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(Draft 1)

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# 'Pre-War' Medley

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay

Henry J. Sayers (1891)

**D**

A sweet Tux - e - do girl you see, Queen of swell so - ci - e - ty, Fond of fun as

**A7** **D**

fond can be, When it's on the strict Q. T. I'm not too young, I'm not too old,

**A7** **D**

Not too tim - id, not too bold, Just the kind you'd like to hold, Just the kind for sport, I'm told.

**D**

Ta - ra - ra Boom - de - ay, Ta - ra - ra Boom - de - ay, Ta - ra - ra

**A7** **D** **A7** **D**

Boom - de - ay, Ta ra - ra Boom - de - ay, Ta - ra - ra Boom - de - ay, Ta - ra - ra

**A7** **D** **Segue**

Boom - de - ay, Ta - ra - ra Boom - de - ay, Ta - ra - ra Boom - de - ay.

Who were you with last night?

Fred Godfrey & Mark Sheridan (1912)

**D** **D6** **D+** **D** **D7** **G** **Gm** **D**

Who were you with last night?\_\_\_\_\_ Who were you with last night?\_\_\_\_\_ It

**A7** **D** **F°** **E7** **A7**

was-n't your sis - ter, it was-n't your Ma, Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

**D** **D6** **D+** **D** **D** **G6** **F#7**

Who were you with last night?\_\_\_\_\_ Out in the pale moon - light?\_\_\_\_\_ Are you

**B7** **Em** **B7** **Em** **A7** **D** **F7**

going to tell your Mis - sus when you get home? Who you were with last night\_\_\_\_\_

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

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

# Oh! you beautiful doll

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

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

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

5 **E $\flat$ <sup>7</sup>** **A $\flat$**  **B $\flat$ m** **E $\flat$**

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

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

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

13 **A $\flat$**  **E<sup>7</sup>**

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

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

Oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh, you beau - ti - ful doll! --> Daisy Bell [G]

# Daisy Bell

Harry Dacre (1892)

1 G C G

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

9 D7 G Em A7 D

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

17 D7 G<sub>3</sub> Em C G D7

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

25 G D7 G D7 G D7 G D7

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 D7 G B C E7

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

10 Am E7 A7 D7

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

18 G D7 G B C E7

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

26 Am C G E7 Am D7 G C G

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

*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

Put on uniforms as you sing

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 $\flat$  D<sup>7</sup>

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

Pack up your troubles

Start marching on the spot

1 G D<sup>7</sup>/A G/B G<sup>7</sup> C G G $\sharp$ <sup>o</sup> 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 Am 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! Start marching down the aisle and out into the dining room.

1 G Am D7 G

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

Detailed description: This block contains the first five measures of the song. The music is in G major and common time. Measure 1 starts with a G chord and a quarter note G. Measure 2 has a G chord and a quarter note A. Measure 3 has an Am chord and a quarter note B. Measure 4 has a D7 chord and a quarter note C. Measure 5 has a G chord and a quarter note D. The lyrics are: "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

Detailed description: This block contains measures 6-10. Measure 6 has a C chord and a quarter note E. Measure 7 has a D7 chord and a quarter note F. Measure 8 has a C chord and a quarter note G. Measure 9 has a D7 chord and a quarter note A. Measure 10 has a G chord and a quarter note B. The lyrics are: "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 -

Detailed description: This block contains measures 11-14. Measure 11 has a G chord and a quarter note C. Measure 12 has an Am chord and a quarter note D. Measure 13 has a D7 chord and a quarter note E. Measure 14 has a G chord and a quarter note F. The lyrics are: "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.---

Detailed description: This block contains measures 15-18. Measure 15 has a G chord and a quarter note G. Measure 16 has a D7 chord and a quarter note A. Measure 17 has a G chord and a quarter note B. Measure 18 has an E7 chord and a quarter note C. Measure 19 has an Am chord and a quarter note D. Measure 20 has an E7 chord and a quarter note E. Measure 21 has an Am chord and a quarter note F. Measure 22 has a C6 chord and a quarter note G. Measure 23 has a D7 chord and a quarter note A. Measure 24 has a G chord and a quarter note B. The lyrics are: "soir, old thing, cheer-i - o, chin- chin, nah - poo, too - dle-oo, Good - Bye- Ee.---".

# The Route March

- Intro
- Verse 1
- Verse 2
- Instrumental Verse
- Verse 3

Words: Henry Lawson  
 Music: Ian Hamilton

Conc. D

4 D Em

8

Did you hear the chil dren sing in' Oh my broth-ers?  
 Do you hear the chil - dren sing-in' Oh my broth-ers?  
 Shall we hear the chil - dren sing-in' Oh my broth-ers?

Tpt.

Conc.

Vln.

B. Cl.

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

8

Did you hear the chil dren sing in' as our troops wentmarch ing past?  
 Do you hear - the chil dren sing in' forthe first man and the last?  
 Shallwe hear the chil -dren sing in' in the sunshine or the rain?

Tpt.

Conc.

Vln.

B. Cl.



13

D

Em

D

G

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' the bells and 'neath the singin'\_\_ There'll be

Conc.

Vln.

B. Cl.

18

D

G

G

A

1-2  
D

3.  
D

hear the school girls sing in' as our boys went swing in' past.  
 hear the child-ren' sing - in' for the future and the past  
 tears of orph - an child ren' When our boys come back a gain

Tpt.

Conc.

Vln.

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-b lers, 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<sub>b</sub>** **A<sub>b</sub>** **E<sub>b</sub>**  
We are the An - zacs, and we're true blue, We're from Aus -  
We've got \_\_\_\_\_ shear - ers, dro - vers too, We've got

5  **B<sub>b</sub>**  
tra - lia and New Zea - land too, We're from Down  
ci - ty swells and lots of blokes named 'Blue' \_\_\_\_\_ As

9  **E<sub>b</sub>** **B<sub>b</sub>** **E<sub>b</sub>**  
Un - der, and we're tell - ing you, We're  
sol - diers, we're the world's best yet,

13  **F** **B<sub>b</sub>**  
lar - ri - kins and ski - ters, but we're pret - ty good fight - ers too. We might  
We \_\_\_\_\_ are the An - zacs, \_\_\_\_\_ Don't you for - get! Would we go

17  **E<sub>b</sub>** **A<sub>b</sub>** **E<sub>b</sub>**  
curse and swear, but we'll be right there, In the  
A W L? \_\_\_\_\_ Don't be ab - surd! Dis - ci -

21  **A<sub>b</sub>** **B<sub>b</sub>**  
fight - ing we won't turn a hair, When the  
pline, now there's a dir - ty word, We'll \_\_\_\_\_

25  **E<sub>b</sub>** **C<sub>m</sub>** **A<sub>b</sub>** **E<sub>b</sub>**  
whips are crack - ing ev' - y - where \_\_\_\_\_ you'll find the An - zacs.  
shout 'Ma'a - lesh' and 'gibbit baq - sheesh' \_\_\_\_\_ We're 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.

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.

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.

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.

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,  
 With this battle finally done,  
 Not an inch of ground was won,  
 Bones lie bleaching in the sun - Gallipoli.

# The Rose of No-man's Land

Jack Caddigan, James A. Brennan

♩.=100

5

I've seen some beau - ti - ful flow - ers, Grow in life's gar - den fair, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Out of the heav-en-ly splen - dor, Down to the trail of woe, \_\_\_\_\_

9

I've spent some won - der - ful hours \_\_\_\_\_ Lost in thei fra-grance rare, \_\_\_\_\_  
 God in his mer-cy has sent her Cheer - ing the world be - low \_\_\_\_\_

13

But I have found an - oth - er Won - drous be yond com - pare.  
 We call her Rose of Heav - en We've learned to love her so.

17 Chorus

Theres a rose that grows in No - man's Land, and it's

2

won - der - ful to see; \_\_\_\_\_ Though it's

4

sprayed with tears, It will live for years, in my

6

gar - den of me - mo - ry. \_\_\_\_\_ It's the

8 **G** **D7**

one red rose, the sol - dier knows; it's the

10 **Am** **B7** **Em** **Em7**

work of the Mas - ter's hand, \_\_\_\_\_ 'Mid the

12 **Am** **E7** **Am** **F#7** **G** **B** **E**

war's great curse stands the Red Cross nurse, she's the

war's great curse stands the Red Cross nurse, she's the

war's great curse stands the Red Cross nurse, she's the

14 **Am** **D7** **G**

Rose of No - man's \_\_\_\_\_ Land \_\_\_\_\_

Rose of No - man's \_\_\_\_\_ Land \_\_\_\_\_

Rose of No - man's \_\_\_\_\_ Land \_\_\_\_\_

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

8 C<sup>7</sup> F

And when they ask us, \_\_\_\_\_ how dan-ger-ous it was, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, we'll ne - ver

5 B<sup>b</sup>6 B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F Dm<sup>7</sup>

tell them, \_\_\_\_\_ no we'll ne - ver tell them: \_\_\_\_\_ We spent our

9 Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> Dm

pay in some ca - fe, and fought wild wo - men\_ night and day, 'Twas the

13 Am E<sup>7</sup> Am D<sup>7</sup>

cush - i - est job \_\_\_\_\_ we e - ver had. \_\_\_\_\_ And when they

17 Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F

ask us, \_\_\_\_\_ and they're cer-tain-ly going to ask us, \_\_\_\_\_ the rea - son

21 Gm F Dm<sup>7</sup>

why we did - n't win the Croix de Guerre, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, we'll ne - ver

25 Gm C<sup>7</sup> F Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

tell them, \_\_\_\_\_ no, we'll ne - ver tell them \_\_\_\_\_ there was a

29 Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F

front, but damned if we knew where. \_\_\_\_\_



# When very lights are shining

C G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>°</sup> C

When Ve - ry lights are shi - ning, \_\_\_\_\_ sure they're like the morn - ing light. And when the  
 When Ve - ry lights are shi ning, \_\_\_\_\_ sure 'tis like the morn - ing due. \_\_\_\_\_ And when

8 F F<sup>°</sup> C A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

guns be - gin to thun - der, \_\_\_\_\_ you can hear the an - gel's shite. \_\_\_\_\_ Then the  
 shells be - gin a - burst - ing, It makes you think your time's come too. \_\_\_\_\_ And

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

Max - ims start to chat - ter, \_\_\_\_\_ and trench mor - tars send a few. \_\_\_\_\_ And when  
 when you start ad - vanc - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ Five nines and gas comes through. \_\_\_\_\_ Sure when

24 F F<sup>°</sup> C A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C

Ve - ry lights are shi - ning \_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis time for a rum is - sue. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Ve - ry lights are shi - ning \_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis rum or lead for you. \_\_\_\_\_

## Anti-Conscription Slogans

Say 'No' to the blood vote!

Conscription, No!

Fight as free men!

Vote 'No'!

Enough lives have been lost!

It's not our fight!

We need our men here!

Keep your jelly fish!

## Pro-Conscription Slogans

We have to keep our promise!

Shirkers!

Our boys over there need help!

Shame!

Traitors!

Our honour's at stage!

Who will protect us?

# Mothers, Daughters, Wives

Judy Small - 1982

**Chorus** F C F

S. (And) the first time it was fath-ers, the last time it was sons, and in - be - tween your hus-bands marched a-

A. and in - be - tween your hus-bands marched a-

M. (And) the first time it was fath-ers, the last time it was sons, and in - be - tween your hus-bands marched a-

7 Bb C F Bb F

way with drums & guns. — And you ne-ver thought to ques- tion, — you just went on with your lives. — 'Cause

way with drums & guns. — And you ne-ver thought to ques-tion, you just went on with your lives. — 'Cause

way with drums & guns. — you just went on with your lives. —

13 Gm Bb C [--> Coda]

all they'd taught you who to be — was moth-ers, daugh-ters, wives. —

all they'd taught you who to be — was moth-ers, daugh-ters, wives. —

was moth-ers, daugh-ters, wives. —

18 Verse 1 F C F

You can on - ly just re - mem ber — the tears your moth-er — shed. As they sat and read their pa - pers — through the

25 Bb C F Bb F

lists & lists of dead. — And the gold frames held the pho-to graphs that moth-ers kissed each night. And the

31 Gm Bb C [--> Chorus]

door frames held the shocked and si - lent stran - gers — from the fight. —

36 Verse 2 F C F

And it was twen-ty one years la - ter, — with chil-dren of your own. The trum-pet soun-ded once a- gain. and the

43 Bb C F Bb

sol - dier boys — were gone. And you drove their trucks & made their guns — and ten - ded to — their

48 F Gm Bb C  
 wounds. And at night you kissed their pho - to-graphs & prayed for safe re- turns. And

Verse 3

53 F C F  
 af - ter it was o - ver you had to learn a- gain. To be just wives & moth ers, when you'd

59 Bb C F Bb F  
 done the work of men. So you worked to help the nee - dy, and you ne-ver trod on toes. And the

65 Gm Bb C [-> Chorus]  
 pho - tos on the pia - nos struck a hap - py fam - 'ly pose.

70 Verse 4 F C F  
 And then your daugh-ters grew to wo men, and your lit-tle boys to men. And you prayed that you werdream-ing when the

77 Bb C F Bb  
 call - up came a - gain. But you proud - ly smiled and held your tears as they brave - ly waved good - bye.

82 F Gm Bb C  
 And the pho - tos on the man - tel - pie - ces al - ways made you cry. And

Verse 5

87 F C F Bb  
 now you're get ting ol - der and in time the pho tos fade. And in wi dow-hood you sit back and re- flect on the pa -

94 C F Bb F  
 rade. Of the pas - sing of your me - mo - ries as your daugh - ters change their lives See - ing

99 Gm Bb C [-> Chorus]  
 more to our ex - is - tence than just moth - ers, daugh ters, wives.

Coda

104 C Bb F Gm F Bb C F  
 wives. And you be - lieved them, that there was noth ing more than moth ers, daugh ters, wives.

# 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  $A\flat$   $B\flat$   $Cm$   $A\flat$   $E\flat$   $Fm$   $G$

I.H. 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  $Cm$   $E\flat$   $Fm$   $Gm$   $Cm$   $Fm$   $G$

I.H. 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. Frog noise 2nd verse only

BD.

19  $A\flat$   $E\flat$   $B\flat$   $Gm$   $Cm$  1.

I.H. gi - ants roused by the night wind, to watch the day re - tire. Too swift the good hours fly.  
night sends forth soft - voi - ces, in the land that knows not war.

Fl.

Vln. *p*

B. Cl. *p*

BD.

25  $\text{♩} = 70$  2.

I.H. 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.

$\text{♩} = 110$

33 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.

39 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.

45

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.

51

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

Tri.

*f p*

55

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

Hello! Hello!

Worton David, Bert Lee, Harry Fragson

F C<sup>7</sup> F

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

40 A<sup>7</sup> Dm G G<sup>♯</sup> F G C<sup>7</sup>

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

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

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

56 D G G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> 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 C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F

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 B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup><sup>7</sup>

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

9 F<sup>7</sup> C<sup>m</sup> F<sup>7</sup> C<sup>m</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

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

17 B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup><sup>7</sup> C<sup>m</sup> G<sup>b</sup><sup>7</sup>

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

25 B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup> G<sup>m</sup> C F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>

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

26

**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: You're in the army now**

### 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-

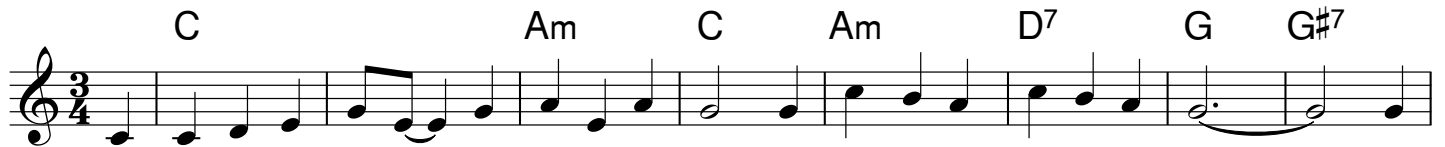
14 **B $\flat$**  **E $\flat$**  **B $\flat$**  **E $\flat$**  **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**   
neath the star - ry flag, we shall breathe the air a-gain. Of the free-land in our own be-lov - ed home.

# 'Home Fires' Medley

Women who wait

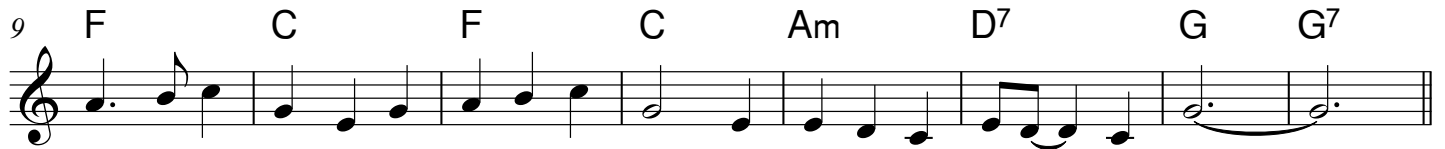
As sung by Ernest Pike

C Am C Am D<sup>7</sup> G G<sup>#7</sup>



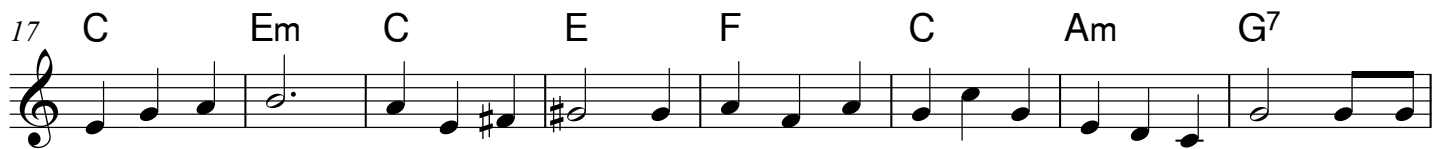
You cheer sol-dier Tom my\_ and Sail-or Jack too. You shout-ed "Hur - rah" for the state(?).\_\_ But

9 F C F C Am D<sup>7</sup> G G<sup>7</sup>



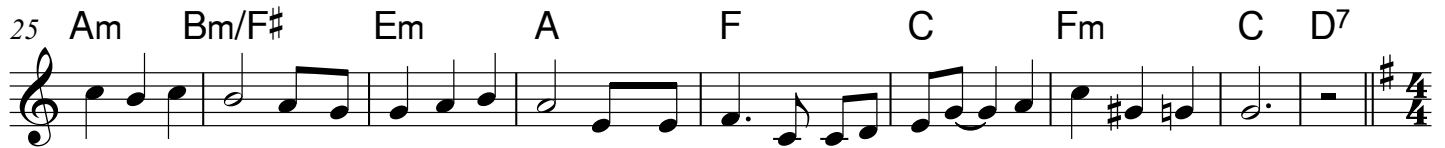
while you are cheer-ing the he-roes who fight, just think of the wo men who wait.\_\_\_\_

17 C Em C E F C Am G<sup>7</sup>



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 Am Bm/F# Em A F C Fm C D<sup>7</sup>

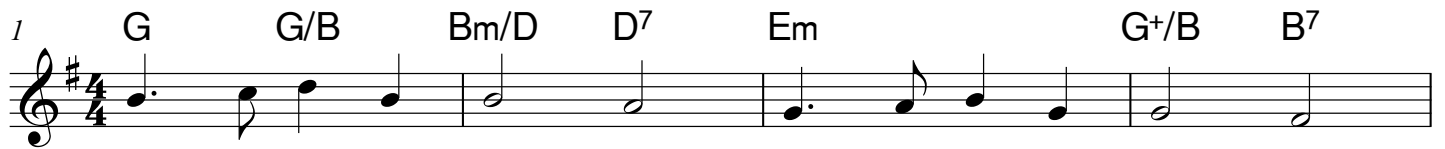


big sea for you, but your du - ty you do(?)and you're none the less a he ro, - the wo-men who wait.

Keep the home fires burning

W: Lena Guilbert Ford M: Ivor Novello

1 G G/B Bm/D D<sup>7</sup> Em G<sup>+/B</sup> B<sup>7</sup>



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

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



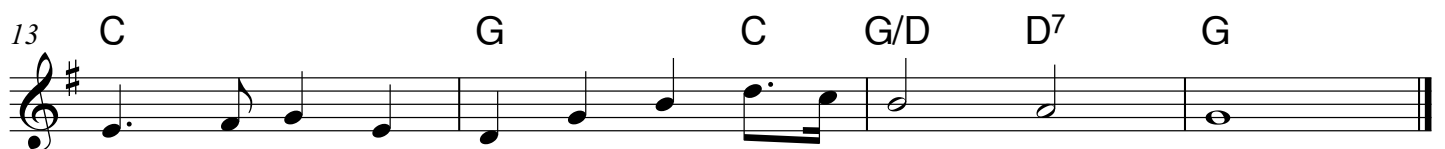
Though your lads are far a - way they dream of home.

9 G G/B Bm/D D<sup>7</sup> Em G<sup>+/B</sup> B<sup>7</sup>



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

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



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



# Song for Grace

Ted Egan

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

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

15 S.  'Who in the world could have brothers as hand - some as they?' Three Aus -

23 S.  tra - lian Light Horsemen, I see their proud fi - gures to - day. Our

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

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

45 S.  turned - up slouch hats and their feathers and leg - gings and spurs, The

53 S.  Em - pire, as much as my mother, knew these sons were hers. And as the

61 S.  go - ing down of the sun, and in the mor - ning,

68 S.  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.

## Verse 4

(One strum per chord)

76 S.  Well, Ro - bert was gassed and he al - ways had pains in his head, And

83 C Dm Dm<sup>7</sup>

S. Mar - tin was shell - shocked and he'd have been bet - ter off dead. And

Vln.

91 Dm Dm Dm<sup>7</sup>

S. I, I'm just an old la - dy who watched them all go, But

Vln. *pp*

99 Dm D G G<sup>7</sup>

S. I am the one you should ask a - bout war, for I know. That

Vln. *f*

(Restart)

107 Dm Dm<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>6</sup> Dm Em

S. all of these years have gone by and I know the grief yet.

Fl.

Vln.

113 C G G<sup>7</sup> C (Stop) (Restart) (Stop)

S. Yes, I will re - mem - ber them, I can't for - get. And as the

Fl.

Vln.

123

S. go - ing down of the sun, and in the mor - ning.

Vln. *pp*

130 F G G<sup>7</sup> C (Trumpet)

Fl.

Vln.

139

Fl.

# Oh! It's a lovely war

John Long & Maurice Scott

Fl. Eb Abm/F Bb Bb<sup>7</sup>

5 Fl. Eb Eb<sup>o</sup>/A Bb Eb<sup>o</sup>/A Bb<sup>7</sup>

9 S. Eb Cm Ab Eb

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 S. Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> Bb<sup>7</sup>

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 S. Eb<sup>7</sup> Ab Eb

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 S. Bb<sup>7</sup> Eb Bb F<sup>7</sup> Bb

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 Eb E° Bb7 Eb  
 S. Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a love - ly war. \_\_\_\_\_ Who would-n't

29 Bb7 Eb  
 S. be a sol - dier eh! Oh it's a shame to take the pay. \_\_\_\_\_ As

33 Eb C7 Fm G7  
 S. soon as 're - veil - le' has gone, \_\_\_\_\_ we feel just as heav - y as lead, but we

37 Cm Gm Bb F7 Bb Bb7  
 S. nev - er get up till the ser - geant brings our break - fast up to bed. \_\_\_\_\_

41 Eb E° Bb7 Bb7(#5) Eb E°  
 S. Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a love - ly war. \_\_\_\_\_ What do we

45 Bb7 Eb  
 S. want with eggs & ham, when we've got plum & ap - ple jam? \_\_\_\_\_

49 Eb Gb° Bb7 Eb F7  
 S. Form fours! Right turn! How shall we spend the mon - ey we earn?

53 Bb Fm Fm7 Bb7 1. Eb Bb7 2. Eb  
 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

Cue - illons le co - quel - i - cot qui rougit dans le blé, Ce' est la  
 der - ni - ere, c - ri, le der - ni - er pen - sée. Ce' est la  
 der - ni - ere, cri, de la An - zac bi - en ne mei. De le  
 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

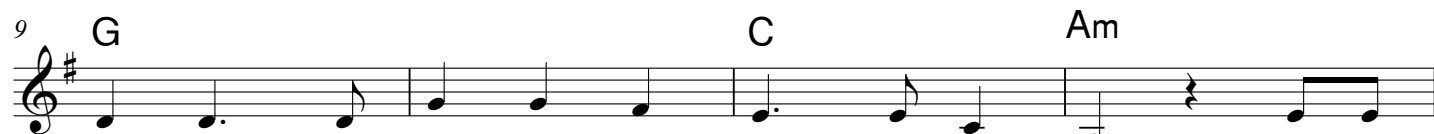
Eric Bogle



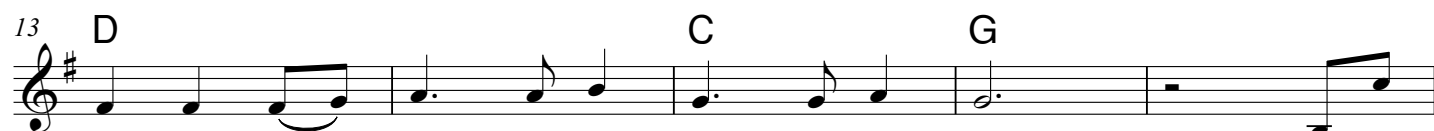
Well how d'you do\_\_ Pri - vate Wil - lie Mc - Bride, D' you  
And did you leave\_\_ a wife or a sweet - heart be - hind, In\_\_  
Well the sun's shin - ing now on these green fields of France; The\_\_  
And I can't help but\_\_ won - der now, Wil - lie Mc - Bride, Do\_\_



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?



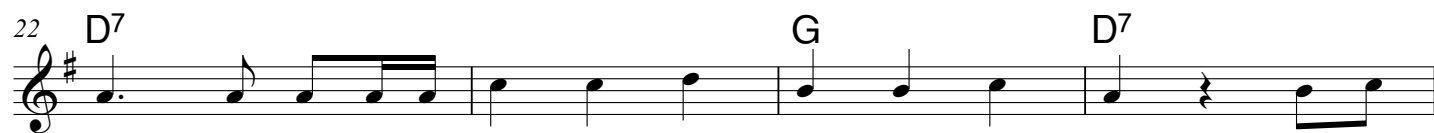
rest for a - while in the warm sum - mer sun. I've been  
And though you died back in nine - teen six - teen, To  
tren - ches have van - ished long un - der the plough; No  
real - ly be - lieve them when they told you 'the cause'? Did you



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



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



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



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"?

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 (Arr. Maria Dunn - 2013)

♩=80 Bm A G Bm A G Bm A Bm A

EE

S. *pp* (Continuous sound - staggered breathing)

A. *pp* Ah

T. *pp* Ah

B. *pp* Ah

They

7 **A** D A Bm G A D A Bm

EE

S.

A.

T.

B.

told all the fine young men when this war is o - ver there will be peace

13 G A Bm A D G A

EE

S.

A.

T.

B.

and the peace will last for - e - ver In Flan-ders fields at Lone Pine and Ber-shee-ba For

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

EE king and coun try\_ for ho - nour and du - ty the young men fought and curse and wept and died

S.

A.

T.

B.

**B** add piano

24 G A D A Bm G A

S.

A.

T. (all men) They told all\_ the fine young men when this war is o - ver\_ in your

29 D Bm G A

T. coun-try's\_ grate - ful\_ heart we will che-rish you for - e - ver To -

33 Bm A D G A

T. bruk and A - la - mein Bhu-na and Ko - ko - da\_ In a

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

T. world mad with war like their fa - thers\_ be - fore\_ the

40 D Em G

T. young men fought and cursed and wept and died\_

42 **C** G A D A Bm G A D A Bm G

Rec.

50 A Bm A D G A

Rec.

55 D G D Gmaj7 D Em G

Rec.

60 **D** G A D A Bm G A D A Bm

EE For ma-ny of those fine young men all the wars are o-ver they found their peace

S. For ma-ny of those fine young men all the wars are o-ver they found their peace

A. For ma-ny of those fine young men all the wars are o-ver they found their peace

T. For ma-ny of those fine young men all the wars are o-ver they found their peace

B. For ma-ny of those fine young men all the wars are o-ver they found their peace

67 G A Bm A D

EE it's the peace that lasts for - e - ver When the call come a - gain

S. it's the peace that lasts for - e - ver When the call come a - gain

A. it's the peace that lasts for - e - ver When the call comes a - gain

T. it's the peace that lasts for - e - ver When the call comes a - gain

B. it's the peace that lasts for - e - ver When the call comes a - gain



71 G A D G D

EE they\_ will not an - swer\_ They're just for-go - tten bones ly-ing far from their

S. they\_ will not an - swer\_ They're just for-go - tten bones ly-ing far from their

A. they\_ will not an - swer\_ They're just for-go - tten bones ly-ing far from their

T. they\_ will not an - swer\_ They're just for-go - tten bones ly-ing far from their

B. they\_ will not an - swer\_ They're just for-go - tten bones ly-ing far from their

75 Gmaj7 stop ♩=60 Slowly E G guitar only A Bm A G

EE homes\_ as for - go - tten as the cause for which they died

S. homes\_ as for - go - tten as the cause for which they died *pp*

A. homes\_ as for - go - tten as the cause for which they died *pp*

T. homes\_ as for - go - tten as the cause for which they died *pp*

B. homes\_ as for - go - tten as the cause for which they died *pp*

81 Bm A G Bm A Bm A G stop Freely

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

S.

A.

T.

B.

# Poppy Day

W: Henry Weston Pryce M: Ian Hamilton

♩ = 190

G Em C C

Fl.  
Vln.  
B. Cl.

7 C Em F G

I.H.  
Fl. *mp*  
Vln. *mp*  
B. Cl. *mp*

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

16 F C Am Dm G C

I.H.  
B.  
Fl. *Ah*  
Vln.  
B. Cl.

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 -

24 Am C Am C

I.H.  
B.  
Fl. *Ooh*  
Vln.  
B. Cl.

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

40

32 **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*

42 **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*

51 **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.