

Poppy Day

W: Henry Weston Pryce M: Ian Hamilton

♩ = 190

G Em C C

Fl.

Vln.

B. Cl.

7 C Em F G

I.H.

8

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

Fl. *mp*

Vln. *mp*

B. Cl. *mp*

16 F C Am Dm G C

I.H.

8

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 -

B.

Ah

Fl.

Vln.

B. Cl.

24 Am C Am C

I.H.

8

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

B.

Ooh

Fl.

Vln.

B. Cl.

40

32 **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*

42 **Am** **C** **Am** **C**

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

B. *p* Ooh

Fl. *p*

Vln. *p*

B. Cl. *p*

51 **Em** **G** **Em** **C** rit.

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

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

Fl. rit. *ff*

Vln. *ff*

B. Cl. *p* *ff*

41