

THE 1914 WAR—ILLUSTRATED

# MARCH SONGS

## TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP! THE BOYS ARE MARCHING

1  
In "the bivouac I sit,  
Thinking, mother dear, of you,  
And our bright and happy home so far away;  
And the tears they fill my eyes,  
Spite of all that I can do,  
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

**Chorus:**  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,  
Cheer up, comrades, they will come;  
And beneath our country's flag  
We shall breathe the air again,  
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

2  
In the battle front we stood,  
When their fiercest charge they made;  
And they swept us off, a hundred men or more  
But before we reach'd their lines  
They were beaten back dismay'd,  
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.

**Chorus.**

## WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

1  
When Johnny Canuck comes marching home  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We'll give him a hearty welcome home,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,  
The ladies they will all turn out.

**Chorus:**

And we'll all feel gay  
When Johnny comes marching home,  
And we'll all feel gay  
When Johnny comes marching home.

2  
Get ready for the jubilee,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We'll give the hero three times three,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The laurel wreath is ready now,  
To place upon his royal brow.

**Chorus.**

3  
Let love and friendship on that day,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Their choicest treasures then display,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
And let each one perform his part,  
To fill with joy the warrior's heart.

**Chorus.**

## JOHN BROWN'S BODY

1  
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,  
His soul is marching on!

**Chorus:**

Glory! glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! glory! Hallelujah!  
His soul is marching on!

2  
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,  
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,  
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,  
On the grave of old John Brown.

**Chorus.**

3  
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the King,  
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the King,  
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the King,  
His soul is marching on.

**Chorus.**

4  
John Brown's knapsack is strapp'd upon his back,  
John Brown's knapsack is strapp'd upon his back,  
John Brown's knapsack is strapp'd upon his back,  
His soul is marching on!

**Chorus.**

## IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

1  
Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,  
As the streets were paved with gold, sure every  
one was gay, [Square,  
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester  
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to  
them there—

**Chorus:**

"It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way  
to go; [girl I know!  
It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest  
Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square,  
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my  
heart's right there."

2  
Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O',  
Saying, "Should you not receive it, write and  
let me know!  
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear,"  
said he,  
"Remember, it's the pen that's bad, don't lay  
the blame on me."

**Chorus.**

3  
Molly wrote a neat reply to Paddy O',  
Saying, "Mike Maloney wants to marry me,  
and so [blame.  
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to  
For love" has fairly drove me silly, hoping  
you're the same."

**Chorus.**

## MARCHING THROUGH BELGIUM

1  
Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing  
another song, [along,  
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world  
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand  
strong,  
While we are marching through Belgium.

**Chorus:**

Hurrah, hurrah, we bring the jubilee!  
Hurrah, hurrah, the flag that makes you free.  
So we'll sing the chorus to our Allies by the sea,  
While we are marching through Belgium.

2  
Proud the fame of Belgium's name they wept  
with joyful tears,  
When they saw the honored flag they had not  
seen for years;  
Never could they be restrain'd from breaking  
forth in cheers,  
While we were marching through Belgium.

**Chorus.**

3  
So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her  
train, [main;  
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the  
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,  
While we were marching through Belgium.

**Chorus.**

## WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

1  
Bonnie Charlie's noo awa,  
Safely o'er the friendly main;  
Mony a heart will break in twa,  
Should he ne'er come back again.

**Chorus:**

Will ye no come back again?  
Will ye no come back again?  
Better lo'ed ye canna be,  
Will ye no come back again?

2  
Ye trusted in your Hieland men,  
They trusted you, dear Charlie!  
They kent your hiding in the glen,  
Death and exile braving.

**Chorus.**

3  
English bribes were a' in vain,  
Tho' puir and puirer we maun be;  
Siller canna buy the heart  
That aye beats warm for thine and thee.

**Chorus.**

## THE SOLDIERS OF THE KING

1  
Britons once did loyally declaim  
About the way we ruled the waves;  
Ev'ry Briton's song was just the same,  
When singing of our soldier braves.  
All the world has heard it, wonder'd why we sang,  
And some learned the reason why.  
But we're forgetting it,  
And we're letting it  
Fade away and gradually die,  
Fade away and gradually die.  
So when we say that England's master,  
Remember who has made her so.

**Chorus:**

It's the soldiers of the King, my lads,  
Who've been, my lads, who've seen, my lads,  
In the fight for England's glory, lads,  
When we have to show them what we mean;  
And when we say we've always won,  
And when they ask us how it's done,  
We'll proudly point to ev'ry one  
Of England's Soldiers of the King.

2  
War clouds gather over every land,  
Our flag is threaten'd east and west;  
Nations that we've shaken by the hand,  
Our bold resources try to test.  
They thought they found us sleeping,  
Thought us unprepared, because we have our  
party wars; [fight,  
But Englishmen unite, when they're called to  
The battle for Old England's common cause,  
The battle for Old England's common cause.  
So when we say that England's master,  
Remember who has made her so.

**Chorus.**

## PRIVATE TOMMY ATKINS

1  
Oh, we take him from the city or the plough,  
And we drill him and we dress him out so neat,  
We teach him to uphold his manly brow,  
And how to walk, and where to put his feet;  
It doesn't matter who he was before,  
Or what his parents fancied for his name,  
Once he's pocketed the shilling, and a uniform  
he's filling,  
We call him Tommy Atkins all the same.

**Chorus:**

Oh! Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you're a "good  
un', heart and hand,"  
You're a credit to your calling and all your  
native land;  
May your luck be never failing, may your gal  
be ever true—  
God bless you Tommy Atkins, here's your  
country's love to you.

2  
Now in time of peace he hears the bugle call,  
In barracks, from "Revally" to "Lights out,"  
It "Sentry go" and "Pipe-clay" ever pall,  
There's always plenty more of work about.  
On leave o' nights you meet him in the street,  
As happy as a school boy and as gay;  
But then back he goes to duty, all for England,  
Home and Beauty,  
On the noble sum of thirteen pence a day.

**Chorus.**

3  
Then in time of war it's "Tommy to the front,"  
And we ship him out in "troopers" to the  
scene;  
You sit at home while Tommy bears the brunt,  
A-fighting for his country and his King;  
And whether he's on India's coral strand,  
Or pouring out his blood in the Soudan,  
Just to keep our flag a flying, he's a doing and  
a dying,  
Every inch of him a soldier and a man.

**Chorus.**

4  
So it's Tommy dear we'll back you 'gainst the  
world,  
For fighting or for funning or for work;  
Wherever Britain's banner is unfurled,  
To do your best and never, never shirk.  
We keep the warmest corner in our hearts,  
For you, my lad, wherever you may be;  
By the Union Jack above you! Yes, we're  
proud of you and love you;  
God keep you, Tommy dear, by land and sea!

**Chorus.**