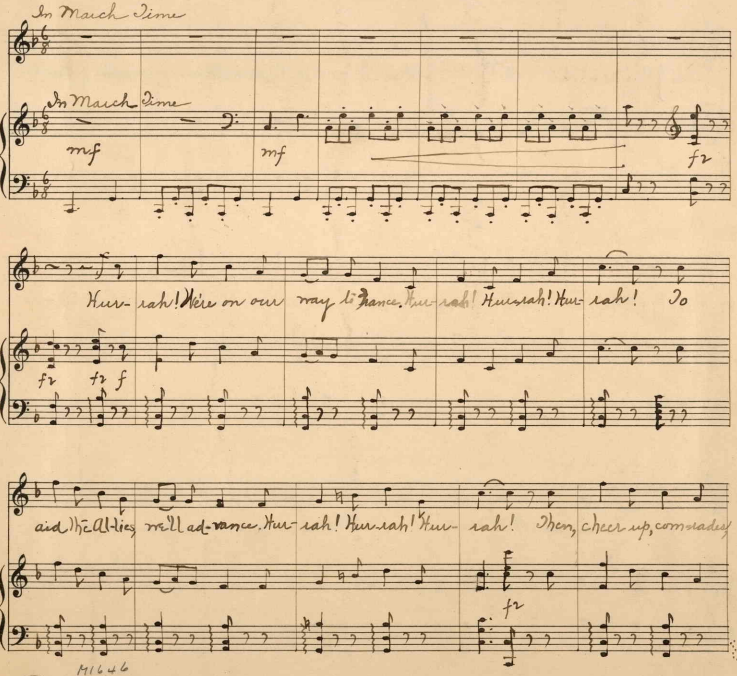
JUN -7 1918 ©CLE125334

To the Memory of our Mother.

On To France

Words by Clara B. Moore.
Music by Elizabeth Peck Moore.
Arranged by Frances E. Moore.



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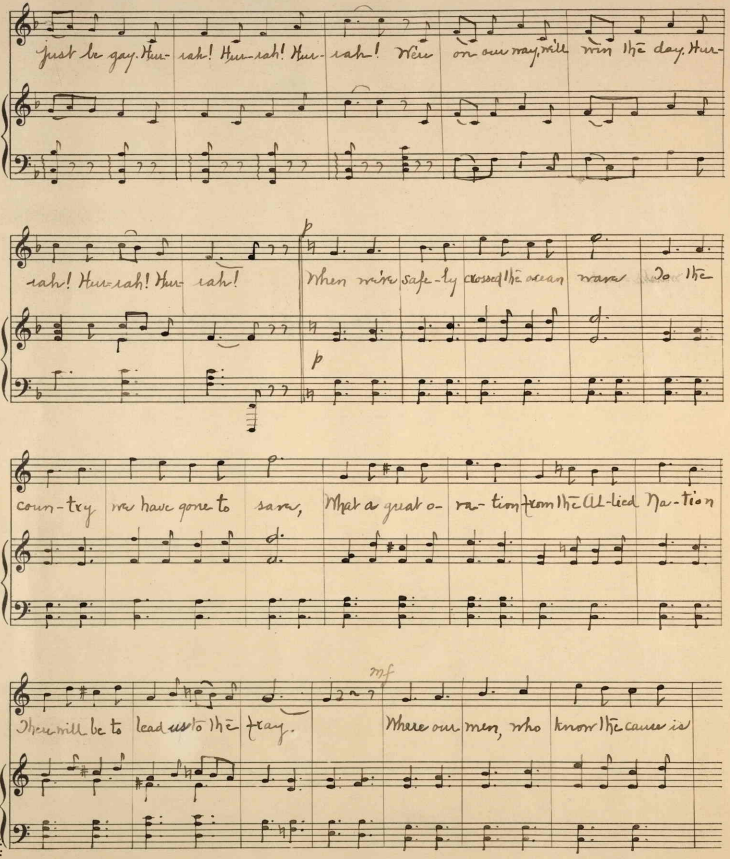
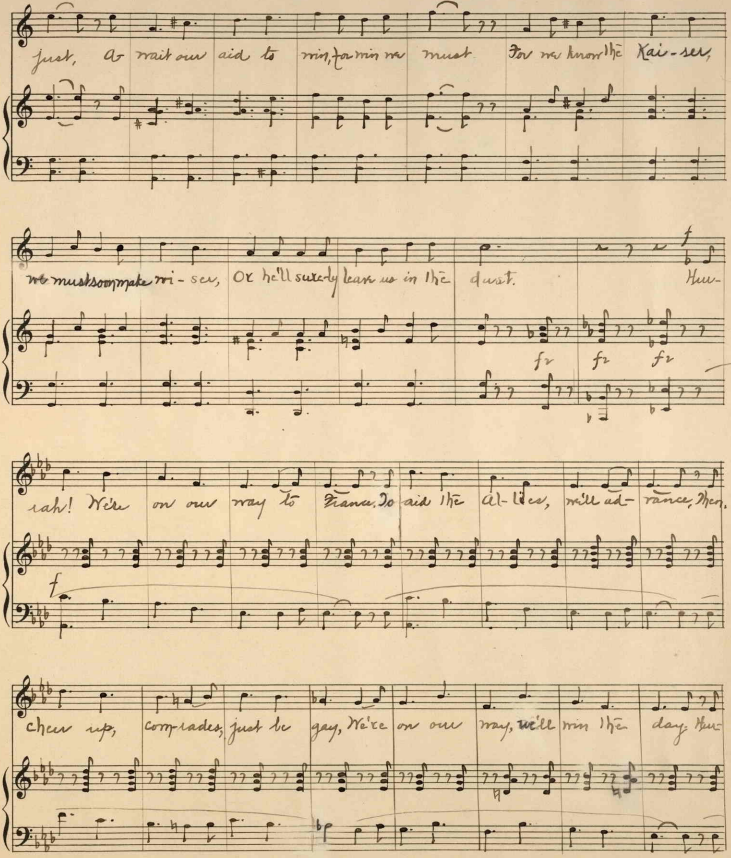
Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 10–12 lines.


just be gay. Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! We're on our way, we'll win the day. Hur-
rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! When we safe-ly crossed the ocean wave To the
p
p
coun-try we have gone to save, What a great o-ra-tion from the All-lied Na-tion
mf
There will be to lead us to the fray. Where our men, who know the cause is



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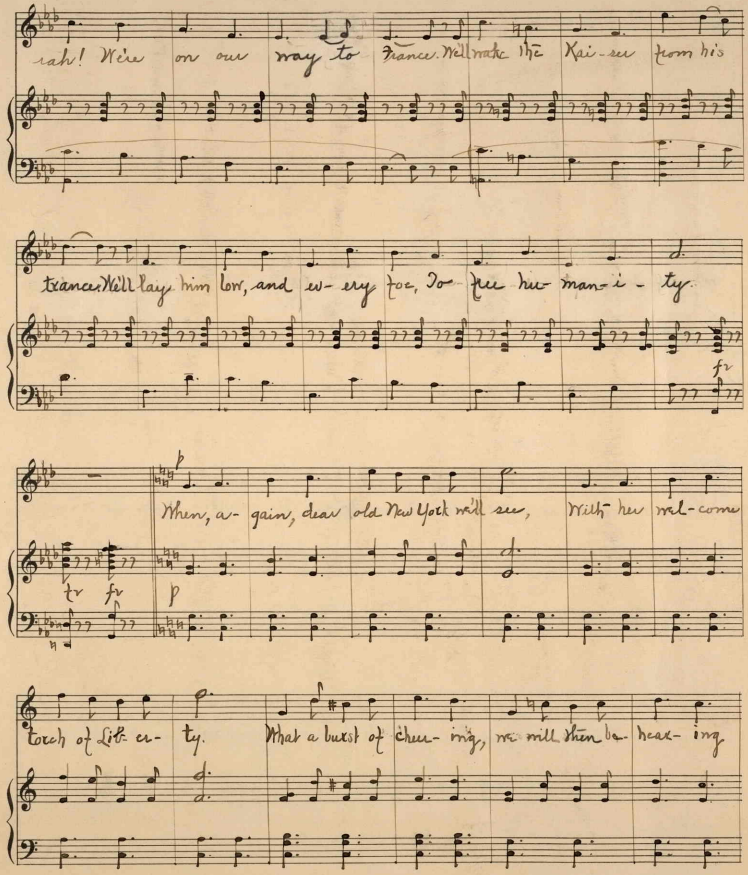

rah! We're on our way to France. We'll wake the Kai-ser from his

trance. We'll lay him low, and ev-ery foe, To free hu-man-i-ty.

fr

When, a-gain, dear old New York we'll see, With her wel-come

tr fr p

torch of Lib-er-ty. What a burst of cheer-ing, we will then be-hear-ing

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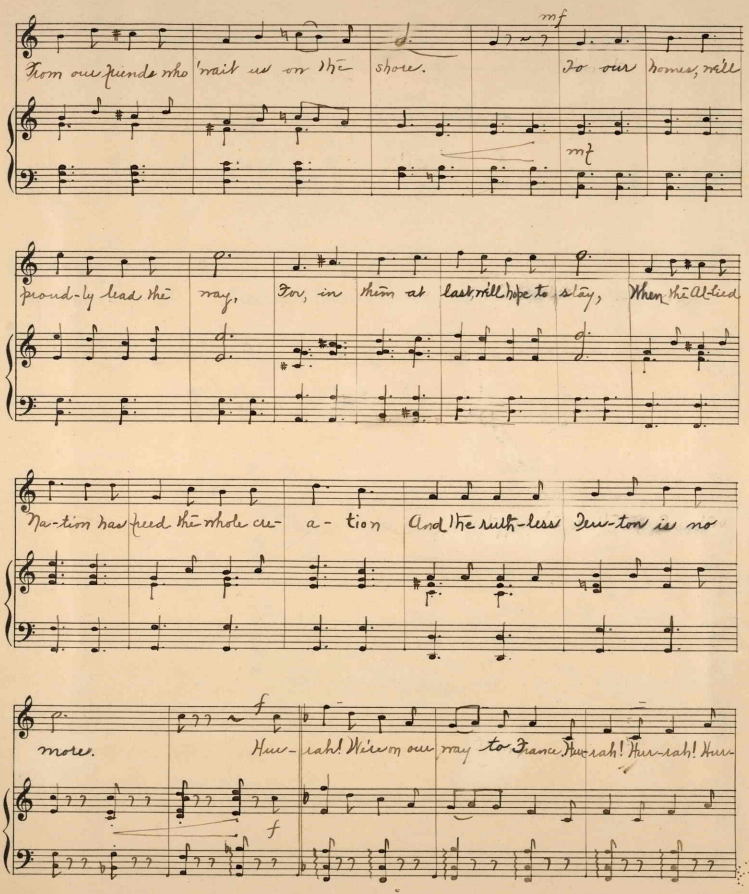

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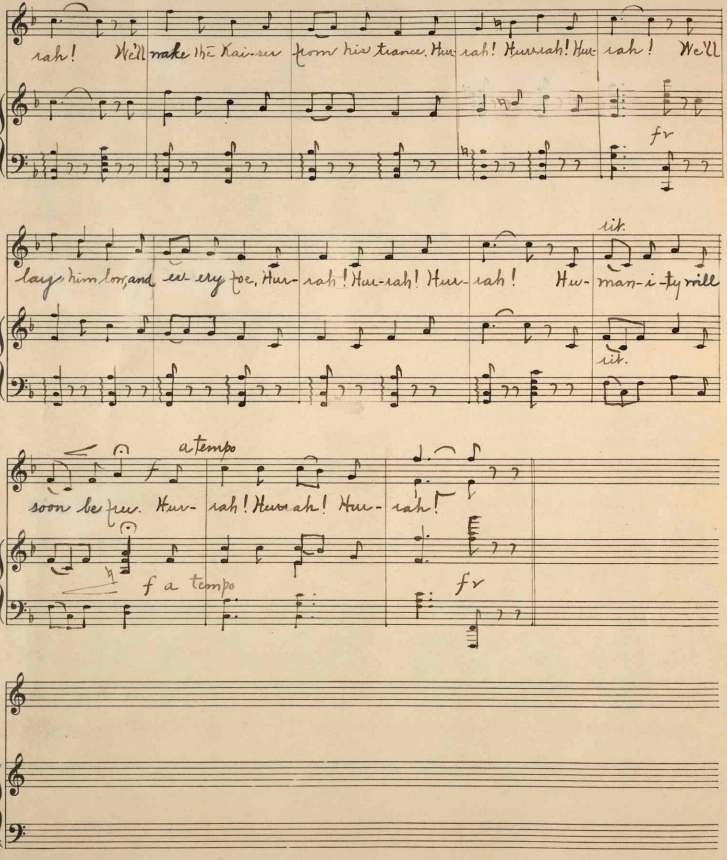
rah! We'll make the Kaiser from his trance. Hur- rah! Hurrah! Hur- rah! We'll
fz
lay him low, and see cry foe. Hur- rah! Hur- rah! Hur- rah! Hu- man- i- ty will
rit.
rit.
soon be free. Hur- rah! Hur- rah! Hur- rah!
a tempo
f a tempo
fz

On to France.

Hurrah! We're on our way to France.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
To aid the Allies, we'll advance.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Then, cheer up, Comrades, just be gay.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
We're on our way, we'll win the day.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

When we've safely crossed the ocean wave
To the country we have gone to save,
What a great ovation from the Allied Nation
There will be to lead us to the fray.
Where our men, who know the cause is just,
Await our aid to win, for win we must
For we know the Kaiser, we must soon make wiser,
Or he'll surely leave us in the dust.

Hurrah! We're on our way to France.
To aid the Allies, we'll advance.
Then, cheer up, Comrades, just be gay,
We're on our way, we'll win the day.

Hurrah! We're on our way to France.
We'll wake the Kaiser from his trance.
We'll lay him low, and every foe,
To free humanity.

When, again, dear old New York we'll see,
With her welcome torch of Liberty.
What a burst of cheering, we will then be hearing
From our friends who 'wait us on the shore.
To our homes, we'll proudly lead the way,
For, in them at last, we'll hope to stay,
When the Allied Nation has freed the whole creation
And the ruthless Teuton is no more.

Hurrah! We're on our way to France.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll wake the Kaiser from his trance.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll lay him low, and every foe.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Humanity will soon be free.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Clara B. Moore.

June, 1918.

Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 10-12 lines.