

*Stephen Miller*  
1000

NEW SONG BY THE COMPOSER OF  
THE CALL OF THE MOTHERLAND.

SUNG BY

J. RAWSTHORNE SLACK	HARTWELL DeMILLE
DONALD C. MACGREGOR	H. RUTHVEN McDONALD
HOWARD RUSSELL	MARLEY R. SHERRIS
JAMES FIDDES	WILLIAM MOORE
AND OTHER LEADING VOCALISTS	

# Canada, Fall In!

PATRIOTIC RECRUITING SONG

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

**EDWARD W. MILLER**

60

The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association,  
LIMITED

144 VICTORIA STREET, TORONTO

# Canada, Fall In

Words and Music by Edward W. Miller

**Tempo Marziale**

VOICE

*Con brio*

PIANO

It  
The

is'-nt e-nough to read the dai-ly papers, It is'-nt e-nough to talk a-bout the  
friend who used to beat you playing tennis, The pal who pitch'd to vic-to-ry your

war, It is'-nt e-nough to say that Britain's go-ing to win the day, Or  
"nine," They both were glad to go and do their "bit" a-against the foe, They're

spout a-bout the cause we're fighting for It's something more than talk to-day that's  
both to-geth-er on the fir-ing line. And now the need for men is grow-ing

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need - ed,                      It's some-thing more than cheering for the flag;                      A -  
stern - er,                      And why should you be ab-sent from their side;                      They've

*rall. ad lib.*  
bove the bat-tle's din, Old Eng-land cries, "Fall in!" And Can - a - da must nev-er, nev-er  
gone to bear the brunt, Of fight-ing at the front, And Can - a - da is watching them with

*colla voce*

*poco rall.*  
lag;                      And ris - ing clear and high, Comes Can - a - da's re-ply                      We've  
pride,                      And sound-ing far and near, Their shout comes ringing clear

*poco rall.*

# CHORUS

*a tempo*  
laid down the ham - mer and picked up the gun                      Put down the saw                      for the

*a tempo*

sword, Bri-tons world o - ver are fight-ing the Hun,

See where their blood is out - poured; Close up the led - ger and

put down the pen Hark to the trumpet call! Britain is fight-

- ing for free-dom, men, And Britain needs us all.

### "By Order of the King"

Words by A. E. MacNUTT.

Music by M. F. KELLY.

By or - der of the King (God bless him), we'll fight and win or  
die. "The Em - pire and the King" (God bless him), is the  
na - tion's cry, Our coun - try's pride are fight - ing, "God  
bless them and vic - t'ry bring," For they are glad - ly dy - ing just to  
keep the old flag fly - ing, By or - der of the King.

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### We Are Coming, Mother England

Words and music by RAYMOND MOORE.

We are com - ing, Moth - er Eng - land, Aye a hun - dred thou - sand  
strong, our hearts a - flame and loy - al, Our lips a - thrill with song,  
We have heard the call of hon - or and in faith and love o - bey,  
For the Un - ion Jack (God bless it) must win and live for aye.

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### Canadian Jack

or  
The Honor of the Empire

Words and music by  
FRANK B. FENWICK.

Our Can - a - dian boys are proud - ly march - ing, With their  
fac - es to the foe, You will nev - er find our Jack With a  
bul - let in his back, He's a gem in the crown of Bri - ta - nia.

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### We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall

Words by ALBERT E. MacNUTT.

Music by M. F. KELLY.

We'll nev - er 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'll fight, fight, fight. In peace or war you'll  
hear us sing, God save the flag, God save the King, At the ends of the  
world, the flag's un - furl'd, We'll nev - er let the old flag fall.

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### The Call of the Motherland

Words and Music by EDWARD W. MILLER.

When war's alarms, and the call to arms, Comes across from the Mother-land. At the  
call, as one, each Can - a - dian son, Is read - y to take his stand, From  
East and West, we will give our best, And the pray'rs of our peo - ple bring; And  
side by side with the Em - pire's pride, We will fight for our Flag and King.

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### A Song of the Empire

Words and music by FREDERICK SIMS.

*mf* Hark! o'er our march - es world-wide flung, The call to arms re-  
*cresc.*  
*f* sound - ing! Bri - tan - nia's might no more a - lone Shall stand to guard her  
*cresc.*  
*ff* Is - land Throne, For lo! Her Li - on Whelps are grown, And to her aid are bounding!

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