

FOLLOW THE COLOURS.
 Marching Song for Soldiers.
 *Words by Captain W. de Courcy Stretton. Music by Sir Edward Elgar, O.M.

Thousands, thousands of marching feet,
 All through the land, all through the land,
 Gunners and Sappers, Horse and Foot,
 A mighty band, a mighty band.

CHORUS:
 Follow the Colours, follow on,
 Where'er they go, where'er they go,
 Loyal the hearts that guard them well,
 'Twas ever so, 'twas ever so.
 March! March! March!
 Roll the drums, and blow the fifes,
 And make the bagpipes drone,
 Glory for some, and a chance for all,
 Till we come again to our own.

England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales,
 Send forth their sons, send forth their sons,
 Children of Empire seas beyond,
 Stand to their guns, stand to their guns.

What's in the wind now, what's toward?
 Who cares a bit, who cares a bit?
 Marching orders, we're on the way
 To settle it, to settle it.

Some will return, and some remain,
 We heed it not, we heed it not,
 Something's wrong, to put it right's
 The Soldier's lot, the Soldier's lot.

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Roll the drums, and blow the fifes, . . . And make the bag-pipes drone.

Unison. Grandioso.
 Roll the drums, and blow the fifes, . . .
Grandioso.

Unison. Grandioso.
 Roll the drums, and blow the fifes, . . . And make the bag-pipes drone,
Grandioso.

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