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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 a - go we lived, felt dawn, saw sun - set
 glow, loved, and were loved, and now we lie in Flan-dersFields in Flan-ders
 Fields, 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 you break faith with us who
 die. We shall not sleep, though pop - pies grow in Flan-dersFields, in Flan-deers
 Fields. We shall not sleep, though pop - pies grow in Flan - ders
 Fields, in Flan - ders Fields.