



# RUGBY LEAGUE FINAL

Wembley Stadium, May 6th, 1933

## Sing with our Song Leader

# News Chronicle COMMUNITY SINGING

Conductor :

**T. P. RATCLIFF**

*News Chronicle Song Leader.*

**THE BAND OF H.M.  
ROYAL HORSE GUARDS**

(The Blues).

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Director of Music:

Lieut. W. J. DUNN, M.C., p.s.m.

**SINGING 2.15 p.m. until 2.50 p.m.**

### 1.—MY GIRL'S A YORKSHIRE GIRL!

Chorus.

My girl's a Yorkshire girl,  
Yorkshire through and through!  
My girl's a Yorkshire girl,  
Eh! by gum, she's a champion!  
Though she's a fact'ry lass  
And wears no fancy clothes—  
I've a sort of a Yorkshire relish  
For my little Yorkshire Rose!

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### 2.—PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

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!

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### 3.—TIPPERARY

It's a long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long way to go;  
It's a long way to Tipperary,  
To the sweetest girl I know.  
Good-bye, Piccadilly,  
Farewell, Leicester Square,  
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,  
But my heart's right there.

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### 4.—SHE'S A LASSIE FROM LANCASHIRE.

"She's a lassie from Lancashire,  
Just a lassie from Lancashire,  
She's the lassie that I love dear—  
Oh! so dear;  
Though she dresses in clogs and shawl,  
She's the prettiest of them all.  
None could be fairer or rarer than Sarah,  
My lass from Lancashire."

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### 5.—FOR THEY ARE JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS (18)

For, they are jolly good fellows,  
For, they are jolly good fellows,  
For, they are jolly good fellows,  
And so say all of us!  
And so say all of us!  
And so say all of us! etc.

### 6.—ABIDE WITH ME (201)

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me  
abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.  
Swift to its close ebbs out Life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass  
away,  
Change and decay in all around I see:  
O Thou Who changest not, Abide with me.  
Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing  
eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to  
the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

## NEWS Chronicle

EXCLUSIVE  
REPORTS

BY

PIRCY  
RUDD  
& 'CENTRE'

ON

MONDAY

### 7.—CLEMENTINE (33)

In a cavern, in a canyon  
Excavating for a mine,  
Dwelt a miner, forty niner,  
And his daughter Clementine.

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my  
darling Clementine!

Thou art lost and gone for ever, dreadful  
sorry, Clémentine.

Light she was, and like a fairy,  
And her shoes were number nine;  
Herring boxes without topses,  
Sandals were for Clementine.

Then the miner, forty niner,  
Soon began to peak and pine,  
Thought he oughter jine his daughter  
Now he's with his Clementine.

### 8.—DAISY

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do!  
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!  
It won't be a stylish marriage,  
I can't afford a carriage,  
But you'll look sweet, on the seat  
Of a bicycle built for two.

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### 9.—OH! THE NOBLE DUKE OF YORK (93)

Oh! the noble Duke of York, he had ten  
thousand men,  
He march'd them up to the top of a hill,  
And then march'd them down again.

*Chorus.*

And when they were up, they were up;  
And when they were down, they were  
down;  
And when they were only half way up,  
They were neither up nor down.

### 10.—THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding,  
Into the land of my dreams,  
Where the nightingales are singing,  
And a white moon beams;  
There's a long, long night of waiting  
Until my dreams all come true;  
Till the day when I'll be going down  
That long, long trail with you.

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### 11.—ON ILKLEY MOOR BAHT 'AT (17)

1. Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw  
thee?  
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.  
Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw thee?  
Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw thee?  
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at,  
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at,  
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.
2. Tha's been a coortin', Mary Jane.
3. Tha'll go and get thi deeach o' cowl'd.
4. Then we shall ha' to bury thee.
5. Then t'worms'll come an' ate thee oop.
6. Then t'ducks'll come an' ate t'worms.
7. Then we shall go an' ate t'ducks.
8. Then we shall all 'ave eaten thee.

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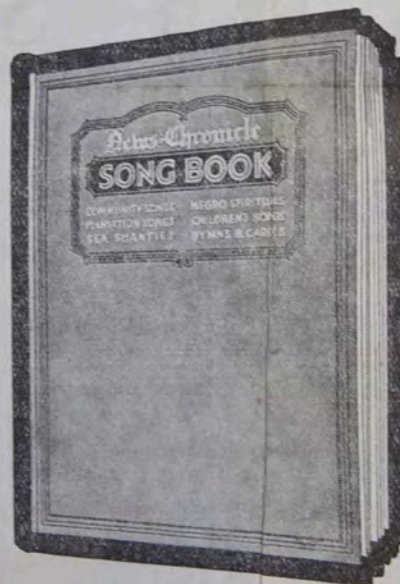
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### 12.—LOCH LOMOND (19)

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie  
braes,  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch  
Lomond;  
Where me and my true love were ever  
wont to gae,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch  
Lomond.

*Chorus.*

Oh ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak'  
the low road,  
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;  
But me and my true love will never  
meet again  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch  
Lomond.

### 13.—COCKLES AND MUSSELS (22)

In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so  
pretty,  
'Twas there shure I first met swate Molly  
Malone,  
As she wheel'd her wheelbarrow through  
streets broad and narrow,  
Crying "Cockles and Mussels! alive,  
alive, oh!"  
A-live, a-live, oh! A-live, a-live, oh!  
Crying "Cockles and Mussels! alive,  
alive, oh!"

*Chorus.*

### 14.—SMILE (92)

(Tune: "John Brown's Body.")

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e  
It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e  
So smile when you're in trouble,  
It will vanish like a bubble,  
If you s-m-i-l-e.

### 15.—JOHN BROWN'S BODY (91)

John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in  
the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in  
the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in  
the grave,  
His soul goes marching on!

*Chorus.*

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! (*thrice*)  
His soul is marching on!  
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of  
the Lord, (*thrice*)  
His soul is marching on!

### 16.—BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE

Then steadily shoulder to shoulder,  
Steadily blade by blade,  
Ready and strong, marching along  
Like the boys of the Old Brigade.

*Repeat.*

### 17.—LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Just a song at twilight, when the lights  
are low,  
And the flick'ring shadows softly come  
and go,  
Though the heart be weary, sad the day  
and long,  
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old  
song,  
Comes Love's old sweet song.

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