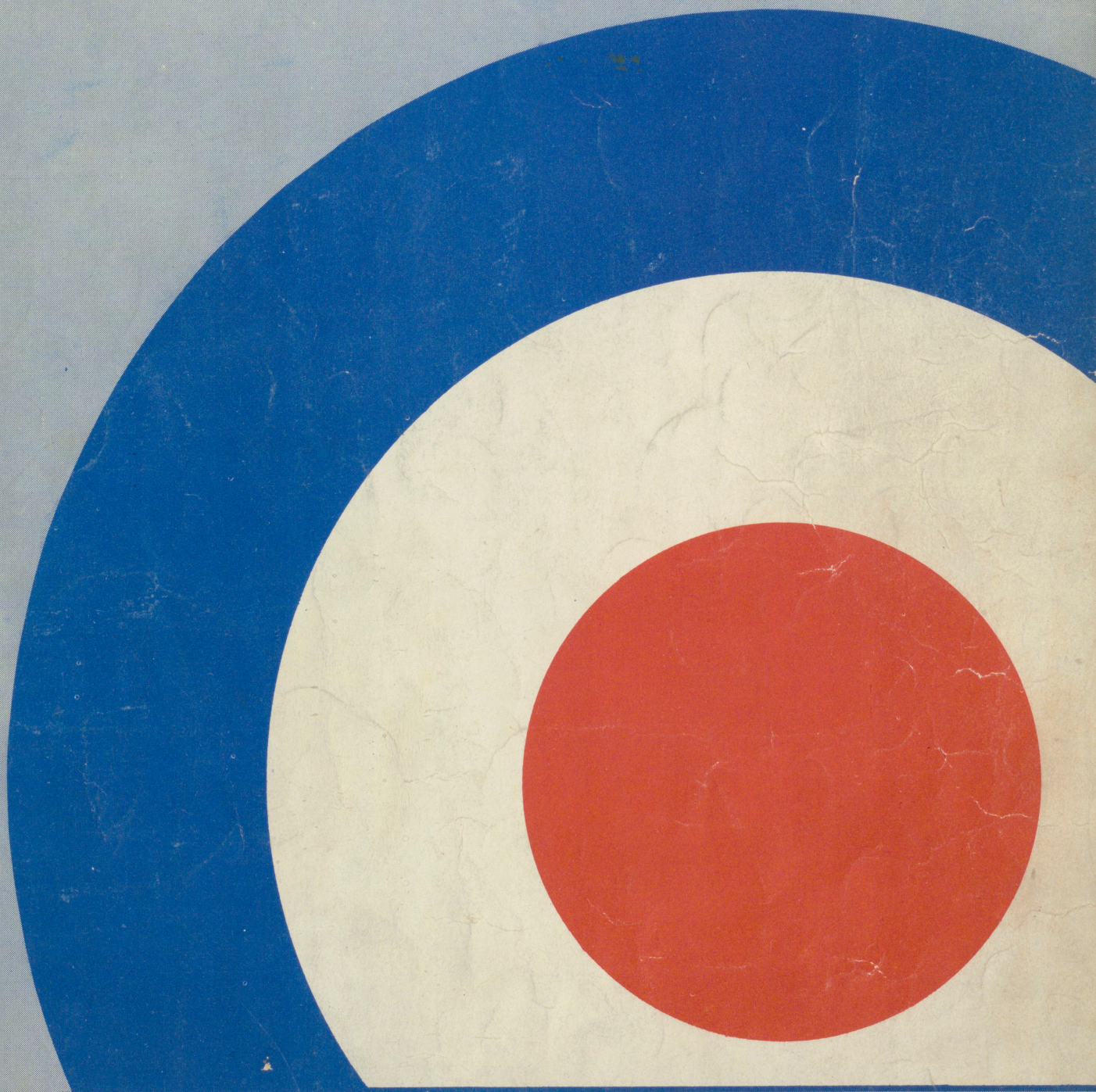


C A N A D A ' S A I R S O N G

CLIMBIN' HIGH ¹⁹⁴⁰

TO THE
ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

35c



Words and Music by
Jimmie Coulter, P.R.S. Lond.
T. Reg. Sloan, C.P.R.S.

AT ALL MUSIC DEALERS

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March Time

mf *cresc.*

CLIMBIN' HIGH! _____ CLIMBIN' HIGH! _____

Give'er the gun, m' son, and hear that en - gine drone, You've got a date with

fate, you know you're on your own High up in the sky. _____

mf *>*

8

xx B $\flat$ 7 xx E $\flat$

CLIMBIN' HIGH! CLIMBIN' HIGH! Out where the grey hor -

i - zon meets the break of day, Roll 'er a-long a - bove the clouds and

far a - way, And keep 'er climb - in', CLIMB-IN' HIGH!

Ride the wings of the morn - ing, Strike with nev - er a warn - ing, Zoom 'er up and

mp *cresc.* *sfz*

lose 'er in the blue. _____ Skies are burst-in' a - sun - der,

Thun - der o - ver and un - der, High - er, fly - er, it all de-pends on you To keep 'er

high! _____ CLIMBIN' HIGH! _____ You'll have your fun, m' -

son, before you head for home, You'll have your fun when you get back a -

xx Eb

Bb

xx Bb7

xx Bb7

xx Eb

xx F#o

xx Eb

xx F#o

mf

xx F#° xx Eb° xx Eb7 xx Ab° Bb° xx Bb7 xx Eb°

round the drome, So keep 'er climb - in', CLIMB - IN' HIGH. ———

cresc. *sfz* *Fine.*

CODA xx Eb° xo Gm° xx Eb° xx E° xx Bb7

I give you a toast, from coast to coast, to men of all the Force. Drink to the sun, the

mp *mp*

Fm° x Db7° xx Bb7° xx Eb° xx Bb6° xx Eb° xx E°

moon, the stars that keep you on your course. Drink to the girl who thinks of you, where -

mf

xx Bb7° xx Eb° xx E° xx Bb7° xx E° E7° xx Bb7° xx Eb°

ev - er you may be; Drink to the ace you're goin' to face, and drink to vic - to - ry!

sfz *D.S.*

By the Writers of Climbin' High

Sung by Red Newman in "CHIN UP" We've Rolled Up The Old Umbrella

March Time >

T. Reginald Sloan

CHORUS

Oh, WE'VE ROLLED UP THE OLD UM - BER-EL-LA And we've
hung up the old walk-ing cane, We have packed a - way our

Novelty War Song

The Pretty Little Mitt That Kitty Knit

Words and Music by
JIMMIE COULTER, P.R.S. (Lone)

We've been hear-ing quite a lot of prop-a-gan-da And it's such a fun-ny war you must ad-
mit, Tho' there's lots you can't be-lieve, I've the sto-ry up my sleeve Of the
PRET-TY LIT-TLE MITT THAT KIT-TY KNIT. With her need-les keep-ing time to Tip-pe-
ra-ry She de-ter-mined she would do her lit-tle bit. Some may fight their way to fame, Kitty
made it just the same With the PRET-TY LIT-TLE MITT that KIT-TY KNIT.

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