

SOPRANO

# In Flanders Fields

John McCrae

C. Pellerin

$\text{♩} = 88$

9

In Flan-derFields the pop-piesblow Be-tween the cros - ses,row on  
*mf*

14

row That mark our place; and in the sky The larks,still brave-ly sing - ing, fly Scarce

19

heard'mid the guns be- low. We are the Dead.\_\_\_\_ Short days a-  
*mp*

25

go We lived,felt dawn,saw sun-set glow, Loved, and we-re loved, and now we  
*cresc.* *ff* *dim.*

30

7

lie In Flan-ders fields.\_\_\_\_ Take up our quar - rel with the  
*mp* *ff*

42

foe: To you from fai-ling hands we throw the torch, be yours to hold it high. If ye break

47

faith with us who die We shall not sleep, though pop - pies  
*dim.*

50

8

grow In Flan-ders fields.\_\_\_\_ © Clare Pellerin 2009  
*mf*