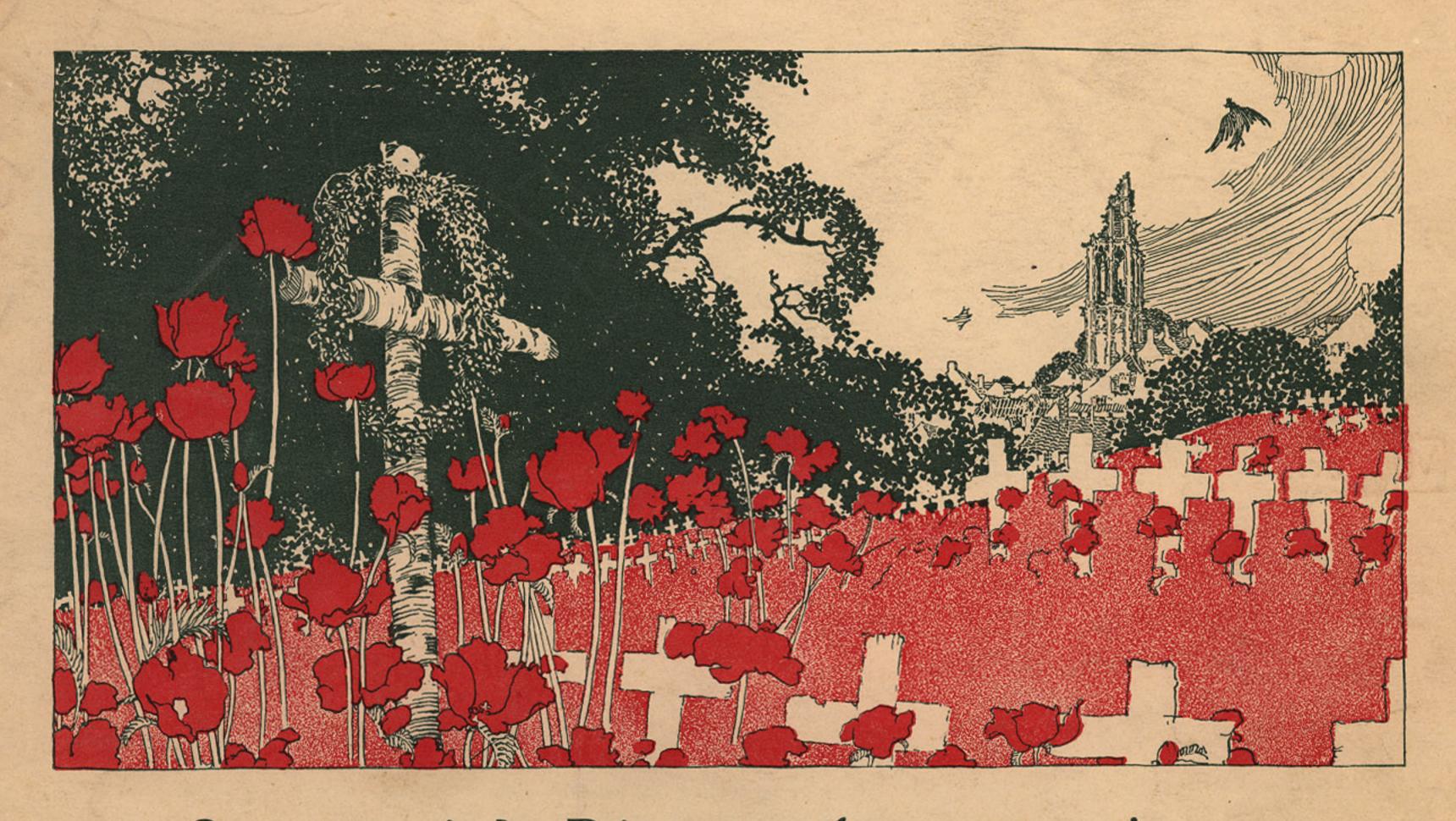
# IN FLANDERS FIELDS THE POPPIES GROW



Song with Piano Accompaniment by

## LIEUT. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

Words by LIEUT.-COL. JOHN McCRAE



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### 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.

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#### In Flanders Fields the Poppies Grow



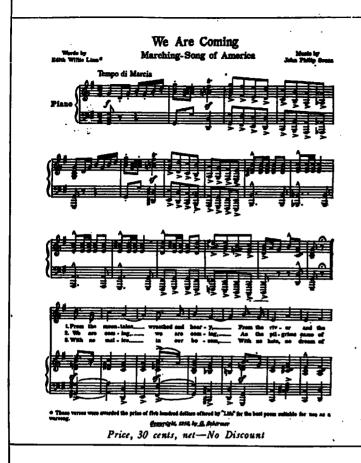
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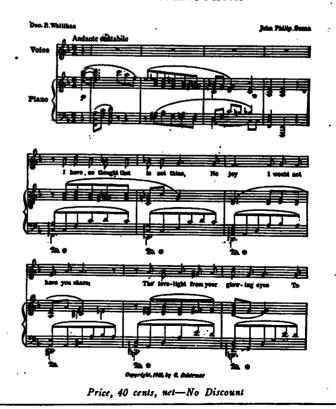












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