

SOLDIERS CHORUS from Faust by Gounod

Chorus:

*Glo-ry and love to the men of old
Their sons may copy their virtues bold
Cou-rage in heart and a sword in hand
Rea-dy to fight or rea-dy to die for Fa-ther-land*

Who needs bid-ding to dare, by a trum-pet blown?
Who lacks pity 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-ard might do, when pe-ril is past?

Chorus

All: Now to home again, we come, the long and fie-ry strife of bat-tle o-ver.
All; Rest is plea-sant af-ter toil (*as hard as ours*) be-neath a stran-ger sun
B's: be-neath a wild and stran-ger sun
Many a mai-den fair is wait-ing here to greet her tru-ant sol-dier lov-er,
And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear,
The tale of cru-el pe-ril he has run,
And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear
The tale of pe-ril he has run
We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home,

Final Chorus:

*Glo-ry and love to the men of old
Their sons may copy their virtues bold
Cou-rage in heart and a sword in hand
Rea-dy to fight or rea-dy to die for Fa-ther-land
Or rea-dy to fight or rea-dy to die for Fa-ther-land
Or rea-dy to die or rea-dy to die or rea-dy to die for Fa-ther-land*