

Spring 1919

Soprano

Melody Alto

Bass

The long-est night of dark-est dreams hea - ralds the new to - mo-rraw
 Where win-ter's snow has bare-ly gone A snow-drop proud-ly glis-tens
 The far-mer looks to find his home a - mong the fields of bat-tle
 He - roes re-turned to for-ign lands have mem - or - ies to smo-ther
 In Flan-ders fields the pop-pies grow as part of ev - ery sea - son

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S.

A.

B.

The morn - ing light the bright sun-beams can on - ly sof - ten sorr - ow From
 The rob - in sings it's joy - ful song if on - ly you would lis - ten And
 He can - not sing to mark his world nor ev - en call his cat - tle His
 They'll turn their hands to peace - ful work not like their lone - ly bro - ther Who'll
 Through win - ter's blast the wounds still show as if there was a rea - son To

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S.  deep - est win - ter's ha - r - shest cold there comes a hint of war - ming gold And
 frac - tured earth is tu - r - ning green where on - ly brown and red were seen And
 on - ly com - fort i - s the sky which stays the same as yea - rs go by But
 work with gas and she - lls some - how each that time he yokes his care - ful plough And
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 Repeat verse one

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