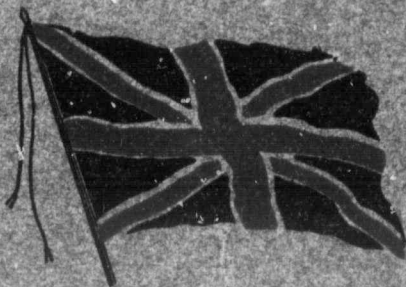



1914-1918



Marching Songs
of the
105th Battalion


Charlottetown, P. E. I.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
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Marching Songs
of the
105th Battalion



Charlottetown
P. E. I.

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Marching Songs of The 105th Battallion

Tune—The Roll Call

When my King and country call me and I'm wanted at the
front ;

Where the shrapnel shells are bursting in the air ;
When the foe in fury charges and we're sent to bear the
brunt,

And the roll is called for service I'll be there.

Chorus: When the roll is called for service,
When the roll is called for service,
When the roll is called for service,
The 105th Battallion will be there.

When the Kaiser's lines are broken and his armies out of
France ;

When the Belgian desolation we repair ;
When the final muster's ordered and the bugle sounds
"Advance"

May the God of battles help me to be there.

Chorus: When the roll is called for service,

When the Allies march through Prussia with the foe in full
retreat,

Let our hearts be kept from hatred is our prayer,
When the "right of might" is ended in our crushing
last defeat,

And the roll is called in Berlin I'll be there.

Chorus: When the roll is called in Berlin,

When for me last post is sounded and I cross the silent
ford ;

I've a Pilot who of "mine fields" will beware ;

When "Reveille" sounds in Heaven and the Armies of the
Lord.
Sing the Hallelujah chorus I'll be there.

Chorus: When the roll is called in Berlin,
When the roll is called in Berlin,
When the roll is called in Berlin,
The 105th Battallion will be there.



I Used to Walk the Sidewalks

Tune : When you wore a tulip.

I used to walk the sidewalks of a P. E. Island town.
There was a man came down—his face was bronzed and
brown;
He told us how King George was calling each to do his share
He offered us a Khaki coat to wear.
He told us how the news had gone far over land and sea.
And when I heard that speaker's word, I said "Why that
means me!"

Chorus: Now we wear the Khaki—the King's own good
Khaki,
We wear it with pride and joy.
That fake Advertiser old Billie the Kaiser,
Shall hear from each Spud Island Boy.
When trouble is brewing, our bit we'll be doing
To hammer down Britain's foes:
With the bagpipes a'humming
The Khaki's are coming,
From the land where the silver fox grows.

And when we put the Kaiser where he cannot ride nor
roam
We'll beat it straight for home, across the raging foam;
And every pretty girl we meet will greet us with a smile,
They'll not forget, but wait for us awhile.
And never were such lassies so sweet, so fair, so true;
A welcome warm, a sunshine bright,—to our boys when
they get through.

Marching Song

(Tune : A hot time in the old Town tonight.)

The Mother Country called us, and so we're going to go ;
Perhaps to the German Border, but somehow we don't
know ;

But no matter where they send us, they'll never find us
slow,

And we'll be there on the march to Berlin.

When we land in Berlin— we really cannot tell ;
But that we'll get there someday—we all know very well,
Then Histories will tell you where the German Kaiser fell,
And there'll be a hot time in Berlin that night.

For the 105th are anxious to show what they can do ;
They'll make the German soldiers forget all they ever
knew,

Then—just to show you what they're like we'll bring you
back a few,

And we will have a hot time in Charlottetown that night.



The Island Boys

(Tune : The Minstrel Boy.)

The Island boys to the war have gone ;
And left us far behind them ;
But we'll meet them soon on the firing line
Where the cannons roar all around them.

We know they'll never want for nerve
And they'll never find us lacking ;
And so our country we will serve
With the Batteries as our backing.

Oh we'll press the fight with all our might
In the Khaki or the Kilts of the Highland ;
And we'll make a place on earth's old face
For our dear Prince Edward Island.

Regimental Marching Song

(Tune : Solomon Levi)

We're from Prince Edward Island,
'Tis a land of noble worth,
You'll see by our geographee
'Tis the only Isle on earth,
We have water all around us,
Yet they say we are "dry,"
Oh we are the boys to raise the noise
With our regimental cry.

Chorus: Who are we, boys? We are the Hundred and
Fifth!

Marching, marching, to give our mother a lift,
We can lick this bloomin Kaiser man,
His Bosches we will shift,
You can bet your eyes, there ain't no flies
On the boys of the Hundred and Fifth.

Oh the heathens call us Abegweits,
They say we are fed on spuds,
That we have eaten codfish
Till we can't take off our duds.
But when Kitchener gets his eyes on us,
He'll shout "Why man alive!
We've got the Hun upon the Run,
Here comes the 1-0-5."

Chorus:

The day is not far distant
When we'll hear the word "Advance."
But for just now we're learning how
To make the Kaiser dance.
And when General Haig is planning
For another forward drive,
The Huns will be humming
"The Campbells are coming,
Mein Himmel! The 1-0-5."

The Soldier's Farewell

How can I bear to leave thee.
One parting kiss I give thee ;
And then what-e'er befalls me,
I go where honor calls me ;

Chorus:—Fare-well fare-well, my own true love ;
Fare-well fare-well, my own true love.

Ne'er more may I behold thee,
Or to this heart enfold thee ;
With spear and pennon glancing,
I see the foe advancing.

I think of thee with longing,
Think thou, when tears are thronging,
That with my last faint sighing,
I'll whisper soft while dying ;

Chorus:



Straits of Dover

Tune—The British Grenadiers

Our Regiment is all made up and we're off for the Straits
of Dover :

No more we'll see our Island home until the war is over.

Chorus: Forward, forward, 105 will be our cry in battle ;
We'll sing Forward! Oh 105 in the midst of
bursting shrapnel.

So here we go and you may know that we will not forget
you.

But if we get a wound or so please don't let that upset you.

Chorus :

And when we're in some far off place we'll like to get a
a letter ,

Then you can send us all the news: we'll like you all the better.

Chorus:

And if perhaps we should come back when our small part is over:

We hope our friends will all be true when we're back from the Straits of Dover.



P. E. Island Gamecocks.

Tune: "Highland-Laddies."

O, where! and O where! will these Island Gamecocks go?
O, where! and O where! will these Island Gamecocks go?
They'll go to fight the Kaiser for the King upon his throne
And who'd be the one who would bid them bide at home.

What clothes and what clothes do these Island Gamecocks wear?

What clothes and what clothes do these Island Gamecocks wear?

They wear their country's khaki, they sport the Rifle too,
Where danger is blackest, there Ings shall lead them through.

From whence and from whence did these fighting Gamecocks come?

From whence and from whence did these fighting Gamecocks come?

They are the breed of brave men, their motto truly tells;
And shoulder to shoulder they'll face the shot and shells.

What prize and what prize shall these Island Gamecocks win?

What prize and what prize shall these Island Gamecocks win?

They'll win all love and honour, they'll win undying fame,
For never shall perish our fighting Gamecocks name.

—SGT. E. McWILLIAMS.

Doing Our Bit

Tune: Bonnie Dundee

We're going, we're going, to do our own bit,
Each laddie is proud of his Coat and his Kit;
Kaiser Bill will grow cold when he hears the news told,
The P. E. I.'s are coming to do their own bit.

We're going, we're going, to do our own bit,
We're marching and drilling to make ourselves fit;
When you hear a big noise over there with the boys,
'Tis William the Kaiser just throwing a fit.

Colonel Ings is well able to show us the way,
And Campbell of ours will have something to say.
That bragging Old Bill shall soon have his fill
And you'll hear something drop when we travel his way.

And Major McNutt is coming along,
We can't do without him in war or in song,
And our own Captain Cook without any doubt,
For we won't budge a step if that Captain's left out.

We're going, we're going, to do our own bit,
Watch for the trail that our N. C. O.'s hit;
When they once cross the seas, they will fight till they
freeze
The brass off their buttons in doing their bit.

But what of the Colonels and N. C. O.'s too.
If there were no brave privates like me and like you,
The rank and the file they never will quit,
The 105th laddies will all do their bit.

—SGT. E. McWILLIAMS,
105th Battalion

Till the Boys Come Home

They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen,
And the country found them ready,

At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship,
As the soldiers pass along,
For although your hearts are breaking,
Make it sing this cheery song.

Chorus: Keep the home fires burning.
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away,
They dream of home.
There's a silvery lining
Through the dark clouds shining,
Turn the dark clouds inside out,
Till the boys come home.

Overseas there came a pleading,
Help a nation in distress,
And we gave our glorious laddies,
Honor bade us do no less.
For no gallant son of Briton,
To a foreign yoke shall bend,
And no Englishman is silent,
To the sacred call of friend.

Chorus :



Khaki

Change in Colors may change in fashion,
the spring and fall ;
Some that are worn in summer—
In winter will not do at all,
Khaki is always stylish,
Now you see it everywhere.
Khaki is right for the men who fight—
It's the color that our soldiers wear !

Chorus : Oh, the man who wears the Khaki,
Hasn't got very much to do ;
He gets up at six in the morning,
And he drills the whole day through.

He has lectures in the evening,
But it's all in the game
And he likes it just the same,
The man in the Khaki suit.

Youths may appear quite stylish,
Dressed in the finest made
But the 105th Battalion
Wears the clothes that never fade,
What care they for the weather,
Plainly dressed for action they!
And the soldier lad in the khaki clad,
In the thickest of the fight will stay.

Chorus: Oh, the man who wears the Khaki,

Marching in Khaki

Air, "Marching Through Georgia."

Hear the British bugles ring again their old time song,
Hear the answering cheer that sweeps the thin brown line
along.

And the mighty chorus voiced from throats a million
strong,
As we come marching in khaki.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! "the day," the year of Jubilee,
Hurrah! "the day," that sees the world set free.
Hear the challenge ringing from the trenches to the sea,
As we come marching in khaki.

How the haughty Prussian laughed to hear the cheering
sound
Of glasses clinking to "the day" each ringing board
around!
But his "day" is coming swift along the trembling ground
As we come marching in khaki.

"French's puny army cannot bar us from the coast,"
In his pride the foe has said, and t'was a handsome boast,"
But he has forgotten quite to reckon with a host,
As we come marching in khaki.

105 Khaki's

Tune :—("Back Home in Tennessee,")

We're going Overseas with kilties and bare knees
We're not afraid they'll freeze; we scorn the life of ease,
Just picture tonight Gamecocks in the fight
Big guns roaring, Zeppelins soaring; searchlights flashing
bright,

And if we don't win fame, at least we'll play the game,
For home life is so tame, Keep up the Island name,
The lassies will greet us; they'll be at the boat to meet us
When we come back, when we come back, direct from
Germany.

We're in khaki; we're in khaki; good-bye civvy life—
We're off to join the strife, where shot and shell are rife;
Don't be be grieving, though we're leaving, mothers,
sweethearts, wife.

We'll come back to you again with bugles, band and fife.

Chorus: We're off to old Berlin, we're out to fight and win—
Our cause is just and right, we'll down the German
might;

All we can wish for tonight, is to get into the
fight,

Bayonets ringing, shapnel singing right into the
fray,

And when the war is o'er, and we reach home
once more,

We'll meet our dear ones then, right home with
friends again.

And they'll be right there to meet us,
With a hearty cheer they'll greet us,
When we come back, when we come back,
To our home in P. E. I.

We'll be cheering as we're nearing Belgium's reddened
shore,

We'll put an end to war, with all its lust and gore.

Bill the Kaiser, will be wiser, his chances very slim,
When we get back to P. E. I. there'll be nothing left of
him.

O Canada

Hymn.

O Canada. In praise of thee we sing,
From echoing hills our anthems proudly ring,
With fertile plains and mountains grand,
With lakes and rivers clear,
Eternal beauty thou dost stand
Throughout the changing year.

Dear Canada. For thee our fathers wrought;
Thy good and ours unselfishly they sought.
With steadfast hand and fearless mind
They felled the forest domes,
Content at last to leave behind
A heritage of homes.

Chorus.

Lord God of Hosts. We now implore,
Bless our dear land this day and evermore
Bless our dear land this day and evermore,
Evermore,

Blest Canada. The home land that we love,
Thy freedom came a gift from God above.
Thy righteous laws, thy justice fair
Give matchless liberty.
We thank our God that we may share
Thy glorious destiny.

Rule Britannia

When Britain first at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main.
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain :

Rule Britannia. Britannia rules the waves ;
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blessed as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,

Must in their turn to tyrants fall :
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrant ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
To work their woe and thy renown.



The Island Hymn.

Fair Island of the sea,
We raise our song to thee,
The bright and blest ;
Loyally now we stand
As brothers, hand in hand,
And sing, God Save the Land
We love the best.

Upon our princely Isle
May kindest fortune smile
In coming years ;
Peace and prosperity
In all her borders be,
From every evil free,
And weakling fears

Prince Edward Isle, to thee
Our hearts shall faithful be,
Where'er we dwell ;
Forever may we stand
As brothers, hand in hand,
And sing God Save the Land
We love so well.

O Canada

O Canada, our home our native land
True patriot love, thou dost in us command
We see thee rising fair, dear land,
The true North strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada!
We stand on guard for thee.

Chorus

O Canada, O Canada, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

O Canada, where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow,
Thou art the land, O Canada,
From east to western sea,
The land of hope for all who toil,
The land of liberty.

O Canada, beneath thy shining skies,
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise.
And so abide, O Canada,
From east to western sea,
Where e'er thy pines and prairies are
The true north strong and free.



Tipperary

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets were paved with gold, sure everyone was gay,
Singing songs of Picadilly, Strand and Leicester Square.
Till Paddy got excited and shouted to them there;

Chorus.

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I know,
Good-bye Picadilly, fare-well, Leceister Square,

It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

Paddy wrote a letter to 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."

Molly wrote a letter to Irish Paddy O.
Saying "Mike Maloney wants to marry me and so,
Leave the Strand and Picadilly, or you'll be to blame,
For love has fairly made me silly, Hoping you're the same."



We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall

Britain's flag has always stood for justice
Britain's hope has always been for peace,
Britain's foes have known that they could trust us
To do our best to make the cannons cease.
Britain's blood will never stand for insult,
Britain's sons will rally at her call,
Britain's pride will never let her exult—
But we'll never let the old flag fall.

We'll never let the old flag fall,
For we love it the best of all.
We don't want to fight to show our might,
But when we start, we'll fight, fight, fight.
In peace or war you'll hear us sing,
God Save the Flag, God Save the King,
At the ends of the world, the flag's unfurl'd,
We'll never let the old flag fall,

Britain's sons have always called her mother.
Britain's sons have always loved her best,
Britain's sons would die to show they love her,
The dear old flag laid on each manly breast.
Britain's ships have always ruled the ocean,
Britain's sons will love her one and all.
Britain's sons will show their true devotion,
And we'll never let the old flag fall.

Take Me Back to Canada

I've roamed around this world a bit,
Saw Broadway's lights when they were lit,
And a hundred other cities been to see.
Been to 'Frisco, France and Italy,
But none of them appealed to me—
In Canada is where I long to be.

Chorus.

Take me back to Canada,
To the land of the Maple Leaf,
Where the sun is always shining,
On my home that knows no grief,
And when I see that Union Jack,
I'll shout Hurrah, I'm glad I'm back,
In Canada, My Canada,
And I'll sing God Save our Gracious King,
In the land of the Maple Leaf.

I'm lonesome since I've been away,
I'm longing just to see the day,
That will bring me back to Canada, my home.
I'm on my way, I'm going back,
A kit upon my shoulder packed,
I've joined the ranks to fight for Britain's cause.

The Maple Leaf For Ever.

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe the dauntless hero came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag,
On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The thistle, shamrock, rose entwine
The Maple Leaf for ever.

Chorus:

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf for ever.
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever.

At Queenstown Heights and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave Fathers side by side,
For freedom, homes and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never,
Our watchword ever more shall be,
The Maple Leaf For Ever.

On merry England's far famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile :
God biess old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle.
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf For Ever.

La Marsellaise

ENGLISH VERSION

Ye sons of France awake to glory,
Hark hark, what Myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding.

Chorus :

To arms, To arms, ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheathe.
March on, March on, All hearts resolved
On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded
The will, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded
To mete and wend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us—
Like Gods would bid their slaves adore us,
But man is man—and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

God Save the King

God Save our gracious King.
Long live our noble King.

God save the King :
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us :
God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall ;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix ;
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour ;
Long may he reign ;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the king.

Our loved Dominion bless
With peace and happiness
From shore to shore ;
And let our Empire be
United, loyal, free,
True to herself and Thee
For evermore. Amen.

A. IRWIN, PRINTER, CHARLOTTETOWN