

'TIS THE TRUMPET CALL OF DUTY SOUNDING FOR ME — SONG —

— DEDICATION AND TOAST —

Here's to the brave!
To our brave boys wherever they may be,
In field or trench, in air, on land or sea;
And to our brave who work in lands afar,
The gentle brave, who ministr'ing angels are;
And to the other brave, who ne'er may roam,
The brave who watch, and work, and wait at home!
Here's to the brave!

Words and Music
by
EBEN FRANCIS THOMPSON

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EBEN FRANCIS THOMPSON

Tempo di Marcia

A sold-ier lad in kha-ki clad stood by his lov'd one's side, "I can not bear that
 "For-give, she said, "the tears I shed which long I strove to hide, I'll do my bit and
 "Now all of us must do our bit wher-ev-er we may be, The same at home as

we should part, dear boy!" she sad-ly cried, "Yet go you must, it is God's will," and
 learns to smile, and do it now" she cried. Said he If you are brave at home 'twill
 far a-way in lands a-cross the sea. So work right on and fal-ter not when

weep-ing bow'd her head, And as he turn'd to bid good bye he clasp'd her hand and said
 make me brave to go For ev-ry one must do their part and all too well I know
 I am far a-way, As if I stood here by your side, as if you heard me say

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"Tis the trum - pet call of du - - ty sound ing for me; —

I hear its might - y sum - mons from far a - cross the sea; —

I must haste to join my com - rades so soon to face the foe, —

And to fight for Right till the Right proves Might, so now I must go!"

'Tis the trum- pet call of du - - ty, Sound ing for me, ———
for

— I hear its might- y sum- mons — from far a - cross the sea; —
me might- y sum- mons far a - cross

— I must haste to join my com- rades, — so soon to face the foe —

— And to fight for Right till the Right proves Might So now I — must go. —
must go.

