

E. A. NICHOLLS

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E. A. NICHOLLS
A.I.F

Nº1271 SIXPENNY POPULAR EDITION. (NO DISCOUNT ALLOWED.)

OLE KING OLE.

(Army Version.)

By

P. S. ROBINSON, B.M.

(London Rifle Brigade.)

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LONDON:
FRANCIS DAY & HUNTER,
138-140 CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.
NEW YORK:
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**OLE KING COLE.
(ARMY VERSION.)**

*Walt Clutch
Quigley*

1.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Buglers three.
Now ev'ry Bugler had a very fine "toot," and a very fine "toot" had he.
"Toot-too- too- toot- toot- toot!" said the Bugler.
"Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys of the L.R.B."

2.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Corporals three.
Now ev'ry Corporal had a very fine thirst, and a very fine thirst had he.
"Fetch me a bottle of beer!" said the Corporal.
"Toot-too- too- toot- toot- toot!" said the Bugler.
"Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys of the L.R.B."

3.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Sergeants three.
Now ev'ry Sergeant had a very fine voice, and a very fine voice had he.
"Move to the right in fours!" said the Sergeant.
"Fetch me a bottle of beer!" said the Corporal.
"Toot-too- too- toot- toot- toot!" said the Bugler.
"Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys of the L.R.B."

4.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Subalterns three.
Now ev'ry Subaltern had a very fine growse, and a very fine growse had he.
"We do *all* the work!" said the Subaltern.
"Move to the right in fours!" said the Sergeant.
"Fetch me a bottle of beer!" said the Corporal.
"Toot-too- too- toot- toot- toot!" said the Bugler.
"Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys of the L.R.B."

5.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Captains three.
Now ev'ry Captain had a very fine cheek, and a very fine cheek had he.
"We want leave for a year!" said the Captain.
"We do *all* the work!" said the Subaltern.
"Move to the right in fours!" said the Sergeant.
"Fetch me a bottle of beer!" said the Corporal.
"Toot-too- too- toot- toot- toot!" said the Bugler.
"Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys of the L.R.B."

6.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Majors three.
Now ev'ry Major had a very fine swear, and a very fine swear had he.
"Blankety-blank - blank - blank!" said the Major.
"We want leave for a year!" said the Captain.
"We do *all* the work!" said the Subaltern.
"Move to the right in fours!" said the Sergeant.
"Fetch me a bottle of beer!" said the Corporal.
"Toot-too- too- toot- toot- toot!" said the Bugler.
"Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys of the L.R.B."

7.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Colonels three.
Now ev'ry Colonel was a very fine drill, and a very fine drill was he.
"What's the next word of command?" said the Colonel.
"Blankety-blank - blank - blank!" said the Major.
"We want leave for a year!" said the Captain.
"We do *all* the work!" said the Subaltern.
"Move to the right in fours!" said the Sergeant.
"Fetch me a bottle of beer!" said the Corporal.
"Toot-too- too- toot- toot- toot!" said the Bugler.
"Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys of the L.R.B."

8.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Generals three.
Now ev'ry General had a very fine horse, and a very fine horse had he.
"Hold my horse's head!" said the General.
"What's the next word of command?" said the Colonel.
"Blankety-blank - blank - blank!" said the Major.
"We want leave for a year!" said the Captain.
"We do *all* the work!" said the Subaltern.
"Move to the right in fours!" said the Sergeant.
"Fetch me a bottle of beer!" said the Corporal.
"Toot-too- too- toot- toot- toot!" said the Bugler.
"Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys of the L.R.B."

The bracketed lines are sung to the two bars of music marked thus *...* repeated as often as required.

N.B. - By altering the words in last line of each verse this song may be made to suit any Regiment or Company.



OLE KING COLE.

(ARMY VERSION.)

P. S. ROBINSON, B. M.

(London Rifle Brigade.)

E. A. NICBOLL'S

A. I. F.

Tempo di Marcia.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f (Not too fast)

Detailed description: This system contains the first musical notation. It features a single staff for the voice, which is currently empty. Below it is a grand staff for the piano, consisting of a treble and a bass clef. The piano accompaniment begins with a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody in the piano part starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, and continues with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and quarter notes. The dynamic marking *f* (forte) is indicated, with the instruction '(Not too fast)' in parentheses.

Detailed description: This system contains the second musical notation. It features a single staff for the voice, which is currently empty. Below it is a grand staff for the piano. The piano accompaniment continues from the first system. The treble clef part shows a series of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass clef part provides a steady accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes. The key signature remains one flat and the time signature 2/4.

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F. & D. 13685

|| d .d .t, .t, ,t, | l, ,l, .l, :s, .s, ,s, | f, ,f, .m, :r, .r, }

Ole King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, and a mer-ry old soul was

(8 Verses.)

|| d, : - .s, | d .d ,d :t, .t, ,t, | l, .l, ,l, :s, .s, ,s, }

he, He called for his pipe; and he called for his bowl, And he

|| f, .m, ,m, :r, ,r, .r, | d, : - .s, | d .d ,d :d .d d }

called for his Bu- gl- ers three. Now ev- 'ry Bugler had a

|| d ,d .d .d :d .d ,d | d ,d .m :r .d | r : - }

ver- y fine "toot," and a ver- y fine "toot" had he -

E. A. NICHOLL'S

A.I.F.

.....

d d ,d :d .d | d .s, ,s, :m, ,m, .s, ||

"Toot - too - too - toot - toot - toot!" said the Bugler;

See footnote.

d .d ,m :r .d | r : - .r . | m .d :r .t

"Ver - y fine boys' are we! There's none so rare, or

1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th VERSES.

d .l, :s, .s, ,s, | l, .d ,d :d .t | d : -

can com - pare, with the boys of the L. R. B?"

LAST (8th) VERSE ONLY.

l, .d ,d :r .s | d : -

boys of the L. R. B?"

ritard.

..... These two bars are repeated once extra for each succeeding verse - once 1st, verse, twice 2nd, verse, and so on.

No. 1235.

You're Here and I'm Here.

WORDS BY HARRY B. SMITH.

MUSIC BY JEROME D. KERN.

CHORUS.

DOH IS Eb. *Andante moderato.*

f :r .m | *f* :r .m | *f* .m :s .r | - .s :l .t | d' :l .t | d' :l .t | d' .t :r' .l | - .t :d' .l |

You're here and I'm here, so what do we care?... The time and place do not count; it's the one who is there... Now all I

a tempo.

p *con tenerezza.*

|d' :t | l :s | f :- | - .s :l .le | t :l | s :f | m .d :r .re | m .t :- .l | f :r .m |

ask is room for two,..... And to be there with on - ly you, It would be hea-ven. When two hearts are

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No. 1177.

He'd have to get under—get out and get under.

(TO FIX HIS AUTOMOBILE).

WRITTEN BY GRANT CLARKE AND EDGAR LESLIE.

COMPOSED BY MAURICE ABRAHAMS.

CHORUS.

DOH IS Eb. *Allegretto.*

m | f .s :f .m | - .r :- .m | f .s :f .m | - .r :- . | d :r :re | m .t :- .s | l :-

He'd have to get un - der, get out and get un - der fix his lit - tle ma - chine.....

| .se | l .se | l .t :- .s | l .t :s .l | - :- . | .fe :s .re | m .s :- | .fe :s .re | m .s :- .m |

He was just dy - ing to cud - dle his queen, But ev - 'ry min - ute, when he'd be - gin it, He'd

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GREAT SUCCESS.

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Written by R. P. WESTON

Composed by H. E. DAREWSKI.

CHORUS. 2nd time *f*.

KEY Eb. | d' t :l t | d' t :l s | f n :re n | n r :de r | n r :de r |

"Sis - ter Su - sie's sew - ing shirts for sol - diers. Such skill at sew - ing shirts our shy young

r :de r | l t :l s | l t :s l t | d' t :l s | f n :re n |

sis - ter Su - sie shows! Some sol - diers send e - pis - tles, say they'd soon - er sleep in this - tles, Than the

A GREAT BOON FOR OUR FIGHTING FORCES.

Tommy's Book of Marching Songs

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MR JOHN FRENCH, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., D.C.L., LL.D.

Compiled and Arranged by

ERNEST NEWTON.

CONTENTS.

HOLD YOUR HAND OUT, NAUGHTY BOY!
JOLLY GOOD LUCK TO THE GIRL WHO LOVES A SOLDIER!
SHE IS MA DAISY
STOP YER TICKLING, JOCK!
ANNIE LAURIE
KILARNEY
CHEER BOYS CHEER!
KISKS AT HOME. (Swanee River)
DID JOE
GIVE A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY
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O LORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL
ISH GRENADIERS
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WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME
AULD LANG SYNE
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THE MINSTREL BOY
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