

*Handwritten initials*

"THE FIELDS OF FRANCE"

Song

POEM and COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY MRS. J. F. MACKLEY, FERNDALE, CALIF.

MUSIC BY

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*hazy* *Maria*

*hazy*

*hazy*

"The Fields Of France" By Mrs. S. E. Oakley/

Step out, the flag is passing by; join with the throng, that sweep along;  
 Where war and tumult rend the sky--step out, the flag is passing by.

Spring, out where fast the dead are piled; think not of life, or child, or wife;  
 Or how at eve the mother smiled, think not of life of child or wife.

Be strong, brave hearts, ye cannot die; the faces pale, hearts must not fail;  
 Charge where the thundering death bolts fly; be strong, brave souls, ye cannot die

Life beats so strong, but give oh give; the children plead but give no heed;  
 For them the slain again shall live; but give--oh give--lest freedom die.

The earth grows strong, on hearts of gold; where war's grim rod, smites deep the  
 Breed grows as in the days of old; the earth grows strong on hearts of gold.

CHORUS.

The fields of France are calling you;  
 Come lads, it is your chance;  
 So fight for country and for freedom  
 On the fields of France.

