J. DEANE WELLS

Andante con forza

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow Betwixt the crosses, row on row, That mark our place;

Andante con tenerenza, marcato

And in the sky The larks still bravely singing, fly, Scarce heard amid the guns below.

Con anima

Allargando

We are the dead, Short days ago, we lived, Felt dawn, saw sun-set glow;

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Printed in U.S.A.
Slowly, with intense feeling

Loved, and we were loved, And now, we lie In Flanders Fields.

Bugle Call (The Charge)

Marcia con moto, with fire

Take up our quarrel with the foe, To you, from failing hands, we throw the torch; Be

Slower and well marked

yours to hold it high, If ye break faith with us (who die) We shall not

B.M.Co. 7997-3-1
Marcia con moto, with fire

Take up our quarrel with the foe, To you, from failing hands, we throw The torch; Be

Slower and well marked
cresc.

yours to hold it high, If ye break faith with us (who die)

We shall not

collavoce

sleep: Tho' poppies grow In Flanders Fields.

B.M.Co. 7997-3-1
Songs of Outstanding Merit

A BEAUTIFUL poem with a fine appeal has been tenderly and sincerely set into an expressively melodious song.

Not difficult for either the Singer or Player.

High voice in G  
(E-G)

Low voice in E♭  
(C-E♭)

By a hot, white road in Georgia, the Negro convicts are sitting astride the rock-piles, breaking rock to repair the road. A small Negro boy accompanies the convicts to bring them drinking-water, but frequently must be called from his play to his duty.

The convicts sing this rhythmic song to enlighten their labor.

To "Tell your Mammy" is a real threat, as the rebuke is often vigorous.

Medium, G  
(D-G)

Also arranged for Women's, Men's and Mixed Chorus

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Water Boy
A Negro Convict Song

Arranged by AVERY ROBINSON

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