

Regimental Songs

Canadian Expeditionary Force
1914 - 1915

With supplement containing a collection
of Hymns for use at
DIVINE SERVICE

Regimental Songs

Canadian Expeditionary Force

1914-1915



Donated by William Southam, Esq.
of Hamilton, Ont.

LORD KITCHENER'S ADVICE

The True Character of a British Soldier

The following instructions have been issued by Lord Kitchener to every soldier in the Expeditionary Army, to be kept in his Active Service Pay Book:—

You are ordered abroad as a soldier of the King to help our French comrades against the invasion of a common enemy. You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, your patience. Remember that the honour of the British Army depends on your individual conduct.

It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle. The operations in which you are engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do your own country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of a British Soldier.

Be invariably courteous, considerate, and kind. Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act. You are sure to meet with a welcome and to be trusted; your conduct must justify that welcome and that trust.

Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So keep constantly on your guard against any excesses. In this new experience you may find temptations both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and, while treating all women with perfect courtesy, you should avoid any intimacy.

Do your duty bravely,
Fear God,
Honour the King.

KITCHENER,
Field-Marshal.

"London Times"

Regimental Songs



1—"ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND"

Come on and hear, come on and hear
Alexander's Ragtime Band.
Come on and hear, come on and hear
It's the best band in the land.
They can play a bugle call like you never heard before.

2—ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai la tête
Je te plumerai la tête
Et la tête, et la tête, O—
Alouette, gentille Alouette
Alouette, je te plumerai.

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec
Et le bec, et le bec, etc. Chorus.

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai
Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le nez
Et le nez, et le nez, etc. Chorus.

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai le dos,
Et le dos, et le dos, etc. Chorus.

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette je te plumerai
Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plumerai les pattes,
Et les pattes, et les pattes, etc. Chorus.

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai
Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai le cou,
Et le cou, et le cou, etc. Chorus.

3—ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
And it's there that Annie Laurie,
Gie'd me her promise true,
Gie'd me her promise true
Which ne'er forgot will be
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest,
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie—
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.

4—ANY LITTLE GIRL THAT'S A NICE LITTLE GIRL IS THE RIGHT LITTLE GIRL FOR ME

Any little girl, that's a nice little girl, is the right little girl for me,
She don't have to look like a girl in a book, if a good cook she should be;
She don't have to wear rats in her hair, or a straight front X. Y. Z.,
Any little girl, that's a nice little girl, is the right little girl for me.

5—ARE YOU COMING OUT TO-NIGHT, MARY ANN?

Are you coming out to-night, Mary Ann?
Arrah, don't say that you can't, for you can;
There's a gossoon wants to spoon underneath the harvest moon,
Sure, it's me, can't you see? Mike McGee, it's me!
There's a tale I want to tell, Mary Ann.
Oh, 'tis you that knows it well, Mary Ann;
There's a kiss goes with it, too, Mary Ann, what's keeping you?
Are you coming out to-night, Mary Ann?

6—AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For the days of auld lang syne.

7—A WEE DEOCH-AN'-DORIS

Just a wee deoch-an'-doris,
A wee drap, that's a',
A wee deoch-an'-doris
Before we gang awa',
There's a wee wife waiting,
In a wee but-an'-ben,
I ye can say: "It's a braw, bricht, moonlicht nicht,
Ye're a'richt, ye ken.

8—"BILLY"

For when I walk I always walk with Billy,
'Cause Billy knows just where to walk.
And when I talk I always talk with Billy,
'Cause Billy knows just how to talk.
And when I dine I always dine with Billy,
He takes me where I get my fill.
And when I sleep, and when I sleep,
I always dream of Bill.

9—BILLY MAGEE MAGAR

There were three crows sat on a tree, O Billy Magee Magar,
There were three crows sat on a tree, O Billy Magee Magar,
There were three crows sat on a tree, and they were black as
black could be,
And they all flapped their wings and cried, Caw, caw, caw,
Billy Magee Magar,
And they all flapped their wings and cried Billy Magee Magar.

10—BLUEBELL

Good-bye my Bluebell, farewell to you,
I will be thinking of your eyes so blue,
Mid campfires gleaming,
Mid shot and shell,
I will be dreaming of my own Bluebell.

11—BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble, till he comes safely home.

O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?
O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?
He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid Spey,
And many a blessing followed him, the day he went away.

O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast, that yet shall wear a star.

12—BRITISH GRENADIERS

Some talk of Alexander
And some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander
And such great names as these.
But of the world's brave heroes
There's none that can compare
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
To the British Grenadiers.

When e'er we are commanded,
To storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses
And we with hand grenades,
We throw them from the glacia,
About the enemy's ears
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row,
The British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper,
And drink a health to those,
Who carry caps and pouches,
And wear the loup-ed clothes,
May they and their commanders,
Live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
For the British Grenadiers.

13—BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

By the light of the silvery moon,
I want to spoon, to my honey I'll croon love's tune,
Honey-moon, keep a-shining in June,
Your silvery beams will bring love dreams,
We'll be cuddling soon, by the silvery moon.

14—CANADIAN BOAT SONG

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn:
Row brothers row the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar;
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

15—CANADIAN WAR HYMN

Other Nations may say that if pressed we may fall
Let the writings of Campbell and Withrow recall
How our Gallant For-bears fought and bled
When the British and French hand to hand, side by side,
In brotherhood made that great stand
Against the invaders who vainly had tried
To suppress them, their rights and their land
How those brave white-haired veterans rose to the call
With their sons and grandsons in a string
To uphold their war Hymn
One God for us all
One Country, One Flag and one King
To uphold their War-Hymn
One God for us all
One Country, One Flag, one King.

Now then who dare disclaim us the prowess, the might
We inherit from them as their sons
Yea, by their honored names we will fight for the right
And like them we'll stand fast by our guns
Like them shoulder to shoulder through forest and flood
We'll press to the posts of attack
Though valley and hill may be red with our blood
And like them we will never turn back
We will shout the old War-Hymn as foes round us fall
Aye, we'll shout it until the hills ring
With the blood stir ringing song,
Chorus.

16—CASEY JONES

Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin,
Casey Jones, with his orders in his hand,
Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin,
And he took his farewell trip to that promised land.

17—CHINATOWN

Chinatown, my Chinatown, where the lights are low,
Hearts that know no other land, drifting to and fro,
Dreamy, dreamy, Chinatown, almond eyes of brown,
Hearts seem light and life seems bright,
In dreamy Chinatown.

18—OH, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreffful sorry, Clementine.

19—COCKLES AND MUSSELS

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through streets broad and
narrow,
Crying "Cockles and mussels a-live, a-live O!
A-live, a-live O! A-live, a-live O."
Crying, "Cockles and mussels a-live, a-live O."

20—DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK

There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle
'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it,
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It shines thro' the bog, through the brake and the mire-land,
And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland.
The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin;
Whose smiles can bewitch and whose eyes can command,
In each climate they ever appear in.
For they shine thro' the bog, through the brake and the mire-land,
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.
The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

21—DRINK TO ME ONLY

Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup, and I'll not ask for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of love's nectar sip, I would not change for thine.

22—EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

Everybody's doing it, doing it, doing it,
Everybody's doing it, doing it, doing it,
See that ragtime couple over there,
Watch them throw their shoulders in the air,
Snap their fingers—Honey, I declare,
It's a bear, it's a bear, it's a bear! There!
Everybody's doing it, doing it, doing it,
Everybody's doing it, doing it, doing it,
Ain't that music touching your heart?
See that trombone busting apart!
Come, come, come, come let us start—
Everybody's doing it now.

23—EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER

Everybody works but father,
He sits around all day,
Feet in front of the fire,
Smoking his pipe of clay.
Mother takes in washing,
So does sister Ann,
Everybody works in our house,
But my old man.

24—EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT

Every little movement has a meaning all its own,
Every thought and feeling by some posture can be shown,
And every love thought that comes a-stealing,
O'er your being, will be revealing,
All its sweetness, in some appealing
Little gesture, all, all its own.

25—EVERY LITTLE BIT ADDED TO WHAT YOU'VE GOT MAKES JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE

Every little bit added to what you've got,
Makes just a little bit more,
That's a rule I learnt at school,
That two and two make four,
So save up your pennies and collect all your rocks,
And you'll always have tobacco in your old tobacco box,
For every little bit added to what you've got,
Makes just a little bit more.

26—GOD SAVE OUR 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!

27—GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES

Good-night, ladies! Good-night, ladies!
Good-night, ladies, we're going to leave you now,
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

28—GOOD-NIGHT, NURSE

Good-night, nurse, tell the doctor I'm no better,
Good-night, nurse, write my folks a nice long letter,
Say I need a rest and you fear I had better stay here a year,
Feel my pulse, hold my hand a little longer,
How's my heart? Don't you think it's getting stronger?
Call me in the morning or I'll get worse,
Kiss your little patient. Good-night, nurse.

29—HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty,
Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Chorus.—Repeat last two lines.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Here's to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast, etc.

30—I'M ON MY WAY TO MANDALAY

I'm on my way to Mandalay,
Beneath the sheltering palms I want to stray,
Oh let me live and love for aye,
On that Island far away,
I'm sentimental for my Oriental love, so sweet and gentle,
That's why I'm on my way to Mandalay,
I've come to say "Good-bye."

31—I'M AFRAID TO GO HOME IN THE DARK

Baby dear, listen here
I'm afraid to go home in the dark.
Every day the papers say
There's robbery in the park.
So I sat alone in the Y. M. C. A.
Singing just like a lark—
There's no place like home
But I couldn't come home in the dark.

32—I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING, BUT I'M ON MY WAY

Oh, I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way,
I don't care what becomes of me, but I have this much to say,
That my last adieu is this to you,
So I leave you here to paddle in your own canoe,
Oh, well, I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way.

33—IF YOU TALK IN YOUR SLEEP, DON'T MENTION MY NAME

I can see that you are married, and you know I'm married too,
And nobody knows that you know me,
And nobody knows that I know you, and if you care to
We'll have luncheon every day here just the same,
But sweetheart, if you talk in your sleep
Don't mention my name.

34—I'VE GOT RINGS ON MY FINGERS

For I've got rings on my fingers, bells on my toes
Elephants to ride upon, my little Irish Rose,
So come to your nabob, next Patrick's Day,
And be Mrs. Rumbo Jumbo Jib-a-boo Shay.

35—I LOVE A LASSIE

I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
She's as pure as the lily in the dell,
She's as sweet as the heather,
The bonnie, bloomin' heather,
Mary, ma Scotch bluebell.

36—I LOVE HER OH, OH, OH

I love her Oh, Oh, Oh, and could I live without her,
No, No, No,
There's something nice about her you ought to see, you ought to
see,
Every move she makes is like a picture to me,
I love her, Oh, Oh, Oh,
And could I love another No, No, No,
I'd leave my home and mother, I want to fly,
Don't ask me why,
I love her, Oh, Oh, Oh.

37—IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
Strolling down the shady lane with your baby mine,
You hold her hand and she holds yours,
And that's a very good sign,
That she's your tootsie-wootsie
In the good old summer time.

38—IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD ARMOURY

(Tune—In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree)

In the shade of the old armoury,
I can picture my old company,
How we'd gather 'round,
Pile our arms on the ground,
And tell stories both jolly and free.
Oh, you should have been there with me,
The sights that I mention to see,
For most every night,
We would sing, dance or fight,
In the shade of the old armoury.

39—IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know,
Good-bye Piccadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

40—I WANT TO BE IN DIXIE

I want to be, I want to be,
I want to be down home in Dixie,
Where the hens are dog-gone glad to lay
Scrambled eggs in the new mown hay.
You ought to see, you ought to see,
You ought to see my home in Dixie,
You can tell the world I'm going to
D-I-X—I don't know how to spell it,
But I'm goin', you bet I'm goin'
To my home in Dixie land.

41—KILLARNEY

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Em'rald Isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere,
Foot-prints leaves on many strands,
But her home is surely there.

Chorus

Angels fold their wings and rest,
In that Eden of the West
Beauty's home Killarney—
Ever fair Killarney.

No place else can charm the eye,
With such bright and varied tints,
Every rock that you pass by,
Verdure broiders or besprints,
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Every morn spring's natal day,
Bright hued berries doff the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away.

Chorus.

42—LA MARSEILLAISE

Allons, enfants de la patrie
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé,
L'étendard sanglant est levé.
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats,
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras
Egorger nos fils nos compagnes.
Aux armes, citoyens
Formez vos bataillons
Marchez, marchez
Qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons.

43—LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

Land of hope and glory, mother of the free,
How shall we extol thee, who was born of thee,
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set,
God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

44—LITTLE BROWN JUG

My wife and I lived all alone
In a little log hut we called our own,
She loved gin and I lov'd rum,
I tell you what we'd lots of fun.

Chorus.

Ha ha ha, you and me, little brown jug don't I love thee,
Ha ha ha, you and me, little brown jug don't I love thee.

'Tis you that makes my friends my foes,
'Tis you who makes me wear old clothes,
Here you are so near my nose,
So tip her up, and down she goes.

Chorus.

45—LITTLE GRAY HOME OF THE WEST

When the golden sun sinks in the hills,
And the toil of the long day is o'er,
Tho' the road may be long in the lilt of a song,
I forget I was weary before.
Far ahead where the blue shadows fall,
I shall come to contentment and rest,
And the toils of a day will be all charmed away,
In my little gray home of the west.

There are hands that will welcome me in,
There are lips I am burning to kiss,
There are two eyes that shine just because they are mine,
And a thousand things other than this.
It's a corner of heaven itself,
Tho' it's only a tumble down nest,
But with love brooding there, why no place can compare,
With my little gray home in the West.

46—LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows come and go,
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old sweet song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

47—LOCH LOMOND

Oh! ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But me an' my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

48—MARCHING IN KHAKI

(Air Marching through Georgia)

Hear the British bugles ring again their old-time song,
Hear the answering cheer that sweeps the thin brown line along,
And the mighty chorus voiced from throats a million strong,
As we come marching in khaki.

Chorus

Hurrah! "the day," the year of Jubilee,
Hurrah! "the day" that sees the world set free,
Hear the challenge ringing from the trenches to the sea,
As we come marching in khaki.

How the haughty Prussian laughed to hear the cheering sound,
Of glasses clinking to "the day" each ringing board around—
But his "day" is coming swift along the trembling ground,
As we come marching in khaki.

Chorus.

French's "puny army" cannot bar us from the coast,
In his pride the foe has said and made his scornful boast,
But he has forgotten quite to reckon with a host,
As we come marching in khaki.

Chorus.

49—MR. DOOLEY

Kitchener had an army of a hundred thousand men,
He marched them up the hill, but they all came down again.
When they were up why they were up, on that I'll bet a crown,
But tho' Kitchener marched them up, who was it marched them
down?

'Twas Mr. Dooley, 'twas Mr. Dooley,
The greatest man the country ever knew,
Quite diplomatic and democratic,
'Twas Mr. Dooley-ooly-ooly-oo.

50—MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

My bonnie lies over the ocean,
My bonnie lies over the sea,
My bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh bring back my bonnie to me.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back, bring back my bonnie to me, to me,
Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my bonnie to me.

O blow ye winds o'er the ocean,
O blow ye winds o'er the sea,
O blow ye winds o'er the ocean,
And bring back my bonnie to me.

Chorus.

51—MY SUMURUN GIRL

Sumurun, Sumurun, you're my lovey, dovey hon;
You're all my dreams made in one, Sumurun, Sumurun.
When my face with loving lights,
You'll think of those Arabian nights,
My Sumurun, Sumurun,
Say that you'll hear my pleading croon,
I'll dress like the signs upon the Mogul cigarette,
I will show you loving that you never will forget,
If you'll come along, my Sumurun Girl.

52—MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows;
You may search everywhere,
But none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose.
My wild Irish Rose,
The dearest flower that blows;
And some day, for my sake,
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

53—MY WIFE'S GONE TO THE COUNTRY

My wife's gone to the country, hurrah, hurrah,
She thought it best, I need a rest, that's why she went away,
She took the children with her, hurrah, hurrah,
I don't care what becomes of me, my wife's gone away.

54—NANCY LEE

Of all the wives as e'er you know,
Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!
There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow.
Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!
See! there she stands and waves her hand upon the quay,
And every day when I'm away she'll watch for me,
And whisper low when tempests blow for Jack at Sea:
Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho!

Chorus

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
Yeo ho! we go across the sea.
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
The sailor's wife his star shall be.

55—O CANADA

O Canada! Our home and native land,
True patriot-love in all thy sons command,
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true North, strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
Stand aye on guard for thee.
O Canada! O Canada!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee,
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

56—THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.
The wide-spreading pond, the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

Chorus

The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well.

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure:
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And drooping with coolness it rose from the well.

Chorus

57—OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from this earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling Old Black Joe.

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low,
I hear their gentle voices calling Old Black Joe.

Why do I weep when my heart should feel,
Why do I sigh when my friends come not again,
Grieved for the friends now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling Old Black Joe.

Chorus

58—OLD GRIMES

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man, we ne'er shall see him
more,
He used to wear a long black coat, all buttoned down before,
Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes,
old Grimes, old Grimes,
Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes,
old Grimes, old Grimes.

59—OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n by hard times comes a-knockin' at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

Chorus

Weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more to-day,
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

60—OH, MY DOLORES

Oh, my Dolores, queen of the Eastern Sea,
Fair one of Eden, look to the west for me,
My star will be shining, love, when you're in the moonlight calm,
So be waiting for me by the Eastern Sea, in the shade of the
sheltering palm.

61—ON THE MISSISSIPPI

On the Mississippi,
On the Mississippi,
Where those boats go puffin' along,
On the Mississippi,
Darkies all go dippy,
When they hear a little bit of ragtime melody,
It seems I hear them singing,
See them buck and winging,
To the banjos ringing,
Oh, my heart is clinging,
To the Mississippi,
Dear old Mississippi,
That's where I was born.

62—OUR BOYS IN BROWN

Do you hear the bugle calling you
To the Flag and Tunic brown
It's the call to all of our brave and true
For the foe must be put down
Don't you feel its sort of up to you
There's a service to be done
Kiss the Girl good-bye, say you'll do or die
It's your duty every one.

Chorus

See the Soldier boys are marching
In their Khaki suits they're marching
And when you've said good-bye they sail away
Sail away brave and gay.
When the German guns are booming
They'll remember everyone
That they've British pluck inside them
And they've left a girl behind 'em
So they'll fight for Britain's glory
Will those Boys in Brown.

When Old Britain calls upon her sons
To fight 'midst shot and shell,
With New Zealand's guns we will give our funds
And Canadian Corps as well
Every Citizen will do his share
From the Nurse to Missioner
For we're not afraid, with our Navy's aid
And a man called Kitchener.

Chorus

See the Soldier Boys are Marching, etc.

63—OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

Oh, you beautiful doll, you great big beautiful doll!
Let me put my arms about you, I could never live without you;
Oh, you beautiful doll, you great big beautiful doll!
If you ever leave me how my heart will ache,
I want to hug you but I fear you'd break,
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, you beautiful doll!

64—PRIVATE TOMMY ATKINS

Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you're a good 'un, heart and hand,
You're a credit to your calling and to all your native land,
May your luck be never failing, may your love be ever true,
God bless you, Tommy Atkins, here's your country's love to you.

65—PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME HONEY

Put your arms around me honey, hold me tight,
Huddle up and cuddle up with all your might,
Oh, babe, won't you roll them eyes, eyes that I just idolize,
When they look at me my heart begins to float,
Then it starts a-rockin' like a motor boat,
Oh, Oh, I never knew any girl like you.

66—ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'

Roamin' in the gloamin',
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde,
Roamin' in the gloamin',
Wae my lassie by my side;
When the sun has gone to rest
That's the time that we love best,
O, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'.

67—ROW, ROW, ROW

And then he'd row, row, row,
'Way up the river;
He would row, row, row,
A hug he'd give her;
Then he'd kiss her now and then,
She would tell him when,
He'd fool around and fool around,
And then they'd kiss again;
And then he'd row, row, row,
A little further he would row,
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh,
Then he'd drop both his oars,
Take a few more encores,
And then he'd ROW, ROW, ROW.

68—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,
Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never shall be slaves.

69—SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Of all the girls that are so sweet,
There's none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land,
That's half so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt,
The Saturday and Monday—
For then I'm dressed all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

70—SCOTS WHA HAE

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory;
Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery.

71—SHE'S MA DAISY

She is ma daisy, ma bonnie daisy,
She's as sweet as sugar candy and she's very fond of Sandy,
And I weary, for ma dearie,
I would rather lose ma whip than lose ma daisy.

72—SILVER THREADS

Darling, I am growing, old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow to-day,
Life is fading fast away.

73—SISTER SUSIE'S SEWING SHIRTS FOR SOLDIERS

Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers,
Such skill at sewing shirts our shy young sister Susie shows
Some soldiers send epistles, say they'd sooner sleep in thistles
Than the saucy, soft, short shirts for soldiers sister Susie sews.

74—SIT DOWN! YOU'RE ROCKING THE BOAT

Sit down, sit down, sit down you're rocking the boat,
That's what she said each time he tried to kiss her;
This is no Pullman car, just anchor where you are,
Sailors have been known to carry many things too far,
Sit down, sit down, sit down you're rocking the boat,
Remember that I just came out to float,
It's not the first time I've been out,
My mother taught me how to shout,
Sit down, sit down, sit down you're rocking the boat.

75—SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN

It's the soldiers of the Queen, my lads, who've been, my lads,
who've seen, my lads,
In the fight for England's glory, lads, when we have to show
them what we mean,
And when we say we've always won, and when they ask us how
it's done,
We'll proudly point to every one of Britain's Soldiers of the
Queen.

76—STEIN SONG

Give a rouse, then, in the May time
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into day-time
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
And a good song ringing clear.

Chorus

For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
And a good song ringing clear.

Oh, we're all frank and twenty
When the spring is in the air;
And we've faith and hope aplenty,
And we've life and love to spare;
And it's birds of a feather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
And a heart without a care.

Chorus—Repeat last four lines.

For we know the world is glorious,
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When His children have their fling;
And life slips its tether
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
In the fellowship of spring.

Chorus—Repeat last four lines.

77—STOP YER TICKLING, JOCK

Will you stop yer tickling, Jock!
Oh, stop yer tickling, Jock,
Dinna mak' me laugh so hearty, or you'll mak' me choke;
Oh! I wish you'd stop yer nonsense, just look at all the folk,
Will you stop yer tickling—tickle, ickke, icking,
Stop yer tickling, Jock.

78—SWANEE RIVER

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha' my heart am turning ebber,
Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

Chorus

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'ry where I roam,
Oh darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

79—SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the Western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the Western sea.
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to me soon,
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the West,
Under the silver moon,
Sleep my little one sleep, my pretty one sleep.

80—TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground, give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home, and friends we love so dear.
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right, to see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night, tenting on the old camp ground.

81—THAT OLD GIRL OF MINE

In your eyes the light of love was softly beaming,
My dearie, so sweet and cheery,
In your hair a share of gold was gleaming
Like moonbeams that shine.
Lou, Lou, I still love you for the sake of auld lang syne,
And I call you, when I fall to sleep a-dreaming,
That Old Girl of Mine.

82—THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT

Oh father kept the Eddystone Light,
And he married a mer-my-aid one night,
Out of the match came offspring three,
Two were fish and t'other was me.

Chorus

Sing yo, heave ho, and yo heave he;
For there's nothing like life on the rolling sea.

One night as I was a'trimmin' the glim,
And whistling a bar of the evenin' hymn,
A voice from the starboard shouted Ahoy!
And there was mother a'sittin' on a buoy.
Meanin' a buoy that's for ships what sail,
And not a buoy that's a juvenile male.

Chorus

83—THE GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND

And the green grass grew all around, all around, all around,
And each little bird in the tree top high said, "Oh, you kid,"
and winked his eye,
And the green grass grew all around, all around, on the ground,
"With all your gold, my turtle dove," said he, "How can you
doubt my love?"

84—THE HIGH COST OF LOVING

The high cost of loving, the high cost of loving,
It's driving me mad, yes, driving me mad,
The high cost of living is only a joke,
The high cost of loving is keeping me broke.
You borrow from mother, from sister and brother,
You try to keep up with the style,
Every bricklayer's daughter drinks wine just like water,
I'll have to stop loving a while.

85—THE LAND OF THE MAPLE

The land of the maple is the land for me,
The home of the stalwart, the brave and the free,
The Rose and the Thistle, the Shamrock and Lis,
All bloom in one garden 'neath the maple tree.

86—THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

The man behind the gun—boom, boom, boom, boom!
His duty's nobly done—boom, boom, boom, boom!
Though humble be his grade,
May his glory never fade,
The man behind the gun—boom, boom.

87—THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

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 forever.
The Maple Leaf our emblem dear, the Maple Leaf forever,
God save our King and Heaven bless the Maple Leaf forever.

88—THE WEDDIN' O' SANDY MACNAB

And the weddin' bells were ringin', all the boys were singin',
"Here's tae you, and yours, and me an' mine," ta-ra-ra,
Then we had a drappie, just tae mak' us happy,
For the days o' auld lang syne.

89—THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

Chorus

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.

Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you;
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

90—THIS IS THE LIFE

I love the cows and chickens, but this is the life,
This is the life,
I love to raise the dickens, while I'm cabaretting, where the band is
playing,
I love the home-made cider, but I'd rather have wine,
No more picking berries, me for cocktail cherries,
This is the life, this is the life,
This is the life for mine.

91—TIP-TOP TIPPERARY MARY

Tip-top Tipperary Mary,
I love you true,
Tip-top Tipperary Mary
My love's true as your eyes of blue.
I dream of your endearing young charms,
Every night thru',
Tho' I'm far away from Tipperary, Mary,
My heart's with you.

92—TOMMY

Oh! Tommy, you are my soldier boy; Oh! Tommy, it fills my
heart with joy,
As down the avenue you come, to the rub-a-dub-dub upon the
drum,

Right turn, forward, Company G;
Oh! Tommy, you are the only one; Oh! Tommy, we know
you'll never run,
You're always staunch and true, and we love you, yes, we do,
Oh! Tommy, you're the boy for me.

93—VETERAN'S SONG

"Long live the King!"—don't you hear 'em singing,
Don't you hear 'em shouting as the troops go by.
"Long live the King!" that's the song they sing,
"God bless the King!" is the nation's loving cry.

94—VIVE LA COMPAGNIE

Bring hither a beaker and fill it with wine,
Vive la compagnie!
And pledge our regiment ninety times nine,
Vive la compagnie!
Vive le, vive le, vive le roi,
Vive le, vive le, vive le roi,
Vive le roi, vive la reine,
Vive la compagnie!

95—WAITING AT THE CHURCH

There was I waiting at the church, waiting at the church,
When I found he'd left me in the lurch,
Lord, how it did upset me.
Then at last he sent me round a note,
Here's the very note, this is what he wrote,
I can't get away to marry you to-day,
My wife won't let me,

96—WAITING FOR THE ROBERT E. LEE

Watch them shufflin' along,
See them shufflin' along,
Go take your best gal, real pal,
Go down to the levee,
I said to the levee—and join that shufflin' throng,
Hear that music and song,
It's simply great, mate,
Waitin' on the levee,
Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee.

97—WAL, I SWAN !

Wal, I swan! I mus' be gettin' on!
Gitdap, Napoleon! it looks like rain.
Wal, I'll be switched! the hay ain't pitched,
Come in when you're over to the farm again.

98—WE PARTED ON THE SHORE

So we parted on the shore, yes, we parted on the shore,
I said, "Good-bye, love, I'm off to Baltimore,"
Then I kissed her on the ship, and the crew began to roar,
Heeley ho, Heeley ho, and we parted on the shore.

99—WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH FATHER?

What's the matter with father? He's all right,
What's the matter if father's hair is white.
I'm very fond of the other sex,
But dad's the fellow who signs the cheques,
What's the matter with father? He's all right.

100—WHEN I GET YOU ALONE TO-NIGHT

When I get you alone to-night,
When I get you alone to-night,
You know we'll sit by the window,
Pull down the shade,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, don't be afraid.
There'll be no one around to hear,
There'll be no one around to fear,
We'll be loving, billing, cooing,
Just like ev'rybody's doing,
When I get you alone to-night.

101—WHO'S THE BEST MAN IN THIS TOWN?

Who's the best man in this town?

Who's the best man in this town?

We're some soldier boys ourselves,
We're some soldiers, we're some soldiers,
But the best man in this town is

102—WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip,
And I wore a big red rose,
When you caressed me 'twas then Heaven blessed me,
What a blessing no one knows.
You made life cheerie, when you called me dearie,
'Twas down where the blue grass grows,
Your lips were sweeter than juiлип,
When you wore that tulip and I wore a big red rose.

103—YIP-I-ADDY-I-AI

Yip! I-addy-I-ai, I-ai!
Yip! I-addy-I-ai!
I don't care what becomes of me,
When you play me that sweet melody.
Yip! I-addy-I-ai, I-ai!
My heart wants to shout out Hooray (Hooray)
Sing of joy, sing of bliss,
Home was never like this,
Yip! I-addy-I-ai!

104—YOU'RE HERE AND I'M HERE

You're here and I'm here,
So what do we care,
The time and place do not count,
It's the one who is there,
Now all I ask is room for two,
And to be there with only you,
It would be heaven,
When two hearts are true hearts,
Like yours and mine,
The skies are fair every where and the sun seems to shine,
And now the wide world, seems a little cozy corner,
For you and me.

105—YOU'RE A GREAT BIG BLUE-EYED BABY

For you're a great big blue-eyed baby, you're the sweetest thing
I know,
And, dearie, oh, oh, oh, oh, I just like to bet che, if you linger
long I'll get che,
You're a great big blue-eyed baby, I want to pet you like a child
of three,
But there is one thing I want understood, when you're around
me I just can't be good,
I want to hug and kiss you like your mamma would, her great
big blue-eyed baby.

106—YOU'RE MY BABY

You're my baby, you're a wonderful child,
I like to have you 'round to make a fuss over me,
I like to bounce you up and down upon my knee,
For you're my baby, you certainly were made for me,
If you should go away, I'd get right down and pray,
That you'd come back to me, because I love you so, for you're
my baby.

107—YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NEED YOU

We watched you playing baseball
And every kind of game,
At football, golf and polo
You men have made your name;
But now your country needs you
To play your part in war,
And no matter what befalls you
We shall love you all the more;
So come and join the forces
As your fathers did before.

Chorus

For we don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go,
For your King and your country both need you so;
We shall want you and miss you, but with all our might and main,
We shall cheer you, thank you, kiss you,
When you come back again.

For the Vics will do their duty
As soldiers good and true,
A credit to our country
We all are proud of you;
And when you go across the sea
To share in the campaign,
We'll give you such a welcome home,
When you come back again;
We'll give you such a welcome home,
When you come back again.

Chorus.

108—IT IS THE NAVY

It is the Navy, the British Navy, that keeps our foes at bay,
Our old song: Britannia Rules the Waves, we still can sing
to-day,
We've got a Navy, a fighting Navy, our neighbours know that's
true.
And it keeps them in their place for, they know they'd have to
face, the Lively Little Lads in Navy Blue.



A Selection of Hymns

for Use at

Divine Service

A PRAYER BY LORD ROBERTS

A copy of the following prayer, composed by the late Lord Roberts, was presented by him to the soldiers serving under him during the South African War:—

Almighty Father, I have often sinned against Thee. Oh, wash me in the precious blood of the Lamb of God. Fill me with Thy Holy Spirit that I may lead a new life. Spare me to see again those whom I love at home, or fit me for Thy presence in peace. Strengthen us to fit ourselves like men in our right and just cause. Keep us faithful unto death, calm in danger, patient in suffering, merciful as well as brave: true to our Queen, our Country and Colours. If it be Thy will, enable us to win victory: but, above all, grant us a better victory over temptation and sin, over life and death, that we may be more than conquerors, through Him who loved us and laid down His life for us, Jesus our Saviour, the Captain of the Army of God. Amen.

Hymns

2—ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me?

3—ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4—ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell.
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood;
And shall from age to age endure.

5—ART THOU WEARY?

Art thou weary? art thou languid?
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One; "and coming,
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are woundprints,
And His side."

Is there diadem as Monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs,
Answer—Yes!"

6—BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share out mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

7—COME YE DISCONSOLATE

Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate! light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure:
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

Here see the Bread of Life! see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

8—ETERNAL FATHER STRONG TO SAVE

Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Holy Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them whereso'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee;
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

9—FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace:
Lift up thine eyes and seek His face.
Life with its path before us lies,
Christ is the way and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside lean on Thy Guide:
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

10—HARK, HARK! MY SOUL

Hark, hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

11—HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

12—I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

I need Thee every hour, most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine can peace afford.
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee; every hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour, stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power when Thou art nigh.

I need Thee every hour, in joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide, or life is vain.

I need Thee every hour; teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises in me fulfil.

I need Thee every hour, most Holy One:
Oh, make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son.

13—JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest,
I know not, Oh, I know not
What holy joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr-throng.
There is the throne of David;
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph
The song of them that feast.

And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
O land that see'st no sorrow!
O state that fear'st no strife;
O royal land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!

O sweet and blessed country!
The home of God's elect:
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest!

14—JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me pure within:
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

15—NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

Nearer, my God, to Thee! nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, to Thee!

Though, like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear steps unto heav'n:
All that Thou sendest me in mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise:
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee!

16—LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

Lead kindly Light amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see,
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have lived long since, and lost awhile.

17—OH COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

Oh come, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord!
Lo! in a manger
Lies the King of angels;
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Raise, raise, choirs of angels,
Songs of loudest triumph;

Through heaven's high arches be your praises poured:
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest;

Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation;

O Jesus! for ever be Thy name adored;
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing;

Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

18—O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

19—O GOD, THE STRENGTH

O God, the strength of those who war,
The hope of those who wait:
Be with our sons gone forth to fight,
And those who keep the gate.

We draw the sword to keep our troth,
Free from dishonour's stain,
Make strong our hands to shield the weak,
And their just cause maintain.

Give to our Host in battle's hour
Firm hearts and courage high;
Thy comfort give to those who fall:
Thy peace to those who die.

Thy ways are wonderful, O God
Who makest wars to cease,
O let this be the final war
That ushers in Thy peace. Amen.

20—ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Onward, Christian soldiers:
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus,
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
See His banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

At the name of Jesus
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise:
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!

Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we—
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane;
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise—
And that cannot fail.

21—RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget:

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Ninevah and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or better breeds without the law.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people Lord. Amen.

22—ROCK OF AGES

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling!
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment-throne
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

23—SUN OF MY SOUL

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

24—STAND UP FOR JESUS

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone:
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

25—THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train.

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid—
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

26—THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green; He leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 Ev'n for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear none ill;
 For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
 In presence of my foes;
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me;
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.



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