

To all Good Scouts
**The SONG OF THE
ALLIES**

WORDS & MUSIC BY
DONALD HEINS



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SONG OF THE ALLIES

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DONALD HEINS

Moderato.

1. I sing a song of Bri-tain, I can tell of how her might, Is the
2. I sing a song of Bel-gium, of the shock she had to bear, 'Tis a
3. I sing a song of Can-a-da, where na-tions are all mixed, Sure-ly

en - vy of all na - tions when it comes down to a fight. 'Tis the
sto - ry that the na - tions now are sing - ing ev - 'ry - where. It's as
with our fel - lows on the job the Ger - mans will be fixed. There's the

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Broadly

read - i - ness of all her sons to get in - to the game, At a
though a might - y ti - ger set a trap to catch a flea, How I
Scotch-man and the Ir - ish - man, the French-man and Can - uck, You can

ten.

sin - gle mo - ment's no - tice, to de - fend her splen - did fame. (3rd verse the word)
won - der if she had - n't stood, where Bri - tain now would be. (Duck, to be short.) L.H.
bet, when - ev - er they ap - pear, its "ev - 'ry bod - y duck."

CHORUS

For we're al - lied one to an - oth - er, — And each man fights for his

broth - er. — No — mat - ter if you're Bri - tish, if you're Bel - gian, or you're French,

Each man stands be-side the oth - er in the trench. For we're al -

lied one to an - oth - er, — And each man fights for his

Broadly
own, We can stand for a re-verse, We can stand the for-eign curse, But we

cant' stand a - round at home. — For we're al - home. —

