

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 valuab opyright lyrics in "C' Mon and Sing" book of songs.

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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.

—Henv

-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 bue our King, and Heaven bless
Carry Onl. a Leaf for ever!
Colonel Boog.

All Ver All Year Back Old Jand's far-famed land Back To Eritwen sweetly smile; if Thro' The Retaland evermore, ouse Lament, perald Isle!

Ver! Clexander Muir RULE, BRITANNIA!

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
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.

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 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 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 homeland!





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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 raned:____ God No use to fret or complain,iel: Dieu When you're on parade in the rain,-Keep facing the sun,— PPI home land! -You son-of-a-gun-You son-ot-a-gun—
AND TRADE YOUR FROWN FOR A Canada



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

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 victors.

with the garlands of vict'ry around her
When so proudly she bore her brave
crew,
With her flag proudly floating before

her.

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

The boast of the red, white and blue.

LA MARSEILLAISE

Soldiers of France, the morn is break-

ing, 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 vices and 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,
To the British Grenadiers.

None of those ancient heroes 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 lears,
Singing tow, row, row, row, row,
To the British Grenadiers.

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,
To the British Grenadiers.

A LITTLE BIT OF SHRAPNEL (Tune "A Little bit of Heaven"

(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.

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. hang your washing on.

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COLONEL BOGEY PARODY

Chorus I

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

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 moustache.

Listen—poor Adolf Hitler,
You'll feel much littler,
Before we are through.

MARCHING SONG

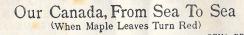
For Highland Regiments (Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.")

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

With our bonnets at a tilt
*And the waggle o' the kilt
We're the smartest laddies in the Scotch
Brigade.

Tune: Glory Hallelujah We are only on a route march
We are only on a route march
We are only on a route march
As we go swinging along.
(If wearing battle dress, substitute line
as follows:)
**Though we haven't got a kilt *Though we haven't got a kilt.





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

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 Highland lad should die,
Suppose, oh suppose that your Highland 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."

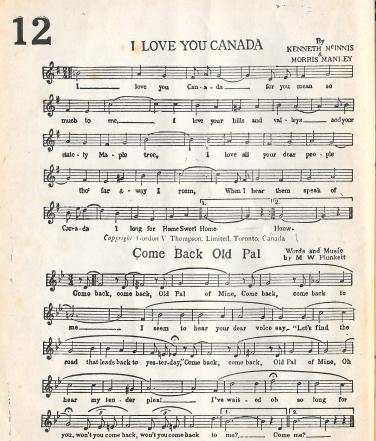
"We'll perch upon his bare backbone And pick his eyes out one by one."

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!"



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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 bulldog 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.") (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 When we meet again

SMILE AWHILE

(Tune: "Till We Meet Again.") (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.)

(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

John Brown's baby has a cold upon its

And he rubbed it with camphorated

For the second verse, repeat the first, it instead of saying "baby," swing 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.

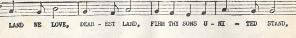
For the sixth verse, repeat the fifth, but instead of saying "camphorated," sniff as though smelling camphor.





Land We Love A Song Of Empire









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Three Cheers for the Lads of the Navy



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CANADIAN SPIRIT YM CA

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 b) I must see Annie tonight.
She's got two eyes that shine, 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 tonicht.

I must see Annie tonight. Copyright, Bregman, Vocco & Com. Inc. Used by permission.

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!

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.

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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!

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, 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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(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

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 straightway 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 Moscovite, 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 Copyright, G. V. T. Lid

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 The fish it never cackies 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 yourhorn, 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-agun, he passed the buck to me.

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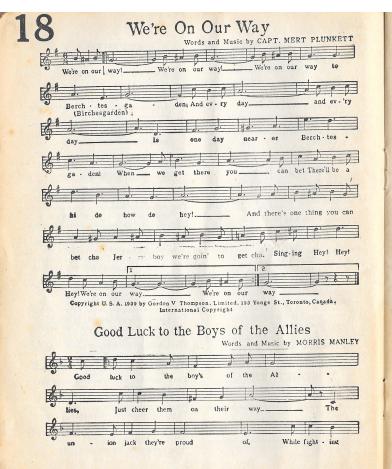
THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

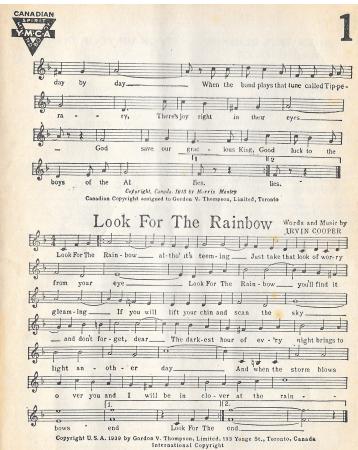
The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho! The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho! The Campbells are comin', to bonnie Loch-leven, The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!

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, all the while, all the while all the while all the while.

*Use name as occasion demands





(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.")

Kepudic.")
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

And smile, smile, smile.

RIG-A-JIG

As I was walking down the street, 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, Auga-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! 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 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

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, (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, Tuesday string beans, Monday bread and butter,
Everybody happy?
Well I should smile.

- 3. Wednesday SOUP,
- 4. Thursday roastbeef,
- 5. Friday fish,
- 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.

