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1917

My word, ain't we carrying on

Herman Darewski

Composer

Melville Gideon

Composer

Heard

Composer

Percival Knight

Lyricist

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The Better 'Ole

OR THE ROMANCE OF "OLD BILL"

As Presented by

MR. & MRS. COBURN

Staged by PERCIVAL KNIGHT



"When You Take That Trip Across the Rhine"
Percival Knight
"A Little Regiment of Your Own"
Percival Knight
"When You Look In The Heart of a Rose"
Florence Methven
"Tommy"
Herman Darewski
"I'm Sick of This 'ere Blinkin' War"
Herman Darewski
"She's Venus de Milo to Me"
Bernard and DeGarde
"My Word! Ain't We Carrying On"
Heard, Gideon and Darewski
"I Wish I Was In Blighty"
Titterton and Darewski



'OLE BILL and VICTOIRE

"BERT"

By **Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather** and **Arthur Eliot**
Music by **Herman Darewski**

Vp 003947

1917

My Won

OPERATIC EDITION
LEO. FEIST INC. NEW YORK
HERMAN DAREWSKI MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. LONDON, ENG.

"MY WORD, AIN'T WE CARRYING ON."

VERSE 5

We all have to be economical now,
The papers most kindly are showing us how.
They give us free tips and judicious advice,
And to show how to do it, they've doubled their price.
The ladies, God bless 'em, they're saving in dress,
And have taken to putting on less and still less.

CHORUS:

My word, ain't they carrying on,
Their dress is nearly all gone,
They'll go, I believe, till they dress like Mother Eve,
We don't mind them carrying on,
We wouldn't mind them carrying on.

VERSE 6

We soldiers all think that out 'ere at the front,
Of this blinking old war, we is bearing the brunt.
But what of the blokes as is dressed up in blue,
They're 'aving *their* troubles at sea—not arf—too,
For the dangers they braves with them darned U-Boat tricks,
Does they get all the 'apence? Napoo, they gets kicks.

CHORUS:

My word, ain't they carrying on,
It's splendid to think upon,
For all we has to eat, we have to thank the fleet,
Silently, they're carrying on,
Yes, we know they're carrying on.

VERSE 7

There once was a Zoo and the animals there,
Were a Lion, a Fox and a Cock and a Bear,
A very fat Hog, to the Zoo came one day,
And hoggishly made up his mind he would stay.
The Hog brought his several pigs and a sow,
And started a fierce Zoo-ological row.

CHORUS:

My word, weren't they carrying on,
They fought as the keepers had gone,
All through one August night,
Till the whole Zoo got to fight,
And for four years they've been carrying on,
And they all still keep carrying on.

VERSE 8

The Bear got a yellow streak during the Fall,
He thought that the Hog was the King of them all,
They brought in a Turkey, a venemous bird,
Who gobbled Armenian eggs by the Herd.
The Hog grunted promises solid and true,
And things he would give them to see the fight thru.

CHORUS:

My word, they went carrying on,
The Hog they were depending upon,
He'd give a cross of iron,
To the one who'd lick the Lion,
And his six young pigs were all looking on,
While the whole Zoo went carrying on.

VERSE 9

They kept up the fight to a horrible din,
And it looked to them all that the Hog he would win,
The Lion was wounded, the Chanticleer too,
And they thought a new master had come to the Zoo.
When suddenly terrible shriekings were heard,
It came from the Eagle, America's bird.

CHORUS:

My word, how that Bird carried on,
That Hog was a sight to look on,
And the Chanticleer as well,
Helped to peck the Hog to Hell,
And the Zoo went peacefu'ly carrying on,
Yes, the whole world went carrying on.

My Word, Ain't We Carrying On

Additional Verses by
PERCIVAL KNIGHT

Written and Composed by
JAMES HEARD,
MELVILLE GIDEON &
HERMAN DAREWSKI

Allegro



1. This ra-tion-ing bus'-ness has come in, I see, They've
2. The Rus-sians have had quite a ti-dy suc-cess, I -
3. The Ger-mans I see are fed up with the war, That's
4. Its aw-ful the state of old Eng-land to-day, A

Till voice

The vocal melody is written on a single staff in 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The first measure of the piano part is marked with a section symbol (§). The piano part begins with a piano 'p' dynamic. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal melody.

ra-tioned the su-gar and ra-tioned the tea, The con-troll-er has threat-ened to
tal-ians are get-ting on well, more or less, The French-men have had quite a
all they can eat, they can't get an-y more; And Aus-tri-a's seek-ing im-
wo-man's a por-ter, a la-dy makes hay. A girl's a con-duc-tor, a

The vocal melody continues on a single staff. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal melody.

give us six months, If we're found wear - ing two pairs of
 ser - i - ous fight, And what does it say of our
 med - i - ate peace, While Wil - helm is fear - ing a
 flap - per's a nurse; Well, next time I stop one, I'll

trou - sers at once. If a Tom - my is caught with two
 scrap t'oth - er night? Does it men - tion that fra - cas? It
 hap - py re - lease. By Jove, boys, it's o - ver, the
 try to get worse. It's a la - dy that drives wound - ed

girls at a time, That's hoard - ing and hoard - ing's a ter - i - ble crime.
 cer - tain - ly ought, Yes, it does, "On our front there is nought to re - port."
 war now is done. What's that? why, old Hin - den - burg says that he's won.
 Tom - mles a - bout, It's well worth be - ing wound - ed to try to find out.

CHORUS

My word,— ain't we car-ry-ing on, It's aw-ful — to
 My word,— we are car-ry-ing on, It's fun-ny — to
 My word,— ain't he car-ry-ing on? It's fun-ny — to
 My word,— ain't they car-ry-ing on? Dis-gust-ing — to

think up-on; — "Here" (won't it sound ab-surd?) "Where's your tick-et for that
 think up-on; — If they'd been in it well, — they'd have said that it was
 think up-on; — But we've not found it out, — he'll be an-noyed no
 think up-on; — But if each lit-tle dear, — would come out o-ver

bird?" My word, ain't they car-ry-ing on — There's no mis-
 Hell, — In fact we know they're car-ry-ing on — We know that
 doubt — When he finds we are car-ry-ing on — When he finds
 here, — Where we'd not mind their car-ry-ing on — We would-n't

take they're car-ry-ing on. on.
 they are car-ry-ing on. on.
 out we're car-ry-ing on. on.
 mind their car-ry-ing on. on.

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Music by Theodore Morse

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dreams, Dear - ie, where you and I

wan - der in love - land, where love - light beams, So hold me

cresc.

appassionato

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