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"The Road to France"

David M. Henderson

Stanley Walter Krebs

Moderato (♩= 112)

1. Ah, France, how could our hearts for- get The
2. Al- lies, you have not called in vain; We

path by which came La- fay- ette? How could the haze of doubt have
share your con- flict and your pain. "Old Glo- ry", thru new stains and

low Up- on the road of Roch- am- beau! How
rents, Par- takes of Fre- don's sac- ra- ments. In-

was it that we missed the way Brave Joffre leads us a- long to-
to that hell his will re- ates We drive the foe his lists his

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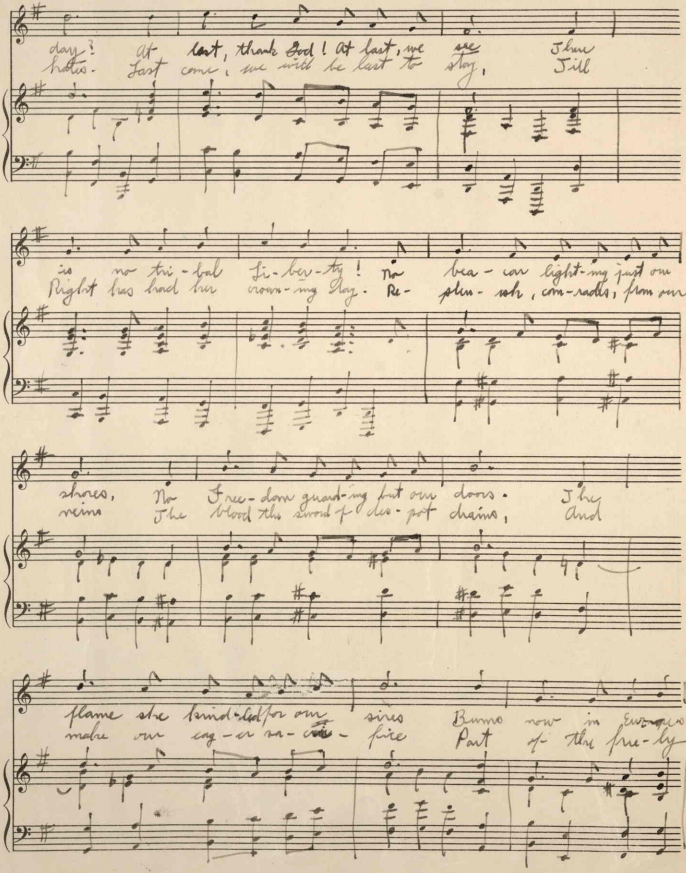
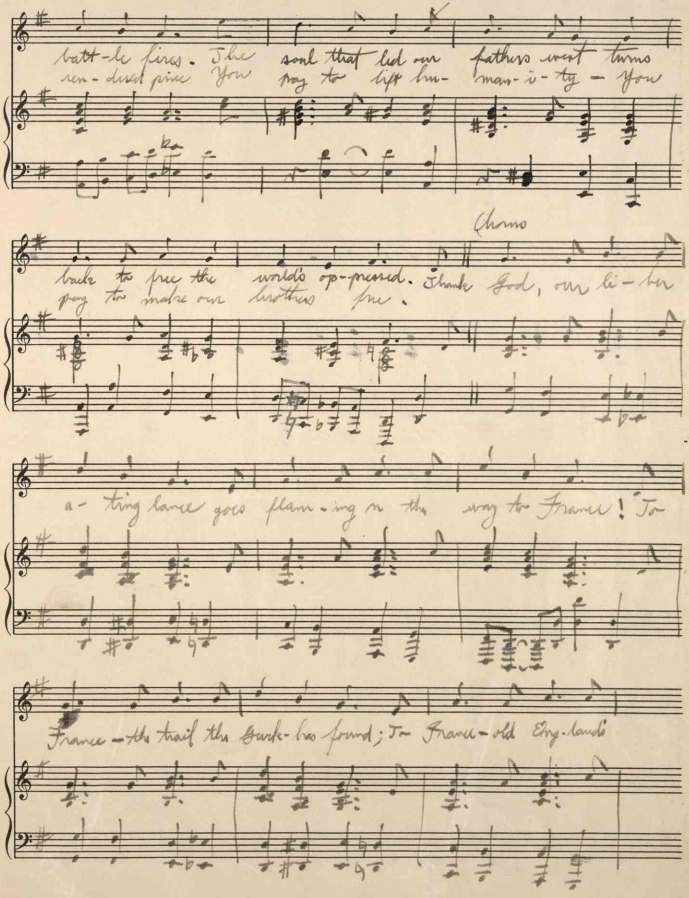


day? At last, thank God! At last, we are Thru
hates. Last come, we will be last to stay, Till

is no tri-bal Li-ber-ty! No bea-con light-ing just our
Right has had her crown-ing day. Re-plen-ish, com-rades, from our

shores, No Free-dom guard-ing but our doors. The
veins The blood the sword of des-pot drains, And

flame she kind-led for our sires Burns now in Europe
make our eag-er sa-cri-fice Part of the free-ly



batt-le fires. The soul that led our fathers west turns
ren-dered pine You pay to lift hu-man-i-ty — You

back to free the world's op-pressed. Thank God, our li-ber
pay to make our brothers free.

Chorus

a-ting lance goes flam-ing on the way to France! To

France — the trail the Gurk-has found; To France — old Eng-land's

rally-ing-ground! To France, to France — the path the Russians strode! To

France, to France — the Angoes' glo-ry rode! To France — where our Fat

Le-gion ran to fight and die for God and man! To France — with every

race and breed that hates Op-press-ion's bru-tal creed! See, with what proud hearts we ad-vance to France

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