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To the Members of the Chorus of the  
WORCESTER ORATORIO SOCIETY.

# The Road to France

— Song —

with Piano Accompaniment  
also

Quartette or Chorus Arrangement for Mixed Voices

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Words

DANIEL M. HENDERSON

Music

RUTH NELSON BUTLER

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40

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## THE ROAD TO FRANCE

DANIEL M. HENDERSON

RUTH NELSON BUTLER

Alla marcia  $\text{♩} = 60$

flam - ing on the way to France! To France, the  
path by which came La - fay - ette? At last, the  
share your con - flict and your pain! "Old Glo - ry,"

trail the Gur-khas found! To France, Old Eng-land's ral-lying ground! To  
God! at last we see There is no tri - bal lib - er - ty! No  
through new stains and rents, Par - takes of Freedom's sac - ra - ments! In -

Orchestra parts in Ms. may be obtained of the Publishers

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France, the path the Rus - sians strode! To France, the An - zacs'  
 bea - con light - ing just our shores! No free - dom guard - ing  
 to that hell his will cre - ates We drive the foe; his

*cre. c. poco a poco*

glo - ry road! To France, where our Lost Le - gion ran To  
 busts, our doors! The flame she kin - died for our sires Burns  
 hists, his hates! The come, we will be last to stay Till

*sempre cresc.* *f*

fight and die for God and man! To France!  
 now in Eu - rope's bat - tle fires! To France!  
 Right has had her crown - ing day! To France!

*ff*

To France! To France! To France!  
 To France! To France! To France!  
 To France! To France! To France!



## \*THE ROAD TO FRANCE

DANIEL M. HENDERSON

RUTH NELSON BUTLER

Alla marcia  $\text{♩} = 60$ 

1. Thank God, our lib-er-a-ting lance Goes flam-ing on the way to France! To France, the  
 2. Ah France, how could our hearts forget The path by which came La-ty-ette? At last, thank  
 3. Al-lies, you have not called in vain! We share your con-flict and your pain! Old Glo-ry

trail the Gur-kus found! To France, Old England's rallying ground! To France, the path the Russians strode! To  
 God! at last we see There is no tri-bal lib-er-ty! No bea-con light-ing just our shores! No  
 through new stains and rents, Par-takes of Freedom's Sac-ra-ments! In-to that hell his will cre-ates We

*cresc. poco a poco*  
 France, the An-zacs' glo-ry-road! To France, where our Lost Le-gion ran to fight and die for  
 free-dom guard-ing but our doors! The flames she kin-dled for our sires Burns now in Eu-rope's  
 drive the foe, his lusts, his hates! Last come, we will be last to stay, Till Right has had her

*f* God and man! To France! To France! To France! To France, with ev-'ry race and breed That  
*ff* bat-tle fires! To France! To France! The soul that led our fa-thers west Turns  
*ff* crowning day! To France! To France! Re- plen-ish comrades from our veins, The  
*mf*

*f* hates Op-pression's brutal creed! Who would not brave the bat-tle's chance For France! For France!  
 back to free the world's oppressed! Turns back to crush our foe's advance Through France! Through France!  
 blood the sword of des-pot drains. See with what proud hearts we advance To France! To France!  
*mf*

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\*The prelude and accompaniment to the solo should also be used for this choral arrangement

# A HUNDRED MILLION STRONG

Words by  
Rev. ANDREW F. UNDERHILL

Music by  
ROBERT E. S. OLMSTED

*Strongly, in March time*

1. The

her - alds of the Na - tion Are call - ing from the sky, Then  
 2. cross the storm - y wa - ters Where lurks the death un - seen, With  
 3. fran - tic grief of wo - men, And the we and plain - tive cry, And the  
 4. rook - ies from the cit - ies, Rough Rid - ers from the plains, Fall  
 5. blood of our fore - fa - thers, For Truth and Jus - tice shed, Shall

wake, ye sons of Free - dom, Go forth to do and die! Let the  
 bat - tle tur - rets shot - ted, 'Gainst the vi - per sub - ma - rine, Sail  
 tears of star - ving chil - dren Flout the face of earth and sky, From the  
 in! the bu - gle's sound - ing To the tune of mar - tial stains, With the  
 we, the sons of Free - dom, Be re - creant to our dead? God

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