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Britannia's Lullaby.

Written and
Composed by

Fred Allandale and Bert Lee.

Sung by

FRED ALLANDALE

ALSO SUNG BY

TOM CLARE.



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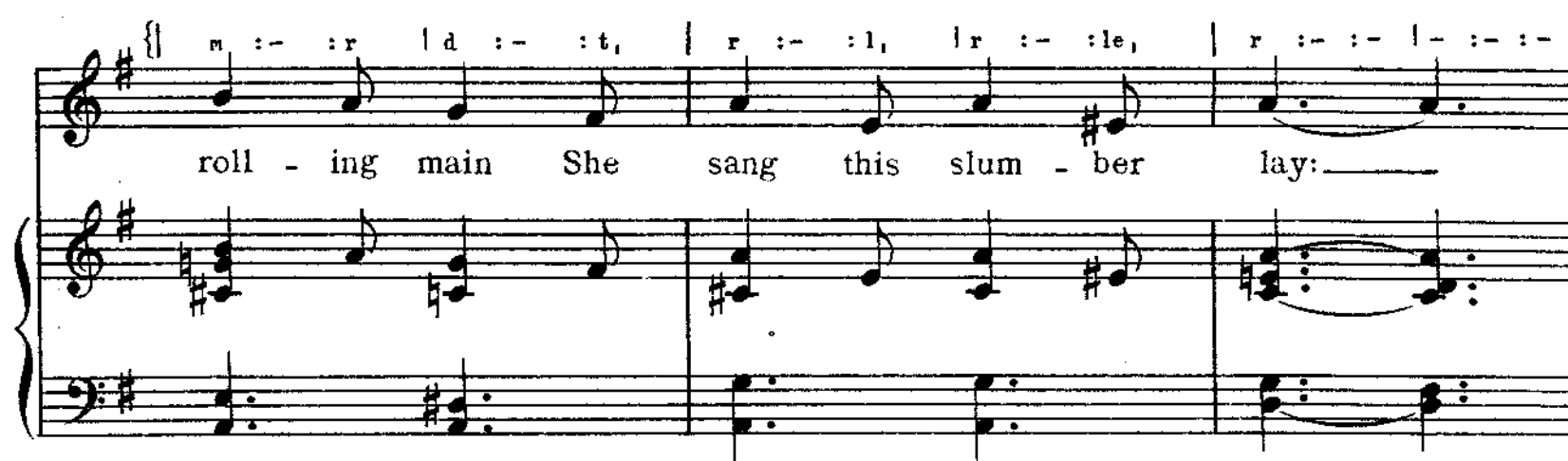
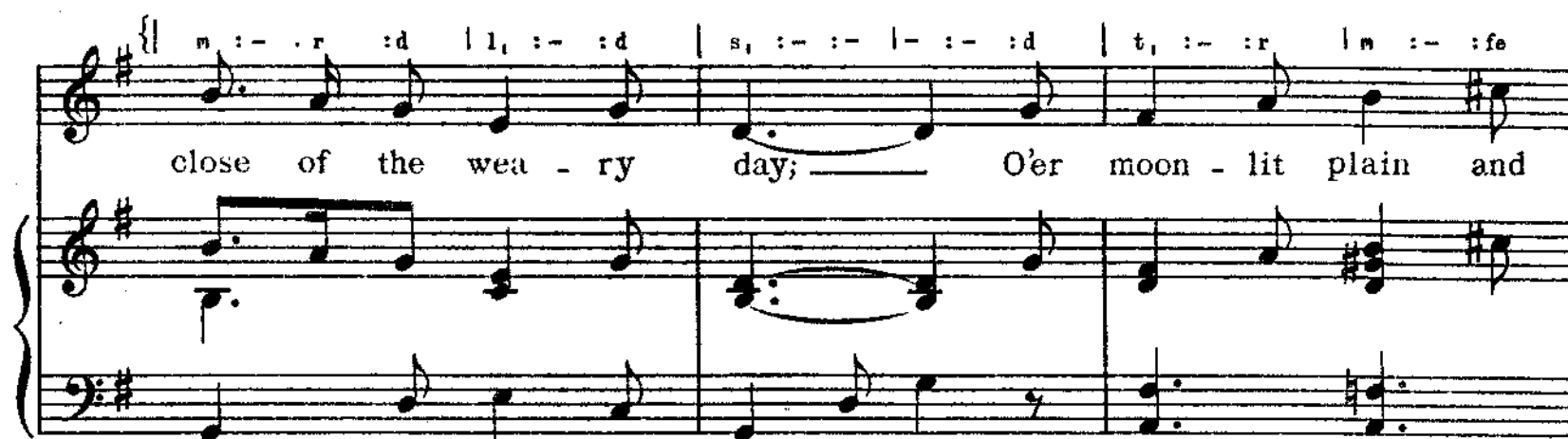
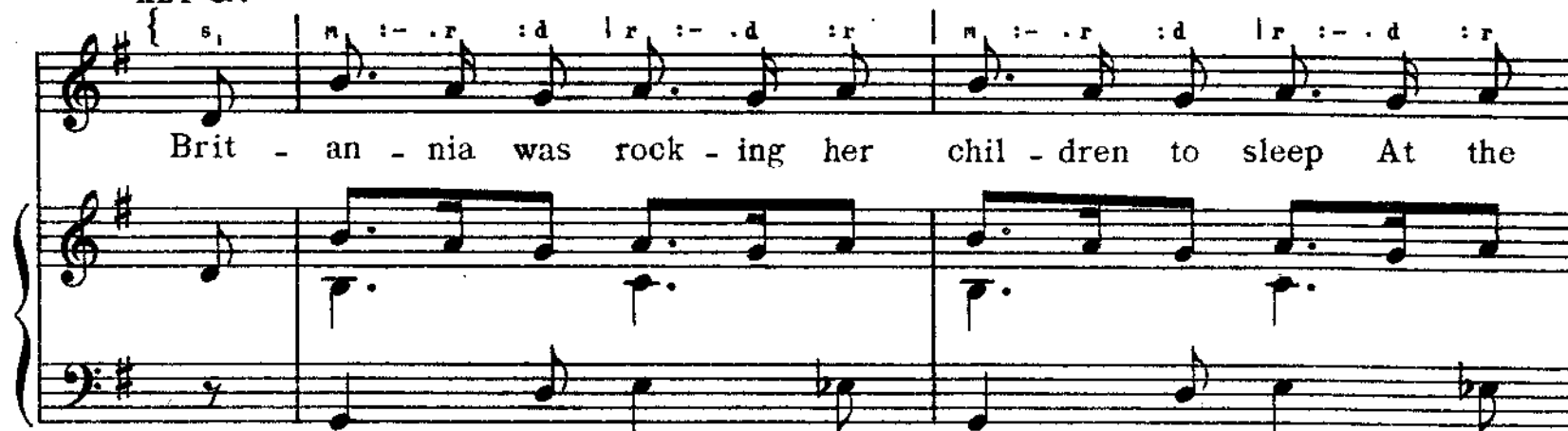
Moderato.

Daintily.

PIANO.



KEY G.



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F. & D. 13904.

Lul - la - by, Bel - gium, all thro' the dark night;

When you wake, Brit - ain will see you all right.

Aus - tri - an walt - zes will soon be no more, And

Ger - man bands sent to that far dis - tant shore. Lul - la - by, Bel - gium, and

when the wind blows, Down will come Tur - key on his par - son's nose.

rall.

BETWEEN VERSES. *LAST TIME.*

mf *Fine.*

D.C.

P. & D. 13904.

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Britannia's Lullaby.

INTRODUCTION.

Britannia was rocking her children to sleep
At the close of the weary day;
O'er moonlit plain and rolling main
She sang this slumber lay:

1.

Lullaby, Belgium, all through the dark night;
When you wake, Britain will see you're all right,
Austrian waltzes will soon be no more,
And German Bands sent to that far distant shore.
Lullaby, Belgium, and when the wind blows,
Down will come Turkey on his parson's nose.

2.

Lullaby, France; you're some nation, we know.
Prussia upset you a long time ago.
You've had a debt that you've oft wished to pay;
Very soon you'll see the settling day.
Lullaby, France; when you wake up again,
You'll find that you've got both Alsace and Lorraine.

3.

Lullaby, Russia, you're gallant heroes;
Though the wind's cold you don't care if it snows.
You capture cities whose names, I declare,
Sound like a cough, with a sneeze and a swear.
When you wake up, through each Lancashire town
You shall ride in a train with the blinds all pulled down.

4.

Lullaby, Little Crown Prince in your bed,
You've had some smacks on your big swollen head.
Dream of your toys, of your clocks and your train;
You know, the ones that you pinched in Louvain.
You're following in dear papa's footsteps, it's true;
We know where *he's* going, and— you'll go there too.

5.

Lullaby, Kaiser Bill; sleep like a Turk.
Dream of the waiters you've thrown out of work.
Gone are the delicatessen delights,
Thousands of saveloys now have no tights.
Dream of your pirate ships ploughing the main.
Sleep! and Potsdam you— don't wake up again!

F. & D. 13904.