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A Marching Song

ON^{TO} FRANCE

- for the Boys Who Go -

By

Philip Greely

Boston

Louis H. Ross Music Co. 218 Tremont St.

ON TO FRANCE

(MARCHING SONG)

PHILIP GREELY

In March time

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. In days of old, our Sires were bold, and
2. You bet the Hun will up and run, when

we should be so now— They fought the fight for our birth-right, to lib - er - ty en - dow.— At
we get o - ver there, Our bul - lets true their work will do, not one of them we'll spare.— We'll

Lex - ing - ton and Bun - ker - Hill, the van - quish'd foe did run, Now we go to a
give the Hun just ten for one, our blood is boil - ing hot, Just give us one good

for eign shore, to fight the ruth less Hun. } Pre - pare — we go — o - ver there! —
look at them not one will miss a shot. } *rit.* *a tempo*

mf *cresc.* *rit.* *a tempo*

1st. *mf-24. f*

Hark! I hear the bu- gle call - - ing - - Fall in! We must be on our way

Ca.

Say good-bye, tho' tears are fall - - ing - - We are need-ed there to -

cresc.

Ca.

day. So throw Old Glo- ry to the breez - - es

Ca.

Strength twill give to meet the foe. Ev - - ry man a ri- fle siez -

es - - For - ward March! to France we go. go.

1. *D.S.* | 2. *D.S.*

Ca.

"COME, DEAREST HEART"

PHILIP GREELY

VOICE *Moderato espress allarg.* *a tempo*
 Be - neath the sil - ver si - lence of the
 moon. When the sum - mer winds are sigh - ing in the
 west. And the red and ro - sy blos - som'd buds of June. Close their
 dew - y pet - als and have gone to rest When the

PIANO *mf* *rit.* *a tempo*
rit. *a tempo*

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ON TO FRANCE

A MARCHING SONG FOR THE
BOYS WHO GO

In days of old our sires were bold,
And we should be so now—
They fought the fight for our birth-right,
To liberty endow.
At Lexington and Bunker Hill,
The vanquished foe did run—
Now WE go to a foreign shore,
To fight the ruthless Hun.
PREPARE! WE GO OVER THERE.

Chorus

HARK! I hear the bugle calling—
FALL IN! We must be on our way—
Say good-bye, tho' tears are falling,
We are needed there today.
So throw Old Glory to the breezes—
Strength 'twill give to meet the foe,
Ev'ry man a rifle seizes,
FORWARD MARCH! To France we go.

You bet the Hun will up and run
When we get over there
Our bullets true, their work will do
Not one of them we'll spare.
We'll give the Hun just ten for one
Our blood is boiling hot,
Just give us one good look at them,
Not one will miss a shot.
PREPARE! WE GO OVER THERE.

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