

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 our 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]*
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