

# Flander's Fields

## Big Head Todd and the Monsters

In Flander's Fields where the poppies blow  
Between the crosses row by row.  
To mark our places and in the sky  
The larks go bravely singing fly  
Scarce heard amongst the guns below  
From Flander's Fields  
We will come running home.  
From Flander's Fields.  
We will rise up  
Singing  
We will rise up. We were together short days ago  
Breathe the air saw sunset glow  
Loved and were loved but now we lie  
In Flander's Fields I hear her cry. Take up your quarrel with the foe  
To you from flailing hands we throw  
The torch be yours so hold it high  
We will not sleep though we lie  
We will not sleep though we lie.

Songwriters

TODD PARK MOHR Published by

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Other patents pending.

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