

**THE  
FIGHTING SWING**

**SONG**

WORDS BY

**BADGER CLARK**

MUSIC BY

**G. HACKNEY**



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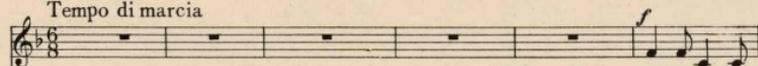
# THE FIGHTING SWING

Words by  
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Tempo di marcia

VOICE



Once again the

PIANO



reg-iments,

march-ing down the street

Should-ers legs and ri- fle bar-rels,

swing-ing all in time

Let the slack ci - vi-lian plod; ours the gay - er

feet

Danc-ing to the mu-sic of the old - est earth-ly rhyme

Left, right, trim and tight, Hear the ca-dence fall. So—the le-gion

Cæs-ar loved Shook the plains of Gaul. Fighting bloods of all the earth

in our pul-ses ring— Step, lads, true to the duds, back to the fighting

swing.

*p*

We have kissed good-bye to doubt, left the fret and stew, Now the crows may steal the corn,

*p*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

now the milk may spill. All the prob-lem-s in the world sim-mer down to

two. — One is how to dodge the shells and one — is how to kill.

*f*

Left, right, glints of light Down the ranks they run So the Jan-i - za - ry spears

*f*

*Ped.* \*

caught the de-sert sun. Once a - gain the an-cient steel, has its lord - ly fling

*ff*  
Flash, sway, bat-tle ar-ray! Back to the fighting swing.

*p* Andante ma non troppo  
Set and si-lent ev - 'ry mouth steady ev - 'ry eye,

*rit.* *ff* Tempo Marcia *f*  
Grop-ing wrangling days are done, Let the lead-ers lead. Reg - u - la-tions how to live,

*rall. e dim.* Tempo I *f*

Or - ders when to die — Life and death in pri - mer print an - y man can read

*rall. e dim.* *f*

*f*

Left, right, eat and fight, Dreams are blown to bits. Here's the Old Guard back to life,

*f* *ra* \*

bound for Aus - ter - litz. Shake the soft and quit the sweet; Loose the arms that

*ff* *f* *ff*

eling — Blood, dust, grapple and thrust, Back to the fighting swing.

*ff* *f* *ff* *f*

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