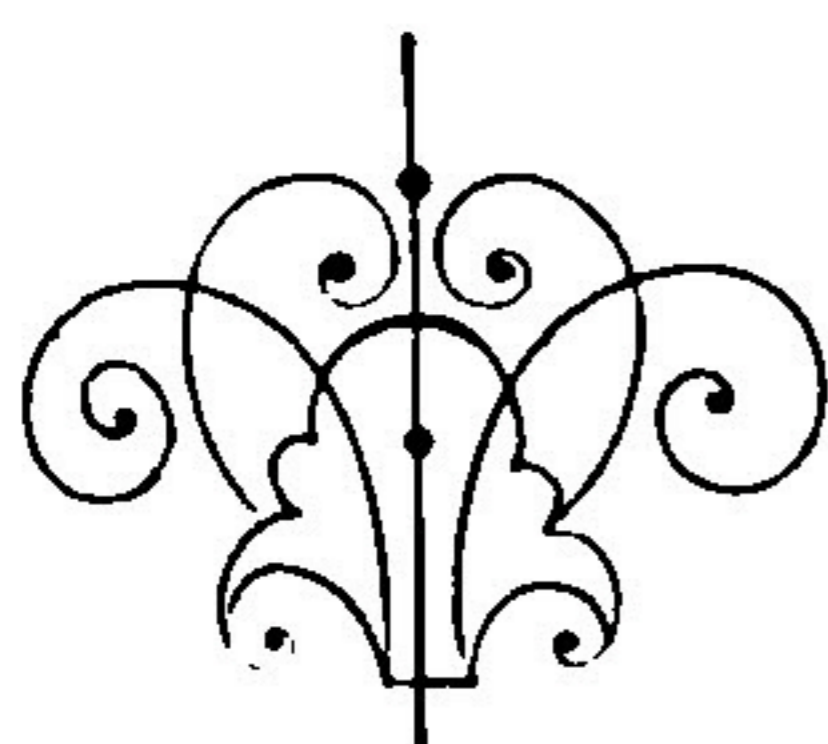
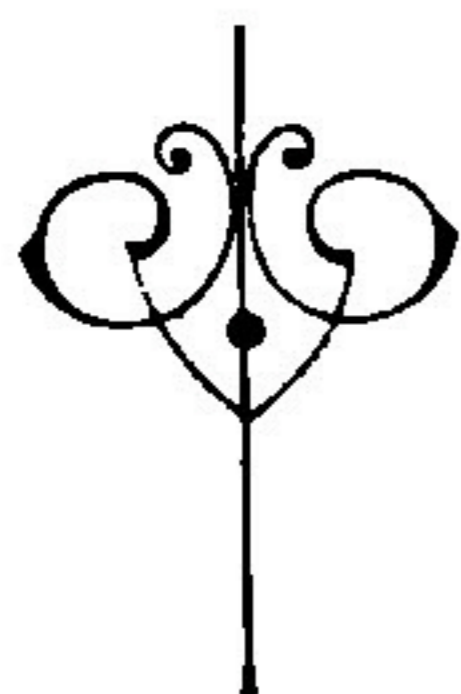


I WAS IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT.



Humorous Patter Song.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED



by **ROBERT
MANNING.**

Sung by

SELWYN DRIVER.

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I WAS IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT.

If the features you would scan
 Of a fierce and fearless man,
 Just look at me, you'll recognise I'm *it*.
 And it's only fair to state
 That Napoleon the Great
 If he heard about my deeds would have a fit.
 But it's not so much the daring deeds I've done
 As the deeds I *might* have done, if I'd been there.
 And if war's declared next week
 I'm the man they'll have to seek,
 They'll be searching for me, searching ev'rywhere!

(Spoken) And I shall take a bit of finding. I give you my word! Not but what, mark you, not but what I'm not brave. Brave? it's not the word! If any man dare say I'm a coward, LET HIM SAY IT, THAT'S ALL!!! Let him say it, that's all. I'm something in the Army. Something? I'm jolly near everything! Talk about rank! I'm *all* rank. I'm something ending in "AL" but whether it's a *General* or a *Corporal* I'm not quite certain. But if there's one thing I cannot brook, it's an insult. The other day I was standing outside the officers' quarters,— the officers' *quartahs*, when some fellow who called himself a Colonel— Kernell! he was a *nut*— came up, to me and proffered me a gratuitous insult, (stand on one side there will you?) He called me by my Christian name! He said, "Hannibal old chap?" I *was* upset. I was in full regimentals at the time: at least they were as full as I could make them— they were about three sizes too large, but I turned round— and it took me about a quarter of an hour, in my top-boots and things— anyway, I turned round and I said "How dare you? *How* dare you?" I said "Call out the guard;" so out came the guard— at least I'm not sure if it *was* the guard, it may have been the ticket-collector— anyhow I gave orders to have all the swords sharpened and all the guns loaded. But it took such a long time to load the gun that by the time the job was finished the bally things were obsolete! That's the worst of war, and I know what I'm talking about. I know all about war right enough, I've had some nasty slaps on the nose in my time, I can tell you! The way I came to join the army was like this: you see I lived in a peaceful country village— you know the sort of thing; as the poet says "Beneath the spreading blacksmith tree the village chestnut stands," that's the sort of place. Well, we'd never heard of war till one day a regiment came to our village. Well, when I say a regiment, I mean that a colour-sergeant and a couple of privates walked down the main street, and seeing me standing on the opposite side, outside the public— library, they came over to me and slapped me on the back and said "Will you join us?" I said "Delighted, mine's a Johnny Walker and a small soda." They said "No, we don't mean that; what we mean is, will you serve the King?" So I said "Certainly, what can I get him, a glass of stout or a bottle of "Vew-ve Cli - quott?" They said "No, no, what we mean is, will you join the colours?" So it ended in my joining the colours. Well, when I say colours— there were no colours really, it was a Black and White regiment. The first thing I had to do was to go and see the doctor. So I knocked at the door, and he said "Come in," so I went in, and he took me by the hand and said "Are you quite well?" I said "Yes thanks, how are *you*?" Then he hit me on the chest and said "Say 99!" So I said "mi-ti nine" He said "I don't want you to say "mi-ti nine," I want you to say "ninety-nine" so I said "ninety nine." He said "That's right, now three times." So I said "207." He said "Your arithmetic's all right but your heart's all wrong" I said "What's the matter with my heart?" He said "It's in your boots." Then I went down to the mess-room. That shows you what there is in a name. As soon as I put my head inside that room I knew it was the mess-room. There wasn't much room but there was a lot of mess. While we were all sitting there, nice and comfortable, having lunch off a wild sheep's head, suddenly we heard a bugle-call in the back-yard; so someone said "There's the enemy." So we all jumped up with one accord and rushed out as one man. The sergeant said to me "Bring your Mauser with you," so I seized the oat. Then the Captain said "Fall in!" so I fell into the big drum, and broke it; and the band played and the dogs barked, and—

I was in the thick of the fight
 Concealed behind a tree,
 For fear the enemy'd die of fright if they saw me.
 I was trembling with delight
 And screaming in my glee,
 For I'm afraid of nothing, and nothing's afraid of me.

I WAS IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

ROBERT MANNING.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The first system of music consists of a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked "Allegretto." The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The voice line is mostly rests. The piano part includes a section marked "mf" and a repeat sign.

The second system of music continues the voice line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

not so much the dar - ing deeds I've done _____ As the

{ | m, : - : re, | m, : - : f, | s, : - : fe, | s, : - : l, | t, : - : - | - : - : - | - : - : - | s, : - : l, }

deeds I *might* have done, if I'd been there. _____ And if

{ | m, : - : re, | m, : - : f, | s, : - : fe, | s, : - : l, | t, : - : - | - : - : - | - : - : - | m : - : r }

war's de - clared next week I'm the man they'll have to seek, They'll be

{ | d : - : m | t, : - : m | l, : - : - | m : - : r | d : - : m | t, : - : m | l, : - : - | l, : - : l }

search - ing for me, search - ing ev' - ry - where! _____ (*PATTER*)

{ | r : - : r | l, : - : l, | r : - : l, | se, : - : l, | r : - : - | - : - : - | - : - : - | }

ad lib.

6 CHORUS.

And I was in the thick of the fight con- cealed be- hind a tree, — For

{ s, | d : - : t, | l, : - : s, | l, : s, : m, | s, : - : s, | d : - : s, | fe, : - : s, | t, : - : - | - : - : t, }

fear the en- e- my'd die of fright if they saw me. I was

{ r : - : l, | l, : se, : l, | r : - : l, | se, : - : l, | f : - : - | m : - : - | r : - : - | : s, : s, }

trem- bling with de - light — and shout- ing in my glee, — For

{ m : - : s, | fe, : - : s, | l, : - : - | - : - : s, | r : - : l, | se, : - : l, | d : - : - | - : - : l, }

I'm a - fraid of no - thing, and no- thing's a - fraid of me. —

{ r : - : l, | t, : - : l, | s, : fe, : s, | l, : fe, : s, | f : - : - | m : - : - | d : - : - | - : - : - }

CHORUS.

And I was in the thick of the fight con-eealed be.hind a tree, — For

{ s, | d : - : t, | l, : - : s, | l, : s, : m, | s, : - : s, | d : - : s, | fe, : - : s, | t, : - : - | - : - : t, }

fear the en_e-my'd die of fright if they saw me. I was

{ r : - : l, | l, : se, : l, | r : - : l, | se, : - : l, | f : - : - | m : - : - | r : - : - | : s, : s, }

trem_bling with de_ light — and shout_ing in my glee, — For

{ m : - : s, | fe, : - : s, | l, : - : - | - : - : s, | r : - : l, | se, : - : l, | d : - : - | - : - : l, }

I'm a_fraid of no_thing, and no_thing's a_fraid of me. —

{ r : - : l, | t, : - : l, | s, : fe, : s, | l, : fe, : s, | f : - : - | m : - : - | d : - : - | - : - : - ||

There were foes a thousand score
 Or perhaps a trifle more
 All behind me, and all hot upon my track.
 And if you'll examine me
 Lots of bullet-wounds you'll see,
 And you'll find them all located in my back.
 But I swore that I would gain the D. S. O
 Just to take home as a present to the wife,
 And I soon fulfilled my pledge
 For I hid behind a hedge,
 And *that* was how I saved a soldier's life!

(Spoken) Fear! I don't know what fear is. And yet I'm so gentle; a little child could lead me — to the refreshment-room. How did I behave when the Powder magazine blew up? Did I turn pale and tremble? Did I turn tail and run? No such thing: I rose to the occasion! went up with it. I was on sentry-go at the time — and I never saw a sentry go so suddenly in my life; I don't know what induced the blessed thing to get so excited; it never received a word of encouragement from me; I was merely sitting outside the powder magazine, on a barrel of gunpowder, smoking a cigarette, when all of a sudden Ph—X X X X X phit! phit!! Ph X X X X X!!! it went like that. Well, it's no use arguing the point with a powder magazine when it's lost its temper, and goes like that; so I said "we won't discuss it" and up I went. But the worst of it was that when I came down again, about 3 weeks afterwards, nobody knew me! Altered man! *Black!* Well, I pulled myself together — that is, most of me, and I went home; to my old, happy, childhood's home; the home where I was born, and bred, and butter, and things, and I knocked at the door, and after waiting about five-and-twenty minutes the cook put her head out of the area window and said, "Go away, we don't want you: the chimneys were all swept last week!" Nice thing: to go home and be mistaken for a swoop—swop—swipe—sweep! The upshot of it was that I had to go to India and exchange into a Native regiment. I joined the "Hide and Seekers" They called us that because we used to hide six days a week and seek on Sundays. Our motto was "I spy." I hadn't been in that regiment more than 15 years when we were called into action — It took a bit of calling to get us there too! I remember it as though it were last night! There we were, standing on the brow of a hill, five thousand strong — I wasn't feeling very strong — looking for the enemy and hoping he was ill in bed with a cold and couldn't come, when someone said, "I can see the enemy coming over the river, two deep!" So I had a look, but I couldn't see them; either they were *too* deep or the river was. Then the sergeant said "Form fours," so we all went down on all fours: Then the colonel said to me, "Would you rather go in the rear or in the van?" So, as I wasn't fond of walking I said I'd go in the van: but I was wanted to take command of the Cavalry, so I got out and led the horse! Then the enemy charged us! Oh! they did stick it on! It cost us about 9d. each all round. But it was a glorious and a sanguinary engagement; I was in the middle of it all, with a Lee-Metford in each hand and a revolver in the other, and we were all engaged, at the same time, and to the same girl! and —

I was in the thick of the fight
 Telling them what to do,
 Just the same as Wellington did at Waterloo.
 I said "Guards, get up and charge,"
 Then I hid behind a tree,
 But I'm afraid of nothing, and nothing's afraid of me!