

His Name's on the Roll of Honour

(His Memory's in my Heart.)

SONG



LYRIC BY
SERGT. J. BRUNO D.C.M.

MUSIC BY
BOMBER. H. ROSE

Both of the
Third Batt. C.E.F.

ARRANGEMENT BY JOHN W. GRAY

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HIS NAME'S ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR

Lyric by Sergt. J. BRUNO D.C.M. 3rd Batt. C.E.F.

Music by Bomber H. ROSE 3rd Batt. C.E.F.

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Andante'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano introduction ends with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking. The vocal entry begins with the lyrics: 'On the roll of hon-our is his name, Small com-fort to my heart, The Yes he did all that a man could do, When Bri-tain called her sons, He fin-est pal, I've ev-er had, At last we've had to part, Af-ter helped to hold the Kha-ki line, A- gainst the en-'mies guns, When he'. The vocal melody is written in a single staff, and the piano accompaniment continues throughout the song.

mf *rall.*

On the roll of hon-our is his name, Small com-fort to my heart, The
Yes he did all that a man could do, When Bri-tain called her sons, He
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all these years of glad-ness, I must strug-gle on a-lone, All the
saved his wound-ed cap-tain, All his com rades called him brave, Tho' he

sun-shine turned to sad-ness, While my heart feels like a stone.
did not win a med-al, Still he found a he-ro's grave

Chorus

For I've lost the fin-est pal a girl could wish to find, Some

where in France in his last sleep he lies, And noth-ing but the mem-o-ries are

left with me be-hind, How bit - ter and how blank now seem the days. No

more his smi - ling face I'll see, Nor hear his heart - y laugh As to -

geth - er through the fields we used to roam, But there's an old mill by the stream, Where I'll

of - ten sit and dream, Of you old pal, the best I've ev - er known.

rall.

"By Order of the King"

Words by A. E. MACNUTT.

Music by M. F. KELLY.

By or - der of the King (God bless him), we'll fight and win or
die. "The Em - pire and the King" (God bless him), is the
na - tion's cry, Our coun - try's pride are fight - ing, "God
bless them and vic - t'ry bring," For they are glad - ly dy - ing just to
keep the old flag fly - ing, By or - der of the King.

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We Are Coming, Mother England

Words and music by RAYMOND MOORE.

We are com - ing, Moth - er Eng - land, Aye a hun - dred thou - sand
strong, our hearts a - flame and loy - al, Our lips a - thrill with song,
We have heard the call of hon - or and in faith and love o - bey,
For the Un - ion Jack (God bless it) must win and live for aye.

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Canadian Jack

or
The Honor of the Empire

Words and music by
FRANK B. FENWICK.

Our Can - a - dian boys are proud - ly march - ing, With their
fac - es to the foe, You will nev - er find our Jack With a
bul - let in his back, He's a gem in the crown of Bri - ta - nia.

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We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall

Words by ALBERT E. MACNUTT.

Music by M. F. KELLY.

We'll nev - er 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 un - furl'd, We'll nev - er let the old flag fall.

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The Call of the Motherland

Words and Music by EDWARD W. MILLER.

When war's alarms, and the call to arms, Comes across from the Mother-land, At the
call, as one, each Can - a - dian son, Is read - y to take his stand, From
East and West, we will give our best, And the pray'rs of our peo - ple bring; And
side by side with the Em - pire's pride, We will fight for our Flag and King.

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A Song of the Empire

Words and music by FREDERICK SIMS.

mf Hark! o'er our march - es world-wide flung, The call to arms re-
cresc.
f sound - ing! Bri - tan - nia's might no more a - lone Shall stand to guard her
cresc.
ff Is - land Throne, For lo! Her Li - on Whelps are grown, And to her aid are bounding!

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