

# Poppy Day

W: Henry Weston Pryce M: Ian Hamilton

♩ = 190

C Em

Fl.

Vln.

B. Cl.

6 C Em F G

I.H.

Fl.

Vln.

B. Cl.

*mp*

If loss or pro - fit shall be - fall it mat - ters not this day. Be -  
The ci - ty's cease - less clam - our - ing up - ris - ing from the street. Brings  
In all that blood in her - its here, in all that eyes de - fine. My  
And then the lull we count our loss, we mend the trench for - lorn. And

15 F C Am Dm G C

I.H.

B.

cause the fields of Flan - ders call, and hear - ing I o - bey. The  
back to mind the fate - ful swing of man - y march - ing feet. The  
count - ry is the home - land dear, but France the hal - lowed shrine. There  
one seeks wood to make a cross, and so the red - red morn. Gro -

Ah

Fl.

Vln.

B. Cl.

23 Am C Am C

I.H.

B.

gree - tings of my cher - ished friends shall pass un - seen per - chance. Be -  
click of hooves, the rum - bling loads, the dust clouds drift - ing far. The  
gai - ly by the road - side now. The wind - swept pop - pies bend. As  
tesque - ly spraw - ling in the sun, the dead no hat - red hold. And

Ooh

Fl.

Vln.

B. Cl.

31 **C** **Em** **G** **Em** **C**

I.H. *p* cause my soul to bat - tle wends, a - long the roads of France.  
 arm - ies pour - ing down the roads, the roar - ing roads of war.  
 danced they in the morn - ing glow, when you went west my friend.  
 close by head and hand and gun, the pop - py buds un - fold.

B. Ah *p* Ah *pp*

Fl. *p* *pp*

Vln. *p* *pp*

B. Cl. *p* *pp*

41 **Am** **C** **Am** **C**

I.H. Sleep well old com - rade When they name, Hence - forth the great and good *p* <sup>A</sup>

B. *p* Ooh

Fl. *p*

Vln. *p*

B. Cl. *p*

50 **Em** **G** **Em** **C** rit.

I.H. high - er hon - our none may claim *f* than this *p* your cross *ff* of wood.

B. *f* *p* Ah *ff*

Fl. *ff*

Vln. *ff*

B. Cl. *p* *ff*

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