

ENGLAND FOR THE ENGLISH

This Song must not be Sung by Music Hall Artists without the written permission of Mr. Herbert Campbell.



Written by
FRED^K BOWYER,

Composed by
JOHN S. BAKER,

SUNG WITH IMMENSE SUCCESS

BY

HERBERT CAMPBELL

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ENGLAND FOR THE ENGLISH.

Written by
FRED^k BOWYER.

Composed by
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MODERATO.

VOICE.

PIANO:

mf *ff*

The musical score is for a piece titled "England for the English" by Fred Bowyer and John S. Baker. It is in 2/4 time and the key of D major. The tempo is marked "MODERATO." The score is divided into two systems. The first system features a vocal line (VOICE) and a piano accompaniment (PIANO). The vocal line consists of four measures of whole rests. The piano accompaniment begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, starting on D4 and moving up to A4. The left hand plays a bass line of eighth notes, starting on D3 and moving up to A3. The dynamics are marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *ff* (fortissimo). The second system continues the piano accompaniment, with the right hand playing a more complex melody of eighth notes and the left hand playing a bass line of eighth notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the right hand.

serpent is the foreign pau-per we've with us to - day, In

ev'-ry step we take we find him blocking up the way; He's

worm'd his way in - to our midst so treacherous and sly, At

last John Bull can see the move and speeds the press-ing cry.

John Bull he saw a serpent once half frozen on the ground, He

pick'd it up in pi-ty and said he I'll bring it round, He

clasp'd it to his bo-som and he warm'd it day and night, It

soon re-viv'd, and paid the ob-li-gation with a bite. That

CHORUS. TEMPO DI MARCIA.

p 2nd time *f*

England for the Eng - lish, strike or we must fall,

England for the Eng - lish, and Heaven for us all;

Back with the in - va - - ders, make a no - ble stand, And

1^o chuck each foreign pauper to his native Fatherland. 2^o native Fatherland.

ff

John Bull he saw a serpent once half frozen on the ground,
 He picked it up in pity and said he "I'll bring it round,"
 He clasped it to his bosom and he warmed it day and night,
 It soon revived and paid the obligation with a bite;
 That serpent is the foreign pauper we've with us to-day,
 In every step we take we find him blocking up the way,
 He's wormed his way into our midst, so treacherous and sly,
 At last John Bull can see the move and speeds the pressing cry —

CHORUS.

England for the English, strike or we must fall,
 England for the English, and Heaven for us all;
 Back with the invaders, make a noble stand,
 And chuck each foreign pauper to his native Fatherland.

2

When honest competition reigned we held our own with pride,
 Till scheming undersellers came like wolves from every side,
 The scum of every nation know we're bound to see them fed,
 Whilst right and left our English poor are crying out for bread.
 A living testimony to the fact, up East you'll find,
 Where the "sweating system" prospers with its motto "souls to grind,"
 See our children with their faces pinched with hunger's bitter sting,
 It makes our English hearts bleed and our English voices sing —
 (*Chorus.*) England for the English, &c.

3

Our noblest blood, our English youth, we're losing day by day,
 To seek the bread denied them here in countries far away,
 Who fills their vacant places up? explain this please who can,
 For fifty foreign paupers can't make one sound Englishman.
 Go, seek the Thames Embankment, or Trafalgar Square at night,
 And see the wretched crushed ones in this bitter human fight,
 Dreaming of the happy times they'd homes to call their own,
 Before the curse of Free Trade to the Englishman was known.
 (*Chorus.*) England for the English, &c.

4

A lesson from our Yankee friends 'twould do us good to learn,
 It makes our patriotic blood with indignation burn,
 To think they wont let paupers land, and strange it may appear,
 They say politely "not to-day" and send them over here.
 This is no party question, 'tis no Whig or Tory dodge,
 For all who love their country 'tis these vermin to dislodge,
 To the land our fathers bled for, let us one and all be true,
 Not yield our heart's best blood to this usurping pauper crew.
 (*Chorus.*) England for the English, &c.

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(Parody on Tosti's Celebrated Song, "It came with the merry May, love.")

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