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ON FURLOUGH

Written by SAM RICHARDS

Composed by WALTER TILBURY
 Arr. by H.E.PETHER

Marcia

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Marcia' and 'f' (forte). The introduction consists of a series of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. After the introduction, there is a section with three variations of a melody, marked '1. When a', '2. Now he's', and '3. How'. This section is followed by a piano accompaniment marked 'p' (piano). The lyrics are: 'young man joins the ar - my, You will find that he's most will - ing To proud he's joined the ar - my, There's all his friends ad - mir - ing! How soon the fa - tal day ar - rives, And when his leave he's tak - ing, They'. The score ends with a final piano accompaniment.

1. When a
 2. Now he's
 3. How

young man joins the ar - my, You will find that he's most will - ing To
 proud he's joined the ar - my, There's all his friends ad - mir - ing! How
 soon the fa - tal day ar - rives, And when his leave he's tak - ing, They

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give up all his hap - pi - ness And take that wondrous shilling. When he
well he gets the bulls-eye, When with pen - ny shot he's fir - ing. They
buy him pipes and pouch - es too, His hand they wont cease shaking; How

reads the reg - u - la - tions Then, says he, "I must be balmy To
slap him on the shoul - der, then, And heart - i - ly bra - vo - ing When,
sor - row - ful they seem to be, Their fond hearts want con - sol - ing; They'll

give up all my lib - er - ties And join the bloom - ing ar - my." Then
with a lit - tle cane he's got, Sword ex - er - cise he's showing. —
give him coins to bring him luck, Such as pen - nies with a hole in. When

time goes on, and he improves, Gets per - fect in his drilling; His
How his sweetheart swells with pride! Says he, I loves yer Lizzie! For -
he gets back to du - ty soon, Some wrongs there are want righting; So

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u - ni - form fits him so nice, Tho' wants a lit - tle fill - ing.
 -give me if I don't write much, We sol - diers are too bu - sy."
 off he's sent, with his reg - i - ment, To show his pluck in fighting. Per-

When his con - duct - stripe he gets, Feels high as a - ny steeple!..... And
 Then she says,....."You'll feel proud, I'm mak - ing all my blouses.....With
 -haps gets wound - ed in the fray, Still he fights while it's needed..... And

then hell beg for grant to leave To go and see his people.....
 piec - es of red, white and blue, To match your coat and trousers."
 when he's brok - en in the war, He's sent home in - val - id - ed.....

CHORUS

1-2. Out on fur - lough, he looks smart and grand;
 3. Out on fur - lough, arm tied in a sling;
mf

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Free from reg - u - la - tions, To live with his re - la - tions;
Pain may have been fear - ful, But still he looks as cheer - ful;

Proud of the clothes he wears, A sol - dier bold, what - ho!
Back to the front a - gain, He says he wants to go.

Eyes front! On fur - - lough!
Bra - - vo! On fur - - lough!

f D.S. *f* D.S. Fine.