

BE BRITISH!

PLAY THE GAME!

Words and Music
by

JACK N. CRICHTON

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Empire Music Club.*

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By the wild, wild sea, On a
On the bleak North sea, Where
By the same gray sea, On

rain - soaked quay, A maid with her lov - er stands; For he
sub - ma-rines be, A tor - pe - doed war - ship lay With her
that wave-wash'd quay, As sinks the set - ting sun, A

sails a - way At the break of day, On the ship that he com - mands. With
bows sub-merged, While green seas surged A - cross her fore - hatch way But,
maid - en stood In pen - sive mood, And said: "Thy will be done!" My

half - sti-fled sigh, she mur-murs "Good-bye!" While soft - ly . he speaks her name In.
as in the gloom she sank to her doom A voice from the bridge-deck came Like
war - ri - or brave sleeps un - der the wave But death can no vic - t'ry claim; For,

Moderato

sooth - ing tone: "Cheer up, my own!" BE BRIT-ISH! PLAY THE GAME!
 fog - si - ren: "Be stea - dy, men!" BE BRIT-ISH! PLAY THE GAME!
 though he's gone, His words live on: BE BRIT-ISH! PLAY THE GAME!

CHORUS
Allegro

And don't lose your grip, But stick to your ship, In

sun - shine and sha - dow the same Through weal or woe! Down

heart - ed? No! "BE BRIT-ISH! PLAY THE GAME!"

8va ad lib.

