

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

[www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## Joan of Arc, They're Calling You

Joan of Arc, They're Calling You  
(Frank Sturgis, 1915)

There's a tear in my eye for the soldier,  
As he lies among the slain.  
There's a throb in my heart for this old world,  
That sighs for peace in vain.  
There's a hope in my prayer that someone above  
Will gaze down on earth through the blue,  
And pitying all our sorrow and woe,  
Will tell us what to do.

CHO: Joan of Arc, they're calling you,  
From each trench, they're calling you.  
Far through the haze comes the sweet Marseillaise.  
Can't you hear it calling too?  
The really say from your last breath,  
That a dove flew to the skies.  
And if that was the Dove of Peace, Joan of Arc,  
Send it down and dry a mother's eyes.

There's a sigh in the trench for the hedgerows,  
For the tender last embrace;  
And the babe held up high to hide from him  
A woman's anguished face.  
Oh, it's so hard to breathe when I think of the hearth,  
And old folks in silent despair;  
While dreaming of him in pale firelight glow,  
The boy they cannot spare.

XX