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The road to France

Poem by:
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Music
Mischa-Léon

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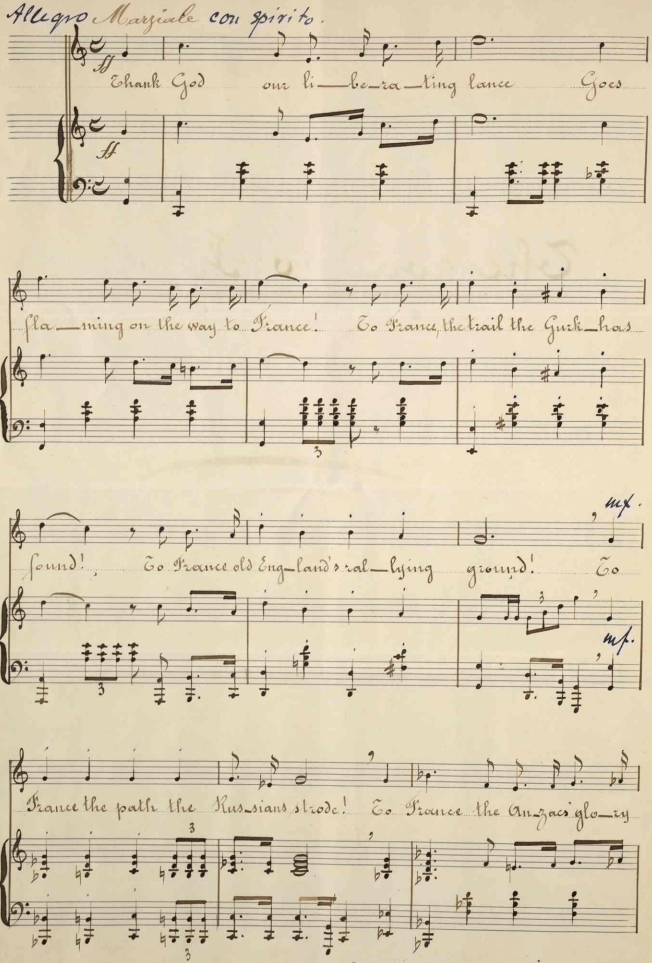
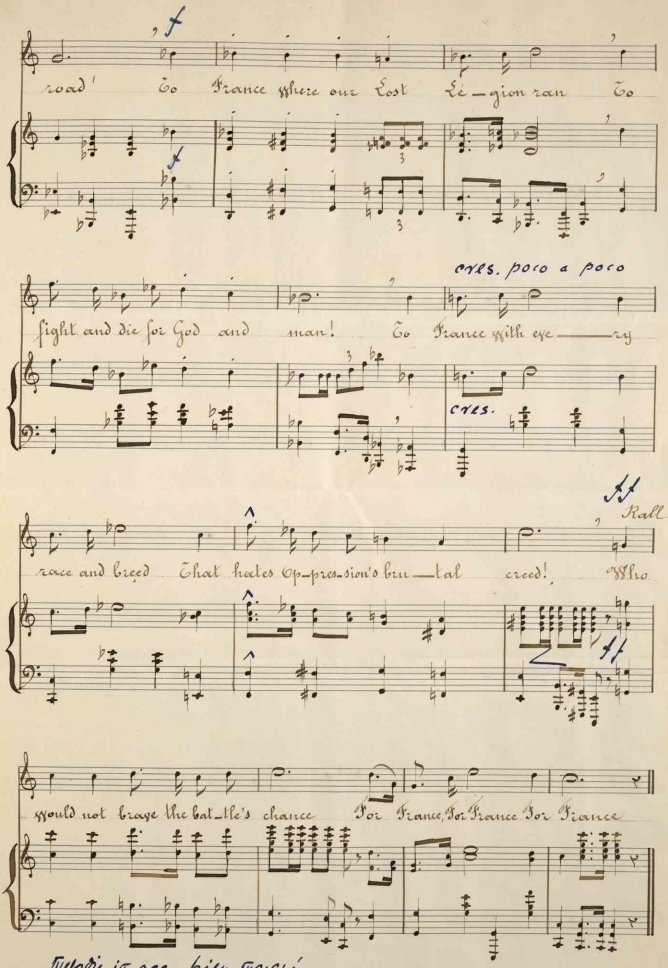
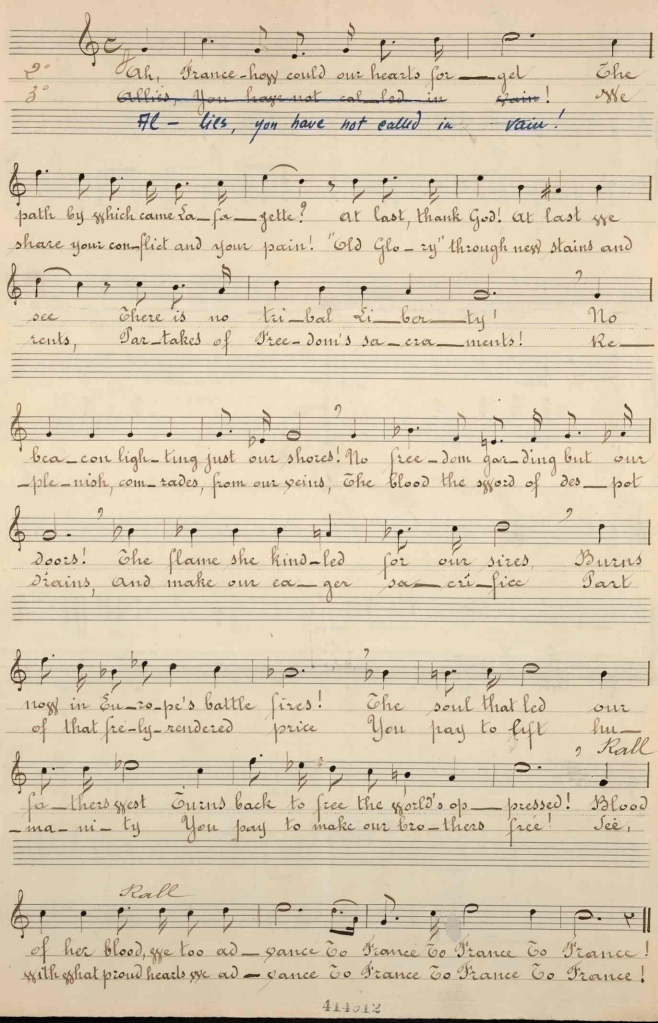

Allegro Marziale con spirito.
Thank God our li—be—ra—ting lance Goes
fla—ming on the way to France! To France, the trail the Turk has
mf.
sound! To France old Eng—land's ral—lying ground! To
mf.
France the path the Russians strode! To France the Anzacs glo—ry


road! To France where our Lost Lé-gion ran To
cres. poco a poco
fight and die for God and man! To France with eve-ry
cres.
Rall
race and breed That hates Op-pres-sion's bru-tal creed! Who
would not brave the bat-tle's chance For France, For France, For France
Melodie in acc. bien marqué.


2° Ah, France how could our hearts for — get The
3° ~~Allies, You have not called in vain~~ ! We
Al - lies, you have not called in vain !
path by which came Ja — ja — nette? at last, thank God! at last we
share your con-flict and your pain! "Old Glo - ry" through new stains and
see there is no ri — val ri — val — ty! No
rents, Par-takes of Free - dom's sa - cra — ments! Re —
bea — con ligh - ting just our shores! No free - dom gar - ding but our
- ple - nish, com - rades, from our veins, The blood the sword of des — pot
doors! The flame she kind - led for our sires Burns
stains, and make our ca — ger sa — cri — fice Part
now in Eu - ro - pe's battle fires! The soul that led our
of that pre - ly - rendered price You pray to lift hu —
Rall
ja — thers west Turns back to free the world's op — pressed! Blood
- ma - ni - ty You pray to make our bro - thers free! See,
Rall
of her blood, we too ad — vance To France To France To France!
with what proud hearts we ad — vance To France To France To France!