

Songs of the empire for little folks / [J. & J. Colman, Ltd.].

Contributors

J. & J. Colman

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BY APPOINTMENT

Song of the Empire



for Little Folks

and

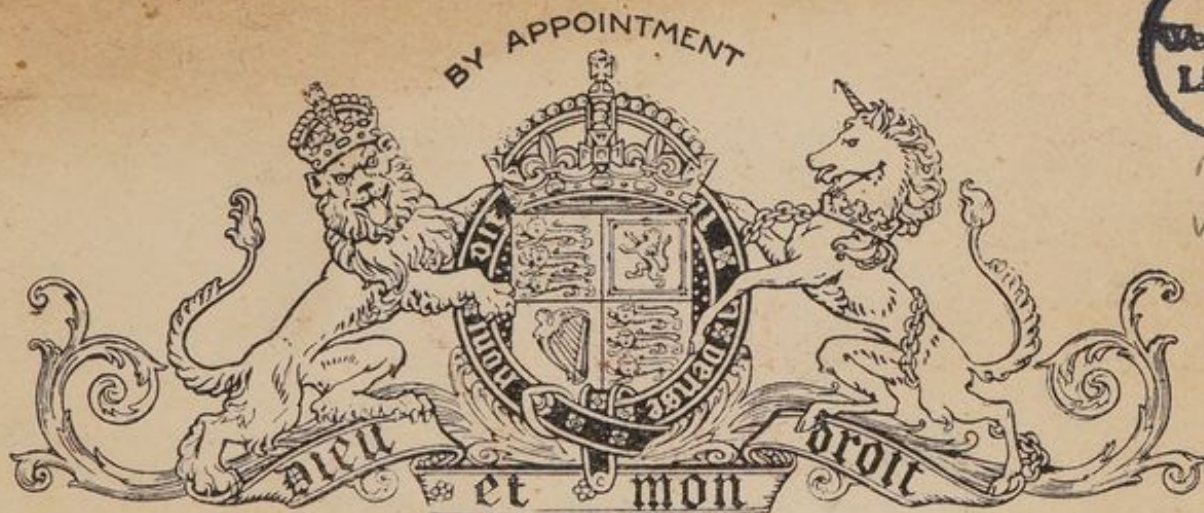
ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY

for Baby



ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS

for Invalids & the Aged.



God save the King.

f *ff*

1. God save our gracious King, Long live our no-ble King, God save the King. Send him vic-
 2. O Lord, our God, a-rise, Scat-ter his en-e-mies, And make them fall! Confound their
 3. Thy choicest gifts in store On him be pleased to pour, Long may he reign! May he de-

-to-ri-ous, Hap-py and glo-ri-ous, Long to reign o-ver us, God save the King!
 pol-i-tics, Frustrate their knav-ish tricks, On thee our hopes we fix, God save us all!
 -fend our laws, And ev-er give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the King!



Ask for Col-an's Mustard: D.S.F. is the best.

WALES



Hen Wlad fy Nhadau, The Land of my Fathers.



Try Robinson's Patent Parley.

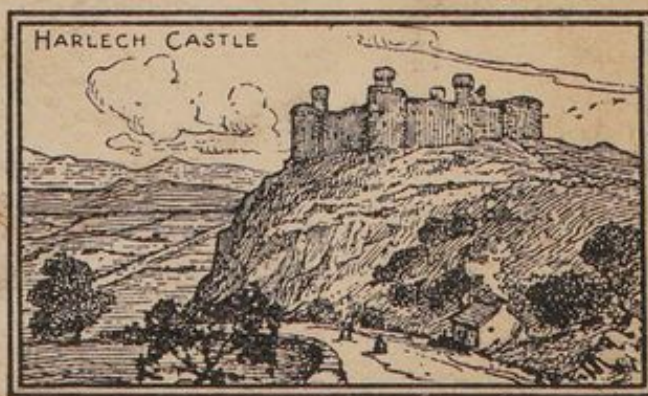
tor - ion, en - wog-ion o fri: Ei gwr-ol ry - fel - wyr, gwlad - gar-wyr tra
 "Tel-yn," so sooth-ing to me, Thy no-ble de - fend-ers were gal-lant and

mâd, Dros rydd - id goll - as - ant eu gwaed.
 brave, For free-dom their heart's life they gave.

CHORUS.

Gwlad, gwlad, pleid - iol wyf i'm gwlad, Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoff
 Wales, Wales, home, sweet home is Wales, Till death be pass'd my love shall

1. 2. D.C.
 bau. O bydd-ed i'r hen-iaith bar-hau.
 last. My long-ing my hir-aeth for Wales.



Hên Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,
 Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn, i'm golwg sydd hardd;
 Trwy deimlad gwladgarol mor swynol yw si,
 Ei nentydd, afonydd i mi.

Thou Eden of bards and birthplace of song,
 The sons of thy mountains are valiant and strong,
 The voice of thy streamlets is soft to the ear,
 Thy hills and thy valleys, how dear!

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,
 Mae hên-iaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed;
 Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan erchyll law brad,
 Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.

Tho' slighted and scorn'd by the proud and the strong,
 The language of Cambria still charms us in song;
 The Awen survives, nor have envious tales,
 Yet silenc'd the harp of dear Wales.

Insist upon having Colman's Starch.

IRELAND



Irish Jig

60

The Dear Little Shamrock

VOICE.

1. There's a dear lit-tle plant that grows in our Isle, 'Twas Saint
2. That dear lit-tle plant still grows in our land, Fresh and
3. That dear lit-tle plant that springs from our soil, When its

PIANO.

Pat - rick him - self sure that set it. And the sun on his la - bour with
fair as the daughters of E - rin Whose smiles can be witch, and whose
three lit - tle leaves are ex - tend - ed De - notes from the stalk we to

Ask for Colman's Mustard: D.S.F. is the best.

pleas—ure did smile, And with dew from his eye oft—en wet— it.
 eyes can com— mand, In each cli— mate they ev— er ap— pear in :
 geth— er should toil, And our— selves by our— selves be be— friend— ed.

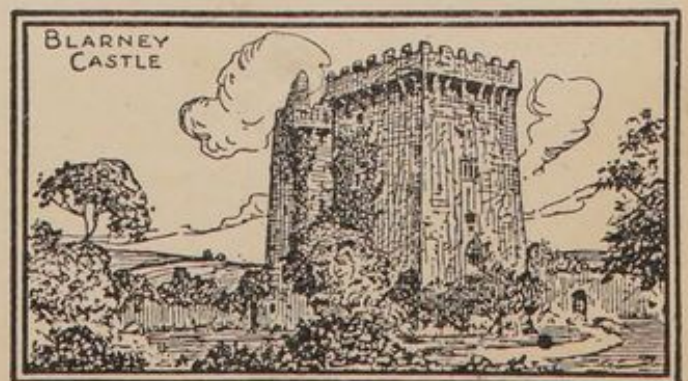
It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro the
 For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the
 And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the

mire— land, And he called it the dear lit— tle Sham— rock of Ire— land.
 mire— land, Just like their own dear lit— tle Sham— rock of Ire— land.
 mire— land, From one root should branch, like the Sham— rock of Ire— land.

CHORUS.

The dear lit— tle Sham— rock, the sweet lit— tle Sham— rock, the dear lit— tle.

sweet lit— tle Sham— rock of Ire— land. D.C.



Colman's Starch Sold in Cardboard Boxes.

SCOTLAND



Highland Sword Dance Gillie Callum.



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Auld Lang Syne

mf. Moderato.

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to min'? Should auld acquaintance—
 2. We twa hae run a — bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've wan-der'd mony a

/ CHORUS.

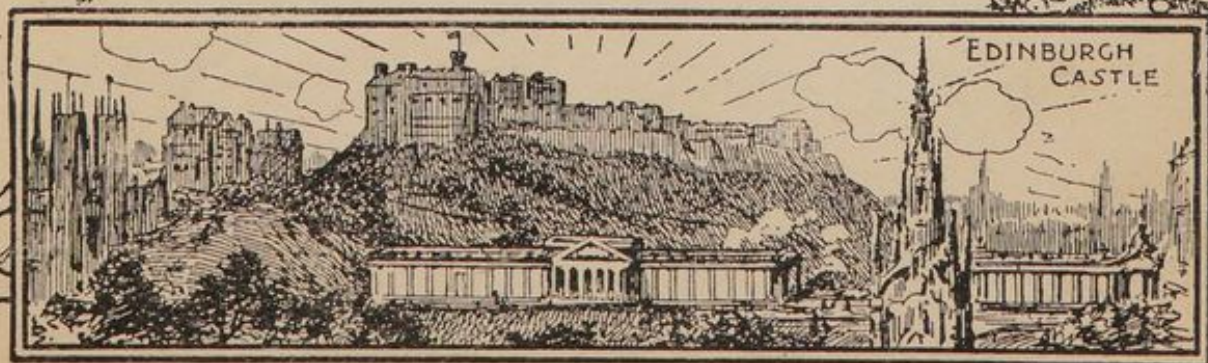
be for-got, And days o' auld lang syne? } For auld lang syne, my dear For
 wea-ry foot, Sin' auld lang syne. }

auld lang syne: We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

3. We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin auld lang syne.—CHORUS.

4. And there's a hand my trusty fiere!
 And gie's a hand o' thine!
 And we'll tak' a right-guide-willie waught
 For auld lang syne.—CHORUS.

5. And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
 And surely I'll be mine!
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.—CHORUS.



ENGLAND

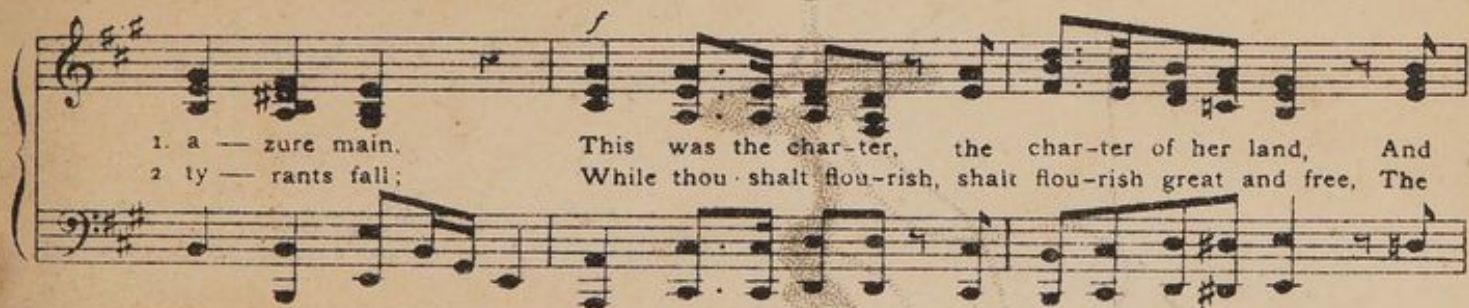


Rule, Britannia!

1. When Bri — tain, first, . . . at heaven's com — mand, A —
 2. The na — tions, not . . . so bless'd as thee, Must,

1. rose . . . from out the a — zure main, A-rose, arose, a-rose from out the
 2. in . . . their turns, to ty — rants fall, Must in, must in, must in their turns to

Try Robinson's Patent Groats.



1. a — zure main, 2. ty — rants fall; This was the char-ter, the char-ter of her land, And While thou shalt flou-rish, shalt flou-rish great and free, The



1. guar — dian an — gels sang this strain: 2. dread and en — vy of them all.



Rule, Bri — tan — nia, Bri — tan — nia, rule the waves,



Bri — tons nev — er shall be slaves; Rule, Bri — tan — nia, Bri —



— tan — nia, rule the waves. Bri — tons nev — er shall be slaves!"

3. Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast, the blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
4. These haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame;
But work their woe and thy renown.

5. To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject-main;
And every shore it circles thine.
6. The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair:

Try Robinson's Patent Barley.

Australian Patriotic Song

Sons of the Southern Sea

When Aus-tral..... sons heard war-notes ... peal,.... It stirr'd their.... blood and.... fir'd..... their.....zeal;
For-ward, and fear not! rings.... the.... cry;.... God speed our boys! The flag.... hold.... high

Ho! o'er the seas to the Brit—ish.....guns.... The South-land an—swer'd with..... her sons. Th
sun—set lights the path..... to Fame,.... To lau—rels wait—ing.... them..... to claim. Th

Star of Du—ty sheds her ray To show.... our... boys the Em—pire's 'way. When
Em—pire's le—gions keep a place For sun—burnt sons of South—ern race.

flies our... flag in bat—tle tide, O'er Brit-ons... fight—ing side by side
Eng-land de-claims there's no bra—ver band Than those who hail from.... Aus—tral strand!

CHORUS.

We fond—ly love our Mother—land, No mat—ter where we roam, Aus—tra—lians will by

Insist upon having Colman's Starch.

AUSTRALIA

PARLIAMENT HOUSE
MELBOURNE



Britain stand, And proudly call it "home." They rallied nobly at the call, Sons of the Southern
Sea! If for the Empire men must fall, Let... ours that glo-ry be! We be!...

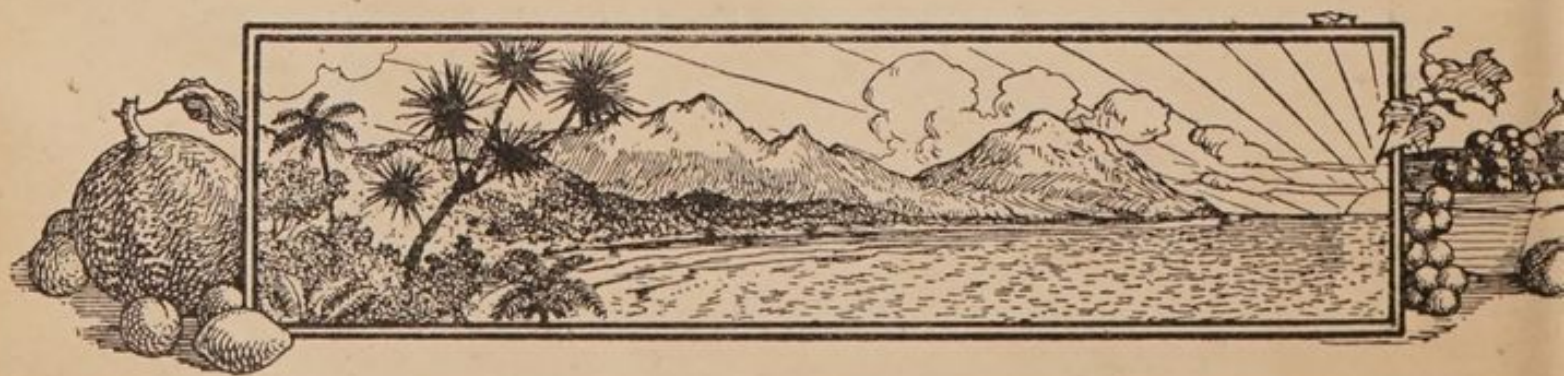
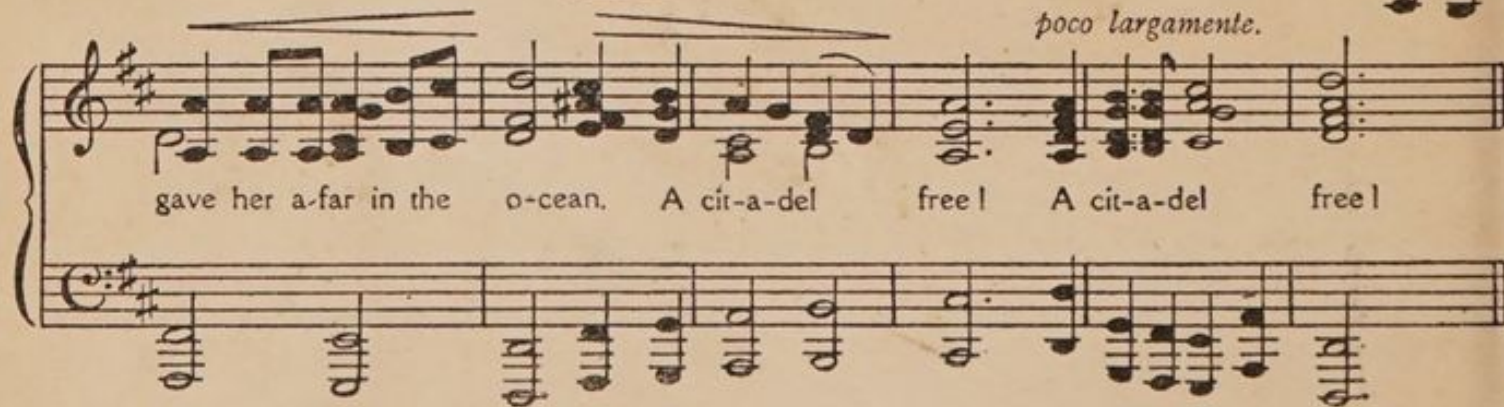
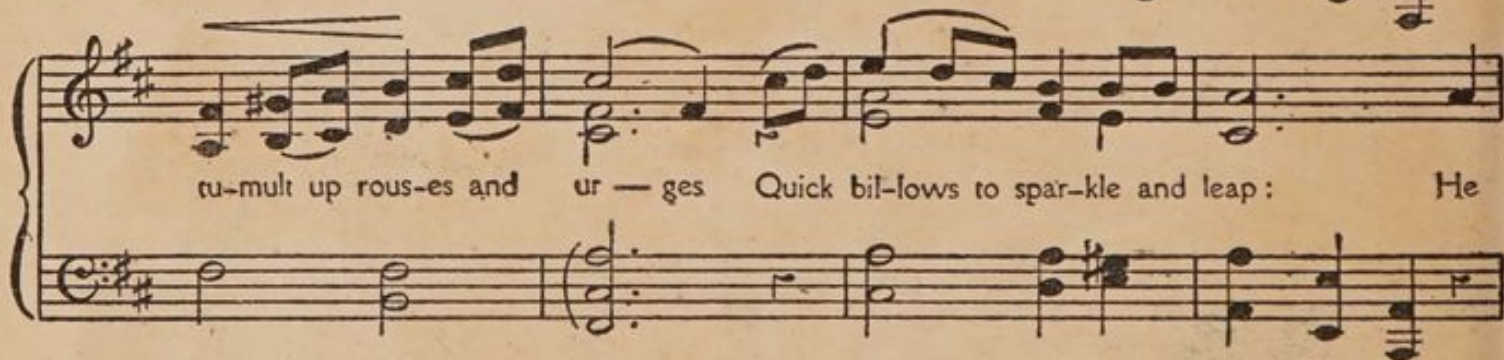
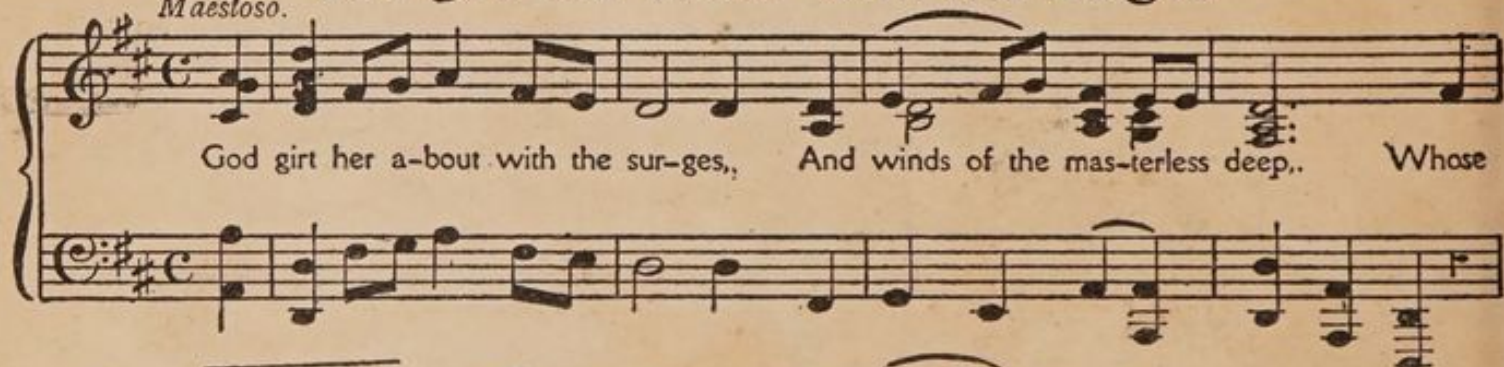
1ST TIME 2ND.

Ask for Colman's Mustard: D.S.F. is the best.

New Zealand National Song

God girt her about with the Surges

Maestoso.



Colman's Starch Sold in Cardboard Boxes.

NEW ZEALAND.



WELLINGTON.



2. Her never the fever-mist shrouding,
Nor drought of the desert may blight,
Nor pall of dun smoke overclouding
Vast cities of clamour and night.
But the voice of abundance of waters,
In valleys that bright rivers lave,
Greets her children, the sons and the daughters
Of sunshine and wave.
3. Lo! here where each league hath its fountains
In isles of deep fern and tall pine,
And breezes snow cooled on the mountains,
Or keen from the limitless brine;
See men to the battlefield pressing,
To conquer one foe—the stern soil,
Their kingship in labour expressing,
Their lordship in toil.

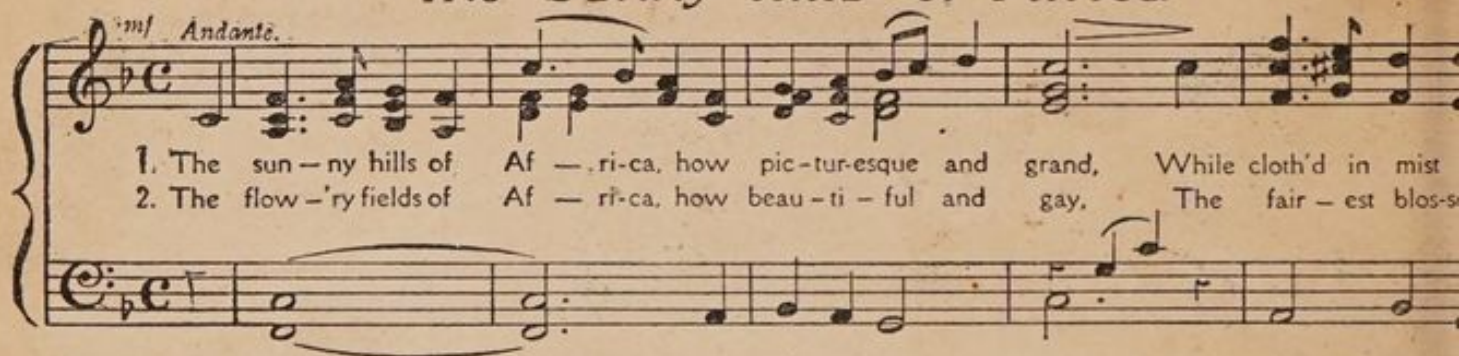
4. Though young, they are heirs of the ages;
Though few, they are freemen and peers;
Plain workers—yet sure of the wages,
Slow destiny pays with the years.
Though least they and latest their nation,
Yet this they have won without sword,
That Woman and Man shall have station,
And Labour be lord.
5. The winds of the sea and high heaven
Speed pure to her kissed by the foam,
The steeds of her ocean undriven,
Unbitted and riderless roam,
And clear from her lamp newly lighted
Shall stream o'er the billows upcurled,
A light as of wrongs at length righted,
Of hope to the world.

Try Robinson's Patent Groats.

South African National Song

The Sunny Hills of Africa

mf Andante.

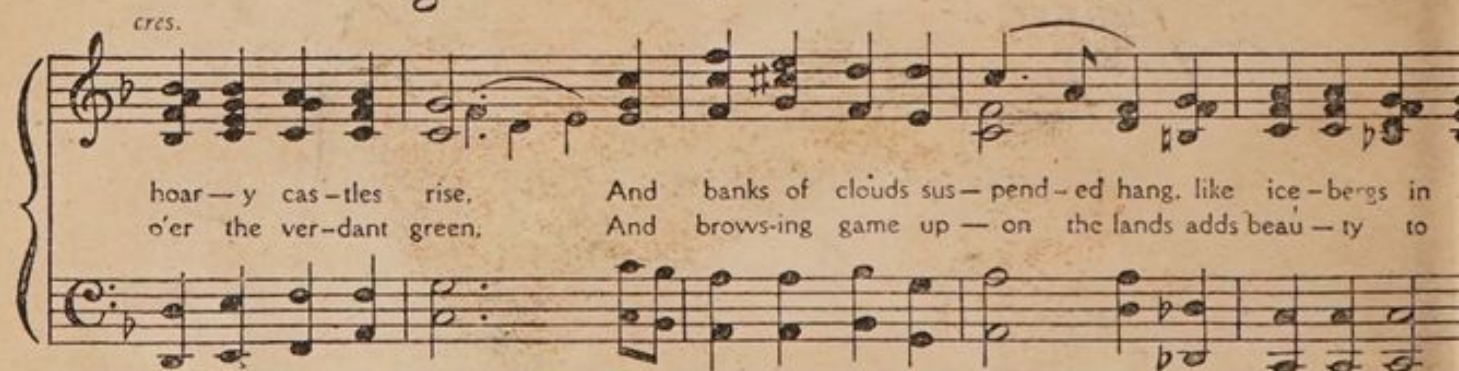


1. The sun - ny hills of Af - ri - ca, how pic - tur - esque and grand, While cloth'd in mist
2. The flow - ry fields of Af - ri - ca, how beau - ti - ful and gay, The fair - est blos -

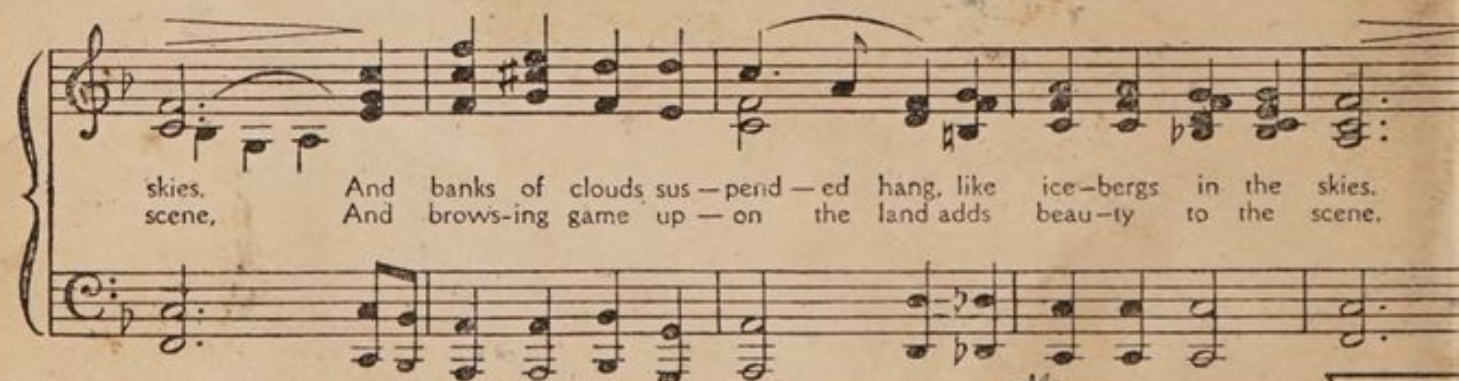


vales lie hid, like some dark spi - rit land. The moun - tains in the dis - tance seen like
deck the plains, and per - fume fills the May. While gush - ing streams from ev - ry kloof sp

cres.



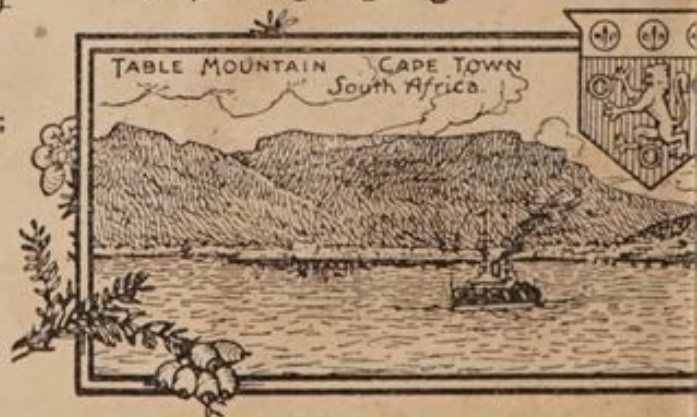
hoar - y cas - tles rise, And banks of clouds sus - pend - ed hang, like ice - bergs in
o'er the ver - dant green, And brows - ing game up - on the lands adds beau - ty to



skies. And banks of clouds sus - pend - ed hang, like ice - bergs in the skies.
scene, And brows - ing game up - on the land adds beau - ty to the scene.

3. The country homes of Africa, where are their equals found?
A welcome always greets the ear, and gladness reigns around;
And as one cosily reclines upon the snow-white fleece,
He feels a thrill of thankfulness, of gratitude, and peace.

4. Then should we not love Africa, and speak of her with pride,
And hang to her and cling to her whatever may betide?
And though we yield to other lands the palm for scenes of mirth,
Our song shall be for Africa—the land that gave us birth!



Colman's Starch Absolutely Pure.

COLMAN'S STARCH



& AZURE BLUE

The Correct accompaniment
to the 'ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND'



is **Colman's Mustard**

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