

COMPANY 'TION!

Words by JAMES RHOADES.

Music by LOUIS N. PARKER.

Quick step.

Left, right, left, right, Left, right, left, right, To

The first system of the musical score for 'Company 'Tion!'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Quick step.' The lyrics 'Left, right, left, right, Left, right, left, right, To' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a forte 'f' dynamic marking.

Eng-land's foes a warn-ing, See where the Sher-borne

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Eng-land's foes a warn-ing, See where the Sher-borne'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

red-coats come, To the bu-gle's call and the tuck.. of drum, In the

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'red-coats come, To the bu-gle's call and the tuck.. of drum, In the'. The piano accompaniment continues.

grey No-ven-ber morn-ing! With fa-cings white, And with

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'grey No-ven-ber morn-ing! With fa-cings white, And with'. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece.

bar - - rels bright, Their bo - soms a - light With the war - - god's flame, As

tramp, tramp, through mire and damp, They fol - low the lamp of

England's fame, As tramp, tramp, through mire and damp, They fol - low the lamp of

Last Verse.

Eng - - land's fame. Eng - - land's fame.

'COMPANY 'TION.'

Left, right,
Left, right,
To England's foes a warning,
See where the Sherborne red-coats come
To the bugle's call and the tuck of drum,
In the grey November morning!
With facings white,
And with barrels bright,
Their bosoms alight,
With the war-god's flame,
As tramp, tramp,
Through mire and damp,
They follow the lamp
Of England's fame.

Left, right,
Left, right,
Like oars that flash and feather,
Mark how the rhythmic step they ply,
Then halt in range of the big bull's eye,
On the hill by the butts together!
Take steady sight,
Or in luck's despite,
The bullet's flight
Will but mock your aim,
As crack, crack,
At the white and black,
You follow the track
Of England's fame.

Left, right,
Left, right,
Each curt command obeying,
They form into line, they advance in fours,
Till H.R.H. from the Horse Guards roars
(A fact there is no gainsaying),
'My Royal Height
To a beggar's plight!
But the lads would fight
If the call but came;
Though far, far,
From the camp's loud jar
They follow the star
Of England's fame.'

Words by James Rhoades (1841-1923).

Score by Louis Napoleon Parker (1851-1944).