

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

*Words and music by J Jacobsen and R Emerson*

**In Flan-ders fields the pop-pies blow  
be-tween the cros-ses row on row,  
that mark your 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 ago  
we lived, felt dawn, saw sun-set glow,  
loved and were loved, and now we lie**

**in Flan-ders fields, in Flan-ders fields!  
And now we lie in Flan-ders fields.**

**Take up your quar-rel with the foe:  
To you from fail-ing hands we throw  
the torch: be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die**

**we shall not sleep, though pop-pies grow  
in Flan-ders fields, in Flan-ders fields.**

**We shall not sleep, though pop-pies grow  
in Flan-ders fields, in Flan-ders fields.**

***[Tag – Slowing down]*  
In Flan-ders fields, in Flan-ders fields.**

