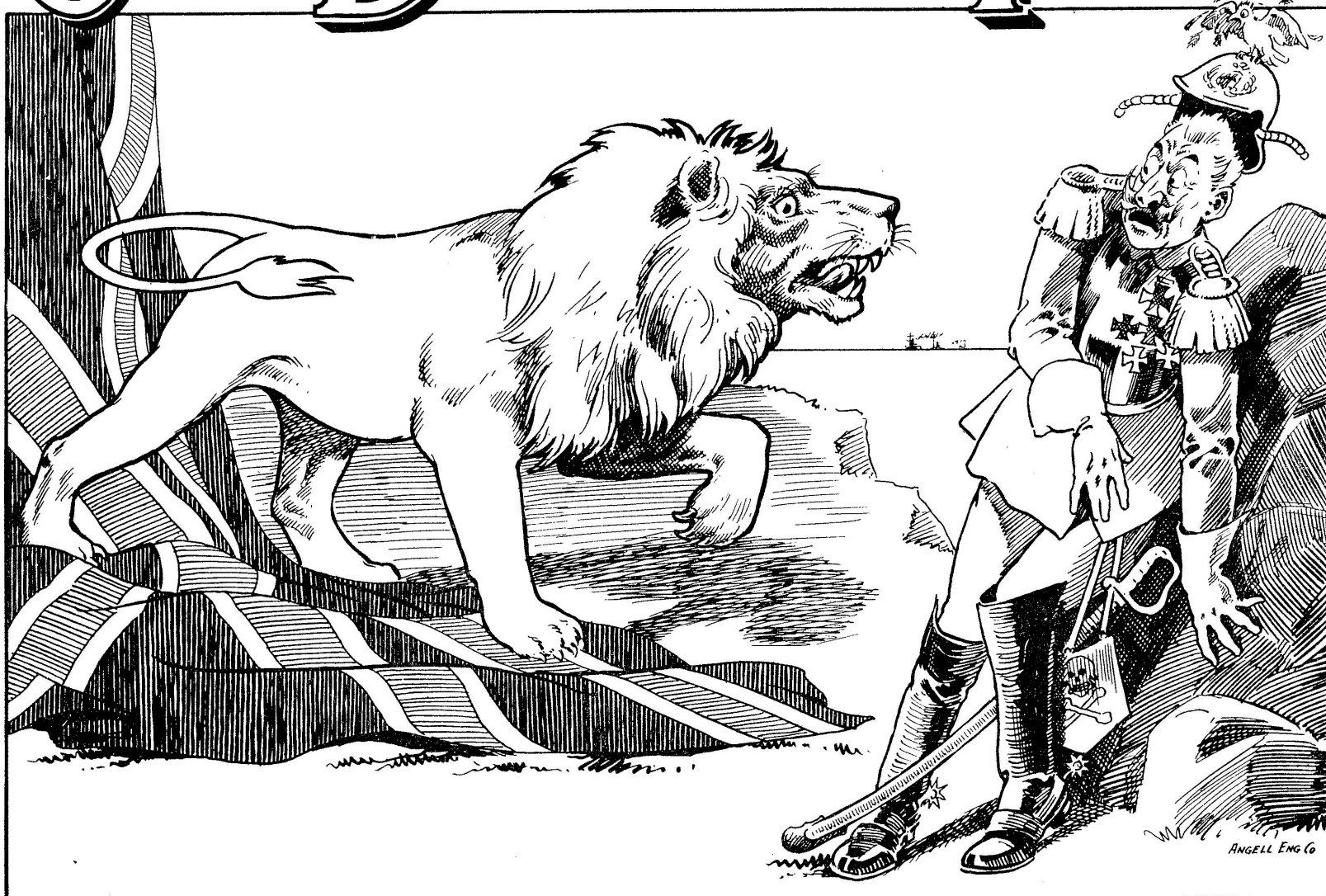


THE GREAT PATRIOTIC SONG SUCCESS

# OUR BOYS AT THE FRONT



"When the Grand Old British Lion from his peaceful sleep arose,  
The Kaiser knew his doom was sealed before he felt his claws."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

## JAMES C. CHAFFER

Composer of "Moonlight on the Sound," etc.



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# Our Boys at the Front

Words and Music by  
JAMES C. CHAFFER

*Con Spirito*



The Kaiser took a notion he'd like Europe for his own, For he has sons a-plen-ty, and for each he wants a throne; He  
When the fiend-ish Kaiser and his mil-i-tar-y men Started off for Par-is they were feel-ing gay and vain, They'd

The first vocal line is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

cares not for the treat-ies signed, his neighbors to protect, He calls them scraps of paper, made for such as he to break.  
march right on to Cal-ais and from there to England too, And ac-complish all their wonders just in one short month or two. King

The second vocal line continues the melody from the first line. It is written on a single staff with the same musical notation as the first line. The lyrics continue below the staff.

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pour - ing ev' - ry day, From thous - ands in - to mill - ions strong, right on to vic - to -

ry: Can - a - di - ans, Aus - tra - li - ans, Irish, Scotch and Welsh - men too, All

join with Tommy At - kins These Brit - ons brave and true, In sing - ing Rule Bri - tan - nia, Bri -

tan - nia rules the waves, Brit - ons, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, shall be slaves.

When he marched thro' Belgium he thought England unprepared, Home Rule and other troubles he felt sure would make her scared To de-  
Al - bert, he thought diff - er - ent, and made the Kaiser mad When he gave him such a set-back with the gal - lant troupes he had. Then the

fend this lit - tle na - tion as she was in hon - or bound, But it sure - ly made his hair turn grey when this is what he found:  
grand old Brit - ish li - on from his peace - ful sleep a - rose, And the Kais - er knew his doom was sealed be - fore he felt his claws:

# CHORUS *Lively*

1—That our boys at the front are fighting, ev - er ready for old England's cause, They threw a - side their  
2— So our

diff' - ren - ces as u - ni - ted they a - rose. From all parts of the Em - pire they are



Just think of those poor Belgians driven from their peaceful land,  
Their Country devastated by this monster tyrant's hand;  
Of Lusitania victims sunk by murd'rous submarines,  
And the crimes that he's committed with his bulky Zeppelins.  
He thought such crimes would plant in British hearts a dreadful fear,  
But found Britain more determined than she ever was before  
To fight this to a finish till they bring him to his knees,  
For this war-fiend must be conquered or we never shall have peace.

CHORUS: "That's why our boys," etc.

A word about our Navy, those true gallant boys in blue,  
They bottled up the German fleet and did it quickly, too;  
Von Tirpitz and his submarines are no longer a menace,  
For Britons have devised the means to give them quite a chase.  
Down around the Dardenelles they've quite a task to do,  
But the time is shortly coming when the Turks they will subdue;  
They'll drive them out of Europe into Asia, and may be  
T'would be better to keep after them and drive them in the sea.

CHORUS: "That's why our boys," etc.

