IN FLANDERS FIELDS

Poem by Lt. Col. John McCrae

Song with Piano Accompaniment

By

HENRY E. SACHS

Price 60 cents net
In Flanders Fields

Words by
Lt. Col. John McCrea

Music by
Henry E. Sachs

Moderato con moto Voice

In Flanders Fields The

poppies blow. Between the crosses, row on row, That mark our

place, while in the sky The larks, still brave-ly sing-ing

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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
Flan
ders Fields.
Take up our 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
Tho' poppies grow In Flan-ders Fields.
Dr. Coerne, composer, organist, conductor and pedagogue, is an American. After passing the regular academic course at Harvard University he spent considerable time abroad in various musical fields. Dr. Coerne has been professor of music at Knox College, University of Wisconsin and Connecticut College.

SALON PIECES by LOUIS ADOLPHE COERNE

There was a Princess

Consolation

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