

# C'MON AND SING!



No. 2 MOBILE BATH UNIT C.A.

## Acknowledgment

The War Services Committee of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A.'s of Canada gratefully acknowledge the co-operation of publishers in permitting the use of valuable copyright lyrics in "C' Mon and Sing" book of songs.

## Contents

Patriotic and War Songs, pages 2 to 10; also pages 12, 13, 15, 17, 18, 19, 49, 50		Page
Novelty Songs and Parodies, pages 11 to 24		
Ballads and Old Southern Songs, pages 25 to 43		
Hymns and Sacred Songs, pages 44 to 49		
<b>A</b>		
Abdul The Bulbul Ameer.....	16	
Abide With Me.....	45	
Advertise.....	17	
Adieu.....	13	
After The Ball.....	35	
All Pals Together.....	15	
All We Do Is Sign The Pay-Roll.....	16	
Aloha Oe.....	22	
All You Et-a.....	39	
Alouette.....	24	
Annie Laurie.....	30	
Are You Sleeping.....	37	
Auld Lang Syne.....	31	
<b>B</b>		
Beautiful Dreamer.....	25	
Believe, Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms.....	30	
Be Strong, Ye Sons Of Canada.....	5	
Blest Be The Tie.....	48	
Blue Bells Of Scotland, The.....	11	
Bohunkus.....	16	
Bring Back My Bonnie To Me.....	31	
British Grenadiers.....	9	
<b>C</b>		
Campbells Are Comin', The.....	17	
Campdown Races.....	29	
Carry Me Back To Old Virginny.....	34	
Carry On!.....	5	
Colonel Bogey (Parody).....	9	
Come, All Ye Faithful.....	47	
Come Back Old Pal.....	12	
Come Back To Erin.....	32	
Comin' Thro' The Rye.....	31	
Cookhouse Lament, The.....	27	
<b>D</b>		
Drum Nelly Gray.....	33	
Down The River.....	44	
Drum Song.....	22	
Drum Song by the O.H.I.O.....	26	
Drum To Me Only With Thine Eyes.....	34	
<b>F</b>		
Faith Of Our Fathers.....	46	
Fight The Good Fight.....	44	
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.....	31	
For King And Country.....	6	
<b>G</b>		
Ginger Up.....	24	
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.....	48	
God Bless Us Where We Are.....	49	
God Save The King.....	2	
Good Luck To The Boys Of The Allies.....	18	
<b>H</b>		
Hand Me Down My Walkin' Cane.....	38	
Hearts Of Oak.....	11	
Heigh Ho! Heigh Ho!.....	26	
He Kissed The Sergeant-Major On Parade.....	17	
He Passed The Buck To Me.....	17	
Holy, Holy, Holy!.....	48	
Home On The Range.....	38	
Home, Sweet Home.....	41	
How D'Ye Do?.....	20	
<b>I</b>		
I'll Come Back To You.....	38	
I Don't Want To March With The Infantry.....	21	
I Dream Of Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair.....	28	
I Love You Canada.....	12	
I Love You Truly.....	33	
I'm Sending You The Siegfried Line To Hang Your Washing On.....	9	
I Must See Annie.....	15	
In Style All The While.....	17	
In The Evening By The Moonlight.....	40	
I Passed By Your Window.....	27	
It's A Short, Short Life.....	16	
I've Been Wukkin' On De Railroad.....	33	
<b>J</b>		
Jesus Shall Reign.....	46	
Jingle, Bells.....	36	
John Brown's Baby.....	13	
John Peel.....	34	
Juanita.....	42	

Contents Continued Next Page

## Contents—Continued

		Page
<b>K</b>		
Kathleen Mavourneen.....	32	
Keep On Smiling.....	26	
Killarney.....	32	
<b>L</b>		
La Marseillaise.....	8	
Land Of Glad To-morrows.....	7	
Land We Love.....	14	
Lead Kindly Light.....	44	
Li'l Liza Jane.....	22	
Listen To The Mocking Bird.....	40	
Little Bit Of Shrapnel.....	9	
Little Brown Jug.....	23	
Little Sir Echo.....	41	
Loch Lomond.....	30	
Long, Long Ago!.....	37	
Long, Long Nail.....	24	
Look For The Rainbow.....	19	
Lovely Evening.....	36	
Lovely Old Sweet Song.....	26	
<b>M</b>		
Mademoiselle From Armentieres.....	28	
Man On The Flying Trapeze, The.....	41	
Maple Leaf For Ever, The.....	2	
Marching Song.....	8	
Marching Together.....	15	
Marseillaise, La.....	8	
Massa's In De Cold, Cold Ground.....	36	
Memories.....	27	
Men Of Harlech.....	11	
More We Are Together, The.....	17	
Mother Machree.....	26	
My Grandfather's Clock.....	28	
My Heart's In Canada.....	2	
My Old Canadian Home.....	25	
My Old Kentucky Home.....	35	
My Own Pal Polly.....	23	
My Swiss Moonlight Lullaby.....	43	
My Wild Irish Rose.....	24	
<b>N</b>		
Navy's Herel, The.....	13	
Nearer, My God, To Thee.....	46	
Neath The Crust Of The Old Apple Pie.....	22	
Nelly Was A Lady.....	37	
<b>O</b>		
O Canada.....	5	
O, Charlie Is My Darling.....	39	
O God Our Help In Ages Past.....	44	
Oh! Johnny, Oh!.....	40	
Oh Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie.....	38	
Oh! Dem Golden Slippers.....	42	
Oh! It's A Lovely War.....	22	
Oh, My Darling Clementine.....	33	
Oh, Susanna.....	42	
Old Black Joe.....	39	
Old Folks At Home.....	38	
Old MacDonald Had A Farm.....	24	
Old Oaken Bucket, The.....	42	
Old Rugged Cross, The.....	47	
Old Soldiers Never Die.....	27	
One Man Went To Mow.....	25	
Our Canada, From Sea To Sea.....	10	
Over Again.....	6	
<b>P</b>		
Peanut Song.....	17	
Polly Wolly Doodle.....	43	
Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow.....	45	
<b>R</b>		
Red River Valley.....	35	
Red, White And Blue, The.....	8	
Rig-a-jig.....	20	
Rock Of Ages.....	47	
Roll Up Your Old Umbrella.....	27	
Rose Of Tralee.....	26	
Row, Row, Row Your Boat.....	42	
Rule Britannia.....	2	
<b>S</b>		
Sailor With The Navy Blue Eyes, The.....	23	
Scatterbrain.....	41	
Scotland's Burning.....	15	
Sentry's Lament, The.....	15	
She'll Be Comin' Round The Mountain (When She Comes).....	35	
Silver Threads Among The Gold.....	34	
S-m-i-l-e.....	20	
Smile, A.....	23	
Smile Awhile.....	13	
Soldiers' Chorus.....	5	
Solomon Levi.....	21	
Sons Of The Sea.....	13	
Soup Song.....	21	
Spanish Cavalier, The.....	35	
Stack Up Your Dishes.....	20	
Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus.....	45	
Steal Away.....	45	
Sweet Genevieve.....	33	
Sweetly Sings The Donkey.....	24	
<b>T</b>		
There Is A Tavern In The Town.....	40	
There'll Always Be An England.....	2	
Three Blind Mice.....	41	
Three Crows, The.....	11	
Three Cheers For The Lads Of The Navy.....	14	
Toast To Canada, A.....	50	
To The Stars.....	4	
Trade Your Frown For A Smile.....	3	
Twilight On The Prairie.....	43	
<b>U</b>		
Uncle Ned.....		
Under The Spreading Chestnut Tree.....		
<b>V</b>		
Viva La Compagnie.....		
<b>W</b>		
We'll Never Let The Old We've Been Working In.....		
We're On Our Way.....		
What Shall We Do.....		
Sailor?.....		
When I Get Back To.....		
When Irish Eyes Are.....		
When The Boys Co.....		
When The Work's home land!.....		
When This Blind ché - riel.....		
When You And.....		
World Is Waitin' Canada.....		

### GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious King,  
 Long live our noble King,  
 God save the King.  
 Send him victorious,  
 Happy and glorious,  
 Long to reign over us,  
 God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store  
 On him be pleased to pour;  
 Long may he reign;  
 May he defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause,  
 To sing with heart and voice,  
 God save the King.

—Henry Carey

### THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,  
 Wolfe, the dauntless hero came,  
 And planted firm Britannia's flag,  
 On Canada's fair domain.  
 Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,  
 And joined in love together,  
 The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine  
 The Maple Leaf for ever!

#### Chorus:

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,  
 The Maple Leaf for ever!  
 Carry me our King, and Heaven bless  
 Carry On the Leaf for ever!  
 Colonel Bogg,  
 Come, All Ye  
 Come Back Old land's far-famed land  
 Come Back To Erin sweetly smile;  
 Inn Thro' The Ry  
 oh, house Lament, Emerald Isle!  
 Sing Nelly Gray...ng, both loud and  
 River...  
 Minut Song...t quiver,  
 by the O-HI-O...d Heaven bless  
 To Me Only With...er!  
 Alexander Muir

### RULE, BRITANNIA!

When Britain first, at Heaven's com-  
 mand,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 Arose, arose from out the azure main.  
 This was the Charter, the Charter of  
 the land,  
 And guardian angels sang this strain.  
 Chorus:  
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the  
 waves,  
 Britons never shall be slaves.

### THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

There'll always be an England  
 While there's a country lane;  
 Wherever there's a cottage small  
 Beside a field of grain.  
 There'll always be an England  
 While there's a busy street;  
 Wherever there's a turning wheel  
 A million marching feet.  
 Red, white and blue,  
 What does it mean to you?  
 Surely you're proud, shout it aloud,  
 Britons awake,  
 The Empire too, we can depend on you,  
 Freedom remains, these are the chains  
 nothing can break.  
 There'll always be an England  
 And England shall be free,  
 If England means as much to you,  
 As England means to me.  
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### MY HEART'S IN CANADA

My heart's in Canada, dear Northern  
 home,  
 I'll turn to Canada where'er I roam!  
 Lakeland and prairies wide, mountains  
 so grand—  
 My heart's in Canada, my own home-  
 land!



Words by  
 STANLEY MAXTED  
 and  
 GORDON V. THOMPSON

### Carry On!

War Version

Music by  
 ERNEST DAINTY

All pull to - geth - er thru the storm - y weath - er, Car - ry  
 Ont Car - ry Ont Car - ry Ont Keep on  
 try - ing, keep the old flag fly - ing, Car - ry Ont Car - ry Ont Car - ry  
 Ont The sun is shin - ing a - bove the cloud - y  
 sky, A sil - ver lin - ing will greet you by and by. So  
 all pull to - geth - er thru the storm - y weath - er, Car - ry Ont Car - ry  
 Ont Car - ry Ont Ont

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### Trade Your Frown For a Smile

TRADE YOUR FROWN FOR A SMILE  
 Smiles are always in style;  
 Pack your troubles in a kit-bag of bubbles  
 And blow! BLOW! BLOW them higher than a fanned — God  
 No use to fret or complain, — el: Dieu  
 When you're on parade in the rain, —  
 Keep facing the sun, —  
 You son-of-a-gun —  
 AND TRADE YOUR FROWN FOR A  
 home land!  
 che - riel  
 Canada

# FOR KING AND COUNTRY

ROBERT HARKNESS.

We must fight for our King and  
 Coun - try. For the cause that is right and true. All u -  
 - ni - ted we stand One Em - pire grand Neath the flag of the red, white and  
 blue: As we fight for our King and Coun - try For the  
 cause that is right and true: Though the foe as - sail Bri - tain  
*rall.*  
 must pre - vail Neath the flag of the red, white and blue.

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# Over Again

Words and Music by  
 SYDNEY BLAND

Ov - er a - gain, ov - er a - gain, We're all  
 ov - er a - gain — Back to see dear Ma-dem-ois-elle from  
 We don't mind the

Caro...  
 Carry On...  
 Colonel Bo...  
 Come, All Ye...  
 Come Back Old...  
 Come Back To Bri...  
 in' Thro' The R...  
 of house Lament...  
 King Nelly Gray...  
 River...  
 Minut Song...  
 by the O-HI-O...  
 To Me Only With



trenches and the rain — \* Though the fight be hard and long We'll go for-ward with a  
 song. So we're all goin', yes we're all goin', Sure we're all goin'.  
 1. ov - er a - gain. 2. Ov - er a - gain.

- \* 2. Oh this army must be fine, ham and eggs at breakfast time.
- 3. And if what we hear is true, Sergeants can't speak rough to you.
- 4. Soon the girls in Armentieres will be serving up our beers.
- 5. There's no bully beef or stew, they serve chicken up to you.
- 6. If you've got an aching head, they will let you lie in bed.

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# Land of Glad To-Morrows

(Canada Our Own Home Land)  
 TERRE DE L'AVENIR

Words and Music by  
 GORDON V. THOMPSON

'Tis the land of glad to - mor - rows, Our own Can - a - dian home. So to -  
 C'est la ter - re de l'a - ve - nir. Pa - ys du sou - ve - nir! Chan - tons  
 day for - get your sor - rows And sing of her where e'er you roam! In the  
 les heu - reux len - de - mains, Ou - bli - ons bien - tôt nos cha - grins! La pro -  
 sky there shires a rain - bow That the Lord Him - self hath planned — God  
 mes - se de l'É - ter - nel Pa - rait dé -jà dans le ciel: Dieu  
 save our King, our Em - pire dear, And Can - a - da our own home land!  
 sau - ve le Roi, la pa - trie, Le Ca - na - da, ter - re ché - rié

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## THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Oh, Britannia, the gem of the ocean,  
The home of the brave and the free.  
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
A world offers homage to thee.  
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,  
When Liberty's form stands in view:  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
When borne by the red, white and blue.  
When borne by the red, white and blue,  
When borne by the red white and blue,  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
When borne by the red, white and blue.  
When war wing'd its wide desolation,  
And threatened the land to deform.  
The ark then of freedom's foundation,  
Britannia rode safe through the storm:  
With the garlands of vict'ry around her  
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,  
With her flag proudly floating before her,

## MARCHING SONG

*For Highland Regiments*

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.")

We are marching off to war  
We've been over there before  
So it isn't going to take us very long:  
We are happy, we are gay  
Singing all along the way  
The chorus of a military song

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching  
We are going on parade

The boast of the red, white and blue.  
The boast of the red, white and blue,  
The boast of the red, white and blue,  
With her flag proudly floating before her,  
The boast of the red, white and blue.

## LA MARSEILLAISE

Soldiers of France, the morn is breaking,  
The day of glory dawns at last!  
See the tyrant's banner shaking,  
As it basely streams in the blast.  
As it basely streams in the blast.  
The field of battle lies before you,  
Fierce foemen advance in their pride,  
Confusion spreading far and wide,  
While for aid your children implore you.  
To arms and hence away!  
To arms this glorious day!  
March on, march on, Brave sons of France  
To fame and victory!



## BRITISH GRENADIERS

Some talk of Alexander,  
And some of Hercules,  
Of Hector and Lysander,  
And such great names as these:  
But of all the world's brave heroes,  
There's none that can compare,  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,  
To the British Grenadiers.  
None of those ancient heroes  
E'er saw a cannon ball,  
Or knew the force of powder  
To slay their foes withal;  
But our brave boys do know it  
And banish all their fears,  
Singing tow, row, row, row, row, row,  
To the British Grenadiers.  
Then let us fill a bumper,  
And drink a health to those  
Who carry caps and pouches,  
And wear the looped clothes:  
May they and their commanders,  
Live happy all their years,  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,  
To the British Grenadiers.

## A LITTLE BIT OF SHRAPNEL

(Tune "A Little bit of Heaven")

Sure a little bit of shrapnel fell from  
out the sky one day  
And it nestled in my shoulder in a kind  
and loving way,  
And when the M.O. saw it,  
Sure it looked so sweet and fair,  
He said "You're off to Blighty,  
They'll fix you up back there."  
So he sprinkled it with iodine to keep  
the germs away,  
It's the only way to stop them no  
matter what they say,  
But when I left the C.C.S. he'd changed  
his fickle mind,  
And he marked me down for duty and  
he sent me up the line.  
(By Permission)

## I'M SENDING YOU THE SIEGFRIED LINE TO HANG YOUR WASHING ON

Dear Ma, I'm having lots of fun,  
I'm sending you the Siegfried Line to  
hang your washing on  
Tell Pa that Hitler's on the run,  
I'm sending you the Siegfried Line,  
To hang his night-shirt on,  
I've got a little souvenir for sonny  
It's one of Goering's medals,  
That they're using here for money  
Love from your ever loving son.  
I'm sending you the Siegfried Line, to  
hang your washing on.

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## COLONEL BOGEY PARODY

Chorus I

Hitler—we're going to see it through  
Hitler—this means the end of you  
Goering—the lion is roaring  
And Ribbentrop'll soon topple in too  
(Like the other Nasties.)  
Hitler—remember Kaiser Bill,  
Hitler—you'd better make your will,  
Hitler—with Tom and Jack out,  
This is your black-out  
So, Hitler, you're through.

Chorus II

Hitler—we're marching on your tail,  
Hitler—no wonder you turn pale,  
Look out—best get your book out,  
For you will need it  
To read it in jail (just before they hang  
you).  
Hitler—although it may sound harsh,  
Britain will pull your darned mous-  
tache.  
Listen—poor Adolf Hitler,  
You'll feel much littler,  
Before we are through.

## Our Canada, From Sea To Sea (When Maple Leaves Turn Red)

ARTHUR STRINGER

GENA BRANSCOMBE

*Maestoso con anima* *mf*

1. Our Ca - na - da, from  
2. But as our nor - land  
3. And tho' they wan - dered

sea to sea, Four signs of va - lour knows \_\_\_\_\_ The  
sum - mers wane, And all our flow'rs have fled, \_\_\_\_\_ The  
far, and felt The an - cient tie wear thin, \_\_\_\_\_ They

*cresc.*

this - tle and the fl - ur - de - lys, The sham - rock and the rose — For  
home - sick heart turns home a - gain, When ma - ple leaves turn red. — Re  
knew the wait - ing moth - er knelt To take her child - ren in. — So

har - di - hood the this - tle stands, The sham - rock is for  
gret - ful broods the au - tumn air, The green fades out to  
all our ma - ples hill by hill, As sum - mer meets its

*f*

grief; \_\_\_\_\_ The li - ly and the rose join hands To  
gold; \_\_\_\_\_ And back the out - land bro - thers fare To  
close, \_\_\_\_\_ A - wake and flame, and give us still The

*cresc. e rit.* 1. 2.

make the Ma - ple Leaf \_\_\_\_\_  
hearths they knew of old. \_\_\_\_\_ rose. \_\_\_\_\_  
red of Eng - land's

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## THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

Oh where and oh where is your  
Highland laddie gone?  
Oh where and oh where is your  
Highland laddie gone?  
He's gone to fight the foe for King  
George upon the throne,  
And it's oh! in my heart I wish him  
safe at home.

Oh where and oh where did your  
Highland laddie dwell?  
Oh where and oh where did your  
Highland laddie dwell?  
He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the  
sign of the Blue Bell,  
And it's oh! in my heart I love my  
laddie well.

Oh how, tell me how, is your Highland  
laddie clad?  
Oh how, tell me how, is your Highland  
laddie clad?  
His bonnet's of the Saxon green, His  
waist-coat's of the plaid  
And it's oh! in my heart that I love  
my Highland lad.

Suppose, oh suppose that your High-  
land lad should die,  
Suppose, oh suppose that your High-  
land lad should die,  
The bag-pipes should play o'er him,  
and I'd lay me down and cry;  
But it's oh! in my heart that I feel he  
will not die.

## HEARTS OF OAK

Come, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory  
we steer,  
To add something more to this wonder-  
ful year;  
To honour we call you, not press you  
like slaves,  
For who are so free as the sons of the  
waves?

Chorus:

Hearts of Oak are our ships,  
Hearts of Oak are our men;  
We always are ready;  
Steady, boys, steady;  
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and  
again.

They swear they'll invade us, these  
terrible foes,  
They frighten our women, our children  
and beaux;  
But should their flat bottoms in dark-  
ness get o'er,  
Still Britons they'll find to receive  
them on shore.

## THE THREE CROWS

There were three crows sat on a tree  
And they were black as crows could be.  
Said one old crow unto his mate,  
"What shall we do for grub to eat?"  
"There lies a horse on yonder plain,  
Who's by some cruel butcher slain."  
"We'll perch upon his bare backbone  
And pick his eyes out one by one."

## MEN OF HARLECH

Men of Harlech, wake from sleeping,  
Saxon tyrants now are creeping,  
Like a river onward sweeping  
Swiftly through the night.

Side by side with spear and bowmen,  
With your valour you shall show men  
How to vanquish Saxon foemen,  
Put them all to flight.

Whilst the battle drums are beating,  
This your war cry, this your greeting:  
"No surrender, no retreating!  
Harlech wins the fight!"

I LOVE YOU CANADA

By KENNETH MCINNIS  
MORRIS MANLEY

I love you Can-a-da for you mean so  
much to me, I love your hills and val-leys and your  
state-ly Ma-ple tree, I love all your dear peo-ple  
tho' far a-way I roam, When I hear them speak of  
Can-a-da I long for Home Sweet Home. Home.

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Come Back Old Pal

Words and Music  
by M. W. Plunkett

Come back, come back, Old Pal of Mine, Come back, come back to  
me. I seem to hear your dear voice say, "Let's find the  
road that leads back to yes-ter-day." Come back, come back, Old Pal of Mine, Oh  
hear my ten-der pleal I've wait-ed oh so long for  
you, won't you come back, won't you come back to me? Come me?

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SONS OF THE SEA

Sons of the sea! All British born!  
Sailing every ocean, laughing foes to  
scorn.  
They may build their ships, my lads,  
and think they know the game,  
But they can't build boys of the bull-  
dog breed,  
Who made old England's name!

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THE NAVY'S HERE!

THE NAVY'S HERE!  
Here come the boys in blue,  
Born to the seven seas,  
From China to Peru.  
THE NAVY'S HERE!  
England expects they say.  
True to the Nelson touch,  
His watchword lives today.  
Who dares to threaten freedom shall  
learn it's wrong and why,  
For on behalf of Freedom here's the  
Navy's stern reply,  
THE NAVY'S HERE!  
Here come the boys in blue,  
Sail on to victory.  
"The Navy!" Here's to you!

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ADIEU

(Tune: "Till We Meet Again.")  
Smile the while we bid you fond adieu;  
We have had a happy time with you.  
To the vision we'll be true,  
Till another time unites us.  
Then we'll meet again so merrily,  
For we'll have a pleasant memory;  
There's lots of fun for you and me  
When we meet again

SMILE AWHILE

(Tune: "Till We Meet Again.")  
Smile awhile and give your face a rest.  
(Everybody smile.)  
Stand up straight and elevate your  
chest.  
(Every one erect and expand chest.)  
Reach your hands up to the sky,  
(Hands high over head.)  
While you wag your head so freely,  
(Shake head from side to side.)  
Limber up and stamp your feet a bit.  
(Stamp feet on floor.)  
As you were, and now, before you sit,  
Reach right out to some one near,  
Shake his hand and smile.  
(Everybody shake hands and smile.)

JOHN BROWN'S BABY

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")  
John Brown's baby has a cold upon its  
chest,  
John Brown's baby has a cold upon its  
chest,  
John Brown's baby has a cold upon its  
chest,  
And he rubbed it with camphorated  
oil.

For the second verse, repeat the first,  
but instead of saying "baby," swing  
the arms back and forth as though  
rocking a baby.

For the third verse, repeat the  
second, but instead of saying "cold,"  
cough lightly.

For the fourth verse, repeat the  
third, but instead of saying "chest,"  
slap chest with hand.

For the fifth verse, repeat the fourth,  
but instead of saying "rubbed," rub  
hand across chest.

For the sixth verse, repeat the fifth,  
but instead of saying "camphorated,"  
sniff as though smelling camphor.

**Land We Love**  
A Song Of Empire

Words and Music by  
BERNARD HAMBLEN

LAND WE LOVE, DEAR - EST LAND, FIRM THY SONS U - NI - TED STAND,  
LOY - AL STILL WHERE E'ER THEY WAN-DER, ALL THE WIDE WORLD O'ER!  
SHORE TO SHORE, SEA TO SEA, ONE AND ALL WE HON - OUR THEE.  
GOD PRO-TECT OUR KING AND EM - PIRE NOW AND EV - ER MORE.

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**Three Cheers for the Lads of the Navy**

By GORDON V. THOMPSON

Three cheers for the lads of the Na vy! Heres to the boys in the  
Encors) Three cheers for the lads of the Ar my Days of the Red, White and  
Blue! For the hearts of the lads of the Na vy Beat for a  
Blue! For the hearts of the lads of the Ar my Beat for a  
cause they know is true! For the old Un-ion Jack they are fight ing, That  
cause they know is true! For the old Un-ion Jack they are fight ing, So  
Bri - tons for ev - er may sing That they rule the waves and  
loud may their prais - es out ring! Will give them three cheers — three  
nev - er shall be slaves The sail - oers of our King — Three King  
rous - ing Brit - ish cheers — The sol - diers of our King — Three King

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**I MUST SEE ANNIE**

I must see Annie tonight,  
I must see Annie tonight,  
She's got the cutest little grin  
A pretty dimple in her chin,  
I'll call and call 'til I find her in,  
'cause  
I must see Annie tonight.  
Hello Central, give me a line,  
Calling Bryant seven, o, nine,  
Hello, who's this, you're Mister Lee,  
The man who sells us all our tea?  
Well you've got tea and love's got me.  
(OH!) I must see Annie tonight.  
She's got two eyes that shine,  
Two lips made for kissin',  
Oh! What I'm missin', so please don't  
delay.  
Hello Central give me a line,  
Calling Bryant, seven, o, nine,  
Hello, who's this, you're Mister Bell,  
You've got some wedding rings to sell?  
The number's wrong, but the idea's  
swell, Oh!  
I must see Annie tonight.  
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**WE'LL NEVER LET THE  
OLD FLAG FALL**

We'll never let the old flag fall,  
For we love it the best of all,  
We don't want to fight to show our  
might,  
But when we start we fight! fight!  
fight!  
In peace or war you'll hear us sing,  
"God save the flag, God save the  
King."  
At the end of the world the flag's  
unfurled,  
We'll never let the old flag fall.  
—Albert E. MacNutt.  
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**MARCHING  
TOGETHER**

(Tune: "Beer Barrel Polka.")

Marching together  
Along the highway we go  
All pals together  
In rain or sunshine or snow.  
Fond wives and sweethearts  
Are cheering us all along  
Everybody swing the chorus  
Of this grand old song.

**SCOTLAND'S BURNING**

(Round)

Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning,  
Look out, look out! Fire! fire! fire!  
fire!  
Pour on water, Pour on water!

**THE SENTRY'S LAMENT**

Around the corner and under the tree,  
The Sergeant-Major's forgotten me.  
He is so grand, best in the land,  
He put me out on sentry-go,  
And there he lets me stand  
Around the corner and under the tree,  
I hope that someone remembers me,  
This job's a treat, life is so sweet,  
I wish they'd come and call me in  
Before I fall asleep.

**ALL PALS TOGETHER**

All pals together,  
Stand up and cheer,  
Because it's always fair weather,  
When the grand old gang is here.  
All pals together,  
In rain or in shine  
Oh! here's to fun,  
Here's to ev'ry one,  
And the days of Auld Lang Syne.

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### IT'S A SHORT, SHORT LIFE

(Tune: "There's a Long, Long Trail.")  
 It's a short, short life we live here,  
 So let us laugh while we may,  
 With a song for every moment  
 Of the whole bright day.  
 What's the use of being gloomy,  
 Or what's the use of our tears,  
 When we know a mummy's had no fun  
 For the last three thousand years?

### ALL WE DO IS SIGN THE PAY-ROLL

(Tune: John Brown's Body)

All we do is sign the pay-roll,  
 All we do is sign the pay-roll,  
 All we do is sign the pay-roll,  
 And we never get a gosh-darned cent!

First they make us make allotments,  
 Then they make us take insurance,  
 Then they fine us in court-martial,  
 So we never get a gol-dern cent!

### ABDUL, THE BULBUL AMEER

The sons of the prophet are hardy and bold  
 And quite unaccustomed to fear,  
 But of all the most reckless of life or  
 of limb,  
 Was Abdul the Bulbul Ameer.

When they wanted a man to encourage  
 the van  
 Or to shout hulla-loo in the rear,  
 Or to storm a redoubt, they straight-  
 way sent out  
 For Abdul the Bulbul Ameer.

There are heroes in plenty and well  
 known to fame,  
 In the ranks that are led by the Czar,  
 But among the most reckless of name  
 or of fame  
 Was Ivan Petruski Skivah.

He could Timithie Irving, play euchre  
 or pool,  
 And perform on the Spanish Guitar,  
 In fact, quite the cream of the Mos-  
 covite, too  
 Was Ivan Petruski Skivah.

### BOHUNKUS

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne.")

There was a man who had two sons,  
 And these two sons were brothers;  
 Bohunkus was the name of one,  
 Josephus was the other's.

Now these two boys had suits of  
 clothes,  
 And they were made for Sunday  
 Bohunkus wore his every day,  
 Josephus his on Monday.

Now these two boys to concerts went,  
 Whenever they saw fit;  
 Bohunkus in the gallery sat,  
 Josephus in the pit.

Now these two boys they were two  
 sons,  
 And each son was a twin,  
 Bohunkus had his father's smile,  
 Josephus had his grin.

Now these two boys to college went,  
 For reasons quite specific;  
 Bohunkus academic was,  
 Josephus scientific.

Now these two boys are dead and gone,  
 Long may their ashes rest;  
 Bohunkus of the cholera died,  
 Josephus by request.



### HE KISSED THE SERGEANT-MAJOR ON PARADE

He kissed the Sergeant-Major on  
 parade, boys,

He kissed the Sergeant-Major on  
 parade.

He's the regiment's joy and pride  
 For the Sergeant-Major died  
 When Private Atkins kissed him on  
 parade

—R. Ron. Napier  
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### PEANUT SONG

(Tune: Here we go Gathering Nuts  
 in May)

The man who has plenty of good  
 peanuts,  
 And giveth his neighbor none,  
 He shan't have any of my peanuts  
 When his peanuts are gone.

When his peanuts are gone,  
 When his peanuts are gone,  
 He shan't have any of my peanuts.  
 When his peanuts are gone.

The man who has plenty of good  
 oranges, etc.

The man who has plenty of soft, sweet  
 soda crackers, etc.

The man who has plenty of ripe, red  
 strawberry short-cake, etc.

### THE MORE WE ARE TOGETHER

The more we get together, together,  
 together.

The more we get together, the happier  
 we'll be.

For your friends are my friends,  
 And my friends are your friends;  
 The more we get together, the happier  
 we'll be.

### ADVERTISE

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne.")

The fish it never cackles 'bout  
 It's million eggs or so,  
 The hen is quite a different bird,  
 One egg—and hear her crow,  
 The fish we spurn, but crown the hen  
 Which leads me to surmise,  
 Don't hide your light, but blow your  
 horn,  
 It pays to advertise

### HE PASSED THE BUCK TO ME

The Colonel blamed the Adjutant  
 'cause he didn't know what to do;  
 The Adjutant blamed the subalterns  
 and cussed till all was blue,  
 So they blamed the Sergeant-Major in  
 language frank and free,  
 And what do you think? the son-of-a-  
 gun, he passed the buck to me.

—R. Ross Napier  
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### THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!  
 The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!  
 The Campbells are comin', to bonnie  
 Loch-leven,  
 The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!

### IN STYLE ALL THE WHILE

They say that our \*chairman, he ain't  
 got no style,  
 He ain't got no style,  
 He ain't got no style,  
 They say that our chairman, he ain't  
 got no style,  
 He's got style all the while, all the  
 while, all the while.

\*Use name as occasion demands

# We're On Our Way

Words and Music by CAPT. MERT PLUNKETT

We're on our way! We're on our way! We're on our way to  
 Berch - tes - ga den; And ev - ry day and ev - ry  
 (Birchesgarden)  
 day is one day near - er Berch - tes -  
 ga - dent When we get there you can bet There'll be a  
 hi do how do hey! And there's one thing you can  
 bet cha Jer - ry boy we're goin' to get cha. Sing - ing Hey! Hey!  
 Hey! We're on our way. We're on our way

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# Good Luck to the Allies

Words and Music by MORRIS MANLEY

Good luck to the boys of the Al -  
 lies, Just cheer them on their way. The  
 un - ion jack they're proud of, While fight - ing



day by day When the band plays that tune called Tippe -  
 ra - - ry, There's joy right in their eyes.  
 God save our grac - ious King, Good luck to the  
 boys of the Al lies. lies.

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# Look For The Rainbow

Words and Music by IRVIN COOPER

Look For The Rain - bow al - tho' it's teem - ing Just take that look of wor - ry  
 from your eye Look For The Rain - bow you'll find it  
 gleam - ing If you will lift your chin and scan the sky  
 and don't for - get, dear The dark - est hour of ev - 'ry night brings to  
 light an - oth - er day. And when the storm blows  
 o ver you and I will be in clo - ver at the rain -  
 bows end Look For The end.

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## WHEN THIS BLINKIN' WAR IS OVER

(Tune: John Brown's Body)

When this blinkin' war is over  
Oh, how happy I will be.  
When I leave this gosh-darned outfit,  
For my home across the sea.

No more dress parades on Sunday,  
We'll be through for evermore  
We will tell the bloomin' Brass Hats  
They can have their blinkin' war.

Sergeant says my gun is rusty,  
And I guess that he is right,  
You should see my little shovel,  
It is surely shining bright.

Good-bye, Captain, I must leave you,  
Though it breaks my heart to go,  
But I didn't sign to soldier,  
With a shovel, pick and hoe.

## S-M-I-L-E

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,  
It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,  
So smile when you're in trouble,  
It will vanish like a bubble  
If you'll only take the trouble  
Just to s-m-i-l-e.

Second verse: G-r-i-n, Grin.  
Third verse: L-a-u-g-h.

Fourth verse: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

## HOW D'YE DO?

How d'ye do, Mister Johnson? How  
d'ye do?  
How d'ye do, Mister Johnson? How  
d'ye do?  
We are with you to a man,  
We'll do ev'rything we can.  
How d'ye do, Mister Johnson? How  
d'ye do?

## STACK UP YOUR DISHES

(Tune: "Pack Up Your Troubles.")

Pack all your dishes in your old mess  
kit,  
And smile, smile smile.  
While we are eating we enjoy ourselves,  
Smile, folks, that's the style.  
What's the use of washin' em,  
It never was worth while, SO  
Pack all your dishes in your old mess  
kit  
And smile, smile, smile.

## RIG-A-JIG

As I was walking down the street,  
Heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o!  
A pretty girl I chanced to meet,  
Heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o!

Rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go,  
Away we go, away we go,  
Rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go,  
Heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o!  
Heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o!  
Heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o!  
Rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go,  
Heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o!

## WE'VE BEEN WORKING IN THE TRENCHES

(Tune: "I've been wukkin' on de Railroad.")

We've been working in the trenches, all  
the livelong day,  
We've been working in the trenches,  
Just to pass the time away.  
Now we're sleeping on the feathers,  
fresh milk from the cow;  
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but  
we've got good billets now.



## SOLOMON LEVI

My name is Solomon Levi,  
At my store on Chatham Street,  
There's where you'll find your coats and  
vests  
And everything that's neat;  
I've second-handed ulsterettes,  
And everything that's fine,  
For all the boys they trade with me,  
At a Hundred and Forty-nine.

Chorus:  
O, Solomon Levi! Levi, tra, la, la, la,  
Poor Solomon Levi, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,  
la, la, la, la. (Repeat first verse.)

But when a bummer comes inside  
My store on Chatham Street,  
And tries to hang me up for coat  
And pants and vest complete,  
I kicks that bummer out of my store,  
And on him sets my pup,  
For I won't sell clothes to any man,  
Who tries to hang me up.

## SOUP SONG

1. Today is Monday, Today is  
Monday,  
Monday bread and butter,  
Everybody happy?  
Well I should smile.
2. Today is Tuesday, Today is  
Tuesday,  
Tuesday string beans, Monday bread  
and butter,  
Everybody happy?  
Well I should smile.
3. Wednesday SOUP,
4. Thursday roastbeef,
5. Friday fish,
6. Saturday pay day,
7. Sunday Church,

## I DON'T WANT TO MARCH WITH THE INFANTRY

(Tune "The Old Gray Mare")  
I don't want to march with the  
Infantry,  
March with the Infantry, march with  
the Infantry;  
I don't want to march with the  
Infantry,  
I'm in the King's Navee.

I'm in the King's Navee  
I'm in the King's Navee;  
I don't want to march with the  
Infantry,  
I'm in the King's Navee.

I don't want to ride with the Cavalry,  
Ride with the Cavalry, ride with the  
Cavalry;  
I don't want to ride with the Cavalry,  
I'm in the King's Navee.

I don't want to shoot with the Battery,  
Shoot with the Battery, shoot with the  
Battery;  
I don't want to shoot with the Battery,  
I'm in the King's Navee.

I don't want to fly over Germany,  
Fly over Germany, fly over Germany;  
I don't want to fly over Germany,  
I'm in the King's Navee.

I don't want to march with the  
Infantry,  
Ride with the Cavalry, shoot with the  
Battery;  
I don't want to fly over Germany.  
I'm in the King's Navee.

50

# A Toast To Canada

Words by  
WILLIAM F. WIGGINS

Music by  
BERTHA LOUISE TAMBLYN

CHORUS

So, here's a toast, Ca - nad - ians, Here's to the land of the  
 West, Here's to the land we live in, The  
 land we love the best! Here's to our hills and val - leys,  
 Here's to our sun - ny skies, Here's to our wives and maid - ens, And the  
 light in their laugh - ing eyes! So light in their laugh - ing eyes!  
 light in their laugh - ing eyes!

*1. poco rall.* *2. poco rall.* *D.C.*  
*last time only*

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No. 2 MOBILE BATH UNIT C.A.

Blest be the tie  
Our hearts in Ch  
The fellowship of  
Is like to that abo

Before our Father's thi  
Or pour our ardent pr  
From fears, our hopes, o  
The comforts and our c

Se share our mutual woes,  
mutual burdens bear;  
often for each other flows  
sympathy tear. r. I

CANADIAN

