

WHEN THE BANTAM ROOSTERS CROW

REGIMENTAL SONG OF
BURTON'S BANTAM BATTALION.



SOLD IN AID OF BATTALION FUNDS

WORDS BY

LIEUT. S. K. BENNETT

MUSIC BY

LIEUT. N. F. ALLAN

Musgrave Bros.

MUSIC PUBLISHERS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS

Yonge St. Arcade
TORONTO, ONT.

(SEE POPULAR LYRIC ON BACK COVER)

FROM Musgrave Bros. TORONTO, ONT.

When The Bantam Roosters Crow

Words by STANLEY K. BENNETT

Music by N. FRASER ALLAN

Introduction

VOICE

PIANO

Brightly

Till ready

mp *f*

I'm all ex - cit - ed,
Say boys I'm cer - tain,

sim - ply de - light - ed 'cause I've joined the Ban - tam crew,
our Colo - nel Burt - on will be might - y proud of you,

mp

Now I know I've stopped grow - ing still I'll keep a crow - ing, I'm a
 And like birds of a feath - er we all flock to geth - er, Tho' we're

cock - a - doo - dle - doo I was too short be - fore
 on ly five feet two You can tell by our name

and say by Gosh I was sore There were hund - reds more like
 that we are all pret - ty game And poul - try's no good when it's

me But now we've got a chance To go ov - er to Franc
 high So if you're phys - ic - 'ly fit Come on with us, do your bit,

With the Colo - nel's B. B. B.
And learn the Ban - tam Roos - ters cry.

Chorus

When the Ban - tam Roos - ters Crow You'll find the Ger - mans

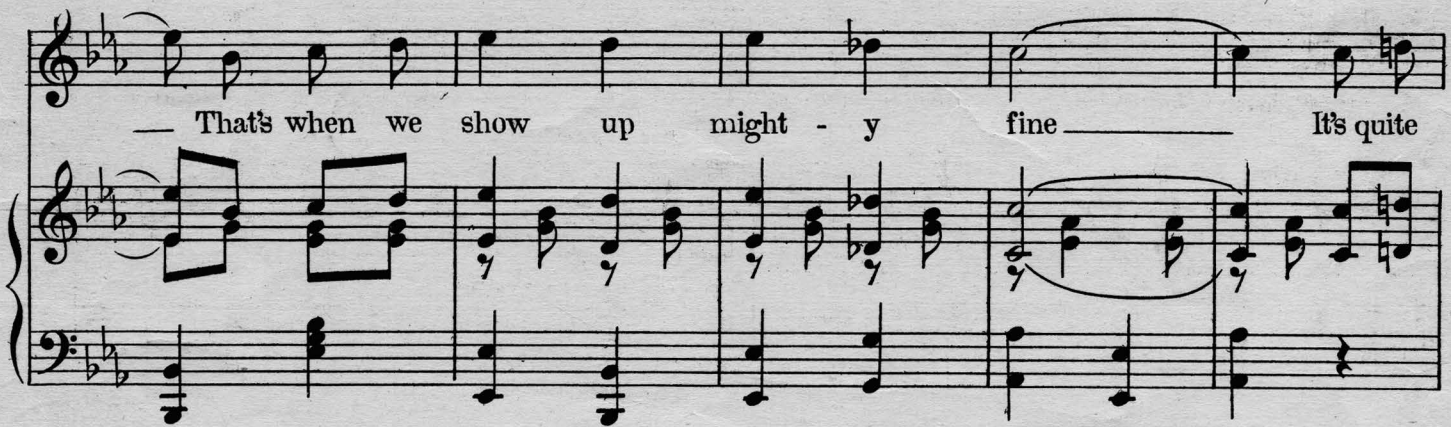
ly - ing low Tho' we're not much in height, Say

Boys! when we fight, Just count on a chick - en to

give them a lick - in', When we march up in - to line,



— That's when we show up might - y fine — It's quite



eas - y to tell — who'll send the Kais - er to - well, —

rit.



a tempo

— You'll hear the Ban - tam Roos - ters Crow.

a tempo *gva*



ON AN OLD-TIME HAY RACK RIDE.

I'm all excited, simply delighted,
'Cause I start this very day
On a two weeks' vacation, my grip's at the station,
I will soon be on my way
To that summer hotel, with the old-fashioned well,
Where the soft lake breezes blow,
And when night comes along, you join in with the throng,
And down the country road you go.

Chorus—

On an old-time hay rack ride,
With a girlie by your side,
And you hold her hand,
Oh, Gee! but it's grand.
You may get hay fever, but you would'nt leave her.
So you jog along the road,
How the horses pull that load,
With the moon shining bright,
What a wonderful night,
For an old-time hay rack ride.

You take marshmallows, then all the fellows
Build a fire on the shore,
And you toast them so brown, when you pass them around,
Everybody hollers "More."
But the fire burns low, so you get up to go,
Though you would like to remain,
But that dear old hay rack is there to carry you back,
Along the country road again.

Chorus—

On on old-time hay rack ride,
With a girlie by your side,
And you hold her hand,
Oh, Gee! but it's grand.
You may get hay fever, but you wouldn't leave her,
So you jog along the road,
How the horses pull that load,
When the hotel's in sight,
Then you kiss her good-night,
On an old-time hay rack ride.

—S. K. Bennett.