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The Marching Song of Freedom

by

Lieutenant William Yandell Elliott.

M1646
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Marching Song of Freedom

Moderato

By Lieutenant William Yandell Elliott.

mf

We are coming, Noble France, Ten millions of us strong, And we sing as we advance Our freedom's battle song.
Britons, hinsmen, we are coming; The call of blood is strong; 'Tis to us a sort of homing To help the right the wrong.

mf

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We are marching, we are thronging Across the seas to thee. And our freemen's hearts are longing For the fray that sets thee free. Sister
For the foe has hurled his challenge. By German Odin's might - Our just God should be supplanted By the Gott who makes wrong right. Thrust the

rit.

France, we still remember When thy sons laid bare the blade - Fanned to flame our freedom's ember; 'Tis a debt that shall be paid.
for is fierce and mighty Let your hearts not be dismayed There is One who never failed - He is on our side arrayed.

Chorus.
Allegro Marziale.

We are coming, noble France, Ten millions of us strong, And our hearts sing "On to France" There to right our sister's wrong. Not for

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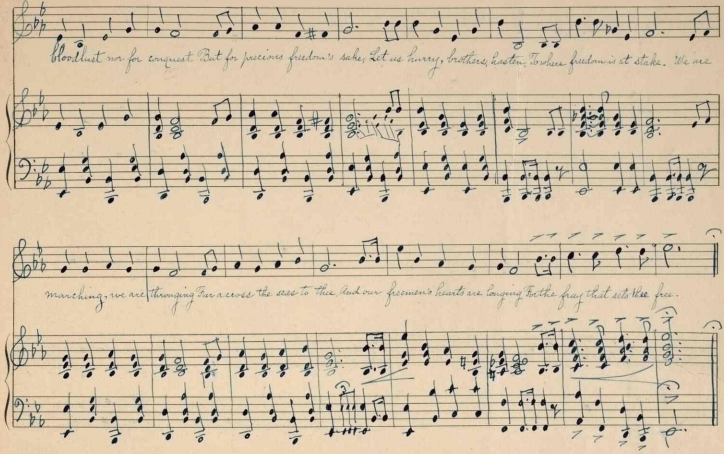
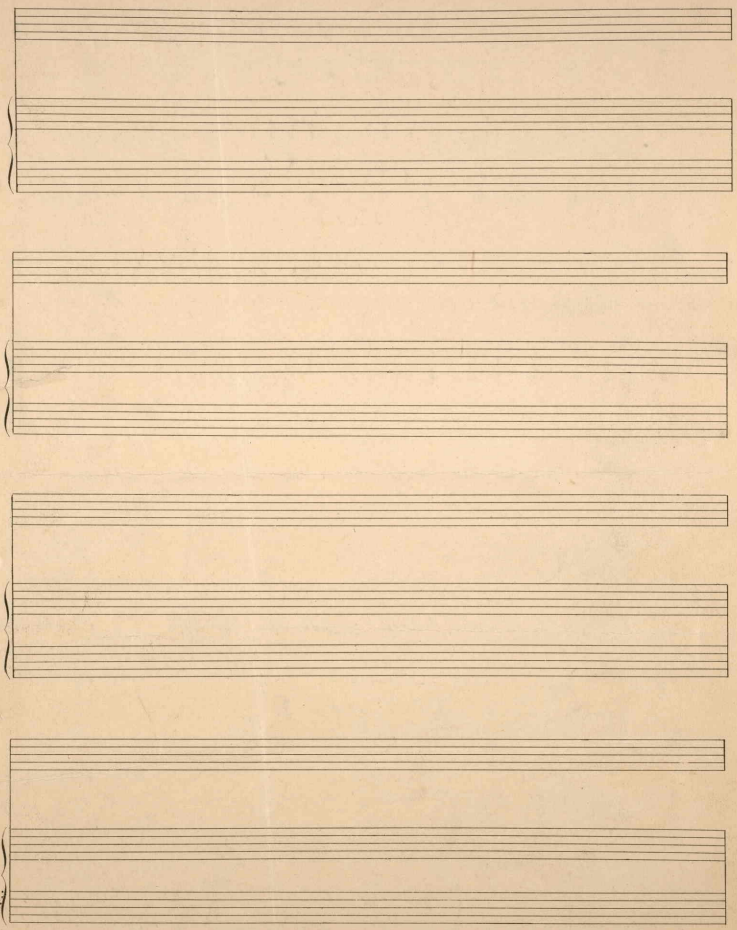


3d. Verse

Let who would for swinish ease
His dear won freedom sell,
Or who to a hero's death
Prefers the German hell,

Let him who would his women give
To sate the foemen's lust;
Let them Germans — but men must go —
For those they love, they must.

Across the seas poor bleeding France
Defends her honor still:
She's longing, dying for our aid,
We've pledged Her that we will.



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