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I put a lot of time into producing these files which is why you are met with this page when you open the file.

In order to generate this file, I need to scan the pages, split the double pages and remove any edge marks such as punch holes, clean up the pages, set the relevant pages to be all the same size and alignment. I then run Omnipage (OCR) to generate the searchable text and then generate the pdf file.

Hopefully after all that, I end up with a presentable file. If you find missing pages, pages in the wrong order, anything else wrong with the file or simply want to make a comment, please drop me a line (see above).

It is my hope that you find the file of use to you personally – I know that I would have liked to have found some of these files years ago – they would have saved me a lot of time !

Colin Hinson

In the village of Blunham, Bedfordshire.

SONGS
for the
FORCES

SELECTED
from the
NEWS CHRONICLE
SONG BOOK

MELODY & WORDS EDITION

PRICE: SIXPENCE

Maurice. A. Pyle

R.A.F.

Cheadle

January 1944.

Streatlam.

MELODY AND WORDS EDITION

SONGS

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FORCES

Selected

from the

“ NEWS CHRONICLE ”

SONG BOOK

London :

NEWS CHRONICLE ” PUBLICATIONS DEPARTMENT

12-22, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.4

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12-22. BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON. E.C 4.

FOREWORD

The primary object of this Melody and Words Edition of the "News Chronicle" Song Book is to provide all members of the Armed Forces and Civil Defence Units with a collection of favourite songs in a form that is at once convenient and inexpensive.

In every instance the songs and hymns appearing in this book are arranged simply; some for four-part harmony, others in purely melodic style. All of them may be sung with the greatest ease and accompanied by almost any musical instrument.

The publishers hope that this latest addition to the "News Chronicle" series of Songs and Music Books (whose sales exceed 1½ million copies) will be found both timely and stimulating, and that it will do much to further popularise the desirable recreation of making music during those many periods when a happy diversion is most needed.

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ALL THRO' THE NIGHT

Welsh Air

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each. The top staff of each system is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a piano accompaniment for a vocal line, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the upper voice and a steady bass line in the lower voice.

1

While the moon her watch is keeping,
 All through the night,
 While the weary world is sleeping,
 All through the night,
 O'er my bosom gently stealing,
 Visions of delight revealing,
 Breathes a pure and holy feeling,
 All through the night

2

Love, to thee my thoughts are turn-
 All through the night, [ing,
 And for thee my heart is yearning,
 All through the night,
 Though sad fate our lives may sever,
 Parting will not last for ever,
 There's a hope that leaves me never,
 All through the night

ANNIE LAURIE

William Douglas

Lady John Scott

Moderately quick

1. Max-well-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas

there that Ann-ie Lau-rie Gave me her pro-mise true, Gave

me her pro-mise true, Which ne'er for-got will be, And for

bon-nie Ann-ie Lau-rie I'd lay-me doon and dee

2

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat 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

3

Like dew on th' gowan lying
Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like the 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

AULD LANG SYNE

Robert Burns

Scottish A.r

1. Should auld ac-quin-tance be for-got, And nev-er bro't to
 2. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o'

mind? Should auld ac-quin-tance be for-got, And
 thine; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For

CHORUS

days of auld lang syne? For auld lang—
 auld lang— syne.

syne, my dear, For auld lang— syne; We'll

tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang— syne.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Irish Air

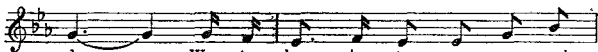
Rather slowly



1. Be - lieve me, if all those en-
2. It_ is not while beau-ty and



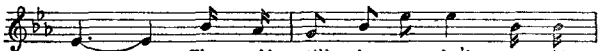
-dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -
youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un-pro-fan'd by a



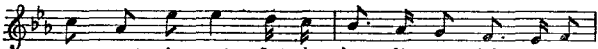
-day, _____ Were to change by to - mor - row, and
tear, _____ That the fer - vour and faith of a



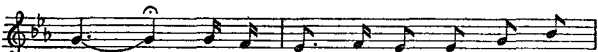
fleet in my arms, Like_ fai - ry gifts, fa - ding a -
soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more



- way, _____ Thou wouldst still be a - dor'd as this
dear! _____ No, the heart that has tru - ly lov'd



mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it
ne - ver for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the



will; _____ And, a - round the dear ru - in, each
close; _____ As the sun - flow - er turns on her



wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still!_
god when he sets The same look which she turn'd when he rose._

THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND

In moderate time

Scottish Air
Arr. by H. A. C.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is a Scottish Air arranged by H. A. C. The first system begins with a repeat sign. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1

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 on the throne,
And it's oh ! in my heart I wish him safe at home

2

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

3

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 waistcoat of the plaid,
And it's oh ! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.

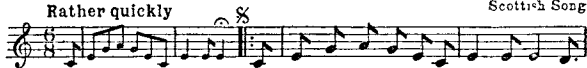
4

Suppose, oh suppose that your Highland lad should die !
Suppose, oh suppose that your Highland lad should die !
The bagpipes 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.

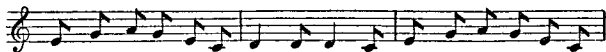
THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

Rather quickly

Scottish Song



1. The Campbells are com-in; O - ho, O - ho! The



Camp-bells are com-in; O - ho, O ho! The Camp-bells are com-in' to



bon-nie Loch Le-ven, The Camp-bells are com-in' O - ho, O - ho!



2. Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay. 1



look - ed down to bonnie Loch Le-ven, And saw three bon - nie perch-es play

3

4

The great Argyle he goes before.
He makes the cannons and guns to roar,
Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe, and drum,
The Campbells are comin', O-ho! O ho!
The Campbells, &c.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show,
Wi' banners rattling in the wind
The Campbells are comin', O-ho! O-ho!
The Campbells, &c.

CAMPTOWN RACES

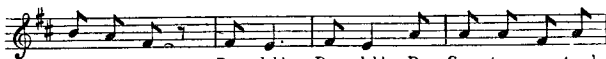
Words and Melody by S.C. Foster

Smf Arr by H.A.C.

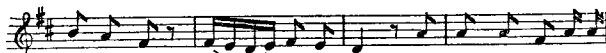
Lively



1. De Camp-town la - dies



sing dis song, Doo - dah! Doo - dah! De Camp-town race track



five miles long, Oh! doo-dah day! I came down dah wid my



hat caved in, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! I go back homewid a



pock et full of tin, Oh! doo-dah day!

CHORUS



Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all day! I'll



bet my money on de bob tail nag— Some bo-dy bet on de bay

2

3

De long-tail filly and de big black hoss,

Doo-dah! Doo-dah!

Dey fly de track and dey both cut

Oh! doo-dah day! [across,

De blind hoss stick in a big mud-hole,

Doo-dah! Doo-dah!

Can't touch de bottom wid a ten-foot

Oh! doo-dah day! [pole,

Gwine to run, &c.

Old muley cow come on to de track,

Doo-dah! Doo-dah!

De bob-tail fling her ober his back,

Oh! doo-dah day!

Den fly along like a rail road car,

Doo-dah! Doo-dah!

Runnin' a race wid a shootin star,

Oh! doo-dah day!

Gwine to run, &c.

4

See them flyin' on a ten-mile heat,

Doo-dah! Doo-dah!

Round de race-track den repeat,

Oh! doo-dah day!

I win my money on de bob-tail nag,

Doo-dah! Doo-dah!

I keep my money in an old tow bag,

Oh! doo-dah day!

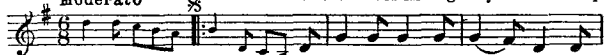
Gwine to run, &c.

DASHING AWAY WITH THE SMOOTHING IRON

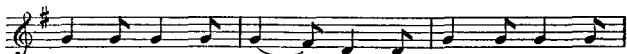
Somerset Folk-Song

Collected and Arranged by Cecil J. Sharp

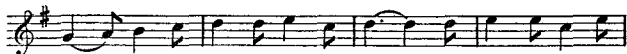
Moderato



1. 'Twas on a Mon-day morn - ing When



I be - held my dar - ling, She looked so neat and



chara - ing In ev - 'ry high de - gree; She looked so neat and



nim - ble, O, A - wash - ing of her lin - en, O,



Dash - ing a - way with the smooth - ing iron, Dash - ing a - way with the



smooth - ing iron, She stole my heart a - way. — - way. —

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2

'Twas on a Tuesday morning,
*When I beheld my darling ;
 She looked so neat and charming
 In every high degree ;
 She looked so neat and nimble, O,
 A-hanging out her linen, O,
 Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
 Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
 She stole my heart away.*

3

'Twas on a Wednesday morning, &c.
 A-starching of her linen, O, &c.

4

'Twas on a Thursday morning, &
 A-ironing of her linen, O, &c.

5

'Twas on a Friday morning, &c.
 A-folding of her linen, O, &c.

6

'Twas on a Saturday morning, &c.
 A-airing of her linen, O, &c.

7

'Twas on a Sunday morning, &c.
 A-wearing of her linen, O, &c.

(The lines in *Italics* are repeated in every verse.)

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Ben Jonson

Old English Air

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Drink to me only with thine eyes'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 6/8. The music is a lute or keyboard setting, featuring a complex rhythmic pattern with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the bass clef.

1

2

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 Jove's nectar sip
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much hon'ring thee
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not wither'd be,
 But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And sent'st it back to me.
 Since when it grows, and smells, I
 Not of itself but thee. [swear,

EARLY ONE MORNING

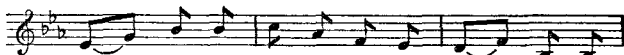
English Air
Arr. by H.A.C.

Rather slowly

mp



v.v.2.3.4. Ear - ly one



morn - ing, just as the sun was - ri - sing, I



heard a maid sing - in the val ley be - low.

CHORUS



Oh! don't de ceive me, oh! nev er leave me,



How could you use a poor maid - en so?



2

Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r where you vowed to be true.

" Oh ! don't deceive me." &c.

3

Oh gay is the garland, and fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow

" Oh ! don't deceive me," &c.

4

Thus sang the poor maiden, her sorrow bewailing,
Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below.

" Oh ! don't deceive me," &c.

ON ILKLEY MOOR BAHT 'AT

In moderate time

North Country Song
Arr. by H. A. C.

1. Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw thee? On Ilk - ley Moor baht

'at. Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw thee? Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw

Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw thee? On Ilk - ley Moor baht
thee? sin' ah saw thee?

'at, On Ilk - ley Moor baht 'at, On Ilk - ley Moor baht 'at

- 2 Tha 's been a coortin', Mary Jane.
- 3 Tha'll go and get thi deeach o' cowl'd.
- 4 Then we shall ha' to bury thee.
- 5 Then t' worms'll come an' ate thee oop.
- 6 Then t' ducks'll come an' ate t' worms.
- 7 Then we shall go an' ate t' ducks.
- 8 Then we shall all 'ave eaten thee

HEART OF OAK

David Garrick

D^r Boyce
Arr. by H.A.C.

With spirit

mf

1. Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glo - ry we steer, To

add some-thing more to this won-der-ful year; To— hon-our we call you, not

press you like slaves, For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

CHORUS

f

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men, We

rit. *a tempo*

al ways are rea dy; Stea-dy, boys, stea-dy! Well

ff *rall.*

fight and we'll con quer a gain and a - gain.

- 2 We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
And if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Heart of oak, &c.
- 3 Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough the sea,
Her standard be justice, her watchword "Be free,"
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and King.
Heart of oak, &c.

HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY

Traditional

John Savile
Arr. by H A C.

Vigorously

Here's a health un - to His Ma - jes - ty. } With a
Con - fu - sion to his en - e - mies, }

fal lal lal la la la la. And he that will not

pledge his health, I wish him nei - ther wit nor wealth, Nor

yet a rope to hang him - self; With a fal lal lal la la

la la la la la, fal lal lal lal lal la la la la.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

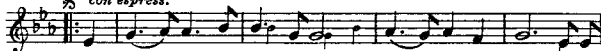
Sir Henry Rowley Bishop

Arr by H.A.C.

Rather slowly



con espress.



1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it
2. An ex - ile from home, splen-dour daz - zles in vain, O



ev - er so hum - ble, there's no — place like home! A
give — me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain! The

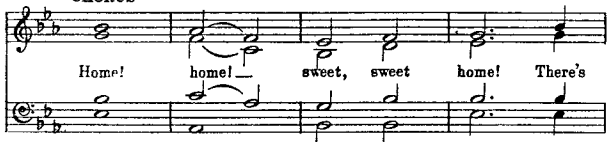


charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my call, Give me



seek through the world, ne'er is met with else - where.
them, with the peace of mind dear - er than all.

CHORUS



Home! home! — sweet, sweet home! There's

D.S.

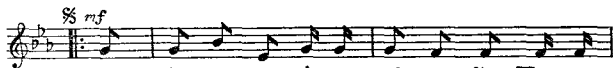


no — place like home, — there's no place like home.

SO EARLY IN THE MORNING

American Song
Arr. by H.A.C.

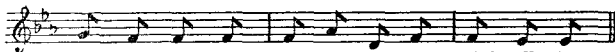
Moderato



1. South Ca - ro - li - na's a sul - try clime, Where we



used to work in the sum-mer time; Mas - sa be-neath de



shade would lay While we poor nig-gers toiled all day.

CHORUS



So ear - ly in the morn - ing, So ear - ly in the



morn - ing, So ear - ly in the morn - ing, Be - fore de break of day.

2

When I was young I used to wait,
On massa's table lay de plate ;
Pass de bottle when him dry,
Brush away de blue-tailed fly.

So early in de morning, &c.

3

Now massa's dead and gone to rest,
Of all de massas he war best ;
I nebber see de like since I was born,
Miss him now he's dead and gone.

So early in de morning, &c.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

Leonard McNally

James Hook
Arr by H A C

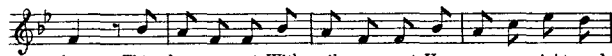
Lightly



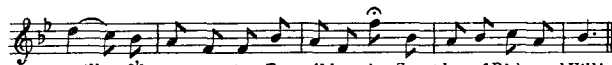
1. On Rich-mond Hill there lived a lass, More sweet than May-day



morn, Whose charms all oth-er maids sur-pass, A rose with-out a



thorn. This lass so neat, With smile so sweet, Has won my right good



will, I'd crowns re-sign To call her mine; Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill!

CHORUS



Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill! Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill! I'd



crowns re-sign To call her mine; Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill!

D. S.

2

Ye zephyrs fair that fan the air,
And wanton thro' the grove,
Oh! whisper to my charming fair,
"I die for her I love."

This lass so neat, &c.

3

How happy will the shepherd be,
Who calls his maid his own,
Oh! may her choice be fixed on me,
Mine's fixed on her alone

This lass so neat, &c.

LITTLE BROWN JUG

R A Eastburn

Arr by H A C

Lively

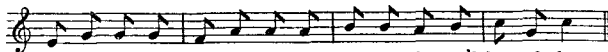
$\frac{3}{4}$ *mf*



1. My wife and I lived



all a - lone In a lit - tle log hut we called our own; (vv. 2 3)

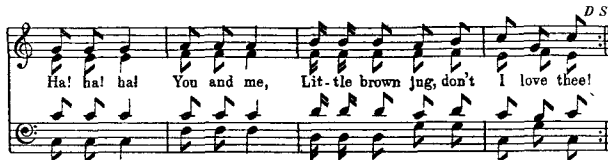


She loved gin, and I loved rum—I tell you what, we'd lots of fun.

CHORUS



Ha! ha! ha! You and me, Lit - tle brown jug, don't I love thee!



Ha! ha! ha! You and me, Lit - tle brown jug, don't I love thee!

2

When I go toiling to my farm
I take little brown jug under my arm,
I place it under a shady tree—
Little brown jug, 'tis you and me
Ha! ha! ha! &c.

3

If I'd a cow that gave such milk
I'd clothe her in the finest silk,
I'd feed her on the choicest hay,
And milk her forty times a day
Ha! ha! ha! &c

RULE, BRITANNIA

Thomson

Dr. Arne
Arr. by H.A.C

f

1. When Bri - tain first _____ at Heav'n's com-mand, A -
- rose' _____ from out the a - zure main, a -
- rose, a-rose, a-rose from out the a - zure main, This was the char-ter the
char-ter of the land, And guar-dian an - gels sang the strain,

CHORUS

Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri-tan-nia, rule the waves, -
Brit - ons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er shall be slaves.

2

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and
free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

3

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign
stroke,
As the loud blast that rends the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak
Rule, Britannia, &c.

4

The muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Blest Isle with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

English Air
Arr by H A C.

In march time

1. When John-ny comes march - ing home a - gain, Hur - rah! — Hur -
- rah! — We'll give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hur -
- rah! — Hur - rah! — The men will cheer, The
boys will shout, The la - dies they will all turn out; And we'll
all feel gay When John-ny comes march - ing home. —

2

Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his royal brow:
And we'll all feel gay [home.
When Johnny comes marching

3

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And let each one perform his part
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay [home
When Johnny comes marching

WIDDICOMBE FAIR

Devonshire Folk Song

Melody and Words from "Song of the West"
collected by Rev. S Baring-Gould*

1. Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare, All a-long, down a-long,
out a-long lee, For I want for to go — to Wid - di - combe Fair

* By permission of Messrs Methuen & Company, Limited

CHORUS

With Bill Brew-er, Jan Stew-er, Pe-ter Gur-ney, Pe-ter Da-vy, Dan'l
Whid-don, Har-ry Hawk, Old Un-cle Tom Cob-leigh and
all, Old Un-cle Tom Cob-leigh and all.

- 2 And when shall I see again my grey mare ?
All along, down along, out along lee.
By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,
With Bill Brewer, &c.
- 3 Then Friday came and Saturday noon,
All along, down along, out along lee.
But Tom Pearse's old mare have not trotted home,
With Bill Brewer, &c.
- 4 So Tom Pearse he got up to the top of the hill,
All along, down along, out along lee.
And he seed his old mare down a-making her will,
With Bill Brewer, &c.
- 5 So Tom Pearse's old mare her took sick and died,
All along, down along, out along lee.
And Tom he sat down on a stone and he cried,
With Bill Brewer, &c.
- 6 But this isn't the end of this shocking affair,
All along, down along, out along lee.
Nor though they be dead of the horrid career,
With Bill Brewer, &c.
- 7 When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, down along, out along lee.
Tom Pearse's old mare doth appear ghastly white,
With Bill Brewer, &c.
- 8 And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
All along, down along, out along lee.
From Tom Pearse's old mare and a rattling of bones.
With Bill Brewer, &c.

YE BANKS AND BRAES

Robert Burns

Scottish Air

Rather slowly *mf*

1. Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How
can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye lit-tle birds, And
I sae wea-ry fu' o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye
war-bling birds, That war-bles on the flow'r-y thorn, Ye
mind me o' de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed nev-er to re-turn.

2

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
By morning and by evening shine,
To hear the birds sing o' their loves,
As fondly once I sang o' mine,
Wi' lightsome heart I stretched my hand,
And pu'd a rose-bud from the tree,
But my fause lover stole the rose
And left, and left the thorn wi' me.

KILLARNEY

E. Falconer

M. W. Balfe

Moderato

1. By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em-'rald isles and

wind - ing bays, Moun - tain paths and wood - land dells,
 Mem - ry ev - er fond - ly strays.
 Boun - teous na - ture loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where,
 Foot - prints leaves on ma - ny strands, But her home is
 sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den
 of the west, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney! Heav'n's re - flex, Kil -
 lar - ney!

mf *3* *p* *fall.* *dim ff* *tempo* *cresc.* *3* *f* *Interlude after verses 1 & 2* *D.S.*

2

No place else can charm the eye
 With such bright and varied tints,
 Ev'ry rock that you pass by
 Verdure broiders or besprints.
 Virgin there the green grass grows,
 Ev'ry morn springs natal day ;
 Bright hued berries daff the snows,
 Smiling winter's frown away
 Angels often pausing there
 Doubt if Eden were more fair—
 Beauty's home, Killarney !
 Heaven's reflex, Killarney !

3

Music there for echo dwells,
 Makes each sound a harmony,
 Many-voic'd the chorus swells
 Till it faints in ecstasy.
 With the charming tints below,
 Seems the heaven above to vie ,
 All rich colours that we know
 Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky.
 Wings of Angels so might shine,
 Glancing back soft light divine—
 Beauty's home, Killarney !
 Heaven's reflex, Killarney !

OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM

Harm. by H. A. C.

Fine

1. Old Mac-don-ald had a farm, E - I - E - I - O!

1. And on this farm he had some chicks, E - I - E - I -

- O! With a chick, chick here, and a chick, chick there,

Here a chick, there a chick, Ev-'ry-where a chick, chick. .

D. C. at Fine

2

And on this farm he had some ducks,
With a quack, quack here, &c.

3

And on this farm he had some turkeys,
With a gobble, gobble here, &c.

4

And on this farm he had some pigs,
With a oink-oink here, &c.

5

And on this farm he had a Ford,
With a rattle, rattle here, &c.

neat; Sec-ond hand-ed ul-ster-ettes And o-ver-coats so

fine, For all the boys that trade with me at Hun-dred and for-ty-

Fine Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-
-nine. O, Sol-o-mon Le-vi, Tra-la-la-la-la-
Fine

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, *D.S. al Fine*
Poor Sol-lie Le-vi, Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la, My
la-la, My

LAND OF MY FATHERS

English Words by
W. G. Rothery *

James James
Arr. by H.A.C.

mf
1. The land of my fa-thers, how fair is thy-fame, En-
mf

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-twind are proud mem'-ries a - bout thy dear name, The lays of thy-

min-strels, thy war-riors' re - nown, Give hon-our and grace to thy

CHORUS

crown Wales, Wales, Sweet are thy hills and thy vales, Thy

speech, thy-song, to thee be - long, O may they live ev-er in Wales.—

2

The lords of great Snowdon in brave days of yore,
 For thee fought for freedom by Mona's green shore,
 Their courage undaunted inspires all our lays,
 Our harps e'er resound to their praise.
 Wales, Wales, &c.

3

No more on thy ramparts is heard through the night
 The trumpet's loud summons to haste to the fight;
 The contest is over, yet proud my heart thrills
 When I gaze on thy vict'ry crown'd hills.
 Wales. Wales, &c.

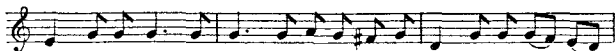
THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

English Air
Arr by H A C

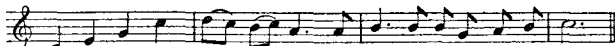
Quickly



1 There is a tav-ern in the



town, in the town, And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down, And



drinks his wine 'mid laugh-ter free, And nev-er, never thinks of me.

CHORUS



Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, Do not



let the part-ing grieve thee, And re mem ber that the best of friends must



A - dieu, kind friends, a-dieu, a - dieu, a dieu, a-dieu, I

part, must part A - dieu, kind fr.ends, a - dieu, a - dieu, I

can no long-er stay with you, stay with you;

can no long er stay with you; I'll hang my harp on a

weep-ing wil-low tree, And may the world go well with thee

And may the world go well with thee

2

3

He left me for a damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark,
And now my love, once true to me,
Takes that dark damsel on his knee
Fare thee well, &c

Oh' dig my grave both wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love
Fare thee well, &c

Alfred Tennyson

SWEET AND LOW

J Barnby

Larghetto

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, -
2 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon, -

Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; -
Rest, rest, on mo-ther's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon, -

mf *pp*

1. { O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing
O - ver the wa - ters go, Come from the

2. { Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all
Fa - ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out

mf *pp*

moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me, —
moon and blow, Un - der the sil - ver moon, —
out of the west, of the west,

f

p *rall.* *dim.* *pp*

While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one, sleeps. —
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. —

p *dim* *pp*

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Words and Melody by H.C. Work
Arr. by H.A.C.

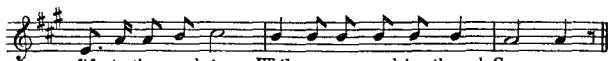
In march time %

1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys, we'll

sing an - o - ther song. Sing it with a spi - rit that will



start the world a long, Sing it as we used to sing it



fif-ty-thou-sand strong, While we were march-ing through Geor-gia.

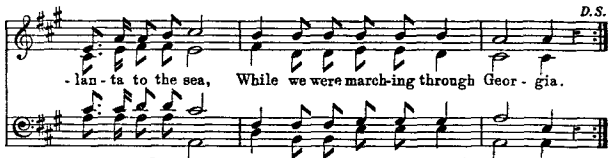
CHORUS



Hur-rah, hur-rah, we bring the Ju-bi-lee! Hur-rah, hur-rah, the



flag that makes you free! So we sang the cho-rus from At-



-lan-ta to the sea, While we were march-ing through Geor-gia.

D.S.

2
How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound ;
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found ; [from the ground,
How the sweet potatoes even started
While we were marching through
Hurrah, hurrah, &c. [Georgia.

3
Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honoured flag they had not seen for years ,
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers, [Georgia
While we were marching through
Hurrah, hurrah, &c

4
"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast,"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast ; [with the host,
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon
While we were marching through
Hurrah, Hurrah, &c [Georgia.

5
So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train, [the man ;
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through
Georgia.
Hurrah, hurrah, &c

POLLY - WOLLY - DOODLE

Moderato

1. Oh I went down south for to see my Sal, Sing

Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day; My Sal-ly am a

spunk-y girl, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.

Fare thee well, Fare-well, Fare thee well, Fare-well, Fare thee

well, my fai-ry fay, For I'm goin' to Louis-i-an-na For to

see my Su-sy-an-na, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.

- 2 Oh, my Sal, she am a maiden fair,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day,
With laughing eyes and curly hair,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.
- 3 I came to a river and couldn't get across,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day,
I jumped on a nigger and thought he was a hoss,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.
- 4 A grasshopper sitting on a railway track,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day,
A-picking his teeth with a carpet tack,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

OUR BOYS WILL SHINE TO-NIGHT

Our boys will shine to night, Our boys will shine, Our boys will

shine to-night, All down the line; Our boys will shine to-night, Our boys will

shine, When the sun goes down and the moon comes up, Our boys will shine.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

S.C. Foster

Rather slow

1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y 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 lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and
 bright; By'm by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef for the piano part and a single treble clef for the voice part. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Rather slow'. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words split across lines. The score consists of five systems of music.

old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night! Weep no more, my

la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the

old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.

2

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
 On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
 On the bench by the old cabin door.
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
 With sorrow where all was delight;
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!
 Weep no more, &c.

3

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
 Wherever the darkey may go;
 A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
 In the field where the sugar canes grow,
 A few more days for to tote the weary load,—
 No matter 'twill never be light,
 A few more days till we totter on the road,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!
 Weep no more, &c.

OLD BLACK JOE

S C. F.

S C Foster

v.3.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way;

Gone from the earth to a bet ter land I know,

hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing "Old Black Joe!"

CHORUS

I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my head is bending low; I

hear their gen - tle voic es call - ing, "Old Black Joe."

2

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain ?
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not again ?
 Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
 I hear their gentle voices calling " Old Black Joe."
 I'm coming, &c.

3

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free ?
 The children so dear that I held upon my knee ?
 Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,
 I hear their gentle voices calling, " Old Black Joe "
 I'm coming, &c.

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK

Andrew Cherry

W. Jackson

In moderate time

f. There's a dear lit-tle

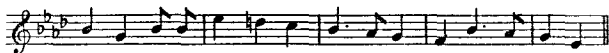
plant that grows in our Isle, 'Twas Saint Pa - trick him -

-self sure that set it; And the sun on his la-bour with

plea-sure did smile, And with dew from his eye oft - en wet it.



It shines through the bog, through the brake, through the



mire land, And he called it the dear lit tle Shamrock of Ire-land.

CHORUS

The dear lit-tle Shamrock, the dear lit-tle Shamrock, the

dear lit - tle, sweet lit - tle Sham-rock of Ire - land.

2

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 through the bog, through the brake, and the mireland,

Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

The dear little Shamrock, &c.

3

That dear little plant, that springs from our soil,

When its three little leaves are extended,

Denotes from the stalk we together should toil,

And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.

And still through the bog, through the brake, and the mireland,

From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland.

The dear little Shamrock, &c.

MY BONNIE

H J F

H J Fuller

1. My Bon-nie is o-ver the o-cean, — My

Bon-nie is o-ver the sea, — . My Bon-nie is o-ver the

o-cean, — O bring back my Bon-nie to me —

CHORUS

Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bon-nie to me, to me,

Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bon-nie to me. —

2

3

O blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
 And blow, ye winds, over the sea,
 O blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
 And bring back my Bonnie to me

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
 Last night as I lay on my bed
 Last night as I lay on my pillow,
 I dreamed that my bonnie was dead

ABIDE WITH ME
"EVENTIDE"

H F Lyte

W.H. Monk

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Abide with Me'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/2. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines.

1

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, O abide with me !

2

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 !

3

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, O abide with me !

4

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 !

Stanzas from
Blake's "Prophetic Books"

JERUSALEM

© Hubert H. Parry
(SOLO)

Slow but with animation

mf
And did those
feet in an-cient time Walk up-on Eng-land's moun-tains
p
green? And was the Ho-ly Lamb of-God On Eng-land's
mf
plea-sant pas-tures seen? And did the Coun-ten-ance Di-
poco cresc. *f*
-vine Shine forth up-on our cloud-ed hills? And was Je-
poco rit.
-ru-sa-lem build-ed here A-mong those dark Sa-tan-ic mills?
(All available voices)
mf
Bring me my bow of burn-ing
gold! Bring me my ar-rows of de-sire! Bring me my
spear! O clouds un-fold! Bring me my Cha-ri-ot of
p
Fire! I will not cease from men-tal fight; Nor shall my

allargando *ff*

sword sleep in my hand Till we have built Je - ru - sa

lem In Eng-land's green and plea-sant land.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

"ST. GERTRUDE"

S Baring-Gould

Arthur Sullivan

CHORUS

f

On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,

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1

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!

Chorus.

2

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

Chorus.

3

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 purpose,
 One in charity.

Chorus.

4

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.

Chorus.

6

Onward, then, ye people
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song:
 "Glory, praise, and honour
 Unto Christ the King!"
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.

Chorus.

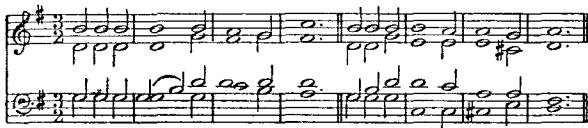
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FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

"PENTECOST"

C Wesley

William Boyd



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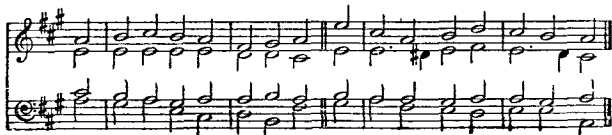
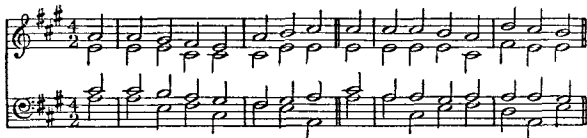
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Fight the good fight with all thy
might, [thy right;
Christ is thy strength, and Christ
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.</p> <p>2 Run the straight race through God's
good grace, [face;
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His
Life with its path before us lies;
Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.</p> | <p>3 Care 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.</p> <p>4 Faint not nor fear; His arms are
near; [dear;
He changeth not, and thou art
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.</p> |
|--|---|

ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL

"OLD HUNDREDTH"

W Kethe

Genevan Psalter



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

2

The Lord, ye know, 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.

O enter then His gates with praise ;
Approach with joy His courts
unto , [always,
Praise, laud, and bless His Name
For it is seemly so to do.

4

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

THERE IS A GREEN HILL

Mrs C F Alexander

'HORSLEY'

• W Horsley



1

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

2

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.

4

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin ;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in

5

O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

"ROCKINGHAM"

I Watts

E. Miller

1

When I survey the wondrous Cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

3

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small :
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

News  Chronicle

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