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THE FIGHTING RACE

A Dramatic Song

Words by
J. J. G. G. G.

Musical by
John Philip Sousa



By Lt. John Philip Sousa

Price 75 cents net

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The Fighting Race

• Words by
J. I. C. Clarke

Music by
John Philip Sousa

Boldly

"Read

Broadly, commandingly *p sadly*

out the names!" and Burke sat back, And Kel - ly drooped his head, — While

rit. *a tempo*

Shea—they call him Schol - ar Jack—Went down the list of dead. —

rit. *a tempo*

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Punctuating each word

Of - fi - cers, sea - men, gun - ners, ma - rines, The crews of the gig and yawl; ___ The

p

with force *rit*

beard - ed man' and the lad in his teens, Car - pen - ters, stok - ers, - all ___ Then

f *col canto*

slower

knock - ing the ash - es from out his pipe, Said Burke in an off - hand way, "We're

slower *p* *p*

With martial spirit

all in that dead man's list, by Cripe! Kel-ly and Burke and

marziale

p

slightly slower

Shea, And the dead did - n't brag! "Well, — here's to the flag!" Said

f *a tempo*

Kel-ly and Burke and Shea. And

a tempo

Slightly faster than at first and with more assurance

Shea, the schol- ar, with ris - ing joy, Said "We were at Ra - mil -

a shade slower

lies, — We left our bones at Fon - te - noy, And up in the Pyr - en -

nees, — Be - fore Dun-kirk, on Land - en's plain, Cre - mo - na, Lille and

gloriously

Ghent. — We're all o - ver Aus - tri - a, France and Spain, Wher -

rit.

ev - er they pitched a tent. — We've died for Eng - land from Wa - ter - loo To

Marziale

E - gypt and Dar - gal; — And still there's e - nough for a

corps or crew, Kel - ly and Burke and Shea." "Well

here is to good hon - est fight - ing blood!" Said Kel - ly and Burke and

Quasi recit.
Shea. "Oh, the fight - ing rac - es don't die out, If they

col canto

l.h.

sel - dom die in bed, For Love is first in their hearts, no doubt,' Said

very sustained and with religious fervor

Burke; Then Kel - ly said: "When Mi - chael, the I - rish Arch -

an - gel, stands, The an - gel with the sword, And the

slower

bat - tle - dead from a hun - dred lands Are ranged in one, in -

faster

one big horde, Our line, that for Ga-brie'l's trum-pet waits, Will

slower **Grandioso**

stretch three-deep that day, From Je-hos-ha-phat to the Gold-en Gates-

Kel-ly and Burke and Shea." "Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!" Said

very broadly

Kel-ly and Burke and Shea.

Allegro

colla voce

FOUR MASTER SONGS BY FOUR SONG MASTERS

Eternal Love

From by
Harold Flanagan

Musically by
B. Huntington Woodman

Andante

Voice: The years pass all too quickly in their flight: Too long we
 linger by the flow-ry way, As you and I, mid dreamy reveries
 bide, Con- tent to taste the pleasures of to-day.

Piano: *Andante*

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A Star-Rosary

* From by
Fred G. Bowers

Musically by
Reginald de Koven, Op. 236

Moderato appassionato

Voice: I breathe a
 prayer up to the air— And tol- the stars be-
 cause A ro- sa- ry of light and love.

Piano: *Moderato appassionato*

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In Lady Air

My Lady

From by
Harold Flanagan

Musically by
C. Whitley Cooke

Con metro poetico (L. al)

Voice: My la- dy is so
 sweet as fair, She sends no flower in her hair, No pro- ceedings, milk or
 lace, To light the eyes - der of her face.

Piano: *Con metro poetico*

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Patter of the Shoon

** From by
Joyce Kilmer

Musically by
Bryman Trabasso

Faibly quickly

Voice: There is a way our
 tongues of wa- ters rhyme a kind of Cher- ry bloom.

Piano: *Faibly quickly*

Flu- id - a - ma - tra - are o - ver - Our the pul- ver of the

** From into a measure
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