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COMMISSIONAIRE.

(SUNG BY ALBERT CHRISTIAN.)

Words by CHARLES H. TAYLOR. Music by ERNEST W. HASTINGS.

A la militaire.

PIANO.

f

KEY B♭. 8

:m .m | s :- :m | f :- :m | s :- :r | m :- :r | d :- :m | t₁ :- :l₁ |

1. D'ye want a gal - lant he - ro at your no - ble beck and

fp *p*

| s₁ :- :l₁ | d :- :l₁ | t₁ :- :l₁ | s₁ :- :l₁ | t₁ :- :- | - :- :s₁ | l₁ :- :s₁ | m₁ :- :s₁ | l₁ :- :- | - :- :s₁ |

call? Why, then, it's "Hi! Com-mis - sion - aire, . . . A cab! Com-mis - sion - aire." . . . To

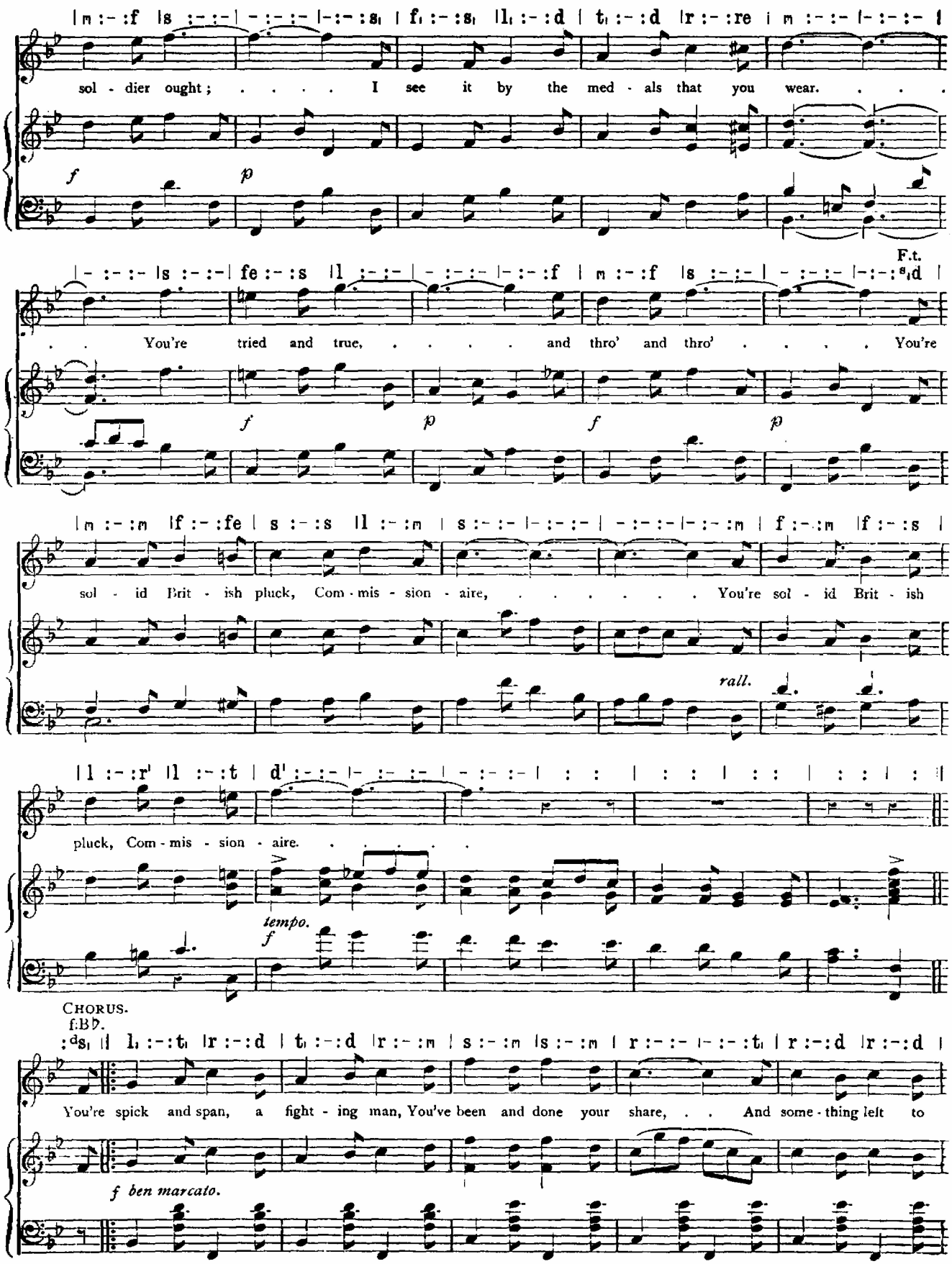
| s :- :f | f :- :m | s :- :r | m :- :r | d :- :m | t₁ :- :l₁ | r :- :t₁ | d :- :de | r :- :m | s :- :t₁ |

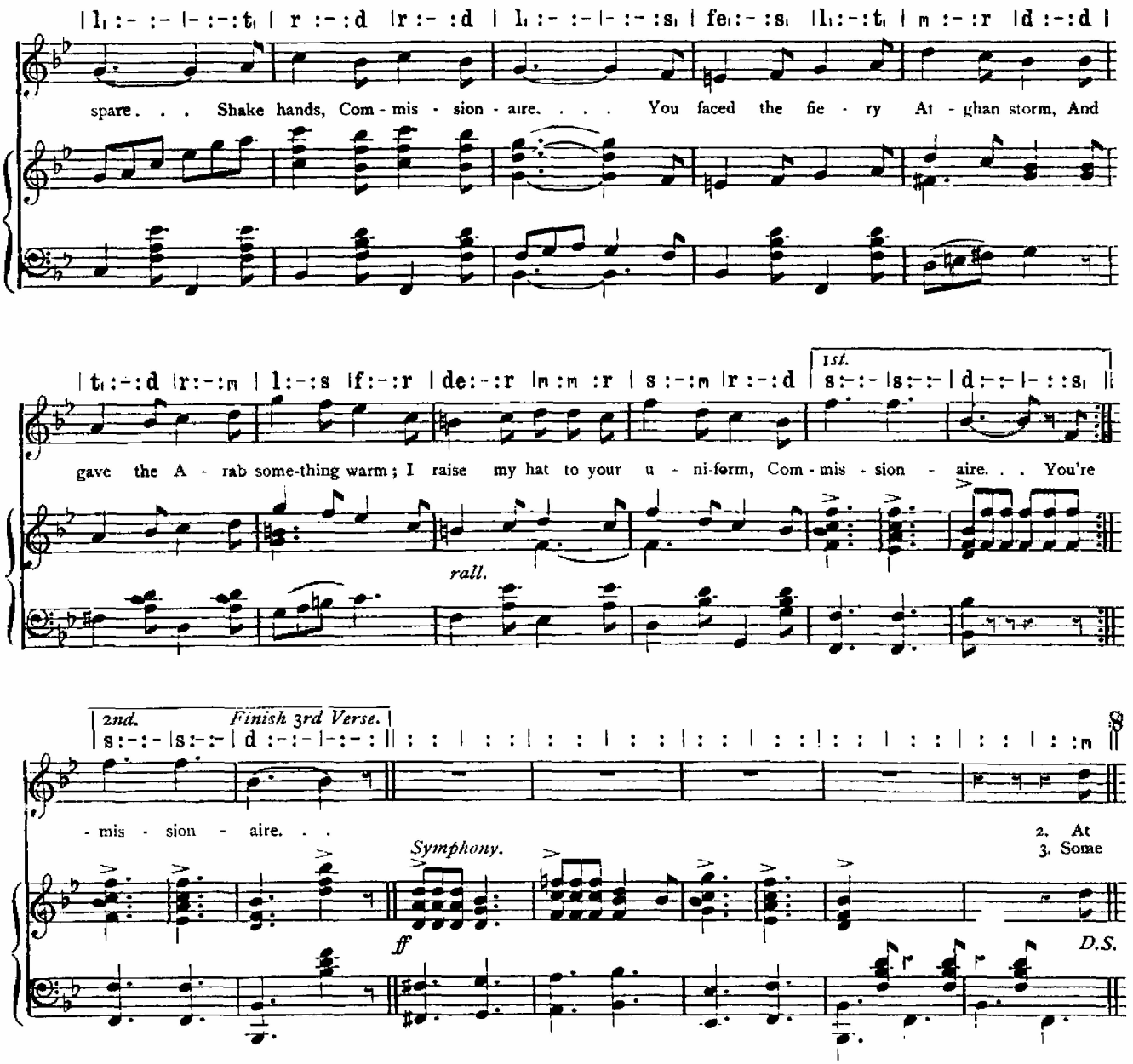
do re-spect - ful ser - vice, be that ser - vice great or small; Well, here's my best re-spects to

| l₁ :t₁ :d | t₁ :- :l₁ | s₁ :- :- | - :- :- | - :- :- | - :- :- | s :- :- | fe :- :s | l :- :- | - :- :- | - :- :f |

you, Com-mis - sion - aire. . . . . You've been and fought . . . . . as

f *p*


sol - dier ought; . . . . I see it by the med - als that you wear. . . .
f
p
F.t.
. . You're tried and true, ... and thro' and thro' . . . . You're
f
p
f
p
sol - id Brit - ish pluck, Com - mis - sion - aire, ... You're sol - id Brit - ish
rall.
pluck, Com - mis - sion - aire. . . . . .
tempo.
f
CHORUS.
f.B♭.
You're spick and span, a fight - ing man, You've been and done your share, . . And some - thing left to
f ben marcato.



2.

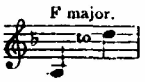
At every kind of function you're the order of the day.
Ah! there you are, Commissionaire,
I see you everywhere.
You're something good to look at, and you're useful every way;
You are a handy kind of man, Commissionaire.
Take this from me, if we could see
Beneath the row of medals that you wear,
A heart we'd find, one of the kind
They make in England yet, Commissionaire.

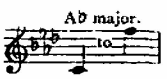
You're spick and span, a fighting man,
You've been and done your share,
And something left to spare;
Shake hands, Commissionaire.
It makes your heart beat loud and fast,
To see the Boys go marching past;
A soldier man from first to last, Commissionaire.

3.

Some say when Tommy's left the ranks he's good for nought [beside,
Now that's a lie, Commissionaire,
You prove it, fair and square.
You've learnt to do your duty, and you've got no beastly pride;
And that's the kind of man we want, Commissionaire.
Should England call, in line you'd fall,
And prove, by all those medals that you wear,
You're still as keen to stand between
Your country and her foes, Commissionaire.

You're spick and span, a fighting man,
You've been and done your share,
And something left to spare;
Shake hands, Commissionaire.
From duty's path you never swerve,
You've shown us you have pluck and nerve;
Long may we keep you—in reserve, Commissionaire.

This stirring song may be obtained from all Music sellers in 

and 

together with up-to-date version.