

BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN.

SONG.

* Words by
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by
GERARD F. COBB.

Allegro con spirito. Alla marcia.

PIANO.

mf

1. I'm 'ere in a tick - y - uls - ter an' a bro - ken bil - ly - cock 'at, A -
 2. I done my six years' service, 'Er Ma - jes - ty sez: "Good - day, You'll

- lay - in' on to the ser - geant I dont know a gun from a bat; My
 please to come when you're rung for, an' 'ere's your 'ole back - pay; An'

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più lento

shirt's do_in' du_ty for jacket, my sock's stickin' out o' my boots, An' I'm
 four-pence a day for baccy,— an' bloom_in' gen'_r_ous too; An'

poco slentando.

e espress: *tempo primo.*

learn_in' the damned old goose_step a_long o' the new re_cruits!
 now you can make your for_tune—the same as your of'cers do.

più lento e espress: *tempo primo.*

f molto animato.

Back to the Ar_my a_gain, sergeant, Back to the Ar_my a_gain;—
 Back to the Ar_my a_gain, sergeant, Back to the Ar_my a_gain;—

f molto animato e sempre marcato. *espress:* *sf*

ad lib: e quasi parlante.

(Don't look so 'ard, for I 'ave-nt no card) I'm back to the Ar_my a_gain!—
 ('Ow did I learn to do right_a_bout turn?) I'm back to the Ar_my a_gain!—

sempre colla voce. *rit:* *espress:* *a tempo.*

mf

3. A man o' four-an' - twenty that 'asnt' learned of a trade — Be -
 4. The sergeant arst no questions, but 'e winked the other eye, — 'E

- side "Reserve" a - gin' him — 'ed bet - ter never be made. — I
 sez to me "Shun!" an' I shunted, — the same as in days gone by; — For 'e

più lento

tried my luck for a quarter, an' that was enough for me. An' I
saw the set o' my shoulders, an' I couldn't 'elp 'old - in' straight When

poco slentando.

e espress: *tempo primo.*

thought of 'Er Ma - jes - ty's bar - ricks, an' I thought I'd go an' see.
me an' the o - ther rook - ies come un - der the barrick gate.

più lento e espress: *tempo primo.*

f molto animato.

Back to the Ar - my a - gain, sergeant, Back to the Ar - my a - gain; —
Back to the Ar - my a - gain, sergeant, Back to the Ar - my a - gain; —

f molto animato e sempre marcato. *espress:* *sf*

ad lib: e quasi parlante. *a tempo.*

('Tis - n't my fault if I dress when I alt -) I'm back to the Ar - my a - gain! —
(Oo would ha' thought I could carry an' port?) I'm back to the Ar - my a - gain! —

sempre colla voce. *espress:* *rit:* *a tempo.*

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. Below it is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes a section marked *sf* (sforzando).

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a few notes, and the piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures and melodic lines in both hands.

5. I took my bath, an' I wallered_ for, Gawd, I need_ed it so! — I

The third system contains the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment is on two staves and is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

smelt the smell o' the barricks, — I 'eard the bu - gles go. — I

The fourth system contains the second line of lyrics. The vocal line continues the melody, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

più lento.

'eard the feet on the 'gravel, the feet o' the men what drill— An' I

poco slentando.

e espress: *rall:*

sez to my flut_ter in' 'eart - strings, I sez to 'em, "Peace be still!"

più lento e espress: *rall:*

f molto animato.

Back to the Ar_my a - gain, sergeant, Back to the Ar_my a - gain; —

f molto animato e sempre marcato. *espress:* *sf*

sempre cantando, espressivo.

Out o' the cold an' the rain, sergeant, I'm back to the Ar_my a - gain — 'Oos there? A

sempre colla voce. *espress:* *rit:* *a tempo.* **f* *mf*

man that's too good to be lost you, A man that is 'an_dled an'

mf *espress:* *ten:*

* If the other verses (6 & 7) of the poem be sung, they must be introduced at this point.
(J.B.C & Co. 11,007.)

cres:

made_ A man that will pay what 'e cost you In learn_in' the o - thers their

cres:

trade. You're droppin' the pick o' the Ar_my Be_cause you don't 'elp'em re - main, — But

espress:

poco

più lento e espress: *a tempo.*

drives 'em to cheat to get out o' the street An' back to the Ar_my a - gain.

f

Back to the Ar_my a - gain, sergeant, Back to the Ar_my a - gain. —

sf

espress: poco slentando.

Out o' the cold an' the rain, sergeant, I'm back to the Ar_my a - gain!

espress: poco slentando. *espress:* *rit:*

POPULAR SONGS.

THE LONGSHOREMAN.

Words by
PHILIP DAYSON.

Music by
EDWARD CHESHAM.

All^o mod^{to}

I'm Longshoreman Billy o' Portsmouth town, A fine old skipper I
be; And I worry the lubbers as they come down To spend a few
hours at the sea. With glass to my eye, ev'ry ship I descry, From a

I'm Longshoreman Billy o' Portsmouth town,
A fine old skipper I be;
And I worry the lubbers as they come down
To spend a few hours at the sea.
With glass to my eye, ev'ry ship I descry,
From a "P an' O!" boat to a Whaler;
I yarn all the while in true nautical style,
And all think that Billy's a sailor!
But I ain't no sailor bold,
And I never was upon the sea;
If I chanced to fall therein, it's a fact, I couldn't swim!
And I quickly at the bottom should be.
But we'll give three hearty cheers
For the sailor roving free;
With a heave ho haulie, and a cheer for little Polly,
The Queen, and our ships at sea!

(Compass, in F, C to F. Also published in E.)

AT MY WINDOW.

Words by
NELLA.

Music by
HENRY PARKER.

Mod^{to} *dim.*

When the golden morn is breaking Thro' the mists that veil the

When the golden morn is breaking
Thro' the mists that veil the lake,
Ere the milkmaids cross the meadow,
Ere the daisy stars awake;
Through my casement, flower surrounded,
Comes a cadence, clear and strong,
'Tis a bird that breaks the silence
With a sudden burst of song.
Oh! happy bird, sing on for aye,
Thy carol blithe and free,
Thy music speaks of love and home,
Then sing, oh! sing to me!

(Compass, in D flat, E to A. Also published in A flat and B flat.)

WHY MUST WE SAY GOOD-BYE?

Words by
HENRY J. TREADWELL.

Music by
EDITH COOKE.

Mod^{to}

I enter'd the ancient minster, On a summer's ev'ning bright

I enter'd the ancient minster,
On a summer's ev'ning bright,
And the setting sun thro' the windows
Shed a flood of golden light.
I was weary and worn with toiling,
With the burden and heat of day
So I sat in the gath'ring twilight,
And dreamt I was far away.
We wandered once more thro' the woodlands,
We sat heath the same old tree,
We whispered the old, old story
Of a love that was sweet to me;
Oh, love, thou art mine for ever,
Oh, love, I am thine for aye,
Why should we ever part, dear,
Why must we say "good-bye?"

(Compass, in G, D to E. Also published in E flat, A flat, and B flat.)

"I DREAM'D A DREAM."

EDITH COOKE'S POPULAR SONG.

Andante.

I dream'd a dream of an old, old love, And sweet was that dream to

I dream'd a dream of an old, old love,
And sweet was that dream to me;
For it brought me the time of my early prime,
And life as it used to be;
We walked once more to the village church,
'Neath the blue of the Sabbath skies,
Down the trysting lane to the sacred fane,
With the light of young love in our eyes.
And again in the dark pine-woods we stray'd,
Away from the noontide heat;
Where only the thrush broke the stilly hush,
As I lay at my darling's feet.

(Published in Four Keys. E flat, F, G, and A flat.)

CLOSE TO THE THRESHOLD.

Words by
NELLA.

Music by
HENRY PARKER.

Andantino sost. *dolce.*

What were you dreaming, love, that ev'ning? When on the threshold

What were you dreaming, love, that ev'ning?
When on the threshold ling'ring still,
Silent you stood to hear my story,
How shall the future its hopes fulfil?
That was our parting, oh! my darling,
Never a word from you to me;
But you had learnt how well I loved you,
And for the rest I left you free.
Ah! Told in the twilight, oh! my darling,
Just the old story, soft and low,
Told in the twilight when we parted
Close to the threshold a year ago.

(Compass, in G, B to E. Also published in B flat.)

IN OLD MADRID.

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by
H. TROTÈRE.

Tempo di bolero.

Long years a-go, in old Madrid, Where softly

Long years ago, in old Madrid,
Where softly sighs of love, the light guitar,
Two sparkling eyes a lattice hid,
Two eyes as bright as love's own star.
There on the casement ledge, when day was o'er,
A tiny hand was lightly laid;
A face looked out, as, from the river shore,
There stole a tender serenade.
Rang the lover's happy song
Light and low from shore to shore;
But ah! the river flowed along
Between them evermore.

"Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying, love is sighing;
Come, for thee a heart is pining,
Here alone I wait for thee!"

(Compass, in B flat, D to E flat. Also published in C & A flat.)

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