

In Flanders Fields

for SATB Choir & Organ

Alan Smith

John McCrae
(1872-1918)

Sopranos only
(optional solo)

p

Poco maestoso $\text{♩} = 54$

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Organ

In Flan - ders

5

Sop.

fields, the pop-pies blow be-tween the cross - es, row on row, That mark our

9

Sop.

mp

place; and in the sky — the larks, still brave - ly sing - ing fly, —

mp

26 *f* *pp*

Sop. lie in Flan - ders fields.

Alto lie in Flan - ders fields.

Ten. lie in Flan - ders fields.

Bass lie in Flan - ders fields.

p

31 *mp*

Sop. Take up our quar - rel with the foe: To you from

Alto Take up our quar - rel with the foe: To

Ten. Take up our quar - rel with the foe: To

Bass Take up our quar - rel with the foe: To

mp

42

Sop. *p*
grow in Flan-der's fields, in Flan-ders fields,

Alto *p*
in Flan-ders fields, In Flan-ders

Ten. *mp* *p*
In Flan-ders fields, In Flan-ders

Bass *mp* *p*
In Flan-ders fields, In Flan-ders

sempre rall. al fine

46

Sop. *pp*
in Flan-ders fields.

Alto *pp*
fields, Flan-ders fields.

Ten. *pp*
fields, Flan-ders fields.

Bass *pp*
fields, Flan-ders fields.

ppp

In Flanders Fields

by John McCrae

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, though poppies grow
 In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

(1872-1918)