

WILLIAMS

Nicholls

*Sung with great success by Mr. ROY COOKE
of the English Pierrots.*

THE
Gallant Light Horse



Words by
LIEUT. A. TYRRELL WILLIAMS
(10th Light Horse)

Music by
NELLIE L. WILLIAMS

Price 2/-

At all Music Sellers and Boan Bros.

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Piano Copy
of
The Gallant Light Horse.

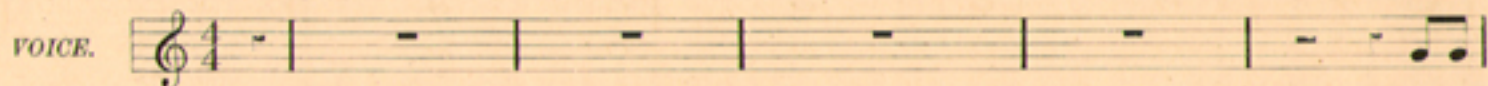


THE GALLANT LIGHT HORSE.



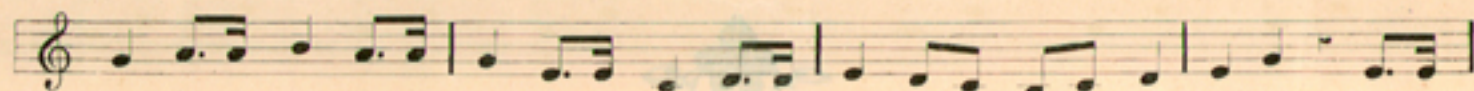
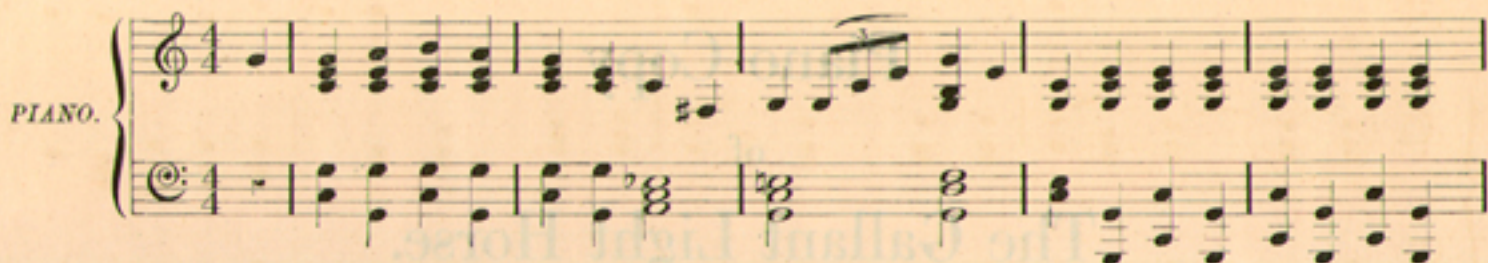
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10TH LIGHT HORSE

MUSIC BY
NELLIE L. WILLIAMS

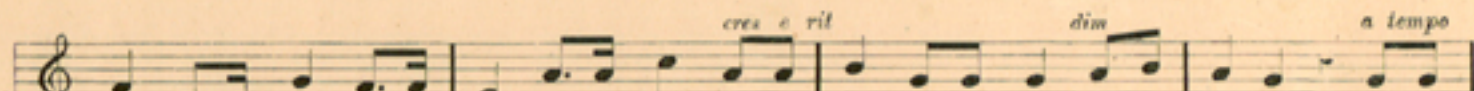
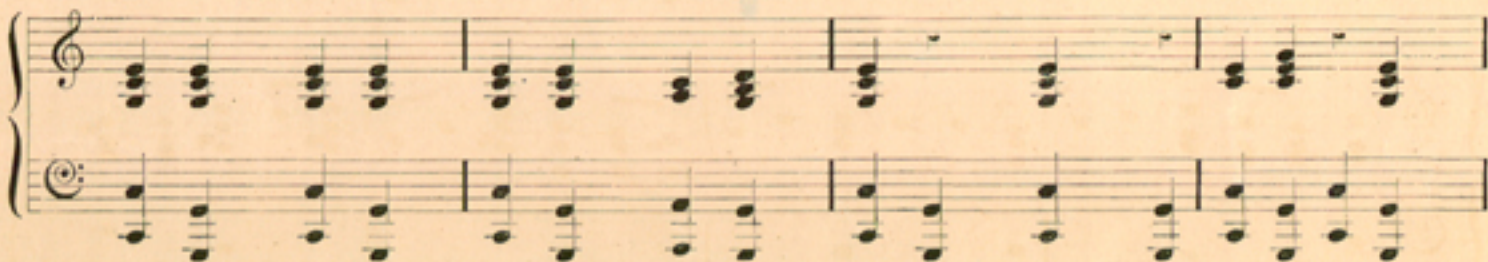


Tempo di Marcia

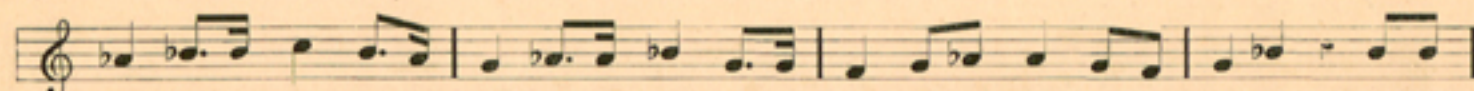
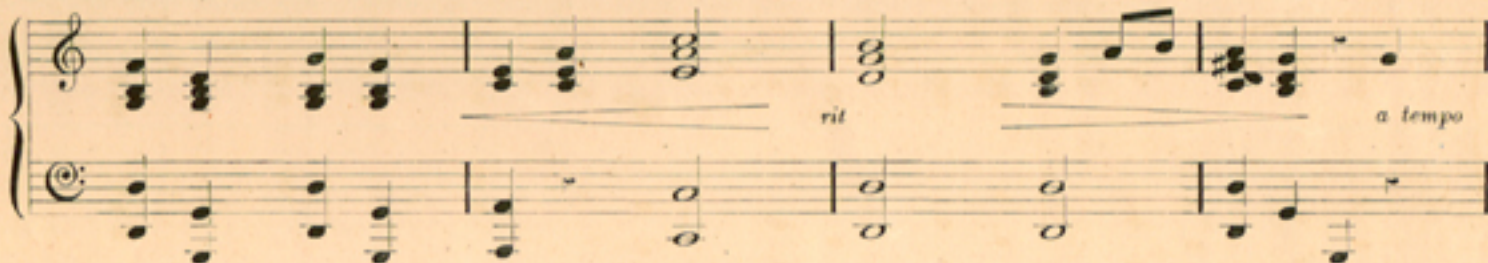
You may
Ev'-ry
We are



search the world o'er, from the cold win-try shore of the land the Can - a - di - ans cher-ish, To the
man knew his work when we first met the Turk out at An - zac, where ma - ny lie sleep-ing, How we
proud of the fame; we will cher - ish the name that our reg'-ment has won out on ser-vice, And the



wide south-ern plains where the sun-scorched re-mains shew where ma - ny a man did a per-ish. You may
longed for their rush in the chill morn-ing hush with the dawn o'er their lines slow-ly creep-ing. Not a
blood that was shed by our glo - ri - ous dead and their deeds in our mem'-ry will nerve us. We are

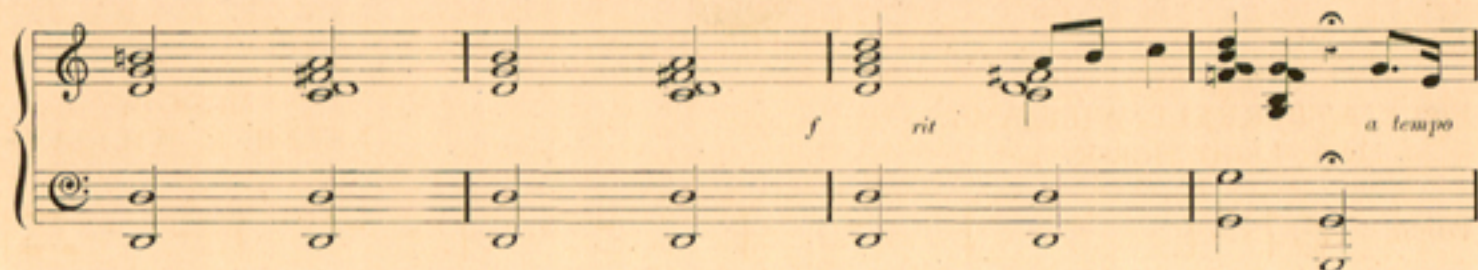


look thro' the West, where the sun goes to rest and you'll find some good reg'-ments of course, Sir, But it's
man thought to stop when we charged o'er the top and their trench-es we rushed hell-for - leath - er, Yes, in
sec - ond to none, we will fight till we've won with the fame of our reg'-ment be - fore us; And we'll

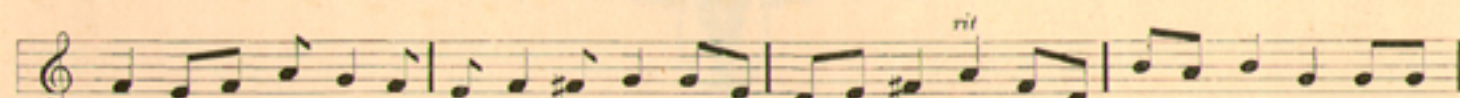
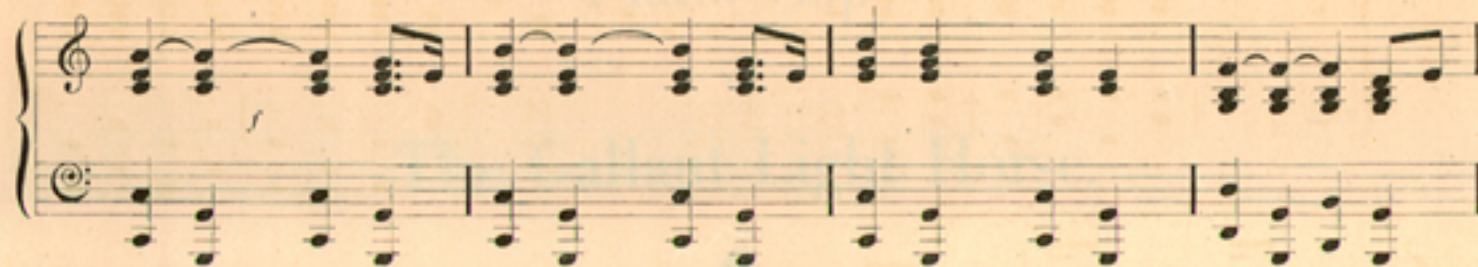




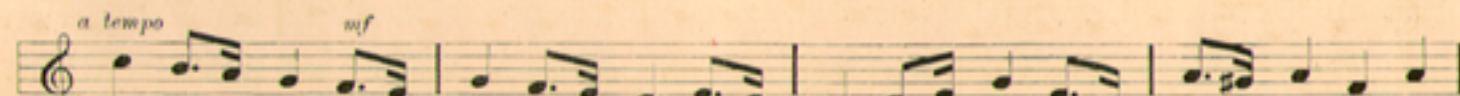
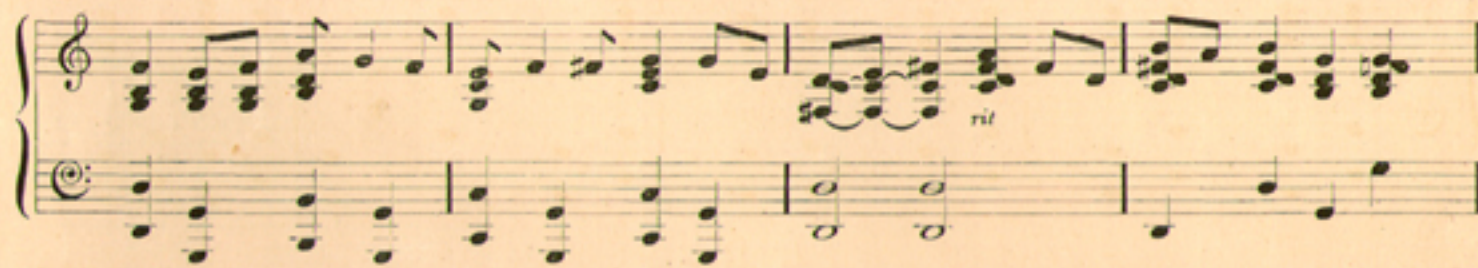
safe to de - clare, there are none can com - pare with the Gal - lant Aus - tra - lian Light Horse, Sir.
ma - ny a stunt who were well to the front?—The Light Horse, boys—the chor - us to - geth - er. } The Light
save our last breath to be in at the death—Let her go, boys—the rol - lick - ing chor - us.



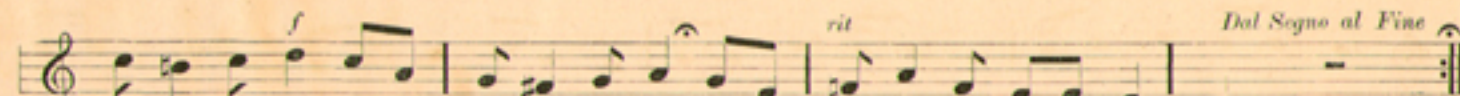
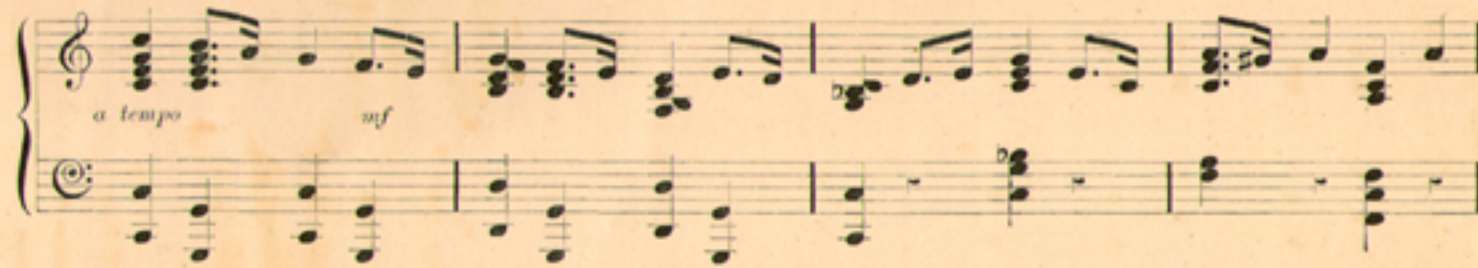
Horse, who, of course, Are the eyes and the ears of the force; We are



first in - to ac - tion, we're al - ways in front on our twen - ty - four - hour - sev - en - days' - a - week stunt. We can



thrive on the grub and we shine at a dance, we could ride thro' the scrub ere we wore our first pants. Say,



who are the boys that are wan - ted in France? Why, the Gal - lant Aus - tra - lian Light Horse.



Sua bassa

Sua bassa

The Gallant Light Horse.

First Verse.

You may search the world o'er, from the cold wintry shore
Of the land the Canadians cherish,
To the wide southern plains where the sun-scorched remains
Show where many a man did a perish.
You may look thro' the West, where the sun goes to rest
And you'll find some good reg'ments, of course, Sir,
But it's safe to declare, there are none can compare
With the Gallant Australian Light Horse, Sir.

Chorus.

The Light Horse, who, of course,
Are the eyes and the ears of the force;
We are first into action, we're always in front
On our twenty-four-hour-seven-days-a-week stunt,
We can thrive on the grub and we shine at a dance,
We could ride thro' the scrub ere we wore our first pants.
Say, who are the boys that are wanted in France!—
Why, the Gallant Australian Light Horse.

Second Verse.

Ev'ry man knew his work when we first met the Turk
Out at Anzac, where many lie sleeping,
How we longed for their rush in the chill morning hush
With the dawn o'er their lines slowly creeping.
Not a man thought to stop when we charged o'er the top
And their trenches we rushed hell-for-leather,
Yes, in many a stunt who were well to the front!—
The Light Horse, boys—the chorus together.

Chorus.

The Light Horse, who, of course,
Are the eyes and the ears of the force;
We are first into action, we're always in front
On our twenty-four-hour-seven-days-a-week stunt,
We can thrive on the grub and we shine at a dance,
We could ride thro' the scrub ere we wore our first pants.
Say, who are the boys that are wanted in France!—
Why, the Gallant Australian Light Horse.

Third Verse.

We are proud of the fame; we will cherish the name
That our reg'ment has won out on service,
And the blood that was shed by our glorious dead
And their deeds in our mem'ry will nerve us.
We are second to none, we will fight till we've won
With the fame of our reg'ment before us;
And we'll save our last breath to be in at the death—
Let her go, boys—the rollicking chorus.

Chorus.

The Light Horse, who, of course,
Are the eyes and the ears of the force;
We are first into action, we're always in front
On our twenty-four-hour-seven-days-a-week stunt,
We can thrive on the grub and we shine at a dance,
We could ride thro' the scrub ere we wore our first pants.
Say, who are the boys that are wanted in France!—
Why, the Gallant Australian Light Horse.