

THE BATTLE AT THE GATES OF LOVE

Song

Words & Music
by

J. B. SPURR

COMPOSER OF
"ONLY A FLOWER
OF SPRING TIME"
"MINORA"
"CAKES" ETC.

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The Battle At The Gates Of Love

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J. B. SPURR
Arr. by Jules Brazil

C.B.E. **Andante Moderato**

mf

The first system of music is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and melodic fragments, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante Moderato'.

There's a field on which I've fought in Flan - ders, Be-tween the
I have kept a crim-son rose you gave me, It has been

The second system contains the first line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

Marne and the Somme, Where pret - ty
pressed to my heart, I know you

The third system contains the second line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

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dai - sies and pop - pies nod their heads to - ward the
 plucked it and kissed it on the day we had to

sun, Here the mead - ow lark is gai - ly sing - ing, From ear - ly
 part, And that rose is all I had to cheer me Al - though it's

morn to close of day, As - cend - ing up - on high, in - to the
 fad - ed it will prove That in a day gone by the hearts of

bright blue sky, In the hap - py month of May.
 you and I crowned the hap - py gates of love.

rit.

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a b c

REFRAIN

And I'm think-ing of a bat - tle In which we fought but yes-ter - day, — When you op-

posed me and cold - ly Turned your lit-tle head a - way. Now I've

cu-pid for my al - ly, And from his darts you dare not flee, — So the

white flag hoist on the gates of love, And throw up your lit-tle hands to me . —

D.C.