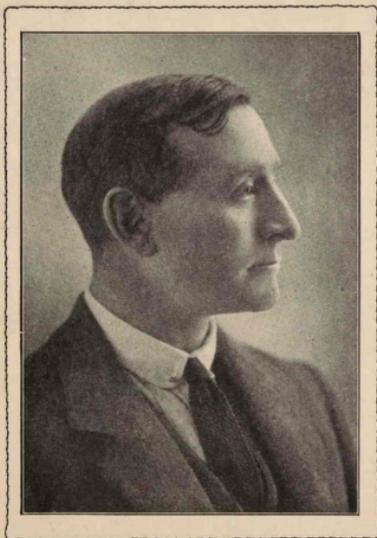


IT'S GOOD
TO BE ALIVE.



*Written, Composed
and Sung by*

NELSON
JACKSON.

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J

IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE.

1.

We've lots to make us blithe and gay!
We've lots to cheer us ev'ry day.
The War is done, the fight is won,
There's nothing but the bill to pay.
And ev'ry one will get rewards,
The sort His Majesty accords,-
The O. B. E. so fine and free,
And profiteers will all be Lords.

REFRAIN.

So cheer up, cheero, and let yourself go;
It's a long time you'll be dead.
We've lots to make us smile, you bet,
We've Winston in the cabinet.
To live we should contrive,
Not underground to dive.
We live in a land that is great and free;
We've elected some funny old freaks M.P.
And a quid is worth just about nine-and-three,
So it's good to be alive.

2.

We've lots to give our mirth a shape,
With grins to set our jaws agape,
For week by week the Whitehall clique
Lay in fresh stocks of new red-tape.
We've got controllers here and there,
In fact we've got them everywhere,
With typists fair, large bow in hair,
The sort official men prefer.

REFRAIN.

So cheer up, cheero, and let yourself go;
It's a long time you'll be dead.
We've lots to keep us out of bed;
We've F. E. Smith - Lord Birkenhead.
To live we should contrive,
Not underground to dive.
They're taxing us now from the toes and shins
Right up to the neck and above the chins,-
And that's how well they pay for the German sins -
So it's good to be alive.

3.

We've lots to make us shout "hooray,"
New dances from the U.S.A.
They are the sort our Grandmas thought
Not "comme il faut" as Frenchmen say.
We've foxy trots, and twinkletoes,
The joyful "Jazz" that's worse than those;
We've clutches, clips, and slides and slips,
And fervent grips for belles and beaux.

REFRAIN.

So cheer up, cheero, and let yourself go;
It's a long time you'll be dead.
We've funds of mirth on which to draw,
We've Bottomley, and Bonar Law.
To live we should contrive,
Not underground to dive.
Lloyd George is a wizard from Wales, we know,
And he certainly gives a surprising show,
For he vanishes millions a week, and so -
It's good to be alive.

4.

We've lots to make us shout with glee,
We've votes for women, oh-dear me.
We are so free you will agree
That no one now need married be.
The usual results, of course,-
The courts are choked up with divorce.
Through chanting the nisi decree
The judge's voice is faint, and hoarse.

REFRAIN.

So cheer up, cheero, and let yourself go;
It's a long time you'll be dead.
We've lots to make us shout with glee,
We've Asquith left to "wait and see?"
To live we should contrive,
Not underground to dive.
What's going to happen no one can tell;
The whisky's a wash-out, the beer's a sell,
And the funeral prices are up as well -
So it's good to be alive.

Nelson Jackson.

IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE.

Written, Composed and Sung by

NELSON JACKSON.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

ill ready.

p

We've lots to make us glad and gay, We've lots to cheer us

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte dynamic (*f*) and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The voice part enters with a melodic line. A section of the piano accompaniment is marked with a piano dynamic (*p*) and includes the instruction "ill ready." above a melodic phrase. The lyrics "We've lots to make us glad and gay, We've lots to cheer us" are written below the voice line.

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H.D.M.P. Co 506.

ev - 'ry day. The War is done, the fight is won, There's no - thing but the

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- ty ac - cords, - The O. B. E. so fine and free, And pro - fi - teers will all be Lords.

REFRAIN.

So cheer up, cheer - o, and let your self go; It's a long time you'll be dead. We've

mf

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live we must con-tribute, Not un-der-ground to dive. We

live in a land that is great and free, We've e-lected some funny old freaks M. P. And a

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BY THE CAMP FIRE.

WHERE THE WATERS KISS THE SILENT SHORE.

Written by

MABEL ELIZABETH GIRLING.

Composed by

PERCY WENRICH.

Refrain.

Come where the camp fire is gleaming, Comewhere the fire flies are beaming,

Down where the riv . er is stream . ing by, ————— There I'll be

wait . ing for you, wait . ing where the flames are glow . ing, ————— To tell you

I a . dore you un . der . neath the clear moon . light, so bright; —

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