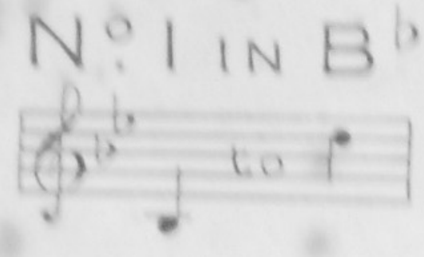

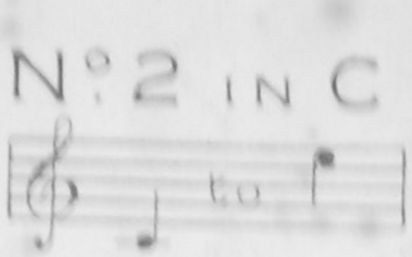

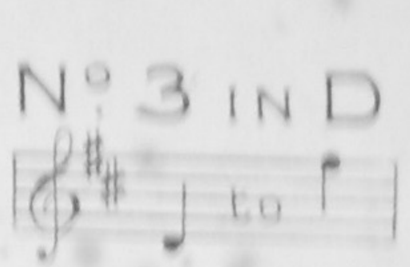

SUNG BY
MR. HARRY DEARTH.

The Company Sergeant-Major

Song

THE WORDS BY

P. H. B. LYON

The Music by

WILFRID SANDERSON.

PRICE 2/- NET

BOOSEY & Co
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THE COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR.

The R.S.M. has a fancy chest,
And swank enough for thirty,
But tho' at times 'e can yarn with the best,
'E's inclined to turn up shirty;
But the man who can give and take a joke,
An out and out rampager,
Is that workin', worritin', cussin' ole bloke,
The Company Sergeant-Major!

"Quarters" works till the dawn is grey,
And juggles 'is figures neatly,
But a regular knock-down east-wind day
Will jigger 'im up completely;
But the fellow as strong as a blinkin' ox,
And as tough, tho' a trifle sager,
Is that 'oly terror of weak-kneed crocks,
The Company Sergeant-Major!

The officers read their little red books,
(Or *don't*, as the case may be, sir),
But it isn't to them that the Captain looks,
When 'e feels 'e's up a tree, sir.
When 'e's turned the Company inside out,
I'm ready to lay a wager,
'E'll flick 'is boots with 'is cane and shout—
"Carry on, Sergeant-Major!"

But it's not at 'ome in the barrack square
That the stuff in the lads is tellin',
But in distant lands 'way over there,
When the enemy's started shellin';
And wherever the mud and shells are thick,
You'll find that jolly old stager,
That fear nothing, scallywag, son of ole Nick,
The Company Sergeant-Major!

P. H. B. Lyon.

The Company Sergeant-Major.

Words by
R. H. B. LYON.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

Animato Pomposo.

Piano.

Silent.

The R. S. M. has a fan - cy chest, And
swank e - nough for thir - ty, But tho' at times 'e can
yarn with the best, 'E's in - clined to turn up shir - ty: But the

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cresc.

man who can give and take a joke, An out and out ram -

cresc.

ten.

ten.

- pag - er, Is that work - in', wor - rit - in', cus - sin' ole bloke, The

Pomposo.

Com - pa - ny - Ser - geant - Ma - jor, The (geant) Ma - jor, The

Ma - jor, The Com - pa - ny Ser - geant - Ma - jor!

f

Silent.

sf mf

mf

"Quarters" works till the dawn is grey, And juggles 'is fig - ures

neat - ly, But a reg - u - lar knock - down east - wind day Will

cresc.

jig - ger 'im up com - plete - ly; But the fel - low as strong as a

cresc.

ten.

blink - in' ox, And as tough, tho' a tri - fle sag - er, Is that 'o - ly ter-ror of

ten.

Pomposo.

weak-kneed crocks, The Com-pa-ny Ser - geant - Ma - jor, The Ma - jor, The

Ma - jor, The Com - pa - ny Ser - geant - Ma - jor!

f

mf

The

Silent.

sf *mf*

off - i - cers read their lit - tle red books. Or *don't*, as the case may be, sir. But it

f marcato il basso.

is - n't to them that the Cap-tain looks. When 'e feels 'e's up a tree, sir. When 'e's

cresc.

ten.

turned the Company in - side out. I'm rea - dy to lay a wa - ger, E'll

cresc.

ten.

(*Shouted.*)

flick 'is boots with 'is cane and shout— "Car - ry on, Ser - geant - Ma - jor!"

mp

But it's

rit.

f

sf

ten.

molto rit. e dim.

(a little slower.)

not at 'ome in the bar - rack square That the stuff in the lads is

pp

tell - in', But in dis - tant lands 'way o - ver there, When the

slower and sustained.

en - e - my's start - ed shell - in'; And wher - ev - er the mud and

sostenuto.

cresc.

shells are thick, You'll find that jol - ly old sta - ger — That

cresc.

marcato.

a tempo.

fear nothing, scal - ly - wag, son of ole Nick, The Com - pa - ny Ser - geant -

a tempo.

Pomposo.

Ma - jor, The Ma - jor, The Ma - jor, The

Pomposo.

rit.

Com - pa - ny Ser - geant - Ma - jor!

rit.

ff

8 8