

# In Flanders Fields

Lilting yet reverent  
mm=110

SA 1. In Flan - ders fields the pop - pies blow,  
bat - tle they did go,  
days their hearts did strive,  
fields the pop - pies blow,

5 be - tween the cros - ses row on row, that mark our place, and  
the hell of war they could not a - know, scorch - ing earth and  
to keep the fires of hope live. All who prayed this  
while child - ren live and learn a - grow. Thank - ful hearts for

9 in the sky, the larks still brave - ly sing - ing, fly.  
shat - tered loss, the cour - age and the bru - tal cost.  
flame would burn, did watch and wait for love's re - turn.  
gifts be - stowed re - mem - ber this for - e - ver - more.

13 Rest now ev - 'ry heart and soul, Bless the seeds you've sown,  
13 TB

\*Verse 1 and first line of verse 3 from the poem, "In Flanders Fields" by John McCrae  
Melody of the chorus inspired by the spiritual, "Going Home"

18

Peace we must guard and grow, so the sounds of war they cry no

1,2,3. 4.

22

more. 2.And in - to more. 3.Through wear - y 4.In Flan - ders

Performance suggestions: Verse 1: unison until bar 14, then SATB  
 Verse 2: TB until bar 7, beat 4, then SATB  
 Verse 3: SA until bar 7, bear 4, then SATB  
 Verse 4: all SATB