Soldiers' Chorus.
(Faust)

Maestoso.

Gounod.

Glo-ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may co-py their vir-tues bold,

Cour-age in heart and a sword in hand, Read-y to fight or rea-dy to die for

Fath-er-land. Who needs bid-ding to dare by the trump-et blown?

Who lack pi-ty to spare, when the field is won? Who would fly from a foe,

if a-lone or last? And boast he was true, as cow-ar ds might do, when per-il is past?

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Glo-ry and love to the men of old,
Their sons may co-py their vir-tues bold,

Cour-age in heart and a sword in hand,
Rea-dy to fight for fath-er-land.

Now, home a-gain, we come, the long and fier-y strife of bat-tle o-ver.
Rest is pleas-ant af-ter toil, as

hard as ours be-neath a stran-ger sun.
Ma-ny girls so
fair are waiting here to greet their truant soldier lover, And many

hearts will fail, and brows grow pale to hear the perils he has had to see. We are at

home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home. Glory and

love to the men of old, Their sons may copy their virtues bold, Courage in

heart and a sword in hand, Ready to fight or ready to die for Fatherland.

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