

# IN FLANDERS FIELDS THE POPPIES GROW



*Song with Piano Accompaniment*  
*by*  
**LIEUT. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA**

*Words by*  
**LIEUT.-COL. JOHN McCRAE**



*Price, 60 cents*

New York · G. SCHIRMER · Boston

## In Flanders Fields the Poppies Grow

McCracken, John McCrae  
Canadian Army

Music by  
John Philip Sousa  
U.S.A.A.F.

Students

### IN FLANDERS FIELDS THE POPPIES GROW

In Flanders fields the poppies grow  
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.

LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN McCRAE,  
Canadian Army

This poem was first published anonymously in London  
“Punch.” The author is Dr. John McCrae, formerly of  
the Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal, now with No. 3  
Canadian General Hospital in France.

# In Flanders Fields the Poppies Grow

Words by  
Lieut. Col. John M<sup>c</sup> Crae  
*Canadian Army*

Music by  
Lieut. John Philip Sousa  
*U. S. N. R. F.*

Andante

**Voice**

**Piano**

*p*

*very evenly and sustained*

In Flan-ders fields the pop-pies grow, the pop-pies grow, the pop-pies

*p*

grow — Be-tween the cross-es, row on row, row on row, That mark the

*slightly faster*

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

heard a-mid the guns be - low.

We are the dead: short days a-go We lived, felt dawn, saw sun-set glow,



SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

*martial*

yours to hold it high; be yours to hold it

*cresc.*

high! If ye break faith with us who die, We shall not

*p*

Adagio

sleep, though poppies grow In Flanders fields.