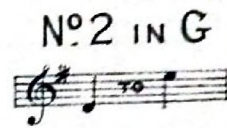


SUNG BY
MR. CHARLES MANNERS.



SOLDIER JIM.

WORDS BY

PHILIP DAYSON

MUSIC BY

EDWARD M. CHESHAM.

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J. B. CRAMER & CO. LTD
207 & 209, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Edward M. Chesham

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SOLDIER JIM.

SONG.

Words by
PHILIP DAYSON.

Music by
EDWARD M. CHESHAM.

Marziale. *ritardando.* $\text{♩} = 104.$

PIANO. *mf* *cres:* **SLOW.** *fff* *Leggieramente.* *mf*

Narratingly & pleasantly.

8va *f* *p Lightly.* *p*

For a "rogue about town" you could

safe-ly set down Jim, the son of the Squire as the worst. He'd a

ff

cres: *dim:*

ma-ni-a strong for all that was wrong, And for mil-i-try glo-ry a thirst.... When pa-

p *cres:* *dim:*

(J. B. C & Co., 10,068.)

- ren - tal discernment and love of preferment Sug - gest - ed "The Church's" vo -

p legato.

- ca - tion, ... Jim answered: "No, never! for ev - er and ev - er! I'll en -

f *with energy.* *p* *mf*

- list, and I'll fight for the na - tion! I'll en - list, ... and I'll

a tempo. *f rall:* *a tempo.*

Marziale.
In quick marching time.

fight for the na - tion!" For a soldier's life's a life of glory,

f *promptly and Quickly* *ff FAST.* *p*

* This chorus should be sung straight through, with NO slackening whatever, in the QUICKEST POSSIBLE TIME convenient to the singer.

Praised in song and famed in sto-ry, Still in song and sto-ry shall the

a tempo. throughout.

tale be told. Come my lads, and if you're willing, You shall have beside the shilling

All the life and glo-ry of a sol-dier bold!

When

with energy.

war was declared Jim was ready prepared None more daring than he in the

p

fight; *rall:* And the *gra* shot that he'd once so re-gret-ted to pay, He now *con*

f *p*

paid to his foes with de-light!..... Of course he'd a no-tion of

anima. cres: *dim:* *cres:* *dim:* *p*

speed-y pro-mo-tion— A fact it's scarce need-ful to men-tion— At *animato.*

p

*grandioso.**p*
slower

least he would try, and per_haps by and by Get_a shil_ling a day for a

*mf**p**allargando.*
*with point.**rall:*

pen - sion! a shil - ling a day for a

*mf**p colla voce.***Marziale.***In quick marching time.**with pointed
humour.**less soft by degrees.*

pen - sion! O, a sol_dier's life's a life of glo - ry

*promptly
and
Quickly* *p***FAST.***pp**,serioso.*

Praised in song and famed in sto_ry, Still in song and sto_ry shall the tale be told.

p

a tempo.

Come my lads, and if you're wil-ling, You shall have be-side the shil-ling

cres:

throughout.

All the life and glo-ry of a sol-dier bold!

mf

a tempo.

But a -

rit.

f

p espress: not slow!

p a tempo.

P

las! I've to tell how in battle he fell_His brave body nigh riddled with lead;..... And

dolente.

P

nev - er an eye in the reg'ment was dry When they knew that their comrade was

dead..... And they wrote on his grave—"JIM, the True and the Brave." (His i -

den - ti - fi - ca - tion to set - tle), "The cause of his death was an absence of breath And a

su - per - a - bun - dance of met - tle!" Ay, "a su - per - a - bun - dance of

parlante. *quicker.*

p *dim:* *p* *colla voce.*

humorously. *grave.* *with* *p*

quick. *slowly.*

quiet humour. *f animato.* *molto rall:*

p *mf* *colla voce.*

Marziale.
a tempo.

Con forza.

mettle!" O, ... a soldier's life's a life of glory, Praised in song and famed in story,

f
a tempo. *ritard:*

f FAST.

, with warmth.

Still in song and sto-ry shall the tale be told. Come my lads, and if you're willing,

, *rall:*

You shall have be-side the shilling All the life and glo-ry of a sol-dier

colla voce.

bold!

a tempo.

J. B. CRAMER & CO.'S NEW SONGS

MAY BE SUNG IN PUBLIC WITHOUT FEE OR LICENCE.

THE DREAMERS.

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by
EDITH COOKE.

ff a tempo grandioso.

"Give me Happiness," pray'd the dream - er,

ff a tempo.

The stars were waking, the night was falling,
A shining angel through Heaven's gate passed
Earthward it came on its holy mission,
And paused at a cottage door at last.
"What shall I give thee?" it asked the children,
Touching each brow with a soft caress;
Smiling in dreams at the white-winged vision,
Answered the little ones, "Happiness."

In B flat (B flat to E flat). C (C to F). D (D to G).

WHEN THIS OLD WORLD WAS YOUNG.

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by
EDITH COOKE.

Brightly.

When this old world was young, my love, This old, old world of

When this old world was young, my love,
This old, old world of ours.
How brightly shone the sun above,
How gaily bloomed the flowers!
Green leaves had every one a voice,
And every brook a tongue,
And Love made every heart rejoice,
When this old world was young!

In B flat (B flat to F). C (G to G). D (D to A).

WHEN CELIA SINGS.

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by
FRANK L. MOIR.

Andante con moto.

When Ce - lia sings..... The birds that pipe with

When Celia sings,
The birds that pipe with feathered throat,
Are envious of her tuneful note,
And fold their wings;
The nightingale forgets to 'plain,
The skylark, soaring, tries in vain
To emulate the mellow strain,
When Celia sings.

In E flat (C to F). F (D to G).

AFTER SO LONG.

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by
FREDERICK BEVAN.

mf

What will you say to me, Love, when we meet,

What will you say to me, Love, when we meet,
What will your greeting be, silent or sweet?
Gone are the golden hours we loved so well;
Fled are the summer flowers, past is the spell!
Bleak is the night and chill, lost is the song;
Love, will you love me still, after so long?

In C (C to D). D (D to E).

PICCANINNY MINE, GOOD-NIGHT!"

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by
H. TROTTER.

Carezzando.

"Good-night, pic-caninny mine, May your baby dreams be bright!

When the night is gently falling, and the stars are in the sky,
And the darkies' work is finished for the day,
There's a song that someone sang to me, a tender lullaby,
Ever floating back to me from far away.
Then I hear the music ringing, and the sound of dancing feet,
And the silver moonlight once again I see;
And the darkies in the gloaming by the old plantation meet,
As that lullaby comes stealing back to me.

In F (C to G). G (D to D). B flat (E flat to F). C (G to G).

CAROO.

Words by
BASIL HOOD.

Music by
WALTER SLAUGHTER.

"Ca - roo, ca - roo, my lit - tle Pic ca - nin - ny,

I remember how old Dinah used to take me on her knee,
Old black Dinah, who nursed me long ago,
In the twilight by the window looking far across the sea,
Singing softly as she rocked me to and fro.
Then I'd lie so still and listen while old Dinah's eyes would glisten,
And a tear sometimes would fall upon my hand,
And I'd ask why she was crying; but she'd tell me, softly sighing,
"My Piccaninny wouldn't understand."

In F (C to D). A flat (E flat to F).

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