

MAY 16 1917

SONGS *of the* ALLIES



NATIONAL
AIRS *of*
AMERICA
FRANCE
ENGLAND *and*
BELGIUM



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glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo-ry reflected, now shines in the stream.

CHORUS

O say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet

wave. O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

3.

4.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore, O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion, Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
A home and a country they'd leave us no more? Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution. Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation
No refuge could save the hireling and slave Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave; And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

(NATIONAL SONG OF FRANCE.)

Music by ROUGET

Allegro marziale.

mp
1. Ye sons of Free - dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! Hark! What
1. At - lons, en - fans de la pa - tri - e! Le jour de

cresc.
my - riads bid you rise! Your chil - dren, wives, and grand - sires hoar - y, Be - hold their
gloire est ar - ri - vé! Con - tre nous de la ty - ran - ni - e L'é - ten - dard

ff *mp*
tears, and hear their cries! Behold their tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate - ful
san - glant est le - vé! Le - ten - dard san - glant est le - vé! En - ten - des -

cresc. *p*
ty - rants, mis - chief breed - ing, With hire - ling hosts a ruf - fian band, Af -
vous, dans les cam - pa - gnes, Mu - gir ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils

fright and des - o - late the land, When peace and lib - er - ty lie
vien - nent jus - que dans nos bras É - gor - ger nos fils, nos cam -

bleeding? To arms, — to arms, ye brave! Thà - veng - ing sword un - sheath! March
pa-gnes! Aux ar - mes, ci - to - yens For - mez vos ba - tail - lons! Mar -

cresc. poco a poco
 on, march on, All hearts re - solvd_ On lib - erty or death!
chons, mar-chons! Qu'un sang im - pur — A - breu - ves nos sil - lons!

on, march on, all hearts
chons, mar-chons! qu'un sang

2. With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst and power for gold unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air!
 To mete and vend the light and air!
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
 But man is man, and who is more?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms, to arms, ye brave!
 Thàvenging sword unsheath!
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved
 On liberty or death!

3. O Liberty! can man resign thee?
 Once having felt thy generous flame,
 Can dungeon bolts and bars confine thee
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 The blood-stained sword our conqu'ors wield;
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing!
 To arms, to arms, ye brave!
 Thàvenging sword unsheath!
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved
 On liberty or death!

2. *Tremblez, tyrants! et vous, perfides,
 L'opprobre de tous les partis,
 Tremblez! vos projets parricides
 Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!
 Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!
 Tout est soldat pour vous combattre.
 S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
 La France en produit de nouveaux,
 Contre vous tout prêts à se battre!
 Aux armes, citoyens!
 Formez vos bataillons!
 Marchons! marchons! qu'un sang impur
 Abreuve nos sillons!*

3. *Nous entreons dans la carrière
 Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus;
 Nous y trouverons leur poussière
 Et la trace de leurs vertus,
 Et la trace de leurs vertus,
 Bien moins jaloux de leur survieure
 Que de partager leur cercueil,
 Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
 De les venger ou de les suivre!
 Aux armes, citoyens!
 Formez vos bataillons!
 Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur
 Abreuve nos sillons!*

GOD SAVE THE KING

ENGLAND

HENRY CAREY, 1745

HENRY CAREY

SOPRANO & ALTO

God save our gra - cious king, Long live our
 O Lord, our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his
 Thy choic - est gifts in store On him be

TENOR & BASS

no - ble king, God save the king; Send him vic -
 en - e - mies, And make them fall; Con - found their
 pleased to pour; Long may he reign: May he de -

- to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,
 pol - i - tics, Frus - trate their knav - ish tricks,
 - fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause

Long to reign o - ver us; God save the king.
 On him our hopes we fix; God save us all.
 To sing with heart and voice, God save the king.

BRABANCONNE

BELGIUM

FRANÇOIS VAN CAMPENHOUT

7

Allegro marziale

Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

The years of sla - ve - ry are past, — The Bel - gian re - joice - s once more —
A - pres des siècles des cla - va - ge Le Bel - ge sor - tant du tom - beau —

Cour - age re - stores to him at last, — The rights he held of — yore! Strong and
A re - cou - quis par son cou - ra - ge Son nom, ses droits et son dra - peau. Et la

firm, — his clasp will be — Keep - ing the an - cient flag un - furled; To fling its
main son - ve - raine et fi è - re, Pen - ple dé - sor - mais in - damp - té. Gra - va

mes - sage on — the watch - ful world. For King, for Right, and Li - ber -
sur to vieil - le ban - nie - re, Le Roi, la loi, la li - ber -

- ty! To fling its mes - sage on — the watch - ful world For King, for Right and Li - ber - ty!
- té. Gra - va — sur la vieil - le ban - nie - re Le Roi, la loi, la li - ber - té!

For King, for right, and Li - ber - ty! For King, for right, and Li - ber - ty! —
Le Roi, la loi, la li - ber - té! Le Roi, la loi, la li - ber - té!

From the most popular songs of Patriotism, Published by HINDS, HAYDEN & ELDREDGE, Inc.
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SERVE YOUR COUNTRY.

Remember that for every man at the front there must be five here at home who are doing their best for their nation.

Three inch potatoes are as much needed in war times as three inch shells.

The man who makes the shoes on which the army moves forward; the farmer who raises the food; the men who produce the ammunition, the women who sew the uniforms, should realize that theirs is no small part.

There is a task for all. Find yours, and do it.

As President Wilson has well said, "The supreme test of the nation has come. We must all speak, act and serve together!"