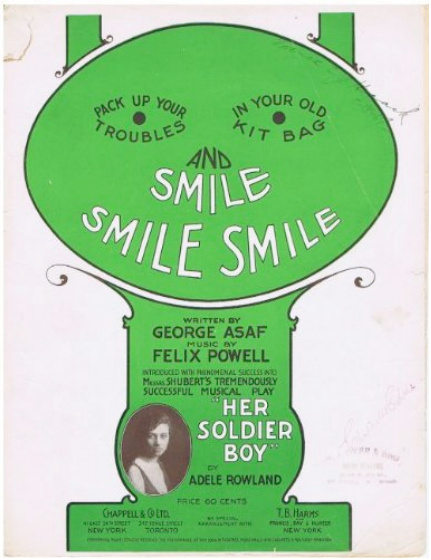
The Lads That Will Never Be Old

Notes on songs swiped from Wikipedia, unless otherwise noted



Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit-Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile

Written by George Asaf (words; Asaf was a pseudonym for George Powell) and Felix Powell (music), the song achieved instant success when published by Chappell & Co. in London in 1915.

A play presented by the National Theatre recounts how music hall stars rescued the song from a rejects pile and re-scored it to win a wartime competition for a marching song.
It became very popular, boosting British morale despite the horrors of that war. It was one of a large number of music hall songs aimed at maintaining morale, recruiting for the forces or defending Britain's war aims.

First Verse
Private Perks is a funny little codger
With a smile a funny smile.
Five feet none, he's an artful little dodger
With a smile a funny smile.
Flush or broke he'll have his little joke,
He can't be suppress'd.
All the other fellows have to grin
When he gets this off his chest, Hi!

Chorus
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile,
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while, so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

Second Verse (not on the disk)
Private Perks went a-marching into Flanders
With his smile his funny smile.
He was lov'd by the privates and commanders
For his smile his funny smile.
When a throng of Bosches came along
With a mighty swing,
Perks yell'd out, "This little bunch is mine!
Keep your heads down, boys and sing, Hi!

Third Verse
Private Perks he came back from Bosche-shooting
(shooting Bosches)
With his smile his funny smile.
Round his home he then set about recruiting
With his smile his funny smile.
He told all his pals, the short, the tall,
What a time he'd had;
And as each enlisted like a man
Private Perks said 'Now my lad,' Hi!

Your King and Country Want You
(Wikipedia)

A British popular song, with both words and music by Paul Rubens, it was published in London in 1914, at the start of the First World War, by Chappell Music. It was written as a "Woman's Recruiting Song" to be sung with the intention of persuading men to volunteer to fight in the War.The profits from its sale were to be given to "Queen Mary's Work for Women Fund".

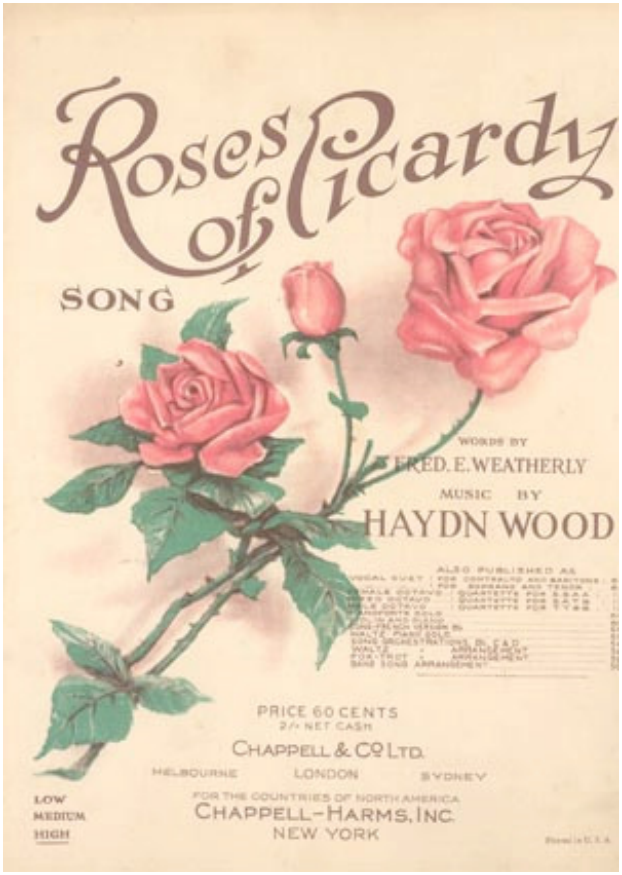
The veteran theatrical performer Vesta Tilley often performed the song at recruitment rallies; men who declined to enlist at the end of these were invariably handed white feathers by children chosen for the task.

Rubens had established himself in the pre-war years as the author of numerous popular musical shows including Mr Popple (of Ippleton) (1905), The Dairymaids (1906), Miss Hook of Holland (1907) and The Sunshine Girl (1912). A prolific author, lyricist and composer, Rubens had his career cut short by an early death from consumption at the age of 41 in 1917.

First Verse
We've watched you playing cricket and every kind of game,
At football, golf and polo you men have made your name.
But now your country calls you to play your part in war.
And no matter what befalls you
We shall love you all the more.
So come and join the forces
As your fathers did before.

Chorus
Oh, we don't want to lose you but we think you ought to go.
For your King and your country both need you so.
We shall want you and miss you
But with all our might and main
We shall cheer you, thank you, bless you
When you come home again.

(Third) Verse
It's easy for us women (people) To stay at home and shout,
But remember there's a duty To the men who first went out.
The odds against that handful Were nearly four to one,
And we cannot rest until It's man for man, and gun for gun!
And every woman's (body's) duty Is to see that duty done!



She is watching by the poplars,
Colinette with the sea-blue eyes,
She is watching and longing and waiting
Where the long white roadway lies.
And a song stirs in the silence,
As the wind in the boughs above,
She listens and starts and trembles,
'Tis the first little song of love:

Roses are shining in Picardy,
in the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flowering in Picardy,
but there's never a rose like you!
And the roses will die with the the summertime,
and our roads may be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy!
'tis the rose that I keep in my heart!

And the years fly on for ever,
Till the shadows veil their skies,
But he loves to hold her little hands,
And look in her sea-blue eyes.
And she sees the road by the poplars,
Where they met in the bygone years,
For the first little song of the roses
Is the last little song she hears:

Roses of Picardy (Wikipedia)

With lyrics by Frederick Weatherly and music by Haydn Wood, it was published in London in 1916 by Chappell & Co,and was one of the most famous songs of the First World War.

The lyricist Fred Weatherly had become impressed with beauty of the voice of the soprano Elsie Griffin, who later became a leading artiste with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. Her singing of his compositions resulted in his writing two of the most popular hits of the 20th-century "Danny Boy" (1910) and "Roses of Picardy".

The composer Haydn Wood wrote the music for over 200 ballads, of which "Roses of Picardy" became his most popular. Wood related that, as he was going home one night on the top of a London bus, the melody came to him. He jumped off the bus and wrote down the refrain on an old envelope while standing under a street lamp.

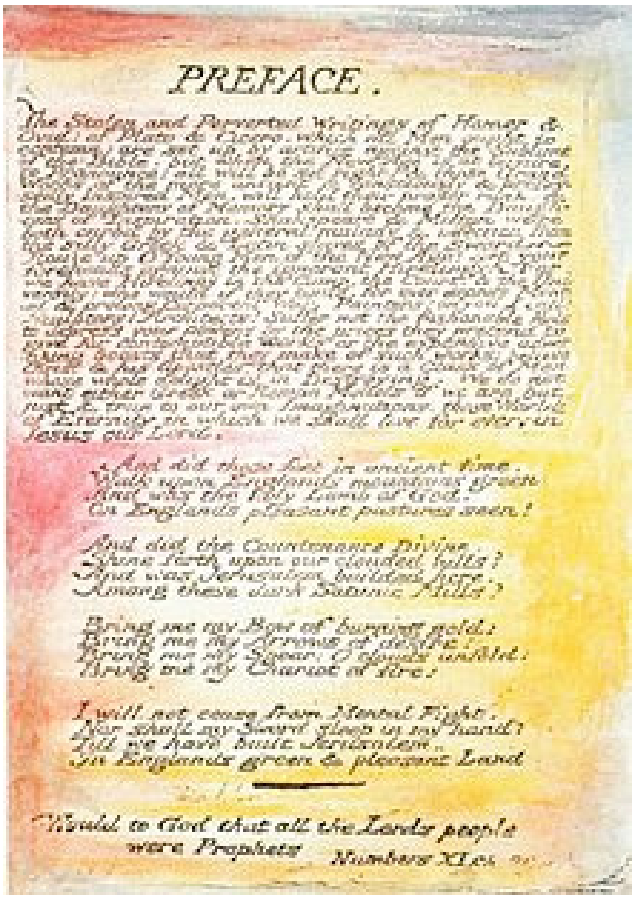
The exact story that lies behind the words of the song is unclear, but in his 1926 memoirs, Weatherly suggested that it concerned a love affair of one of his close friends. Weatherly travelled in France visiting the Rhone valley and Chamonix.[4] Picardy was a historical province of France which stretched from north of Noyon to Calais via the whole of the Somme department and the north of the Aisne department. This area contained the Somme battlefields – the scene of some of the fiercest fighting during the First World War.

The song quickly became popular throughout Britain, with British soldiers singing it when they enlisted for the Front in France and Flanders. During the First World War, the song sold at a rate of 50,000 copies of the sheet music per month, earning Haydn Wood approximately £10,000 in total (£412,462 in 2013 adjusted for inflation).

Following the war, the singing of the song helped soldiers who were suffering from Shell shock to regain their powers of speech.

Jerusalem (Wikipedia)

"And did those feet in ancient time" is a short poem by William Blake from the preface to his epic Milton a Poem, one of a collection of writings known as the Prophetic Books. The date of 1804 on the title page is probably when the plates were begun, but the poem was printed c. 1808. Today it is best known as the anthem "Jerusalem", with music written by Sir Hubert Parry in 1916.



And did those feet in ancient time.
Walk upon Englands mountains green:
And was the holy Lamb of God,
On Englands pleasant pastures seen!

And did the Countenance Divine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here,
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold;
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand:
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In Englands green & pleasant Land

The poem was inspired by the apocryphal story that a young Jesus, accompanied by his uncle Joseph of Arimathea, a tin merchant, travelled to what is now England and visited Glastonbury during the unknown years of Jesus The legend is linked to an idea in the Book of Revelation (3:12 and 21:2) describing a Second Coming, wherein Jesus establishes a new Jerusalem. The Christian Church in general, and the English Church in particular, has long used Jerusalem as a metaphor for Heaven, a place of universal love and peace.

In the most common interpretation of the poem, Blake implies that a visit by Jesus would briefly create heaven in England, in contrast to the "dark Satanic Mills" of the Industrial Revolution. Blake's poem asks four questions rather than asserting the historical truth of Christ's visit. Thus the poem merely implies that there may, or may not, have been a divine visit, when there was briefly heaven in England.

The poem, which was little known during the century which followed its writing, was included in the patriotic anthology of verse The Spirit of Man, edited by the Poet Laureate of the United Kingdom, Robert Bridges, and published in 1916, at a time when morale had begun to decline because of the high number of casualties in World War I and the perception that there was no end in sight.

Under these circumstances, Bridges, finding the poem an appropriate hymn text to "brace the spirit of the nation [to] accept with cheerfulnes all the sacrifices necessary,"] asked Sir Hubert Parry to put it to music for a Fight for Right campaign meeting in London's Queen's Hall. (The aims of this organisation were "to brace the spirit of the nation, that the people of Great Britain, knowing that they are fighting for the best interests of humanity, may refuse any temptation, however insidious, to conclude a premature peace, and may accept with cheerfulness all the sacrifices necessary to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion".) Bridges asked Parry to supply "suitable, simple music to Blake's stanzas – music that an audience could take up and join in", and added that, if Parry could not do it himself, he might delegate the task to George Butterworth.

The poem's idealistic theme or subtext accounts for its popularity across the philosophical spectrum. It was used as a campaign slogan by the Labour Party in the 1945 general election; Clement Attlee said they would build "a new Jerusalem". It has been sung at conferences of the Conservative Party, at the Glee Club of the British Liberal Assembly, the Labour Party and by the Liberal Democrats. However, the Labour Party sing it annually since it is an old socialist hymn.

In adapting Blake's poem as a unison song, Parry deployed a two-stanza format, each taking up eight lines of Blake's original poem. He also provided a four-bar musical introduction to each verse and a

coda, echoing melodic motifs of the song. (The song is always performed with these 'extra' passages.) And the word "those" was substituted for "these" (before "dark satanic mills".)

The piece was to be conducted by Parry's former student Walford Davies, but Parry was initially reluctant to set the words, as he had doubts about the ultra-patriotism of Fight for Right, but not wanting to disappoint either Robert Bridges or Davies he agreed, writing it on 10 March 1916, and handing the manuscript to Davies with the comment, "Here's a tune for you, old chap. Do what you like with it." Davies later recalled,

"We looked at [the manuscript] together in his room at the Royal College of Music, and I recall vividly his unwonted happiness over it ... He ceased to speak, and put his finger on the note D in the second stanza where the words 'O clouds unfold' break his rhythm. I do not think any word passed about it. yet he made it perfectly clear that this was the one note and one moment of the song which he treasured ..."

Davies arranged for the vocal score to be published by Curwen in time for the concert at the Queen's Hall on 28 March and began rehearsing it. It was a success and was taken up generally.

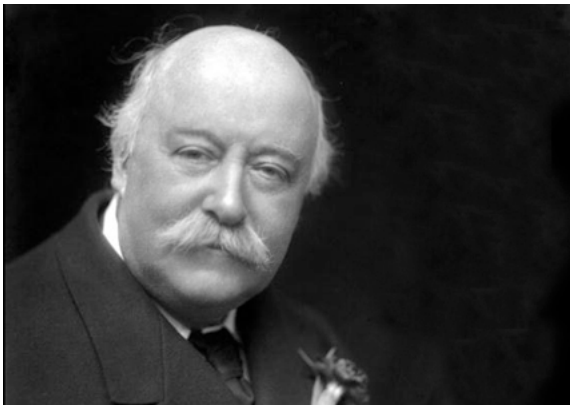
But Parry began to have misgivings again about Fight for Right and eventually wrote to Sir Francis Younghusband withdrawing his support entirely in May 1917. There was even concern that the composer might withdraw the song, but the situation was saved by Millicent Garrett Fawcett of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies (NUWSS). The song had been taken up by the Suffragettes in 1917 and Millicent Fawcett asked Parry if it might be used at a Suffrage Demonstration Concert on 13 March 1918. Parry was delighted and orchestrated the piece for the concert (it had originally been for voices and organ). After the concert, Millicent Fawcett asked the composer if it might become the Women Voters' Hymn. Parry wrote back,

"I wish indeed it might become the Women Voters' Hymn, as you suggest. People seem to enjoy singing it. And having the vote ought to diffuse a good deal of joy. So they should combine happily."

Accordingly, he assigned the copyright to the NUWSS. When that organisation was wound up in 1928, Parry's executors re-assigned the copyright to the Women's Institutes, where it remained until it entered the public domain in 1968.

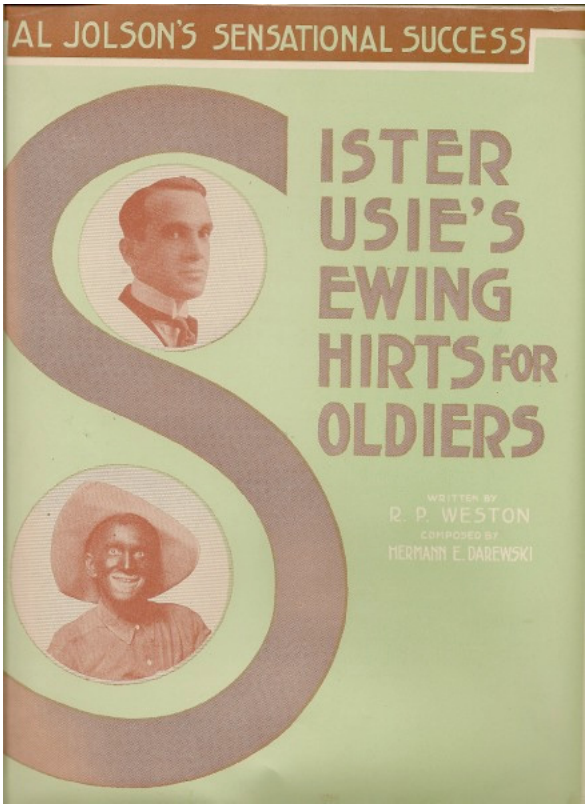
The song was first called "And Did Those Feet in Ancient Time" and the early published scores have this title. The change to 'Jerusalem' seems to have been made about the time of the 1918 Suffrage Demonstration Concert, perhaps when the orchestral score was published (Parry's manuscript of the orchestral score has the old title crossed out and 'Jerusalem' inserted in a different hand). However, Parry always referred to it by its first title. He had originally intended the first verse to be sung by a solo female voice (this is marked in the score), but this is rare in contemporary performances. Sir Edward Elgar re-scored the work for very large orchestra in 1922 for use at the Leeds Festival. Elgar admired the song and would no doubt be disheartened to realise that his orchestration has overshadowed Parry's own, primarily because it is the version usually used now for the Last Night of the Proms (though, Sir Malcolm Sargent, who introduced it to that event in the 1950s always used Parry's version).

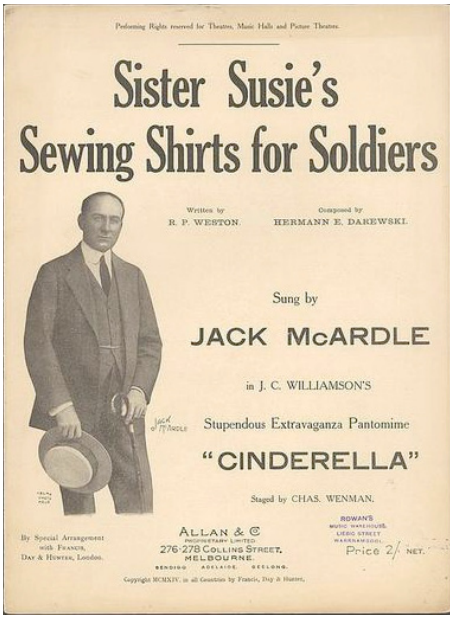
Upon hearing the orchestral version for the first time, King George V said that he preferred "Jerusalem" over "God Save the King", the National Anthem, and "Jerusalem" is considered to be England's most popular patriotic song; *The New York Times* said it was "Fast becoming an alternative national anthem, and there have even been calls to give it official status.



Sir Hubert Parry

William Blake





Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers

With lyrics by R.P. Weston and music by Herman E. Darewski, SSSSfS was a hit for Billy Murray and Al Jolson.

Sister Susie's sewing in the kitchen on a "Singer",
There's miles and miles of flannel on the floorAnd up the stairs,
And father says it's rotten getting mixed up with the cotton,
And sitting on the needles that she leaves upon the chairs.
And should you knock at our street door
Ma whispers, "Come inside."
Then when you ask where Susie is,
She says with loving pride:

> "Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers
> Such skill at sewing shirts
> Our shy young sister Susie shows!
> Some soldiers send epistles,
> Say they'd sooner sleep in thistles
> Than the saucy, soft, short shirts for soldiers sister Susie sews."

Piles and piles and piles of shirts she sends out to the soldiers,
And sailors won't be jealous when they see them, Not at all.
And when we say her stitching will set all the soldiers itching,
She says our soldiers fight best when their back's against the wall.
And little brother Gussie, he who lisps when he says "yes",
Says "Where's the cotton gone from off my kite?
Oh, I can gueth!"

I forgot to tell you that our sister Susie's married,
And when she isn't sewing shirts she's sewing other things.
Then little sister Molly says, "Oh, sister's bought a dolly.
She's making all the clothes for it with pretty bows and strings."
Says Susie: "Don't be silly"
As she she blushes and she sighs.
Then mother smiles and whispers with a twinkle in her eyes:

The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me;
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke
(1887-1915)

Trench Duty

Shaken from sleep, and numbed and scarce awake,
Out in the trench with three hours' watch to take,
I blunder through the splashing mirk; and then
Hear the gruff muttering voices of the men
Crouching in cabins candle-chinked with light.
Hark! There's the big bombardment on our right
Rumbling and bumping; and the dark's a glare
Of flickering horror in the sectors where
We raid the Boche; men waiting, stiff and chilled,
Or crawling on their bellies through the wire.
'What? Stretcher-bearers wanted? Some one killed?'
Five minutes ago I heard a sniper fire:
Why did he do it? ... Starlight overhead—
Blank stars. I'm wide-awake; and some chap's dead.

Siegfried Sassoon
(1886 - 1967)

Returning, We Hear the Larks

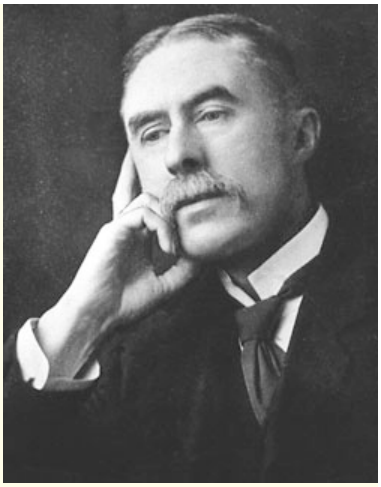
Sombre the night is.
And though we have our lives, we know
What sinister threat lies there.

Dragging these anguished limbs, we only know
This poison-blasted track opens on our camp -
On a little safe sleep.

But hark! joy - joy - strange joy.
Lo! heights of night ringing with unseen larks.
Music showering our upturned list'ning faces.

Death could drop from the dark
As easily as song -
But song only dropped,
Like a blind man's dreams on the sand
By dangerous tides,
Like a girl's dark hair for she dreams no ruin lies there,
Or her kisses where a serpent hides.

Isaac Rosenberg
(25 November 1890 – 1 April 1918)



The Lads in Their Hundreds (from A Shropshire Lad)

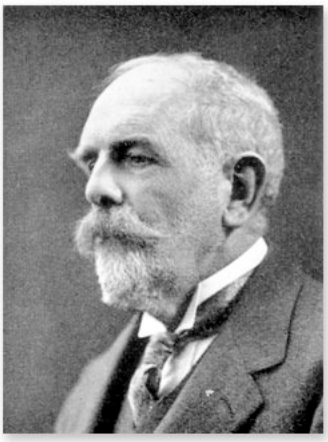
The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

A. E. Housman (1859-1936)



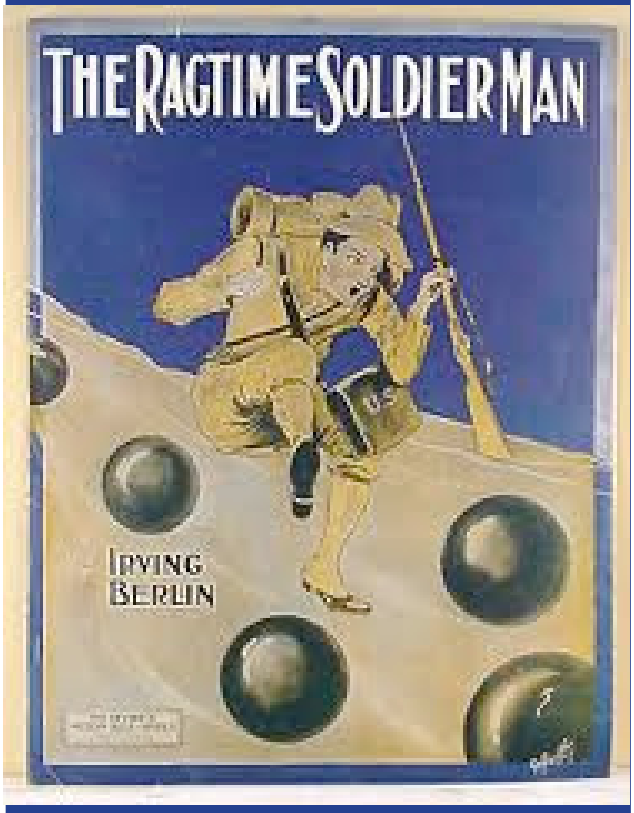
Sir Arthur Somervell (5 June 1863 – 2 May 1937) was an English composer, and after Hubert Parry one of the most successful and influential writers of art song in the English music renaissance of the 1890s-1900s.

He was born in Windermere, Westmorland, the son of the founder of K Shoes, and was initially educated at Uppingham School and King's College, Cambridge,[1] where he studied composition under Sir Charles Villiers Stanford. From 1883 to 1885 he studied at the High School for Music, Berlin, and from 1885 to 1887 at the Royal College of Music in London, under Parry. He studied composition with Friedrich Kiel. He became a professor at the Royal College of Music in 1894, and conducted his own works at the Leeds and Birmingham Festivals, 1895-97. He was appointed Inspector of Music at the Board of Education and Scottish Education Department in 1901.

He achieved success in his own day as a composer of choral works such as The Forsaken Merman (1895), Intimations of Immortality (which he conducted at Leeds Festival in 1907), and The Passion of Christ (1914) but is now chiefly remembered for his song cycles such as Maud (after Tennyson, 1898) and the first known setting (1904) of A. E. Housman's A Shropshire Lad. His popular Handel adaptation "Silent Worship" was featured in the 1996 film Emma.

His style was conservative, and shows the influence of Mendelssohn and Brahms. He was also active in music education, and became Principal Inspector of Music for the Board of Education in 1920. He was knighted in 1929. His Violin Concerto of 1930 was dedicated to the violinist Adila Fachiri.

(Wikipedia)



The Ragtime Soldier Man

(Irving Berlin, July 1912)

1st verse:]
My lovin' baby
My lovin' baby
You better dry your eyes and don't be grievin'
You got to stop it
You better drop it
I told you once before
I've got to go to war
Now don't you worry
I've got to hurry
Because the regiment will soon be leavin'
Don't you feel blue
Because I'm goin' off to war

[chorus:]
I've got to go
I've got to go
A soldier man I've got to be
I've got to go
I've got to go
I hear the bugle calling me
Oh, my hon', hurry up, hurry up
Get my gun, hurry up, hurry up
Can't you see that I've got to fight for love and liberty
My honey dear, my honey dear
You better save your sympathy
If you should hear
If you should hear
I got too near the enemy
Kindly carry me back to old Virginia
And when you get me there
Say a prayer for your Ragtime soldier man

[2nd verse:]
The time is flying
I'm kind o' sighing
'Cause I must say goodbye to my home cooking
There's no denying
I leave you crying
But don't you worry, hon'
As long as I can run
They'll never find me
They'll be behind me
But if they shoot me, dear, while I'm not looking
If so, you'll know
That I was wounded comin' home

From Charles Ives, Three Songs of the War (April 1917)

He Is There!

Fifteen years ago today
A little Yankee, little yankee boy
Marched beside his granddaddy
In the decoration day parade.
The village band would play
those old war tunes,
and the G. A. R. would shout,
"Hip Hip Hooray!" in the same old way,
As it sounded on the old camp ground.

That boy has sailed o'er the ocean,
He is there, he is there, he is there.
He's fighting for the right,
but when it comes to might,
He is there, he is there, he is there;
As the Allies beat up all the warlords!
He'll be there, he'll be there,
and then the world will shout
the Battle-cry of Freedom
Tenting on a new camp ground.
For it's rally round the Flag boys
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

Fifteen years ago today
A little Yankee, with a German name
Heard the tale of "forty-eight"
Why his Granddaddy joined Uncle Sam,
His fathers fought that medieval stuff
and he will fight it now;
"Hip Hip Hooray! this is the day,"
When he'll finish up that aged job.

That boy has sailed o'er the ocean...

In *He Is There*, Ives borrows from:
The Battle Cry of Freedom, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, Dixie's Land, Just before the Battle, Mother [in S1-3 only, later replaced by] *Over There, Marching Through Georgia, La Marseillaise, Maryland, My Maryland, The Star Spangled Banner, Tenting on the Old Camp Ground, Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, Yankee Doodle; Ives, "Country Band" March.*

There's a time in ev'ry life,
When it's do or die, and our yankee boy
Does his bit that we may live,
In a world where all may have a "say."
He's conscious always of his country's aim
which is Liberty for all,
"Hip Hip Hooray!" is all he'll say,
As he marches to the Flanders front.

That boy has sailed o'er the ocean!
He is there! He is there! He is there!
He's fighting for the right, but when it comes to might
He is there! He is there! He is there!
As the allies fend off all the warlords,
He'll be there! He'll be there!
And then the world will shout the battle-cry of freedom,
Tenting on a new camp ground.
Tenting tonight!
Tenting on a new camp ground!

For it's rally round the flag boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

Tom Sails Away

Scenes from my childhood are with me,
I'm in the lot behind our house upon the hill,
A spring day's sun is setting,
mother with Tom in her arms
is coming towards the garden;
the lettuce rows are showing green.

Thinner grows the smoke o'er the town,
stronger comes the breeze from the ridge,
'Tis after six, the whistles have blown,
the milk train's gone down the valley.
Daddy is coming up the hill from the mill,
We run down the lane to meet him

But today!
In freedom's cause Tom sailed away
for over there, over there, over there!

Scenes from my childhood are floating before my eyes.

The U.S.A. Will Lay the Kaiser Away

Words and music by Jacob Dettling and Charles Roy Cox (1918)

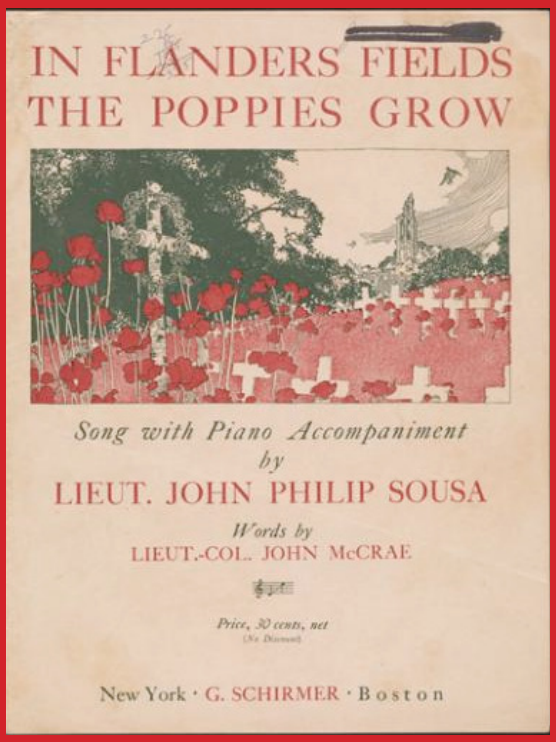
The Kaiser had a big idea that he could lick the world
and be a mighty ruler over all.
Some 40 years preparing never did the Kaiser dream
that some day he would take a mighty fall.
He struck at Belgium, England, Russia, France and Italy
and forced into the War the U.S.A.,
Now America will use her mighty strength across the sea,
I know that you are with me when I say:

Old Kaiser Bill will have to swallow some pill
And bury with him autocracy.
It's up to Yankee Doodle, so they say,
To make the world safe for democracy.
"Kaiser Bill has gone just a little too far" –
That's all Uncle Sam has to say.
For the U.S.A. is in the war to stay
till the Kaiser is laid away.

The great U.S. conscription and the Liberty Loan Bond
was one almighty blow to Kaiser Bill.
And when he heard about the Red Cross Millions for Defense,
He got right busy making out his will.
He sees his monarchy is getting weaker every day.
The handwriting he reads upon the wall.
And he knows unless he gives himself up to the U.S.A.
He'll have to take his medicine, that's all.

Our guns will roar and our great airplanes will soar,
We'll march into Berlin in the spring.
We'll win our way and you'll soon see the day
When everlasting peace on earth we'll bring.
We will take the "germ" out of old Germany,
Old Glory will soon lead the way.
For the U.S.A. is in the war to stay
till the Kaiser is laid away.

Another song about the Kaiser, with lyrics by Jack Frost.
A year earlier, he wrote the words for "If they want to fight, all right :
(but "neutral" is my middle name)".



In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands, we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

From Wikipedia:

Lieutenant Colonel John Alexander McCrae, MD (November 30, 1872 – January 28, 1918) was a Canadian poet, physician, author, artist and soldier during World War I, and a surgeon during the Second Battle of Ypres, in Belgium. He is best known for writing the famous war memorial poem “In Flanders Fields”. McCrae died of pneumonia.

cCrae was born in McCrae House in Guelph, Ontario to Lieutenant-Colonel David McCrae and Janet Simpson Eckford; he was the grandson of Scottish immigrants. His brother, Dr. Thomas McCrae, became professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore and close associate of Sir William Osler. He attended the Guelph Collegiate Vocational Institute. He was eventually promoted to Captain and commanded the company. He took a year off his studies at the university due to recurring problems with asthma.

...He was a resident master in English and Mathematics in 1894 at the Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph. He returned to the University of Toronto and completed his B.A. McCrae returned again to study medicine on a scholarship. While attending the university he joined the Zeta Psi Fraternity (Theta Xi chapter; class of 1894) and published his first poems.

While in medical school, he tutored other students to help pay his tuition. Two of his students were among the first woman doctors in Ontario. He completed a medical residency at the Robert Garrett Hospital, a children’s convalescent home in Baltimore, Maryland. In 1902, he was appointed resident pathologist at Montreal General Hospital and later became assistant pathologist to the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. In 1904, he was appointed an associate in medicine at the Royal Victoria Hospital. Later that year, he went to England where he studied for several months and became a member of the Royal College of Physicians.

In 1905, he set up his own practice although he continued to work and lecture at several hospitals. The same year, he was appointed pathologist to the Montreal Foundling and Baby Hospital. In 1908, he was appointed physician to the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Infectious Diseases. In 1910, he accompanied Lord Grey, the Governor General of Canada, on a canoe trip to Hudson Bay to serve as expedition physician.

McCrae served in the artillery during the Second Boer War, and upon his return was appointed professor of pathology at the University of Vermont, where he taught until 1911; he also taught at McGill University in Montreal, Quebec.

McCrae was the co-author, with J. G. Adami, of a medical textbook, A Text-Book of Pathology for Students of Medicine (1912; 2nd ed., 1914).

When Britain declared war on Germany at the start of World War I, Canada, as a Dominion within the British Empire, was at war as well. McCrae was appointed as a field surgeon in the Canadian artillery and was in charge of a field hospital during the Second Battle of Ypres in 1915. McCrae’s friend and former student, Lt. Alexis Helmer, was killed in the battle, and his burial inspired the poem, “In Flanders Fields”, which was written on May 3, 1915 and first published in the magazine Punch.

From June 1, 1915, McCrae was ordered away from the artillery

to set up No. 3 Canadian General Hospital at Dannes-Camiers near Boulogne-sur-Mer, northern France. C.L.C. Allinson reported that McCrae "most unmilitarily told [me] what he thought of being transferred to the medicals and being pulled away from his beloved guns. His last words to me were: 'Allinson, all the goddamn doctors in the world will not win this bloody war: what we need is more and more fighting men.'"[4]

"In Flanders Fields" appeared anonymously in Punch on December 8, 1915, but in the index to that year McCrae was named as the author. The verses swiftly became one of the most popular poems of the war, used in countless fund-raising campaigns and frequently translated (a Latin version begins In agro belgico...). "In Flanders Fields" was also extensively printed in the United States, which was contemplating joining the war, alongside a 'reply' by R. W. Lillard, ("...Fear not that you have died for naught, / The torch ye threw to us we caught...").

For eight months the hospital operated in Durbar tents (donated by the Begum of Bhopal and shipped from India), but after suffering storms, floods and frosts it was moved in February 1916 into the old Jesuit College in Boulogne-sur-Mer.

McCrae, now "a household name, albeit a frequently misspelt one",[5] regarded his sudden fame with some amusement, wishing that "they would get to printing 'In F.F.' correctly: it never is nowadays"; but (writes his biographer) "he was satisfied if the poem enabled men to see where their duty lay."

On January 28, 1918, while still commanding No. 3 Canadian General Hospital (McGill) at Boulogne, McCrae died of pneumonia with "extensive pneumococcus meningitis". He was buried the following day in the Commonwealth War Graves Commission section of Wimereux Cemetery, just a couple of kilometres up the coast from Boulogne, with full military honours. His flag-draped coffin was borne on a gun carriage and the mourners – who included Sir Arthur Currie and many of McCrae's friends and staff – were preceded by McCrae's charger, "Bonfire", with McCrae's boots reversed in the stirrups. McCrae's gravestone is placed flat, as are all the others in the section, because of the unstable sandy soil.

Though various legends have developed as to the inspiration for the poem, the most commonly held belief is that McCrae wrote "In Flanders Fields" on May 3, 1915, the day after presiding over the funeral and burial of his friend Lieutenant Alex Helmer, who had been killed during the Second Battle of Ypres. The poem was written as he sat upon the back of a medical field ambulance near an advance dressing post at Essex Farm, just north of Ypres. The poppy, which was a central feature of the poem, grew in great numbers in the spoiled earth of the battlefields and cemeteries of Flanders. McCrae later discarded the poem, but it was saved by a fellow officer and sent in to Punch magazine, which published it later that year.

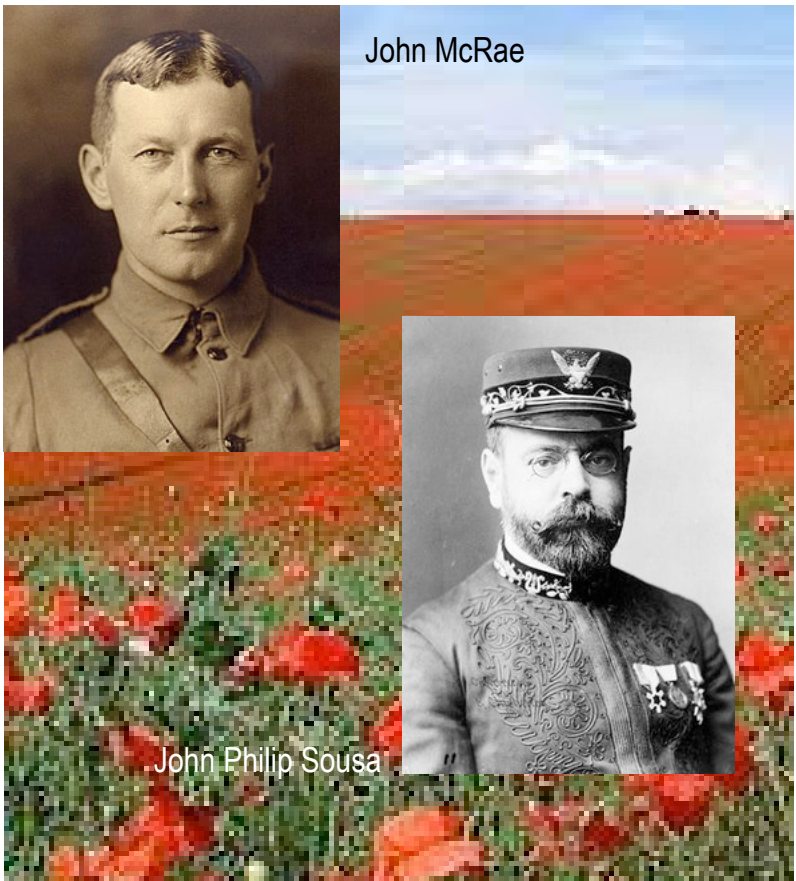
In 1855, British historian Lord Macaulay, writing about the site of the Battle of Landen (in modern Belgium, not far from Ypres) in 1693, wrote "The next summer the soil, fertilised by 20,000 corpses, broke forth into millions of poppies. The traveller who, on the road from Saint Tron to Tirlemont, saw that vast sheet of rich scarlet spreading from Landen to Neerwinden, could hardly help fancying that the figurative prediction of the Hebrew prophet was literally accomplished, that the earth was disclosing her blood, and refusing to cover the slain."

The Canadian government has placed a memorial to John McCrae that features "In Flanders Fields" at the site of the dressing station which sits beside the Commonwealth War Graves Commission's Essex Farm Cemetery.

In 1918, Lieut. John Philip Sousa wrote the music to "In Flanders Fields the poppies grow" words by Lieut.-Col John McCrae.

The Cloth Hall of the city of Ieper (Ypres in French and English) in Belgium has a permanent war remembrance[called the "In Flanders Fields Museum", named after the poem. There are also a photograph and a short biographical memorial to McCrae in the St George Memorial Church in Ypres.McCrae House was converted into a museum. The current Canadian War Museum has a gallery for special exhibits, called The Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae Gallery.

A line from his poem ("To you from failing hands...") was painted on the wall of the Montreal Canadiens dressing room at the Forum in Montreal, a blunt reminder to each team that they have much to live up to.



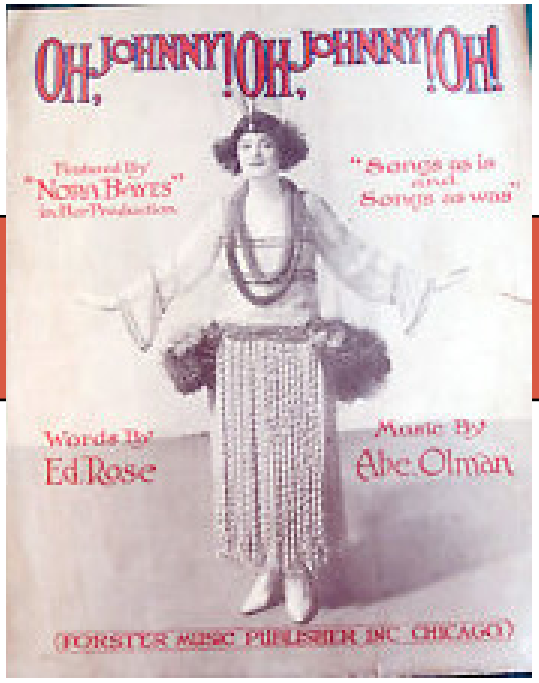
Original lyrics, 1917, by Ed Rose

All the girls are crazy about a certain little lad,
Al-tho he's very, very bad,
He could be, oh, so good when he wanted to
Bad or good he understood 'bout love and other things,
For every girl in town followed him around,
Just to hold his hand and sing:

Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny!
How you can love!
Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny!
Heavens above!
You make my sad heart jump with joy,
And when you're near I just
Can't sit still a minute. I'm so,

Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny!
Please tell me dear.
What makes me love you so?
You're not handsome, it's true,
But when I look at you,
I just, Oh, Johnny!
Oh, Johnny! Oh!

Johnny tried his best to hide from every girl he knew,
But even this he couldn't do,
For they would follow him most everywhere,
Then his friends got him to spend a week or two at home
It's worse now than before, 'cause the girl next door
hollers thru the telephone:
(Chorus)



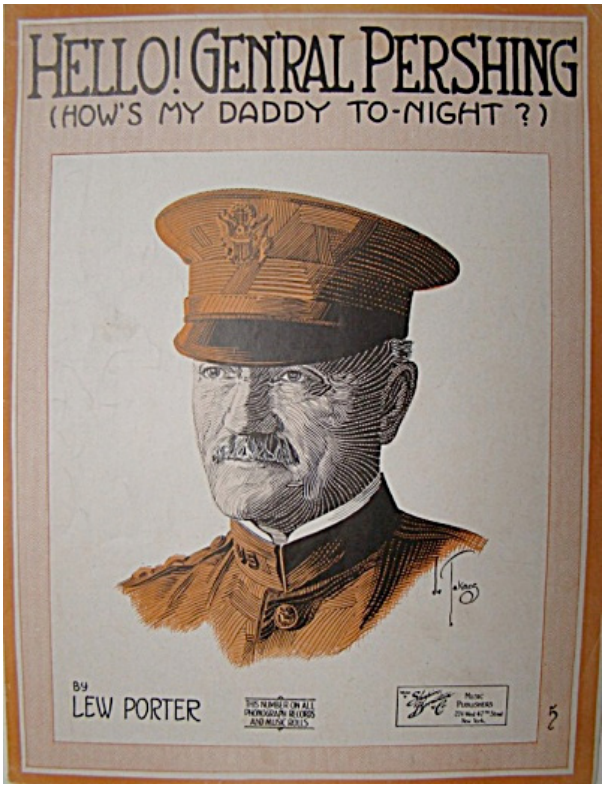
World War I patriotic version, 1917,
lyrics added by Raymond A. Sherwood

Verse
Uncle Sam is calling now for ev'ry mother's son
To go get behind a gun
and keep Old Glory waving on the sea.
Now prepare to be right there
to help the cause along
To every chap you meet when you're on the street
You can sing this little song:

Chorus
Oh, Johnny, oh Johnny, why do you lag?
Oh, Johnny, oh Johnny, run to your flag
You're county's calling can't you hear?
Don't stay behind while others do all the fighting,
Start to

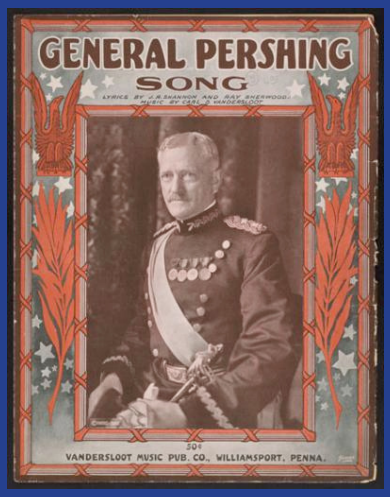
Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! Get right in line,
And help to crush to foe.
You're a big husky chap,
Uncle Sam's in a scrap, You must!
Go, Johnny! Go, Johnny! Go!

Just Like Washington Crossed the Delaware,
General Pershing will cross the Rhine.
As they followed after George
At dear old Valley Forge
Our boys will break that line.
It's for your land and my land
And the sake of Auld Lang Syne.
Just Like Washington Crossed the Delaware,
General Pershing will cross the Rhine.



Shades of night are falling,
Slumberland is calling,
Baby longs for Daddy cross the sea.
To the telephone
She toddles all alone.
"Central, connect Gen'l Pershing with me."
With eyes a'glistening,
Mother is listening,
As baby cries tenderly.

Hello! Gen'l Pershing -
How's my Daddy tonight?
Is he all right?
Won't someone tell me.
At home we miss him so
It seems so long ago
That he went over there
With you to do his share.
But you can keep my Daddy
Till the war has been won.
Then send him home
Across the foam.
We're oh so lonely,
and we dream about him,
but till the war is through
we'll do without him.
Hello! Gen'l Pershing -
God bless you.
Bye-bye.



Three songs from Irving Berlin's *Yip-Yip-Yaphank*

(Wikipedia) *Yip-Yip-Yaphank* is the name of musical revue composed and produced by Irving Berlin in 1918 while he was a recruit during World War I in the United States Army's 152nd Depot Brigade at Camp Upton in Yaphank, NY.

The commanding officer at Camp Upton had wanted to build a community building on the grounds of the army base, and thought that Sgt. Berlin could help raise the $35,000 needed for its construction. Berlin's song, "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," an everyman song for soldiers, would be the basis of a revue full of army recruits—a veritable source of manpower available for him to use. He called for his friend and co-worker Harry Ruby to join him in writing down the flurry of songs that Berlin would create, including "God Bless America," which Berlin would eventually toss out of the play for being too sticky.

In July 1918, *Yip-Yip-Yaphank* had a tryout run at Camp Upton's little Liberty Theatre, before moving on to Central Park West's Century Theatre in August. The show was typical of revues and follies, featuring acrobatics, dancers, jugglers, and also featured a demonstration by Lightweight Boxing Champion Benny Leonard. Included with the performances were military drills choreographed to music by Berlin.

The show had its comedy too, including males dressed as Ziegfeld girls, and Sgt. Berlin himself as the reluctant soldier not wanting to join in reveille during the "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning" skit.

The finale, "We're On Our Way to France," was the replacement for "God Bless America." During this act, the whole company wore their full gear, and marched out of the theater, down the aisles and out to the street. During the Century Theatre run, the "performers" stayed at an armory downtown, and would usually march right back to the armory after the evening show.

By September 1918, the production had to move to the Lexington Theatre, where it would eventually end its run. On that night, the audience saw the usual ending, with the battle-ready men marching off to "war," but with a slight diversion. After the main performers were seen marching through the aisles, Sgt. Irving Berlin and the rest of the crew were similarly dressed and marching out of the theater. This time, the men were going off to war, heading to France for real.

The play earned the U.S. Army US$80,000 for Camp Upton's Community Building, though the army never had it built.

Kitchen Police (Poor Little Me)

There's dirty work to be done in the army
And it's not much fun
It's the kind of work that's done
Without the aid of a gun
The boys who work with the cooks in the kitchen
Holler out for peace
For they have to do the dirty work
And they're called the Kitchen Police

Poor little me
I'm a K.P.
I scrub the mess hall
Upon bended knee
Against my wishes
I wash the dishes
To make this wide world safe for Democracy

I Can Always Find a Little Sunshine (in the Y.M.C.A.)

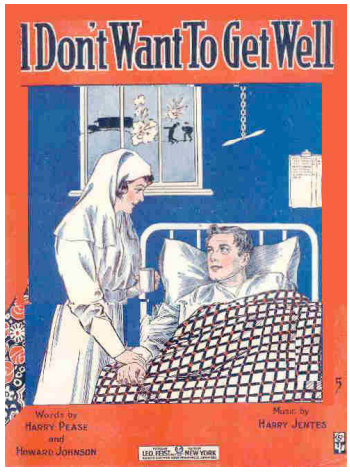
Mother dear, I've just finished mess
And I'm here in the Y.M.C.A.
How I've missed your tender caress
Since the day when I marched away
But don't worry, dear, I'm contented here
What is more I'm feeling fine
Ev'rything's all right, dear, and ev'ry night
I will drop you a line

You can picture me ev'ry ev'ning
At the close of the day
Writing a little letter
In the Y.M.C.A.
Don't you worry, mother darling
For while the skies are gray
I can always find a little sunshine in the Y.M.C.A.

We're on Our Way to France

We're on our way to France
There's not a minute to spare
That's why
For when the Yanks advance
You bet we wanna be there
Goodbye

A Tribute to Elsie Janis



When Yankee Doodle Learns to Parlez-Vous Français

(combined first and second verse)
When Yankee Doodle came to Paris town
upon his face he wore a little frown
For every man of Uncle Sam was fighting in a trench,
between each shell, they learned quite well
to speak a little French.

When Yankee Doodle learns to parlez-vous français,
parlez-vous français, in the proper way,
he will call each girlie "Ma Chérie."
To every Miss that wants a kiss
he'll say Oui, oui
on ze be, on ze bou,
on ze boule, boulevard.
With a girl, with a curl, you can see him promenade
when Yankee Doodle learns to parlez-vous français,
"Oo-là-là, sweet Papa"
he will teach them all to say.

I Don't Want To Get Well

I just received an answer to a letter I wrote,
From a pal who marched away
He was wounded in the trenches somewhere in France
and I worried about him night and day.
"Are you getting well," was what I wrote,
This is what he answered in his note:

"I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,
I'm in love with a beautiful nurse.
Early ev'ry morning, night and noon,
The cutest little girlie comes and
feeds me with the spoon;
I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,
I'm glad they shot me on the fighting line, fine,
The Doctor says that I'm in bad condition,
but Oh, Oh, Oh, I've got so much ambition,
I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,
For I'm having a wonderful time."

I showed this letter to a friend who lives next door to me
And I heard him quickly say,
"Good bye, pal, I must be going, I'm off to war,
and I hope that I'm wounded right away.
If what's in this letter here is true,
I'll get shot and then I'll write to you:"

"I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,
I'm in love with a beautiful nurse.
Though the doctor's treatments show results
I always get a bad relapse
each time she feels my pulse
I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,
I'm glad they shot me on the fighting line, fine,
She holds my hand and begs me not to leave her
Then all at once I get so full of fever,
I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,
For I'm having a wonderful time."
But Oh,Oh,Oh, I've got so much ambition,
I don't want to get well,
I don't want to get well,
For I'm having a wonderful time.

Elsie Janis (March 16, 1889 – February 26, 1956) was an American singer, songwriter, actress and screenwriter - immortalized during WW1 as "the sweetheart of the AEF" (American Expeditionary Force). Janis was a tireless advocate for British and American soldiers fighting in World War I. She raised funds for Liberty Bonds. Janis also took her act on the road, entertaining troops stationed near the front lines - one of the first popular American artists to do so in a war fought on foreign soil.

Ten days after the armistice she recorded for HMV several numbers from her revue *Hullo, America*, including "Give Me the Moonlight, Give Me the Girl". She wrote about her wartime experiences in *The Big Show: My Six Months with the American Expeditionary Forces* (published in 1919), and recreated them in a 1926 Vitaphone musical short, Behind the Lines.

(Wikipedia)

At the beginning of World War I, like many other writers, **Rudyard Kipling** wrote pamphlets and poems which enthusiastically supported the UK's war aims of restoring Belgium after that kingdom had been occupied by Germany together with more generalised statements that Britain was standing up for the cause of good. In September 1914, Kipling was asked by the British government to write propaganda, an offer that he immediately accepted Kipling's pamphlets and stories were very popular with the British people during the war with his major themes being glorifying the British military as the place for heroic men to be, German atrocities against Belgian civilians and the stories of women being brutalized by a horrific war unleashed by Germany, yet surviving and triumphing in spite of their suffering.

Kipling was enraged by reports of the Rape of Belgium together with the sinking of the RMS Lusitania in 1915, which he saw as a deeply inhumane act, which led him to see the war as a crusade for civilization against barbarism. In a 1915 speech Kipling declared that "There was no crime, no cruelty, no abomination that the mind of men can conceive of which the German has not perpetrated, is not perpetrating, and will not perpetrate if he is allowed to go on...Today, there are only two divisions in the world...human beings and Germans." Alongside his passionate Germanophobia, Kipling was privately deeply critical of how the war was fought by the British Army as opposed to the war itself, which he ardently supported, complaining as early as October 1914 that Germany should have been defeated by now, and something must be wrong with the British Army. Kipling, who was shocked by the heavy losses that the BEF had taken by the autumn of 1914 blamed the entire pre-war generation of British politicians, who he argued had failed to learn the lessons of the Boer War and as a result, thousands of British soldiers were now paying with their lives for their failure in the fields of France and Belgium.

Kipling had scorn for those men who shirked duty in the First World War. In "The New Army in Training" (1915), Kipling concluded the piece by saying:

> This much we can realise, even though we are so close to it, the old safe instinct saves us from triumph and exultation. But what will be the position in years to come of the young man who has deliberately elected to outcaste himself from this all-embracing brotherhood? What of his family, and, above all, what of his descendants, when the books have been closed and the last balance struck of sacrifice and sorrow in every hamlet, village, parish, suburb, city, shire, district, province, and Dominion throughout the Empire?

Exultation and triumph was what Kipling had in mind as he actively encouraged his young son to go to war. Kipling's son John died in the First World War, at the Battle of Loos in September 1915, at age 18. John had initially wanted to join the Royal Navy, but having had his application turned down after a failed medical examination due to poor eyesight, he opted to apply for military service as an officer. But again, his eyesight was an issue during the medical examination. In fact, he tried twice to enlist, but was rejected. His father had been lifelong friends with Lord Roberts, commander-in-chief of the British Army, and colonel of the Irish Guards, and at Rudyard's request, John was accepted into the Irish Guards. He was sent to Loos two days into the battle in a reinforcement contingent. He was last seen stumbling through the mud blindly, screaming in agony after an exploding shell ripped his face apart. A body identified as his was not found until 1992, although that identification has been challenged.

After his son's death, Kipling wrote, "**If any question why we died/ Tell them, because our fathers lied**." It is speculated that these words may reveal his feelings of guilt at his role in getting John a commission in the Irish Guards. Other such as the English professor Tracey Bilsing contend that the line is referring to Kipling's disgust that British leaders failed to learn the lessons of the Boer War, and were not prepared for the struggle with Germany in 1914 with the "lie" of the "fathers" being that the British Army was prepared for any war before 1914 when it was not. John's death has been linked to Kipling's 1916 poem "My Boy Jack", notably in the play My Boy Jack and its subsequent television adaptation, along with the documentary Rudyard Kipling: A Remembrance Tale. However, the poem was originally published at the head of a story about the Battle of Jutland and appears to refer to a death at sea; the 'Jack' referred to is probably a generic 'Jack Tar'. Kipling was said to help assuage his grief over the death of his son through reading the novels of Jane Austen aloud to his wife and daughter.

During the war, he wrote a booklet The Fringes of the Fleet containing essays and poems on various nautical subjects of the war. Some of the poems were set to music by English composer Edward Elgar.

Kipling became friends with a French soldier whose life had been saved in the First World War when his copy of Kim, which he had in his left breast pocket, stopped a bullet. The

Mesopotamia

Rudyard Kipling, 1917

They shall not return to us, the resolute, the young,
The eager and whole-hearted whom we gave:
But the men who left them thriftily to die in their own dung,
Shall they come with years and honour to the grave?

They shall not return to us; the strong men coldly slain
In sight of help denied from day to day:
But the men who edged their agonies and chid them in their pain,
Are they too strong and wise to put away?

Our dead shall not return to us while Day and Night divide--
Never while the bars of sunset hold.
But the idle-minded overlings who quibbled while they died,
Shall they thrust for high employments as of old?

Shall we only threaten and be angry for an hour:
When the storm is ended shall we find
How softly but how swiftly they have sidled back to power
By the favour and contrivance of their kind?

Even while they soothe us, while they promise large amends,
Even while they make a show of fear,
Do they call upon their debtors, and take counsel with their friends,
To conform and re-establish each career?

Their lives cannot repay us--their death could not undo--
The shame that they have laid upon our race.
But the slothfulness that wasted and the arrogance that slew,
Shell we leave it unabated in its place?

soldier presented Kipling with the book (with bullet still embedded) and his Croix de Guerre as a token of gratitude. They continued to correspond, and when the soldier, Maurice Hammoneau, had a son, Kipling insisted on returning the book and medal.

On 1 August 1918, a poem—"The Old Volunteer"—appeared under his name in The Times. The next day he wrote to the newspaper to disclaim authorship, and a correction appeared. Although The Times employed a private detective to investigate (and the detective appears to have suspected Kipling himself of being the author), the identity of the hoaxer was never established.

George and Ira Gershwin
1927

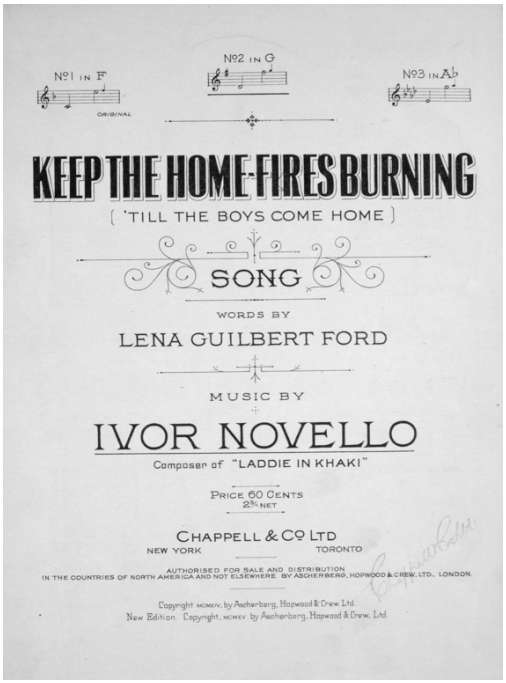
Strike Up the Band

We fought in 1917,
Rum-ta-ta-tum-tum-tum!
And drove the tyrant from the scene,
Rum-ta-ta-tum-tum-tum!
We're in a bigger better war
For your patriotic pastime.
We don't know what we're fighting for -
but we didn't know the last time.
So load the cannon! Draw the blade!
Rum-ta-ta-tum-tum-tum!
Come on, and join the Big Parade!
Rum-ta-ta-tum-tum!
Rum-ta-ta-tum-tum!
Rum-ta-ta-tum-tum-tum!

Let the drums roll out
Let the trumpet call
While the people shout
"Strike up the band"
Hear the cymbals ring
Callin' one and all
To the martial swing,
Strike up the band
There is work to be done, to be done
There's a war to be won, to be won
Come, you son of a son of a gun,
Take your stand
Fall in line, yea a bow
Come along, let's go
Hey, leader, strike up the band!

Yankee Doodle Rhythm

Yankee Doodle Rhythm
is in demand, in every land
upon the map.
Yankee Doodle Rhythm
they love it so,
the Eskimo, the Greek and Jap.
It's an insidious rhythm
making the universe dance
carrying everything with 'em
Every gringo speaks the lingo.
It'll start a riot
of stamping feet,
It's got a beat
that brings good news.
It's the daily diet
of every band
in this land of blues.
Dancing that ticklish tempo
everything else is passé.
Yankee Doodle Rhythm
It wins the cup
It's burning up the world today.



from Wikipedia:

"Keep the Home-Fires Burning ('Till the Boys Come Home)" was composed in 1914 by Ivor Novello with words by Lena Gilbert Ford (whose middle name was sometimes printed as "Guilbert").

The song was published first as "'Till the Boys Come Home" on 8 October 1914 by Ascherberg, Hopwood, and Crew Ltd. in London. A new edition was printed in 1915 with the name "Keep the Home-Fires Burning". The song became very popular in the United Kingdom during the war.

James F. Harrison recorded "Keep the Home-Fires Burning" in 1915, as did Stanley Kirkby in 1916. Another popular recording was sung by tenor John McCormack in 1917, who was also the first to record "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" in 1914.

There is a misconception that Ivor Novello's mother wrote the lyrics for the song (propagated—for example—by patter in recorded performances of British musical comedy duo Hinge & Bracket) but Lena Ford (an American) was a friend and collaborator of Novello, not a blood relation.

Keep the Home Fires Burning

They were summoned from the hillside
They were called in from the glen,
And the country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardships
As the soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking
Make it sing this cheery song:

Keep the Home Fires Burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining
Through the dark clouds shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out
'Til the boys come home.

Overseas there came a pleading,
"Help a nation in distress."
And we gave our glorious laddies
Honour bade us do no less,
For no gallant son of freedom
To a tyrant's yoke should bend,
And a noble heart must answer
To the sacred call of "Friend."

Keep the Home Fires Burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining
Through the dark clouds shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out
'Til the boys come home.