

## On The Path Of Glory

Petula Clark

Blessed are the meek, they say  
They shall win where others lose  
But when man is forced to stay,  
He is never asked to choose

He must fight for his country,  
Fight for what he thinks is right  
He'll defend his wife and children  
On the path of glory

Red or yellow, white or brown  
All alike, one thought in mind  
Who will wear the victor's crown?  
Never mind the lame and blind

In the pride of their country,  
Good will triumph in the end  
Evil will be brought to justice  
On the path of glory

Big or little, fat or thin  
All are heroes in the end  
Unforgivable, the sin  
To submit, they don't pretend

They will die for their country  
They will die for you and me  
Amid the pungent smell of death  
That's on the path of glory

Why should man be forced to kill?  
Why should they be made to die,  
Shattered on some peaceful hill  
Torn and bleeding where they lie?

Far away from their country,  
Ask yourself the question now  
Why should they be forced to set out  
On the path of glory?