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VERDUN

SONG

DAISY WOODRUFF ROWLEY

Price, 60 Cents.

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Birmingham Alabama,

M1646
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VERDUN

She is a wall of brass!
You shall not pass! You shall not pass!
Spring up like Summer grass,
Surge at her. Mass on mass
Yet shall you break like glass,
Splinter and break like shivered glass
But pass? But pass?
You shall not pass!

German, you shall not, shall not pass!
God's hand has written on the wall of brass
You shall not pass! You shall not pass!
France sets her teeth, she bows her head
You shall not pass!
She mourns her wounded and her dead
You shall not pass!
Till the last soul in that fierce
Line has fled
You shall not pass!

The torn hills are quaking,
The valleys are shaking
The earth and the sky seem breaking;
But unbroken, undoubting,
A wonder and a sign
She stands, France stands, and
Still holds to the line.
Help France? Help France?
Who would not, thanking God for this chance
Strech out his hands and run to succor France.

Harold Begbie

New York Tribune-July 2, 1916

Printed by Courtesy of The New York Tribune

Affectionately inscribed to Isabelle G. Beecher.

VERDUN.

Words by
HAROLD BEGBIE.

Music by
DAISY WOODRUFF ROWLEY.

Andantino.

Piano.

mf

mf Andantino.

She is a wall of brass.

f

mf

You shall not pass!

Spring up like sum-mer

mp

mp

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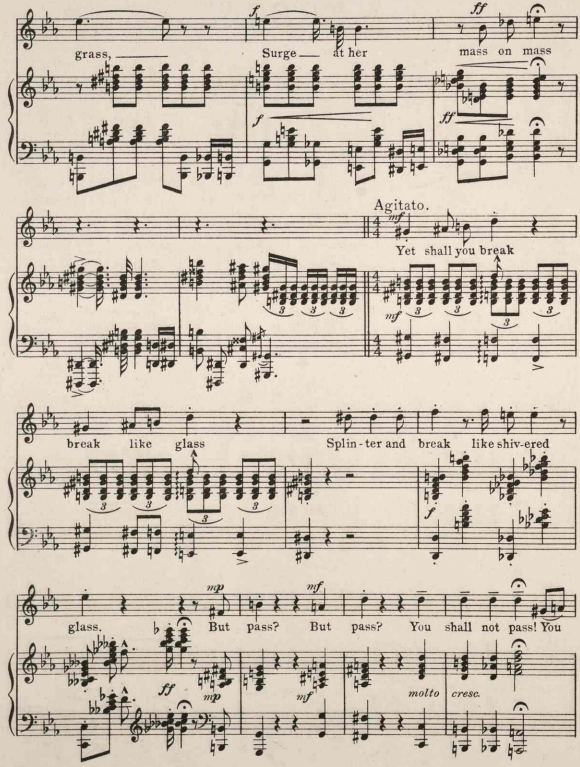

f
ff
grass,
Surge
at her
mass on mass
f
ff
Agitato.
mf
Yet shall you break
mf
break like glass
Splin-ter and break like shiv-ered
f
mp
mf
glass.
But pass?
But pass?
You shall not pass! You
ff
mp
mf
molto cresc.

Marcato e agitato

shall not pass! Torn hills are

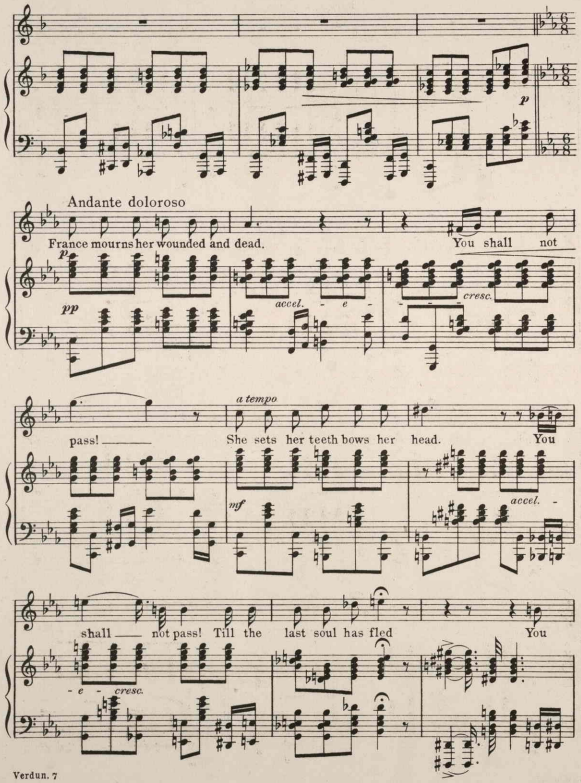
f

quak - ing Val - leys are shak - ing Earth and sky seem break - ing But France yet

stands. Who would not thank God for this great chance To suc - cor

France? You shall not pass!

f *meno*


p
Andante doloroso
France mourns her wounded and dead.
You shall not
p
pp
accel. - e -
cresc.
a tempo
pass! ——
She sets her teeth bows her head.
You
mf
accel. -
shall —— not pass! Till the last soul has fled
You
- e - cresc.

Agitato.

shall not pass! Yet shall you break

break like glass. Splin-ter and break like shivered

cresc.

mp *mf*

glass! But pass? But pass? You shall not pass You

ff *mp* *mf* *molto cresc.*

Marcato e agitato

shall not pass! Torn hills are

quak - ing Val - leys are shak - ing Earth and sky seem break - ing But France yet

stands Who would not thank God for this great chance To suc - cor

France? You shall not pass!

f

con rabbia

f

Ger-man! You shall not pass!

feroce

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