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SOMEONE LEFT IN FRANCE

WORDS BY
LILLIAN FLORENCE
MUSIC BY
HECTOR RICHARD

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Someone Left In France

Words by LILLIAN FLORENCE

Music by HECTOR RICHARD

Maestoso

mp

You are so young my dar - ling sol - dier, In your face could well be
Our dear sons who dashed so thought - less to their aid a - cross the
How you dashed to res - cue mil - lions And were crowned with vic - tor-
We are cheer - ing, ev - er cheer - ing, None could be more brave than

p

seen, That our na - tion could sure - ly trust you, You would win your hon - ors
sea. Soon the hon - ors of our child - ren Drift - ed back in streams of
ies, Man - y gave their lives so will - ing, Far from home a - cross the
you. How our hearts did swell in wel - come When our boys came march - ing

clean Back at home our hearts were with you Still they ached in sad re - pine And we
gold, Tell - ing tru - ly of your brav' - ry How you al - ways stood to hold, Win - ning
sea, But you won, my dar - ling sol - dier, You who leaves the star of gold Shrouded
home, Twice as strong and thrice as man - ly In ev - ry way with vic - tor - ies won, Our

all knew that brave and will - ing You would give your lives for ours Then the
vic - tor - ies fast and man - y, Giv - ing not a mitch or thought, For in
in the flag of hon - or, You are still our sol - dier bold, Rest - ing
wel - come met them be - fore land - ing, Our love went out a - cross the foam, They could

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news that some had fal - len Brave-ly for dear lib - er - ty.
strength you did not wear - y, But in deed you sure - ly wrought.
in the land that called you You are wrapped in hon - ors true.
hear the strains of Dix - ie Ere they saw the land of home.

CHORUS

We could not hoist our flags of wel - come High e - nough — to meet our thoughts, How we

mp

felt a cold glad tre - mor At the sound the tramp-ing brought — It was

dear - er than sweet mu - sic, We crowd-ed clo - ser in the streets, — For

all our hearts were filled with greet - ings, For ev'- ry sol - dier we could meet.

poco rit.

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