IN MEMORIAM: FOR THE FALLEN
Brass Band
On a Poem by Laurence Binyon
Philip Sparke 5


8





34


Flug. Hn. $[$ bren



$49$











59
50
${ }^{6}$

They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They slecp beyond Englands foam. $\begin{aligned} & \text { But where our desires are and our hopes profound, } \\ & \text { Felt as a well-spring that is hiden from sight, }\end{aligned}$
To the inermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;






