



# Humph Hall

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(Draft 3)

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- 'Pre-war' Medley ..... 2
- Dialogue + 'We soldiers of Australia' poem..... 7
- 'Off to war' Medley ..... 8
- Route March..... 10
- The Men of the 10<sup>th</sup> Light Horse ..... 12
- We are the Anzacs..... 13
- Gallipoli..... 14
- Rose of No Man's Land..... 16
- And when they ask us ..... 18
- When the very lights are shining..... 19
- Sunset at Passchendaele ..... 20
- I wonder ..... 24
- 'Coming to an end' Medley ..... 26
- 'Home Fires' Medley ..... 28
- Song for Grace..... 30
- Oh what a lovely war..... 32
- In Flanders Field..... 34
- Coquelicot..... 35
- No Man's Land..... 36
- All the fine young men ..... 38
- Poppy Day..... 40
- Ataturk Tribute..... 42



# Let me call you sweetheart

Beth Slater Whitson & Leo Friedman (1910)

1 **B $\flat$**  **B $\flat$ <sup>o</sup>** **E $\flat$**  **G<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>**

Let me call you 'Sweet-heart' I'm in love with you.\_\_\_\_\_

9 **F<sup>7</sup>** **B $\flat$**  **B $\flat$ <sup>o</sup>** **F<sup>7</sup>**

Let me hear you whis-per that you love me too.\_\_\_\_\_

17 **B $\flat$**  **C $\sharp$ <sup>o</sup>** **E $\flat$**  **G<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>**

Keep the love - light glow-ing in your eyes so true.\_\_\_\_\_

25 **E $\flat$**  **C $\sharp$ <sup>o</sup>** **B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup>** **E $\flat$**  **G<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F<sup>7</sup>** **B $\flat$**

Let me call you 'Sweet-heart' I'm in love with you.\_\_\_\_\_

# Wait till the sun shines, Nellie

Andrew B. Stirling & Harry von Tilzer (1905)

1 **B $\flat$**  **F** **E $\flat$**  **B $\flat$**  **F<sup>7</sup>** **E $\flat$**  **B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup>**

Wait till the sun shines, Nel-lie, When the clouds go drift - ing by,

9 **E $\flat$**  **B $\flat$**  **C<sup>7</sup>** **F<sup>7</sup>**

We will be hap - py, Nel - lie, Don't you sigh;\_\_\_\_\_

17 **B $\flat$**  **F** **E $\flat$**  **B $\flat$**  **F<sup>7</sup>** **A<sup>7</sup>** **D**

Down lov - er's lane we'll wan- der, Sweet-hearts you and I;\_\_\_\_\_

25 **G<sup>7</sup>** **C $m$**  **B $\flat$**  **F<sup>7</sup>** **B $\flat$**  **E $\flat$**  **B $\flat$**  **F<sup>7</sup>**

Wait till the sun shines Nel - lie, Bye and bye.\_\_\_\_\_

# Lily of Laguna

Leslie Stuart (1898)

1 (Swing)  $A^b$   $D^b6$   $B^bm$

She's ma la - dy love, — she is ma dove, ma ba - by love,

5  $E^b7$   $B^bm6$   $E^b7$   $B^bm6$   $B^bm$   $E^b7$   $A^b$

She's no gal for sit - tin' down to dream, She's de on - ly queen La - gu - na knows;

9  $A^b$   $E^b7$   $A^b$

I know she likes me, I know she likes me Be - cause she says so; She is de

13  $E^bm$   $F7$   $B^b7$   $E^b7$   $A^b$   $D^b$   $A^b$

Lil - y of La - gu - na, she is my Lil - y and my Rose.

# Oh! you beautiful doll

Nat. D. Ayer/A. Seymour Brown (1911)

1 (No swing)  $A^b$   $F7$   $B^b7$

Oh! you beau - ti - ful doll, — you great big beau - ti - ful doll! —

5  $E^b7$   $A^b$   $B^bm$   $E^b$

Let — me put my arms a - bout you, I — could ne - ver live with - out you,

9  $A^b$   $F7$   $B^b7$

Oh! you beau - ti - ful doll, — You great big beau - ti - ful doll! — If you

13  $A^b$   $E7$

ev - er leave me how my heart will ache, I want to hug you, but I fear you'd break,

17  $A^b$   $C7/G$   $E^bm/G^b$   $F7$   $B^b$   $E^b7$   $A^b$

Oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh, you beau - ti - ful doll!

# The Honeysuckle and the bee

W. H. Penn (1901)

1 **F** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>**

You are my hon - ey, hon - ey - suck - le, I am the bee,

5 **C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **C<sup>7</sup>**

I'd like to sip the hon - ey sweet from those red lips, you see;

9 **F** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>**

I love you dear - ly, dear - ly, & I want you to love me,

13 **B<sup>b</sup>m** **F** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **G<sup>7</sup>**

You are my hon - ey, hon - ey - suck - le, I am the bee.

# Daisy Bell

Harry Dacre (1892)

1 **G** **C** **G**

Dai - sy, Dai - sy, give me your ans - wer, do!\_\_\_\_\_

9 **D<sup>7</sup>** **G** **Em** **A<sup>7</sup>** **D**

I'm half cra - zy, all for the love of you!\_\_\_\_\_ It

17 **D<sup>7</sup>** **G<sub>3</sub>** **Em** **C** **G** **D<sup>7</sup>**

won't be a sty - lish mar - iage,\_\_\_\_\_ I can't af - ford a car - riage,\_\_\_\_\_ But

25 **G** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G** **D<sup>7</sup>**

you'll look sweet, u - pon the seat of a bi - cy - cle built for two.

# I wonder who's kissing her now

Hough, Adams & Jos E. Howard (1909)

(Not too fast)

1 G D<sup>7</sup> G B C E<sup>7</sup>

I won-der who's kiss-ing her now?\_\_\_\_ Won-der who's teach ing her how.\_\_\_\_

Detailed description: This block contains the first line of music for the song. It starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. Chords G, D7, G, B, C, and E7 are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are 'I won-der who's kiss-ing her now?\_\_\_\_ Won-der who's teach ing her how.\_\_\_\_'.

10 Am E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

Won-der who's look-ing in - to her eyes, Breath - ing sighs! Tell - ing lies! I

Detailed description: This block contains the second line of music. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes. Chords Am, E7, A7, and D7 are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are 'Won-der who's look-ing in - to her eyes, Breath - ing sighs! Tell - ing lies! I'.

18 G D<sup>7</sup> G B C E<sup>7</sup>

won - der who's buy ing her wine,\_\_\_\_ for lips that I used to call mine.\_\_\_\_

Detailed description: This block contains the third line of music. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes. Chords G, D7, G, B, C, and E7 are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are 'won - der who's buy ing her wine,\_\_\_\_ for lips that I used to call mine.\_\_\_\_'.

26 Am C G<sup>rall</sup> E<sup>7</sup> Am D<sup>7</sup> G

Wond-er if she ev - er tells him of me? I won-der who's kiss-ing her now.\_\_\_\_

Detailed description: This block contains the fourth line of music. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes. Chords Am, C, G (with a 'rall' marking), E7, Am, D7, and G are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are 'Wond-er if she ev - er tells him of me? I won-der who's kiss-ing her now.\_\_\_\_'. The piece ends with a double bar line and a 2/4 time signature.

# Give my regards to Broadway

Geo M. Cohan (1904)

1 C Cdim G Dm G<sup>7</sup> C

Give my re - gards to Broad - way re - mem-ber me to Her - ald Square,\_\_\_\_

Detailed description: This block contains the first line of music for the second song. It starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. Chords C, Cdim, G, Dm, G7, and C are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are 'Give my re - gards to Broad - way re - mem-ber me to Her - ald Square,\_\_\_\_'.

9 C Cdim Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> Am D<sup>7</sup> G Fm G<sup>7</sup>

Tell all the gang at Fort - y Se-cond St. that I will soon be there.\_\_\_\_

Detailed description: This block contains the second line of music. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes. Chords C, Cdim, Dm7, G7, Am, D7, G, Fm, and G7 are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are 'Tell all the gang at Fort - y Se-cond St. that I will soon be there.\_\_\_\_'.

17 C Cdim G Dm G<sup>7</sup> C

Whis-per of how I'm yearn - ing to min-gle with the old time throng,\_\_\_\_

Detailed description: This block contains the third line of music. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes. Chords C, Cdim, G, Dm, G7, and C are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are 'Whis-per of how I'm yearn - ing to min-gle with the old time throng,\_\_\_\_'.

25 A D<sup>7</sup> C D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>7</sup> C

Give my re - gards to old Broad - way & say that I'll be there 'ere long.\_\_\_\_

Detailed description: This block contains the fourth line of music. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes. Chords A, D7, C, D7, G7, C, G7, and C are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are 'Give my re - gards to old Broad - way & say that I'll be there 'ere long.\_\_\_\_'. The piece ends with a double bar line.

*Dialogue between two men in a pub. Man 1 is excited about the idea of war, Man 2 begins apathetically until he catches Man 1's enthusiasm.*

*Man 1 enters with two drinks and hands one to Man 2*

Man 1: So it's war then.

Man 2: I still don't get it. Why'd Britain have to go to war with Germany just because some Serbian killed a Hungarian?

Man 1: Doesn't matter, does it? I 'm still gonna go. I reckon it's our duty to support the Mother Country.

Man 2: I s'pose those Brits couldn't do it on their own.

Man 1: Too right, and don't forget there's free grub and a uniform, and I heard those French sheilas are a bit of alright.

Man 2: I guess we'd get to see the world, have some adventures with our mates.

Man 1: All for six bob a day.

Man2: And they do say it'll be over by Christmas.

Man 1: So what are we waiting for? Let's go and give those Huns what for. You and me mate, we'll show the Kaiser what we Australians are made of.

## We soldiers of Australia – Anon.

*To be featured in the opening scene, once civilians signed up to go to war, to be recited by a single or a few soldiers.*

We soldiers of Australia  
Rejoice in being free,  
And not to fetter others,  
Do we go o'er the sea.  
Old England gave us freedom,  
And when she makes a start  
To see that others get it,  
We're there to take our part.  
Hail Fair Australia.

# 'Off to war' Medley

It's a long way to Riverina

B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> E $\flat$  B $\flat$  B $^{\circ}$  Cm F<sup>7</sup>

It's a long way\_\_\_ to Riv-er - i - na,\_\_\_ it's a long way\_\_\_ to go.\_\_\_\_\_ It's a

41 B $\flat$  Gm C<sup>7</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

long way\_\_\_ to Riv-er - i - na,\_\_\_ to the sweet-est girl I know.\_\_\_\_\_

49 B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> E $\flat$  D<sup>7</sup>

Good- bye\_\_\_ Wag-ga Wag - ga,\_\_\_ Fare-well dear old Hay.\_\_\_\_\_ It's a

57 B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sup>o</sup> B $\flat$  C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B $\flat$

long, long way to Riv-er - i - na but we'll get there some day.\_\_\_\_\_

Pack up your troubles

1 G D<sup>7</sup>/A G/B G<sup>7</sup> C G G $\sharp^{\circ}$  Am D<sup>7</sup>

Pack up your trou-bles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.\_\_\_\_\_

9 G D<sup>7</sup>/A G/B Em A<sup>7</sup> E $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

While you've a lu - ci - fer to light your fag, smile, boys, that's the style.\_\_\_\_\_

17 G D<sup>7</sup> C G Em A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

What's the use of wor-ry- ing,\_\_\_ it nev - er was worth - while, so,

25 G D<sup>7</sup> G G<sup>7</sup> C Cm G/D D<sup>7</sup> G

Pack up your trou-bles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile.\_\_\_\_\_



# Good-Bye-Ee!

1 G Am D7 G

Good-Bye Ee,\_\_\_ Good - Bye Ee,\_\_\_ wipe the tear, ba - by dear,from your eye-ee. tho' it's

6 C D7 C D7 G D D#° A7 3 D7

hard to part, I know, I'll be tick-led to death to go, Don't

10 G Am D7 G D7

cry- ee,\_\_\_ don't sigh ee,\_\_\_ there's a sil - ver lin - ing in the sky- ee.\_\_\_ Bon -

14 G D7 G E7 Am E7 Am C6 D7 G

soir, old thing, cheer-i - o, chin- chin, nah - poo, too - dle-oo, Good - Bye- Ee.---

# The Route March

Words: Henry Lawson Music: Ian Hamilton (2008)

S. D Em A

Did you hear the chil-dren sing-in' Oh my bro-thers? \_\_\_\_\_ Did you  
 Do you hear the chil-dren sing-in' Oh my bro-thers? \_\_\_\_\_ Do you  
 Shall we hear the chil-dren sing-in' Oh my bro-thers? \_\_\_\_\_ Shall we

Tpt.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

B. Cl.

5 D G A<sup>7</sup>

hear the chil-dren sing - in' \_\_\_\_\_ as our troops went mar-ching past  
 hear the chil-dren sing - in' \_\_\_\_\_ for the first man and the last  
 hear the chil-dren sing-in' \_\_\_\_\_ in the sunshine or the rain?

Tpt.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

B. Cl.

9

S. D Em D G<sup>6</sup>

In the sun-shine\_ and the rain as they'll ne-ver\_ sing a - gain Did you  
 As they march away\_ and\_ vanish to a tune we\_ thought was banished Do you  
 There'll be sobs\_\_\_\_\_ beneath the ringin' of the bells and\_ 'neath the singin' there'll be

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

B. Cl.

14

S. D G A<sup>7</sup> D D

hear\_ the school girls sing-in'\_ as our boys\_\_\_\_\_ went march-ing past.  
 hear\_ the chil-dren sing-in'\_ for the future\_\_\_\_\_ and the past.  
 tears\_ of or - phan chil-dren\_ When our boys\_\_\_\_\_ come back a - gain.

Tpt.

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

B. Cl.

# The Men of the 10th Light Horse

Alan Ralph

F#m E

They came from the bush and the sta - tions. They  
They joined for a taste of ad - ven - ture. They

4 F#m E

came from the ci - ties and towns. The  
joined for their mates did the same. They

8 F#m E F#m E F#m

batt - lers, the whin-gers, the jo- kers. The gam-blers, the lo-sers, the clowns. —  
joined when they thought of their hon- our, Not to join must lead to shame. — They

16 E F#m E F#m

Some of them born near the de serts, Some of them born near the tide,  
joined full of pride, full of cour age, They joined up, their du - ty to do, They

24 E F#m E F#m

Most of them born in the sad - dle, — All of them knew how to ride. —  
joined for Aus - tra - lia had called them, They were need - ed and that's all they knew. —

31 F#m C#m F#m C#m

So mount up, mount up for bat tle, — Mount up, for bet - ter or worse,

39 F#m C#m

We're the best in the world — in the sad - dle, —

43 F#m E F#m

The men of — the 10th — Light — Horse.

# We are the Anzacs

Ted Egan

1  $E_b$   $A_b$   $E_b$   
We are the An - zacs, and we're true blue, We're from Aus -

5  $B_b$   
tra - lia and New Zea - land too, We're from Down

9  $E_b$   $B_b$   $E_b$   
Un - der, and we're tell - ing you, We're

13  $F$   $B_b$   
lar - ri - kins and ski - ters, but we're pret - ty good fight - ers too. We might

17  $E_b$   $A_b$   $E_b$   
curse and swear, but we'll be right there, In the

21  $A_b$   $B_b$   
fight - ing we won't turn a hair, When the

25  $E_b$   $C_m$   $A_b$   $E_b$   
whips are crack - ing ev' - r - y - where\_\_ you'll find the An - zacs.

We've got shearers, drovers too,  
We've got city swells  
And lots of blokes named 'Blue'  
As soldiers, we're the world's best yet,  
We are the Anzacs,  
Don't you forget!

Would we go AWL?  
Don't be absurd!  
Discipline!  
Now there's a dirty word,  
We'll shout 'Ma'alesh'  
And 'gibbit baqsheesh'  
We're the Anzacs.

**Interrupted by SFX shelling!**

# Gallipoli

Ted Egan

C G

The word's on ev - 'ry sol - dier's lips: Gal - li - po - li,\_\_\_ The

3 G<sup>7</sup> C

land - ing barg - es leave the ships, Gal - li - po - li;\_\_\_

5 C F

Ri - fles held in ner - vous grips, Ee - rie gleam of bay - o - net tips, The

7 G<sup>7</sup> C

An - zacs hit the coast - al strips, Gal - li - po - li;\_\_\_ A -

9 C G

top the cliffs is John - ny Turk,\_\_\_ Gal - li - po - li,\_\_\_

11 G<sup>7</sup> C

Peer - ing through the mist and murk, Gal - li - po - li,\_\_\_

13 C F

Hu - man na - ture goes ber - serk, Sol - diers know they mus - n't shirk,\_\_\_

15 G<sup>7</sup> C

Kill - ing's just a job of work,\_\_\_ Gal - li - po - li.\_\_\_

17 C G<sup>7</sup> C G

Boys, boys, war - lords' toys,

19 C G

Pawns in the war games of his - to - ry, But they're

21 C G<sup>7</sup> C G

bold, bold, They'll do as they're told,

23 C G<sup>7</sup> C

Hist - ory's in the mak - ing at Gal - li - po - li.

Hit the beach, the rising sun - Gallipoli,  
 This is real, the talking's done - Gallipoli,  
 Every man a mother's son,  
 Give each one a bloody gun,  
 They'll kill each other, just for fun - Gallipoli.

Scale the cliffs, pounding hearts - Gallipoli,  
 The shelling and the slaughter starts - Gallipoli  
 Crazy feats of derring-do,  
 Out of all the madness grew,  
 The legend of the Anzacs at Gallipoli.

On the 24th of May - Gallipoli,  
 Postpone the killing for a day - Gallipoli,  
 Bury the dead: let us pray,  
 Bid young Johnny Turk: 'Giddyay'

Tomorrow, he's the one you'll slay - Gallipoli.  
 They say old soldiers never die - Gallipoli,  
 But young ones do, and I ask why? - Gallipoli,  
 Not an inch of ground was won,  
 Bones lie bleaching in the sun - Gallipoli.

The Lords have played this game before - Monopoly,  
 Scan the maps, keep the score - Catastrophe,  
 Cognac and cigars galore,  
 If they were the ones to fight the war,  
 They'd very quickly call 'Withdraw' - Immediately.

And when the silence comes again - Gallipoli,  
 Pity those who are insane - Gallipoli,  
 Count the wounded, treat the pain,  
 A hundred and forty thousand slain,  
 Heroes all, but dead in vain - Gallipoli.

# The Rose of No-man's Land

Jack Caddigan, James A. Brennan

**Allegro G** **D7**

T. There's a rose that grows in No-Man's Land, and it's

S. Aah\_\_\_\_\_ Aah\_\_\_\_\_

A. Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba

B. Bom bom bom bom bom etc

**3** **Am D7 G G#° Am D G**

T. won der-ful to see; \_\_\_\_\_ Though it's sprayed wth tears, It will

S. Aah\_\_\_\_\_ To see, oh Aah

A. To see, oh Ba ba ba ba etc

B.

**6** **D7 Em7 A7 D D7**

T. live for years, in my gar - den of me - mo - ry \_\_\_\_\_ It's the

S. Aah\_\_\_\_\_ gar - den of me - mo - ry \_\_\_\_\_

A. gar - den of me - mo - ry \_\_\_\_\_

B.



9 G D<sup>7</sup> Am B<sup>7</sup>

T. 8 one red rose, the sol-dier knows; it's the work of the Mas - ter's

S. Aah\_\_\_\_\_ Aah\_\_\_\_\_

A.

B.

12 Em Em<sup>7</sup> Am E<sup>7</sup> Am F<sup>#7</sup>

T. 8 hand, \_\_\_\_\_ 'Mid the war's great curse stands the

S. \_\_\_\_\_ stands the

A. \_\_\_\_\_ 'Mid the war's great curse stands the

B.

14 G B E Am D<sup>7</sup> G

T. 8 Red Cross nurse, Rose of No - Man's Land

S. Red Cross nurse, she's the Rose of No - Man's Land\_\_\_\_\_

A. Red Cross nurse, Rose of No - Man's Land

B. \_\_\_\_\_ Rose of No - Man's Land

# And when they ask us Music: Jerome Kern (from 'Oh what a lovely war')

D<sup>7</sup>
G
  
 And when they ask us, \_\_\_\_\_ how dan-ger-ous it was, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, we'll ne - ver

C<sup>6</sup>
Cm<sup>6</sup>
D<sup>7</sup>
G
Em<sup>7</sup>
  
 tell them, \_\_\_\_\_ no we'll ne - ver tell them: \_\_\_\_\_ We spent our

Am<sup>7</sup>
D<sup>7</sup>
Bm<sup>7</sup>
Em
  
 pay in some ca - fe, and fought wild wo - men\_ night and day, 'Twas the

Bm
F<sup>#7</sup>
Bm
E<sup>7</sup>
  
 cush - i - est job \_\_\_\_\_ we e - ver had. \_\_\_\_\_ And when they

Am<sup>7</sup>
D<sup>7</sup>
G
  
 ask us, \_\_\_\_\_ and they're cer-tain-ly going to ask us, \_\_\_\_\_ the rea - son

Am
G
Em<sup>7</sup>
  
 why we did - n't win the Croix de Guerre, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, we'll ne - ver

Am
D<sup>7</sup>
G
Bm<sup>7</sup>
E<sup>7</sup>
  
 tell them, \_\_\_\_\_ no, we'll ne - ver tell them \_\_\_\_\_ there was a

Am<sup>7</sup>
D<sup>7</sup>
G
  
 front, but damned if we knew where. \_\_\_\_\_

# When very lights are shining

C G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup>

When Ve - ry lights are shi - ning, sure they're  
 When Ve - ry lights are shi - ning, sure 'tis

4 F C

like the morn - ing light. And when the  
 like the morn - ing due. And when

8 F C

guns be - gin to thun - der, you can  
 shells be - gin a - burst - ing, It makes you

12 D<sup>7</sup> G G<sup>7</sup>

hear the an - gel's shite. Then the  
 think your time's come too. And

16 C G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup>

Max - ims start to chat - ter, and trench  
 when you start ad - vanc - ing, Five

20 F C

mor - tars send a few. And when  
 nines and gas comes through. Sure when

24 F C A<sup>7</sup>

Ve - ry lights are shi - ning 'Tis  
 Ve - ry lights are shi - ning 'Tis

28 D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C

time for a rum is - sue.  
 rum or lead for you.

# Sunset at Passchendaele

W: Henry Weston Pryce M: Ian Hamilton

$\text{♩} = 70$

IH. *p* *mf*  
There how a man re - mem - bers. Too swift the good hours fly.

Fl. *p*

Vln. *p*

B. Cl. *p*

BD. *p*

7

$\text{♩} = 110$

Cm Eb Fm Gm Cm Fm Gm

IH. *p* *mf*  
Far in a fair green val - lsey where once I used to ride. The  
Soon shall the gay cloud em - bers to pear - ly ash out - burn. The

Fl. *tr*  
1st verse only

Vln.

B. Cl.

BD.

11 **Ab Bb Cm Ab Eb Fm G**

IH. *tr*  
 la - zy bells are cal - ling a - long a ri - ver side.  
 par - rots troop to the sap - lings the ri - ders home - ward turn.

Fl. *tr*  
 2nd verse only

Vln.

B. Cl.

Tri.

BD.

15 **Cm Eb Fm Gm Cm Fm G**

IH.  
 Grand - ly the swel - ling rid - ges loom - ing in the sum - mer's fire. As  
 Frogs be - gin their chor - us To the wink - ing of a star. And then

Vln.

B. Cl.

Tri. *tr*  
 Frog noise 2nd verse only

BD.

19 **Ab Eb Bb Gm Cm**

IH.  
 gi - ants roused by the night wind, to watch the day re - tire.  
 night sends forth soft voi - ces, in the land that knows not war.

Fl.

B. Cl.

BD.

23 **♩=70**

IH.  
 There how a man re - mem bers. Too swift the good hours fly. But

IH. here time halts be - side us, to watch us while we die.  
 Fl.  
 B. Cl.

$\text{♩} = 110$

Cm Eb Fm Gm Cm Fm G Ab Bb Cm Ab

IH. Sick in the sick-ened hea-ven, the sun sinks down to the mire. And the dead man sprawls in the cra ter, and  
 Fl.  
 Vln.  
 B. Cl.  
 BD.

Eb Fm G Cm Eb Fm Gm Cm Fm Gm

IH. grins at his mate on the wire. A God for a sing-le ho - ur, to be with these a - gain.  
 Vln.  
 B. Cl.  
 BD.

43

IH. Free in that far green val-ley, clean in that South-land rain. There how a man re-mem bers. Too

Fl.

Vln.

BD.

49

IH. swift the good hours fly. But here time halts be-side us, to

Tri.

*f p*

53

IH. watch us while we die. To watch us while we die.

Fl.

Vln.

B. Cl.

Tri.

BD.

*f* Cm Gm Cm

rall  $\text{♩} = 45$

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

# I wonder

*W: Henry Weston Pryce M: Sonia Bennett*

- 1 Could Homer walk this hill and hear  
The song of canon high and clear  
The roar of caissons jolting past  
The hiss of bullets and the blast  
Of shrapnel over yonder trees  
I wonder would he sing of these  
I wonder would he sing of these.
- 2 Could Homer see this field and spy  
The walking wounded reeling by  
With wet red wounds and faces grey  
Each helping each along the way  
If he could see these broken men  
I wonder would he sing again  
I wonder would he sing again.
- 3 I would that my imaginings  
Might be as blind old Homer sings  
But if he touched this cold machine  
That slays beyond the hills unseen  
Heard the song of yonder lark  
I wonder would he bless the dark  
I wonder would he bless the dark.
- 4 Could I lie here in dreams and find  
The violet and all her kind  
And down among the blossoms lie  
To hear the singing hours go by  
If then a gun should bid me wake  
I wonder if my heart would break  
I wonder if my heart should break.
- 5 I wonder why the sunlight falls  
So gay on yonder broken walls  
I wonder why that soldier lies  
With bloody lips and smiling eyes  
I wonder is that Death and yet  
I know my dream is to forget  
I know my dream is to forget.
- 6 Could Homer see this field and spy . . .





# 'Coming to an end' Medley

Dittie: You're in the army now

Hello! Hello!

Worton David, Bert Lee, Harry Fragson

F C7 F

Hel - lo, Hel - lo, who's your la - dy friend? Who's the lit - tle gir - lie by your side?\_\_\_\_\_

40 A7 Dm G G#° F G C7

I've seen you, with a girl or two, Ossh, oh - oh, I am sur-prised at you!\_\_\_\_\_ Hel-

48 F C7 A

lo,\_\_\_\_\_ hel - lo, what's your lit - tle game? Don't you think your ways you ought to mend?\_\_\_\_\_ It

56 D G G7 C7 F Bb F

is - n't the girl I saw you with at Brigh - ton, Who, who, who's your la - dy friend?\_\_\_\_\_

Dittie: The Brigadier he gets the turkey

Mademoiselle from Armentieres

Harry Carlton, J.A. Tunbridge

1 F C F

Ma-de-moi-selle from Ar-men-tieres, Par - lez vous? Ma-de-moi-selle from Ar-men-tieres, Par\_\_ lez vous?

9 F C7 F C7 F Bb C7 F C7 F F7

Ma-de-moi-selle from Ar-men-tieres, Has-n't been kissed for for-ty years, Ink-y pink-y par-lez - vous. vous.

Dittie: Fighting the Kaiser

Take me back to Dear Old Blighty

AJ. Mills, Fred Godfrey, Bennett Scott

1 Bb Ebm6 Bb F Bb F7 Bb7

Take me back to dear Old Bligh - ty, Put me on the train for Lond-on Town.\_\_\_\_\_

9 F7 Cm F7 Cm C7 F C7 F7

Take me o - ver there, Droop me a-ny- where, Li-ver-pool, Leeds or Bir-ming-ham, Well I don't care!

17 Bb Ebm6 Bb Bb7 Cm Gb7

I should love to see my best girl, Cud-dl-ing up a - gain we soon will be, Aye,

25 Bb Eb Bb C7 Gm C F7 Bb F Bb

26 Ti-dl - y id-dl - y igh - ty, Hur-ry me home to Bligh - ty, Bligh - ty is the place for me.

Dittie: Oh, the Colonel Kicks

Oui Oui, Marie

W: Alfred Bryan & Joe McCarthy M: Fred Fisher

1 **B $\flat$**  **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**

Oui Oui Ma - rie, \_\_\_\_\_ will you do zis for me\_\_Oui Oui Ma - rie, \_\_\_\_\_ then I'll do zat for you, \_ I love your eyes they

11 **F** **Cm** **C** **F** **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**

make me feel so spoon - y, \_\_\_\_\_ You'll drive me cra - zy, \_\_\_\_\_ you're teas - ing me, \_\_\_\_\_ Why can't we par - ley - vous

19 **Cm** **F** **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**

\_\_\_\_\_ like oth - er sweet - hearts do, \_\_\_\_\_ I want a kiss or two \_\_\_\_\_ from Ma - Cher - ie, \_\_\_\_\_ Oui Oui Ma -

26 **B $\flat$**  **F $^7$**  **Cm** **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**  **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**

rie, \_\_\_\_\_ if you'll do zis for me\_\_ then I'll do zat for you, \_ Oui Oui Ma - rie.

Dittie: Billy Hughes's Army

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Geo F. Root

1 **B $\flat$**  **E $\flat$**  **B $\flat$**  **B $\flat$**  **Gm** **F** **F $^7$**

In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing Moth - er dear, of you. And our bright and hap - py home so far a - way. And the

6 **B $\flat$**  **E $\flat$**  **B $\flat$**  **E $\flat$**  **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**

tears they fill my eyes, Spite of all that I can do. Tho' I try to cheer my com rades and be gay.

10 **B $\flat$**  **F** **B $\flat$**  **F** **F $^7$**

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing. Cheer up, com - rades, they will come. And be -

14 **B $\flat$**  **E $\flat$**  **B $\flat$**  **E $\flat$**  **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**

neath the star - ry flag, we shall breathe the air a - gain. Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.

Dittie: Billy Hughes

# 'Home Fires' Medley

Women who wait

As sung by Ernest Pike

Eb
Cm
Eb
Cm
F7
Bb
B7

You cheer sol-dier Tom- my\_ and Sail-or Jack too. You shout-ed "Hur-rah" for the state(?).\_\_\_ But

9 Ab
Eb
Ab
Eb
Cm
F7
Bb
Bb7

while you are cheer-ing the he-roes who fight, just think of the wo men who wait.\_\_\_\_

17 Eb
Gm
Eb
G
Ab
Eb
Cm
Bb7

Wo-men who wait, wo-men who wait. You don't fight with guns at the en - e-my's gate. There's no

25 Cm
Dm/A
Gm
C
Ab
Eb
Abm
Eb
D7

big sea for you, but your du-ty you do(?)and you're none the less a he ro, \_the wo-men who wait.

Keep the home fires burning

W: Lena Guilbert Ford M: Ivor Novello

1 G
G/B
Bm/D
D7
Em
G+/B
B7

Keep the home fires burn - ing, while your hearts are yearn - ing.

5 C
G
A7
D7

Though your lads are far a - way they dream of home.

9 G
G/B
Bm/D
D7
Em
G+/B
B7

There's a sil - ver li - ning, through the dark cloud shi - ning.

13 C
G
C
G/D
D7
G

Turn the dark cloud in - side out, till the boys come home.



# Song for Grace

Ted Egan

G Gmaj7 G<sup>6</sup> C G

I was a girl of thir - teen when my three bro - thers went to the war.

7 G Gmaj7 G<sup>6</sup> G Am E

Mar - tin and Ro - bert and Jack and as I waved from the door. I thought:

15 Am

'Who in the world could have bro - thers as hand - some as they?' Three Aus

23 A D

tra - lian Light Horse - men, I see their proud fi - gures to - day. Our

31 G Gmaj7 G<sup>6</sup> C G

pa - rents were I - rish, with no love for Eng - land at all. But their

37 G Gmaj7 G<sup>6</sup> G Am E

sons were Aus - tra - lians and each brave - ly ans - wered the call. In their

45 Am

turned - up slouch hats and their fea - thers and leg - gings and spurs, The

53 Am D G Gmaj7 G<sup>6</sup> D

Em - pire, as much as my mo - ther, knew these sons were hers. And as the

61 G C G

go- ing\_ down\_ of the sun, and in the mor ning,

68 C D D<sup>7</sup> G

We'll re- mem - ber them, lest we for - get.

The mailman brought cards from Colombo and then from Port Said,  
 Here's a photo of Jack, in Egypt, his first camel ride.  
 Look at young Bobby in London, crossing The Strand,  
 And Martin writes: 'Mum and Dad, life in the army is grand'.  
 The same mailman brought us the news about our darling Jack:  
 'Regret to inform you, your son Johnn will never come back  
 He died of his wounds at Gallipoli, so brave was he,  
 He's awarded the military medal, posthumously'.

The telegram came, my mother collapsed and I had  
 The terrible task of breaking the news to my Dad.  
 With our old draught-horse, Punch, our father was ploughing the land,  
 I ran to the paddock, the telegram clutched in my hand.  
 The Irishman read it, said: 'Thank you, now leave me alone,  
 Go on back to the house, help your mother, she's there on her own'.  
 He called: 'Stand up, Punch, we have to get on with this job',  
 But I saw his slumped shoulders and I heard his heart-rending sob.

Well, Robert was gassed and he always had pains in his head,  
 Martin was shell-shocked and he'd have been better off dead.  
 I, I'm just an old lady who watched them all go,  
 But I am the one you should ask about war, for I know.  
 That all of these years have gone by and I know the grief yet,  
 Yes, I will remember them . . . I can't forget.

*Poem: Recited by a Soldier, coming in at section 13B, just before the song – "Oh What a Lovely War."*

## Inscription for a War – By A.D. Hope

Stranger, go tell the Leaders, we died here obedient to their commands.  
 Linger not, stranger; shed no tear,  
 Go back to those who sent us.  
 We are the young they drafted out,  
 To wars their folly brought about.  
 Go tell those old men, safe in bed,  
 We took their orders, and are dead!

# Oh! It's a lovely war

John Long & Maurice Scott

F Bbm/G C C7

Fl.  
Cl.

5 F F°/B C F°/B C7

Fl.  
Cl.

9 F Dm Bb F

S.

1. Up to your waist in wa - ter, up to your eyes in slush.\_\_\_\_  
 2. When does a sol - dier grum - ble? When does he make a fuss?\_\_\_\_  
 3. Come to the Cook-house door boys, sniff at the love - ly stew.\_\_\_\_

13 Dm7 G7 C7

S.

Us - ing the kind of lang - uage that makes the ser - geant blush.\_\_\_\_  
 No - one is more con - tent - ed in all the world than us.\_\_\_\_  
 Who is it says the Col - 'nel gets bet - ter grub than you?\_\_\_\_

17 F7 Bb F

S.

Who would-n't join the ar - my, that's what we all en - quire,\_\_\_\_  
 Oh! it's a 'cush - y' life, boys, real - ly we love it so,\_\_\_\_  
 An - y com-plaints this morn - ing? Do we com-plain? Not we.\_\_\_\_

21 C7 F C G7 C


S.

Don't we pit - y the poor ci - vil - ians sit - ting be - side the fire.\_\_\_\_  
 Once a fel - low was sent on leave and sim - ply re - fused to go.\_\_\_\_  
 What's the mat - ter with lumps of on - ion float - ing a - round the tea.\_\_\_\_



Chorus


25 F F#° C7 F

S.  Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a love - ly war. \_\_\_\_\_ Who would-n't

29 C7 F

S.  be a sol - dier eh! Oh it's a shame to take the pay. \_\_\_\_\_ As


33 F D7 Gm A7

S.  soon as 're - veil - le' has gone, \_\_\_\_\_ we feel just as heav - y as lead, but we

37 Dm Am C G7 C C7

S.  nev - er get up till the ser - geant brings our break - fast up to bed. \_\_\_\_\_


41 F F#° C7 C7(#5) F F#°

S.  Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a love - ly war. \_\_\_\_\_ What do we

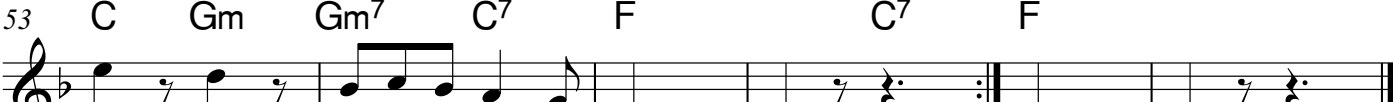
45 C7 F

S.  want with eggs & ham, when we've got plum & ap - ple jam? \_\_\_\_\_

49 F Ab° C7 F G7

S.  Form fours! Right turn! How shall we spend the mon - ey we earn?

53 C Gm Gm7 C7 1. F C7 2. F

S.  Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a love - ly war. \_\_\_\_\_ war. \_\_\_\_\_

# In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies grow  
Between the crosses, row on row  
That mark our place: and in the sky  
The larks still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.  
We are the Dead. Short days ago.

We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The Torch: be yours to hold it high!  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

# Coquelicot

Words: Henry Weston Pryce Music: Denis Kevans

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of four systems. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. Chord markings are placed above the vocal line. The lyrics are in French and are aligned with the notes.

**System 1:** Chords: C, F, Am. Lyrics: Cue - illons le co - quel - i - cot qui rougit dans le blé, Ce' est la

**System 2:** Chords: Dm, G, G7. Lyrics: der - ni - ere, c - ri, le der - ni - er pen - sée. Ce' est la

**System 3:** Chords: C, F, Am. Lyrics: der - ni - ere, cri, de la An - zac bi - en ne mei. De le

**System 4:** Chords: Dm, G, G7, C. Lyrics: tombe, nu gar - de - ron, et nub - le - ron Jar - nais.

Lazily the southwind rested, heard a linnet call,  
 Pools of shade and sunshine flecked the road between,  
 Where the soldier rested, hear a linnet call,  
 Saw the poppies dancing, blazing in the green;  
 Sullenly and sadly, over wood and wold,  
 Throbbled and sobbed from Artois the drums of sacrifice:  
 But the bird stayed singing till its love was told,  
 And the fields were kind with friendly eyes.

When the poppy blooms in France, Jean & Marie say,  
 Gather the poppy that is reddening in the wheat,  
 It is for the good Australian, L'Anzac bienne,  
 Whose memory we will guard and never forget.

On to battle pressing, through the little towns,  
 Did his fancy conjure sights and sounds of home?  
 Of the sheep far straying, strung across the Downs,  
 Of the bells at evening where the cattle roam? . . .  
 Did he see a loved face smile into his own  
 In a strange pre-vision, ere the close of day:  
 Ere the poppies withered and the sun went down  
 Red athwart the red field where he lay?

# No Man's Land/Green Fields of France

Eric Bogle

G C Am

Well how d'you do\_\_\_\_\_ Pri - vate Wil - lie Mc - Bride, D' you  
 And did you leave\_\_\_\_\_ a wife or a sweet - heart be - hind, In\_\_\_\_  
 Well the sun's shin - ing now on these green fields of France; The\_\_\_\_  
 And I can't help but\_\_\_\_\_ won - der now, Wil - lie Mc - Bride, Do\_\_\_\_

5 D G D

mind if I sit here, down by your grave side? And I'll  
 some faith - ful heart is your memor - y en - shrined? The  
 warm wind blows gent - ly, and the red pop - pies dance. Did you  
 all those who lie here\_\_\_\_\_ know why they died?

9 G C Am

rest for a - while in the warm sum - mer sun. I've been  
 And though you died back in nine - teen six - teen, To  
 tren - ches have van - ished long un - der the plough; No  
 real - ly be - lieve them when they told you 'the cause'? Did you

13 D C G

walk - ing all\_\_\_\_\_ day, Lord, and I'm near - ly done. And I  
 that loy - al\_\_\_\_\_ heart are you al - ways nine - teen? Or\_\_\_\_  
 gas and no\_\_\_\_\_ barbed wire, no guns fir - ing now. But\_\_\_\_  
 real - ly be - lieve that this war would end wars? The

18 G Am

see by your grave - stone you were on - ly nine - teen, when you  
 are you a strang - er, with - out e - ven a name, For -  
 here in this grave - yard it's\_\_\_\_\_ still No - Man's Land; The  
 suffer - ing, the\_\_\_\_\_ sor - row, the\_\_\_\_\_ glo - ry, the shame, the

22 D7 G D7

joined the glo - i - ous fall - en in nine - teen six - teen. Well I  
 e - ver en - shrined\_\_\_\_\_ be - hind some glass pane. In an  
 count - less white\_\_\_\_\_ cros - ses in mute wit - ness stand. To  
 kil - ling, the\_\_\_\_\_ dy - ing, it was all done in vain. For

26 G Am

hope you died quick and I\_\_\_\_\_ hope you died clean. Or,  
 old pho - to - graph, torn and\_\_\_\_\_ tat - tered and stained. And  
 man's blind in - differ - ence to\_\_\_\_\_ his fel - low man. And a  
 Wil - lie Mc - Bride, it's all\_\_\_\_\_ hap - pened a - gain, and a -

30 **D** **C** **G**

Wil - lie McBride was it slow and ob - scene?  
 fa - ding to yel - low in a brown leath - er frame?  
 whole gen - er - a - tion who were butch - ered and damned.  
 gain, and a - gain, and a - gain.

34 **D** **C** **G**

Did they beat the drum slow - ly, did they sound the fife low - ly? Did the

Did they beat the drum slow - ly, did they sound the fife low - ly? Did the

Did they beat the drum slow - ly, did they sound the fife low - ly? Did the

Did they beat the drum slow - ly, did they sound the fife low - ly? Did the

39 **D** **C** **G**

rif - les fire o'er ye as they low - ered you down? Did the

rif - les fire o'er ye as they low - ered you down? Did the

rif - les fire o'er ye as they low - ered you down? Did the

rif - les fire o'er ye as they low - ered you down? Did the

44 **C** **D** **G** **C** **D** **G**

bug - les play, "The Last Post in chor us? Did the pipes play the "Flowers of the For - est"?"

bug - les play, "The Last Post in chor us? Did the pipes play the "Flowers of the For - est"?"

bug - les play, "The Last Post in chor us? Did the pipes play the "Flowers of the For - est"?"

Did the pipes play the "Flowers of the For - est"?"

# All the Fine Young Men

Eric Bogle

♩=80

Bm A G Bm A G Bm A Bm A

EE

Hp

They

7

D A Bm G A

EE

Hp

told all\_ the fine young men when this war is o- ver\_ (·) (·)

told all\_ the fine young men when this war is o- ver\_ In your

ma-ny of those fine young men all the wars are o- ver\_

11

D A Bm G A

EE

Hp

there will be peace and the peace will last for - e - ver

country's grate - ful heart we will che - rish you fo - e - ver

They've found their peace Its the peace that lasts for - e - ver

15

Bm A D G A

EE

Hp

In Flan - ders fields at Lone Pine and Ber-shee-ba\_ For

To -bruk and Al - a - mein, Bhu - na and Ko - ko - da\_ In a

When the call comes a - gain they\_ will not ans- wer They're

19 D G D Gmaj<sup>7</sup> stop

EE  
king and coun- try\_\_ for ho- nour\_ and du - ty the  
world mad with war,\_\_ like their fath- ers\_\_ be - fore\_\_ the  
just forgotten bones ly - ing far from\_ their homes\_\_ As for -

Hp

22 D Em G A

EE  
young men fought and cursed and wept and died. They  
young men fought and cursed and wept and died. For  
got - ten as the cause for which they

Hp

24 3. G stop Freely

EE  
died. Ah Blu - ey can you see now why they lied?\_\_

Hp

# Poppy Day

W: Henry Weston Pryce M: Ian Hamilton

♩ = 190

C Em

Fl.

Vln.

B. Cl.

6 C Em F G

I.H.

If loss or pro - fit shall be - fall it mat - ters not this day. Be -  
The ci - ty's cease - less clam - our - ing up - ris - ing from the street. Brings  
In all that blood in her - its here, in all that eyes de - fine. My  
And then the lull we count our loss, we mend the trench for - lorn. And

Fl. *mp*

Vln. *mp*

B. Cl. *mp*

15 F C Am Dm G C

I.H.

cause the fields of Flan - ders call, and hear - ing I o - bey. The  
back to mind the fate - ful swing of man - y march - ing feet. The  
count - ry is the home - land dear, but France the hal - lowed shrine. There  
one seeks wood to make a cross, and so the red red morn. Gro -

B.

Ah

Fl.

Vln.

B. Cl.

23 Am C Am C

I.H.

gree - tings of my cher - ished friends shall pass un - seen per - chance. Be -  
click of hooves, the rum - bling loads, the dust clouds drift - ing far. The  
gai - ly by the road - side now. The wind - swept pop - pies bend. As  
tesque - ly spraw - ling in the sun, the dead no hat - red hold. And

B.

Ooh

Fl.

Vln.

B. Cl.

40



31 **C** **Em** **G** **Em** **C**

I.H. *p* cause my soul to bat - tle wends, a - long the roads of France.  
 arm - ies pour - ing down the roads, the roar - ing roads of war.  
 danced they in the morn - ing glow, when you went west my friend.  
 close by head and hand and gun, the pop - py buds un - fold.

B. Ah *p* Ah *pp*

Fl. *p* *pp*

Vln. *p* *pp*

B. Cl. *p* *pp*

41 **Am** **C** **Am** **C**

I.H. Sleep well old com - rade When they name, Hence - forth the great and good *p* <sup>A</sup>

B. *p* <sup>Ooh</sup>

Fl. *p*

Vln. *p*

B. Cl. *p*

50 **Em** **G** **Em** **C** rit.

I.H. high - er hon - our none may claim *f* than this *p* your cross *ff* of wood.

B. *f* *p* Ah *ff*

Fl. *ff*

Vln. *ff*

B. Cl. *p* *ff*

41

# Ataturk Tribute

Words: Kemal Ataturk Music: Ian Hamilton (2007)

1 **A**

S. Those he - roes and lost their lives in the soil of a friend - ly coun try.

A. Those he - roes You are now ly - ing in the soil of a friend - ly coun try.

T. Those he - roes that shed their blood. in the soil of a friend - ly coun try.

B. Those he roes that shed their blood. You are now ly - ing in the soil of a friend - ly coun try.

Fl.

Tpt.

Pnox.

9

S. There - fore rest in peace, rest in peace, in peace.

A. There - fore rest in peace rest in peace, in peace.

T. There - fore rest in peace, There - fore rest

B. There - fore rest in peace, in peace.

Fl.

Tpt.

**B**16 *Ian solo*

T. There's no dif - rence be - tween the John - ies and the Meh - mets to us

Tpt.

19

S. where they lie side by side, side by side.

A. where they lie side by side, side by side.

T. where they lie side by side, side by side.

B. where they lie side by side, side by side.

Tpt.

Pno.

23

S. Here in this coun - try of ours.

A. Here in this coun - try of ours.

T. Here

B. Here

Tpt.

Pno.

27 **C**

T. You the mo - thers who sent their sons from

B. You the mo - thers who sent their sons from

Fl.

Tpt.

Pno.

31

S. Ah

A. Ah

T. far - a - way coun-tries wipe a-way your tears, wipe a-way your tears.

B. far - a - way coun-tries wipe a-way your tears, wipe a-way your tears.

Fl.

Tpt.

Pno.

35 **D**

S. Your sons, your sons, are now ly-ing in our bo-som and are in peace.

A. Your sons, your sons, are now ly-ing in our bo-som in peace.

T. and are in peace.

B. and are in peace.

Pno.

43

S. Af-ter hav-ing lost their lives, Af-ter hav-ing lost their lives on this land.

A. af-ter hav-ing lost their lives on this land.

T. Af-ter hav-ing lost their lives, af-ter hav-ing lost their lives on this land.

B. Af-ter hav-ing lost their lives, af-ter hav-ing lost their lives on this land.

Tpt.

Pno.

51 **E**

S. They have be - - come,

53

S. They have be - come our sons as well, our sons as well.

A. They have be - come our sons as well, our sons as well.

T. our sons as well, our sons as well.

B. our sons as well, our sons as well.

Tpt.

Pno.