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# While Your Hearts Are Yearning Performance

CELIA

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## Introduction

Music and poetry were a more important part of everyday life in the early twentieth century than they are now. A century ago, singing was more than mere entertainment—it was an essential component of social life. Popular music was not so passively consumed as today, but much more a participatory activity. By purchasing the colorfully illustrated sheet music produced by a legion of commercial music enterprises, ordinary folks performed the latest hit songs for themselves in their own home or civic hall. It was not even necessary for singers to read music or have a good voice to join in group singing, and nothing worked so effectively to draw people together and create bonds of mutual understanding. Singing was essential to faith and worship, but also to recreation, courtship, politics and commerce. In war, it had the power to rally people to the cause, hearten lonely and downcast soldiers, lampoon the absurdities of war, lament pain and loss, and console broken hearts. Our forebears expressed themselves in song, and no understanding of their experience is complete without hearing their voices.

This program offers a variety of British, American, Canadian, and Australian popular music from the trenches and home front, along with historical commentary. Following a roughly chronological framework, it offers a perspective on the changing moods and perceptions as one of history's great tragedies unfolded.

## Program

### **It's a Long Way to Tipperary**

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(Britain, 1912)

Words and Music by Jack Judge and Harry Williams

Arranged by Ian Assersohn

In Britain particularly, this is the quintessential song of the First World War, though ironically, it was not strictly speaking a war song. *It's a Long Way to Tipperary* was published and recorded in 1912 and was later adopted by British soldiers as a rousing marching song. Its success reflects in part the power of the emerging popular music industry, which through sheet music and gramophone recordings, was establishing the foundations of a national and even international popular culture. *It's a Long Way to Tipperary* has a catchy tune, but also expresses the sense of distance from home and hopes of return. It became less popular as the war dragged on, and soldiers were feeling far less optimistic. Tonight's version includes a slightly naughty example of the countless new verses added by marching soldiers when they reached France.

*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*

*Goodbye, Picadilly. Farewell Leicester Square*

*It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there*

*That's the wrong way to tickle Mary, it the wrong way to kiss  
Don't you know that over here, lad, they like it best like this?  
Hooray pour le Francais, farewell Angleterre!  
We didn't know the way to tickle Mary, but we learned it over there*

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## **Your King and Country Want You**

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(Britain, 1914)

Words and Music by Paul A. Rubens

The subtitle of this piece, "A Woman's Recruiting Song," forthrightly declares the importance that the British government placed on the role of women in building commitment to the war. This is one way in which the government called upon women to compel men to live up to their masculine calling. *Your King and Country Want You* is the musical equivalent of the famous poster of mustachioed Lord Kitchener pointing at the viewer and declaring, "Your Country Needs YOU!"

*We've watched you playing cricket  
And every kind of game.  
At football, golf and polo  
You men have made your name.  
But now your country calls you  
To play your part in war  
And no matter what befalls you  
We will love you all the more.  
So come and join the forces  
As your fathers did before*

### **Refrain:**

*Oh we don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go  
For your king and country both need you so.  
We shall want you and miss you, but with all our might and main  
We shall cheer you, thank you, kiss you  
When you come back again*

*We want you from all quarters  
So help us, South and North.  
We want you in your thousands*

*From Falmouth to the Forth  
You'll never find us fail you  
When you are in distress  
So answer when we hail you  
And let your word be, "Yes"  
And so your name in years to come  
Each mother's son shall bless*

*It's easy for us women  
To stay at home and shout  
But remember, there's a duty  
To the men who first went out  
The odds against that handful  
Were nearly four to one  
And we cannot rest until  
It's man for man, and gun for gun!  
And ev'ry woman's duty  
Is to see that duty done!*

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### **I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier**

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(U.S., 1915)

Words: Alfred Bryan

Music: Al Piantadosi

As war raged in Europe in 1915, this song was a big hit in America, selling 650,000 copies in just three months.<sup>[1]</sup> Lyricist Alfred Bryan not only invokes traditional values of home and motherhood, but also makes the rather progressive appeal to mothers to take a political stand against war. President Wilson's declared policy of staying out of war, and the establishment of a League of Peace, reflected the general American sentiment of the time. Some school teachers and principals used the song to spread the gospel of peace. The *New York Tribune* reported in the spring of 1915 that one New York City principal taught to his entire school, to the alarm of a visiting army officer, who complained to the Board of Education.<sup>[2]</sup>

*Ten million soldiers to the war have gone  
Who may never return again  
Ten million mothers' hearts must break  
For the ones who died in vain*

*Head bowed down in sorrow  
In her lonely years  
I heard a mother murmur through her tears:*

**Chorus**

*“I didn’t raise my boy to be a soldier  
I brought him up to be my pride and joy  
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder  
To shoot some other mother’s darling boy?  
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles  
It’s time to lay the sword and gun away  
There’d be no war today  
If mothers all would say  
‘I didn’t raise my boy to be a soldier.’”*

*What victory can cheer a mother’s heart  
When she looks at her blighted home?  
What victory can bring her back  
All she cared to call her own?  
Let each mother answer in the years to be  
“Remember that my boy belongs to me!”*

**Chorus**

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**Goodbye and Luck Be with You Laddie Boy**

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(US, 1917)

Words: Will D. Cobb

Music: Gus Edwards

This popular ditty reflects the about-face in American attitudes once war was declared. Now mothers and sisters were telling their sons to risk their lives for glory and to think of home when the “shells begin to sing.”

*War is in the air  
Blare bugles blare  
Drums beat the loud roll call  
Hark! Down the street, tramp of feet  
Up go the windows all*

*North and South, East and West  
Forth they come, the country's best  
Never mind that parting tear  
Let there be one parting cheer*

**Chorus**

*Goodbye and luck be with you Laddie boy, Laddie boy  
Whatever your name may be  
There's a look in your eye as you go marching by  
Tells me you will dare and do and die  
And when you hear those shells begin to sing  
There'll be someone somewhere who cares will murmur this prayer  
May you win your share of glory  
And come back to tell the story  
Goodbye and good luck Laddie boy*

*Somewhere in France  
There waits the chance  
One fighting chance, that's' all  
May you return to hearts that yearn  
Or like a soldier fall  
As in granddaddy's day  
Tho' today no blue or gray  
Clad in Khaki fine and fit  
Marching on to do your bit*

**Chorus**

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**Goodbye Broadway, Hello France**

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(U.S., 1917)

Words: C. Francis Reisner and Benny Davis

Music: Billy Baskette

This song gained fame as a showstopper in the Broadway review *The Passing Show of 1917* and later earned the reputation as one of the best marches of the war years.<sup>[3]</sup> Like "Laddie Boy," *Goodbye Broadway, Hello France* also demonstrates how bravado had supplanted isolationism in the American public mind. It is also an example of how

patriotic songs were used to instruct the public about war aims. This song mentions several: liberty, home, and “our debt to France.” The cover of this song depicts the transatlantic handshake of General John “Black Jack” Pershing with the French General Ferdinand Foch.

*Goodbye, New York town, goodbye, Miss Liberty  
Your lights of freedom will guide us across the sea  
Ev’ry soldier’s sweetheart bidding goodbye  
Ev’ry soldier’s mother drying her eye  
Cheer up, we’ll soon be there  
Singing this Yankee air:*

### **Chorus**

*Goodbye, Broadway, hello France  
We’re ten million strong  
Goodbye, Broadway, hello France  
It won’t take us long  
Don’t you worry while we’re there  
It’s for you we’re fighting, too  
So goodbye, Broadway, hello France  
We’re going to square our debt to you*

*“Vive Pershing!” is the cry across the sea  
We’re united in this fight for liberty  
France sent us a soldier, brave Lafayette  
Whose deeds and fame we cannot forget  
Now that we have the chance  
We’ll pay our debt to France*

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### **God Be with Our Boys Tonight**

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(Britain., 1918)

Words: Frederick G. Bowles

Music: Wilfrid Sanderson

English poet Frederick Bowles’s song, as set to music by singer and opera director Wilfrid Sanderson, became an instant classic in the United States when it was recorded by Irish-American tenor John McCormack , one of history’s first great recording stars. Soon after its debut the American magazine *The Music Trades* pronounced that *God Be with*

*Our Boys To-night* "will undoubtedly go down in history as one of the most outstanding ballads of the world war."<sup>[4]</sup> By the middle of 1918, after a year of war, Americans had fallen into a far more sober mood than that expressed by *Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!* Besides McCormack's famous performance, this piece succeeded in capturing the fear and uncertainty of the times while also sounding a note of consolation without the maudlin or trite sentimentality that ruined so many other compositions of this era.

*Brave eyes that looked so tenderly  
Where are you now today?  
Sad was our heart at break of dawn  
After you went away  
Loud sang the lark o'er fields of gold  
High in the heavens above  
Winter alone within our hearts  
Calling for you we love*

### **Chorus**

*O waiting heart, I dare not tell  
How dark and long the lane  
Only I pray that God will bring  
Our dear ones back again  
Safe to a home of peace and light  
Across the furthest sea  
May God be with our boys tonight  
Wherever they may be*

*Brave ones who answered your country's call  
How could we let you go  
Out of the sunshine of our souls  
Save that we love you so?  
There is a place within our hearts  
No one on earth may fill  
Someday at last you'll come back to us  
Watching and longing still*

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## Keep the Home Fires Burning

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(Britain. 1915)

Words: Lena Guilbert Ford

Music: Ivor Novello

Arr: Ian Assersohn

The sobering effect of mounting casualties had, of course, affected Britain even earlier than the U.S. In 1915, as casualty lists lengthened with no end in sight, hope and cheer were harder to find. Welshman David Ivor Davies, using the pen-name "Novello," composed a stirring melody to match his American friend, Lena Guilbert Ford's heartfelt lyrics, producing an affecting piece to supplant *Tipperary* as the song of the war. In contrast to earlier patriotic marches, *Keep the Home Fires Burning* acknowledged that people's "hearts are breaking" and presented the image and sound of hope in spite of broken hearts. It demonstrates better than any other the power of song to help people share their fears and sorrows and find strength in common suffering.

*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 hardships*

*As the soldiers pass along*

*And although your heart is 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 silver lining*

*Through the dark clouds shining*

*Turn the dark cloud inside out*

*Till the boys come home*

*Overseas there came a pleading*

*"Help a nation in distress"*

*And we gave our glorious laddies  
Honour bade us do no less  
For no gallant son of Freedom  
To a tyrant's yoke should bend  
And a noble heart must answer  
To the sacred call of "Friend"*

**Chorus**

## **Intermission**

Soldiers in the trenches faced the brutality of war head-on. Hopes and illusions were brutally shattered by poor food, mud, tedium, homesickness and abusive superior officers even before the machine guns, shellfire and gas. Singing was an important weapon of psychological survival, and the men learned to share and dispel their miseries with a mixture of bitter sarcasm and satiric laughter. Soldier songs reflected the rather profane language of the front and illustrate the ways in which the war inspired a freer and courser expression during and after the war years. In 1930 the British editors of an early collection of trench songs could not bring themselves to print the three most offensive obscenities, so left them blank on the page. Even so, the press eloquently defended the soldiers' cursing, noting that "they chose obscene words whose sadism matched the sadism of war. Their very ugliness satisfied because war—hated consciously or unconsciously—was ugly."<sup>[5]</sup>

Crude songs occasionally got soldiers in trouble. In one memorable case the British Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshall Sir Douglas Haig, couldn't quite believe his ears when one unit passed by in review. He spurred his horse to follow along making his way to the front as the soldiers marched along, heartily singing,

*Do your balls hang low?  
Do they dangle to and fro?  
Can you tie them in a knot?  
Can you tie them in a bow?*

As the commander rode by, each rank fell silent, leaving only the lieutenant-colonel singing a lusty solo as Haig approached. Noticing the sudden quiet behind him, the colonel turned to see his red-faced commander, who told him, "I like the tune, but the words are inexcusable."<sup>[6]</sup> Though the Field Marshall would not, we can perhaps excuse the soldiers for deploying the weapon of obscenity to combat the insanity of the times.

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## **Parody of Your King and Country Need You**

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(Britai)

from *Tommy's Tunes*

*Tommy's Tunes* was the first collection of soldiers' songs to appear in Britain, appearing in 1917, while the war was still going on. The editor, Second Lieutenant F. T. Nettleingham of the Royal Flying Corps, cleaned up much of the language and left out dozens of popular, but unprintable lyrics, but even so, a sense mordant humor, lewd innuendo, and hard-nosed cynicism emerges from its pages. These are Nettleingham's notes on this piece: "A typical parody on the recruiting songs, with which the soldiers—and slackers and everyone else—were soon fed up."[\[7\]](#)

### ***Refrain***

*For we don't want your loving, and we think you're awfully slow  
To see that we don't want you, so, please, won't you go?  
We don't like your sing-songs, and we loathe your refrain  
So don't you dare to sing it near us again*

*Now, we don't want to hurry you, but it's time you ought to go  
For your songs and your speeches, they bore us so  
Your coaxings and pettings drive us nigh insane  
Oh! We hate you, and'll boo you and hiss you if you sing it again*

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### **The Lousy Lance-Corporal (Digger's Song)**

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(Australia)

Traditional, based on *Villikins and his Dina*

Words and Music by John Barry

Among other things, *The Lousy Lance-Corporal* reminds how much soldier slang, such as "trench coat," "over the top," "crummy" or "lousy," [\[8\]](#) entered common speech as a result of the war. This parody of a popular sentimental song by Australian troops lamented the disregard for the suffering of the common soldier and also the resentment of colonial troops against the presumptuous superiority of English officers. It tells the tale of an Australian "digger" on leave in London from the Western Front who receives a dressing down for his improper uniform.

*Now a lousy Lance-Corporal said, "Pardon me please  
You've mud on your tunic and blood on your sleeve  
If you don't wipe it off all the people will laugh."  
Said that lousy Lance-Corporal on headquarters staff*

*The Digger just gave him a murderous glance  
He said, "I've just come from the shambles of France  
Where whizzbangs are flying and comforts are few  
And brave men are dying for bastards like you."*

*Dinky-die! Dinky-die!*

*Where brave men are dying for bastards like you*

*We're bombed on the left and we're bombed on the right*

*We're shelled all the day and we're shelled all the night And if something don't happen and that mighty soon*

*There'll be nobody left in the fucking platoon!*

*Dinky-die! Dinky-die!*

*There'll be nobody left in the fucking platoon*

*Now all of this came to the ears of Lord Gort*

*Who gave the whole matter a good deal of thought*

*He awarded the Digger V.C. and two bars*

*For giving that corporal a kick up the arse*

*Dinky-die! Dinky-die!*

*For giving that corporal a kick up the arse* [\[9\]](#)

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## **Mademoiselle from Armentieres**

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(Britain, Canada, U.S)

Traditional

This song was immensely popular with British, Canadian and American troops on the Western Front, partly because it has a bawdy tune with bawdy words, and partly because it could be used as a template for an infinite number of variations to serve the sarcastic purposes at hand. The original British song was a crude and obscene story of German troops taking advantage of French girls, and it later morphed into a more joke about desperate soldiers' lust for women, no matter their looks. What follows is a somewhat less crude, American version that pokes fun at horny doughboys rescuing the ugly mademoiselle of Armentieres from celibacy.

*Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentières*

*Parlez-vous*

*Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentières*

*Parlez-vous*

*Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentières*

*She hadn't been kissed in forty years*

*Hinky dinky, parlez-vous*

*Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentières*

*Parlez-vous*

*Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentières*

*Parlez-vous*

*She never had had much chance for fun*

*Till the Yanks came over with lots of mon*

*Hinky dinky, parlez-vous*

*Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentière,*

*Parlez-vous*

*Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentières*

*Parlez-vous*

*She tried to vamp all the fighting Yanks*

*'Cause she thought they all owned N.Y. banks*

*Hinky dinky, parlez-vous*[\[10\]](#)

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## **Far, Far from Ypres**

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(Britain/Canada)

Traditional (based on *Sing Me to Sleep* by Clifton Bingham and Edwin Green)

The sentimental words and schmaltzy tune of *Sing Me to Sleep* were the ideal vehicle for British and Canadian troops stationed near Ypres to laugh and cry about their misery and homesickness. The original was a soppy romantic lullaby:

*Sing me to sleep the shadows fall*

*Let me forget the world and all*

*Tired is my heart, the day is long*

*Would it would come to evening song!*

*Sing me to sleep, your hand in mine*

*Our fingers as in prayer entwine*

*Only your voice, Love, let me hear*

*Singing to tell me you are near*

This version of the soldiers' parody was published in a Canadian trench newspaper early in the war. Writing home, one Canadian officer wrote that this song was very popular, and "it absolutely reflects the impression and feelings of the men, and officers as well, in my opinion."[\[11\]](#)

*Sing me to sleep where bullets fall  
Let me forget the war and all  
Damp is my dugout, cold are my feet  
Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat*

*Sing me to sleep where bombs explode  
And shrapnel shells are a-la-mode  
Over the sandbags helmets you find  
Corpses in front of you, corpses behind.*

*Far, far from Ypres I long to be  
Where German snipers cannot pot me  
Think of me crouching where the worms creep  
Waiting for someone to sing me to sleep*

*Sing me to sleep in some old shed  
The rats are running around in my head  
Stretched out on my waterproof  
Dodging the raindrops through the roof*

*Sing me to sleep where the camp fires glow  
When nights are cold and spirits are low  
Dreaming of home and days in the West  
Somebody's overseas boot on my chest*

*Fare from the star-shells I long to be  
Lights of old London I'd rather see  
Think of me crouching where the worms creep  
Waiting for someone to sing me to sleep<sup>[12]</sup>*

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## **When You Come Back**

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(U.S. 1918)

Words and Music by George M. Cohan

No consideration of songs of the Great War is complete without George M. Cohan, the master American showman and composer of patriotic hits "You're a Grand Old Flag" and "Over There." Yet the optimist-in-chief was caught in a doubtful mood when in July 1918 he copyrighted a new song entitled, "When You Come Back (If You Do Come Back) There's a Whole World Waiting For You."<sup>[13]</sup> Recognizing that his "if" was too depressing to be popular, he decided a

few weeks later to switch out "if you do come back" to "yes when you come back." That very obstinate "yes" erected a wall of denial that only Americans, who had missed most of the war, were capable of at this late stage.

*From Frisco Bay to old Broadway*

*Today all over the USA*

*We know we're fighting the foe*

*So we all stand steady and ready to go*

*We know no fear, we know no tear*

*And all we hear is the Yankee cheer*

*I heard a girlie say*

*To her boyfriend as he marched away:*

### **Chorus**

*"When you come back, yes when you come back*

*You'll hear the Yankee cry, 'Atta boy, Jack!'*

*And when you return, remember to bring*

*Some little thing that you get from the King*

*And drop me a line from Germany*

*Do, Yankee Doodle, do!*

*When you come back, and you will come back*

*There's the whole world waiting for you!*

*It's rum, rum, rum, the fife and drum*

*So march in time for the time has come*

*To smash right through with a bang*

*With the same old spirit when liberty rang!*

*To win, begin to rush right in*

*And fly our flag over old Berlin!*

*Let's let our message be*

*To the Yankee across the sea:*

### **Chorus**

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## Have You News of My Boy Jack?

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(Britain, 1917)

Words: Rudyard Kipling

Music: Edward German

Nobel Prize-winning poet and novelist Rudyard Kipling was the muse of British Imperialism. He was born in British India and educated in a military boarding school in Britain, after which he returned to India as a journalist. He believed in the civilizing mission of England and its empire and though never a soldier himself, wrote numerous stories celebrating the manliness of British soldiers and adventurers in India, Africa, and elsewhere. As soon as war with Germany was declared, he pulled strings with friends in the army to gain a commission for his sixteen-year-old son John, who had been rejected by recruiters on account of his poor eyesight. Kipling was eager to see his only son John become the soldier-hero he had never been and proudly watched him march to war in a division of Irish Guards. He was equally devastated when his son was reported missing and probably dead at age 18 after his very first battle, a British offensive in the Battle of Loos in September of 1915. Kipling clung to the hope that John was a prisoner of the Germans, but after several months without any news of his son, he was resigned to the fact that his son was likely dead. For the rest of his life Kipling was haunted by not knowing the circumstances of his son's death and by the fact that his body was never recovered.<sup>[14]</sup> In these verses Kipling invokes the permanent anguish of loss and the sense of being overwhelmed by historic forces far beyond human control.

*“Have you news of my boy Jack?”*

*Not this tide*

*“When d’you think that he’ll come back?”*

*Not with this wind blowing, and this tide*

*“Has anyone else had word of him?”*

*Not this tide*

*For what is sunk will hardly swim*

*Not with this wind blowing, and this tide*

*Oh dear, what comfort can I find?*

*Oh dear, what comfort, what comfort can I find?*

*None this tide*

*Nor any tide*

*Except he didn't shame his kind  
Not even with that wind blowing  
And that tide.*

*Then hold your head up all the more  
This tide  
And ev'ry tide  
Because he was the son, the son you bore  
And gave to that wind blowing  
Because he was the son you bore  
And gave to that wind blowing  
and gave, and gave to that wind blowing  
And that tide.*

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## **The Boys Who Won't Come Home**

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(US, 1918)

Words: Harry Hamilton

Music: Ed Thomas

Though George M. Cohan could not face it, someone had to sing of the agony of loss to an American audience. Harry Hamilton's lyrics are a direct response to drum-banging triumphalism, presenting a mother who whispers her sorrow as bands playing upbeat Cohenesque tunes parade by in the background. Hamilton quotes Alfred Bryan's reviled old hit, *I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier*, by having the mother say of his son that "he was my pride and joy; I loved him just as ev'ry other mother loves her boy." The difference is that this new song uses the past tense; the son has died. And unlike Bryan's anti-war refrain, Hamilton's mother seeks comfort in the belief that her son's death had a purpose.

*The flags were waving gaily all along the village street  
The air was filled with music and the sound of marching feet  
The boys had come back home again, their fighting days were done  
And ev'ry heart was filled with pride for the glory they had won  
A gray-haired mother tried to smile amid the cheers and cries  
She murmured softly as she gazed with sad and tear-dimmed eyes:*

### **Chorus**

*“My boy was one of those who went away; he was my pride and joy  
I loved him just as ev’ry other mother loves her boy  
He gave his life to Uncle Sam; he’s sleeping o’er the foam  
So while you’re cheering, don’t forget the boys who won’t come home*

*“He heard his country calling and he answered to the call  
He went like all of Pershing’s men prepared to give his all  
He took my blessing with him when he sailed across the sea  
And since he went, I’ve prayed for him and waited patiently  
But greater glory claimed him, and I’m proud that he could go  
He’s sleeping now in Flander’s field where crimson poppies grow”*

### **Chorus**

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### **Keep the Home Fires Burning (reprise)**

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*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 hardships  
As the soldiers pass along  
And although your heart is 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 silver lining  
Through the dark clouds shining  
Turn the dark cloud inside out  
Till the boys come home*

*Overseas there came a pleading  
"Help a nation in distress"*

*And we gave our glorious laddies  
Honour bade us do no less  
For no gallant son of Freedom  
To a tyrant's yoke should bend  
And a noble heart must answer  
To the sacred call of "Friend"*

### **Chorus**

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### **Notes**

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- [1] Mark W. Van Wienen, *Rendezvous with Death: American poems of the Great War*. (Champaign: University of Illinois Press, 2002), 80.
- [2] Frederick G. Vogel, *World War I Songs: A History and Dictionary of Popular American Patriotic Tunes* (Jefferson, NC: McFarland & Company, 1995), 21.
- [3] Vogel, *World War I Songs*, 81.
- [4] "Sanderson Adds to His Laurels," *The Music Trades* 56 (November 9, 1918): 49.
- [5] John Brophy and Eric Partridge, eds, *Songs and Slang of the British Soldier, 1914-1918* (London: Scholartis Press, 1930), 18.
- [6] Lyn Macdonald, *Somme* (London: Macmillan, 1984), 201-2. See also Roy Palmer, "*What a Lovely War!*" *British Soldiers' Songs* (London: Michael Joseph, 1990), 9-10.
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