It's Easy To Play Marches.

Easy to read, simplified arrangements of some of the world's greatest marches, including 'Men Of Harlech,' 'Radetzky March,' 'Stars And Stripes' and many more.

Arranged By Cyril Watters.
It's Easy To Play Marches.

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Marching Through Georgia
H.C. Work

With spirit

1. Bring the good old bugle boys, we'll
2. How the darkies shout-ed when they

Am7  D  G

Sing it with a spirit that will
How the tur-keys gobbled which our

C  G  Em

start the world a-long,
com-mis-sa-ry found.

Sing it as we used to sing it,
And the sweet po-ta-toes ev-en

A7  D  G  G7  C  G

fif-ty thou-sand strong,
start-ed from the ground,

While we were march-ing thro'
Geor-gia,

While we were march-ing thro'
Geor-gia,

Hur-rah! hur-rah! we

C6  D7  G  Am7  G  \(G\)
3. Yes and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
   When they saw the honoured flag they hadn't seen for years;
   Hardly could they be restrained from breaking to cheers
   While we were marching thro' Georgia!
   Hurrah! etc.

4. 'Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast,'
   So the saucy rebels said and 'twas a handsome boast;
   Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the host,
   While we were marching thro' Georgia!
   Hurrah! etc.

5. So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
   Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
   Treason fled before us for resistance was in vain,
   While we were marching thro' Georgia.
   Hurrah! etc.
British Grenadiers
Traditional

Allegro

1. Some talk of Alexander, And some of Hercules; Of Hector and Lynder, And such great names as these. But of
   ball; Or knew the force of powder, To all the world’s brave heroes, There’s none that can compare, With a
   les; E’er saw a cannon... our brave boys do know it, And banish all their fears, Singing!

C G D7 G D7 G C Am G    1
G D  G C D G G

tow, row, row, row, row, row, To the British Grenadiers. 2. None...
Old Comrades
C. Teike

Moderato

\[ \text{F} \]

\[ \text{C} \]

\[ \text{C7} \]

\[ \text{F} \]

\[ \text{C7} \]

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Soldiers’ Chorus
(from ‘Faust’)
C. Gounod

Moderato

Glo-ry and love to the men of old,

Their sons may copy their virtues bold;
Cour-age in heart and a sword in hand,

Rea-dy to fight or rea-dy to die for Fa-ther-land!
Who needs bid-ding to dare.

by a trum-pet blown?
Who lacks pi-ty to spare when the field is won?

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Who would fly from a foe
if alone, or lost?
And boast he was true, as coward might do,
When peril is past?
Glory and love to the men of old!
Their sons may copy their virtues bold;
Courage in heart and a sword in hand,
Ready to fight for Father land.
Now to home again we come, the long and fiery strife of battle over;
Rest is pleasant after toil as
hard as ours be-neth a stran-ger sun. Many a mai-den fair is wait-ing
G7 C C7 F
here to greet her tru-ant sol-dier lov-er, And man-y a heart will fail, and
C7 F F7
brow grow pale to hear, to hear the tale of cru-el per-il he has run. And man-y a
Bb A Dm C7 F F7
heart, and man-y a heart will fail and brow grow pale to hear the tail of per-il he has
Bb G7 F Fdim C7
run. We are at home! we are at home, we are at home, we are at home!
F Bb6 F
D.S. al Fine 21
Men Of Harlech

Traditional

With vigour

1. Tongues of fire on
   Id-ris flar-ing,

2. Loud the mar-tial
   pipes are sound-ing,

D7

News of foes-men
Ev-'ry man-ly
near de-clar-ing,

To he-ro-ic
deads of dar-ing,

C A7 D A7 D G C

Call you, Har-lech
March we, Har-lech
men. men.

Groans of wound-ed
Short the steep the
peasants dy-ing,

G D7 G G C G D7 G

Wails of wives and
Ere the mor-row’s
chil-dren fly-ing,
morn is break-ing,

For the dis-tant
They shall have a
suc-cour cry-ing,

C Em A7 D A7 D G C G D7 G C

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Call you, Har-lech men.
Roused by Har-lech men.

Shall the voice of mothers, cease your wailing, weeping,

G D7 G

Now be un-a-vail-ing?
Calm may be your sleep-ing,

You to rouse, who never yet, in
You and yours in safety now, The

G

battles hour were fail-ing?
Har-lech men are keep-ing.

This our an-swer, Ere the sun is
crowds down pour-ing.

C G Am7 D7 G G7

Swift as win-ter
They you fear, by

tor-rents roar-ing;
pan-ic riv-en,

Not in vain the voice im-plor-ing
Shall, like fright-ened sheep, be dri-ven

C6 A7 D A7 D G C G D7 G C

Calls on Har-lech men.
Far by Har-lech men.
Blaze Away
A. Holzmann

Moderato

(no chord) G7 Bb7 F Bb7 G7

C G7

C G C

Cm G D7 G
Colonel Bogey
Kenneth J. Alford

Moderato

\[ \text{\textbf{C}} \quad \text{Cdim} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Gdim} \quad \text{G7} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{C}} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{G7}} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G6} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G7} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{C}} \quad \text{C\#dim} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \]

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Women Women
(from ‘The Merry Widow’)
Franz Léhar

Moderato

What to think, what to say, what to do?
What a red letter day if we knew.

Being male, we may fail, but we try,

Yes we try, try, try, try, try.
Clutching hope we must

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Ludwig Doblinger (Bernhard Herzmannky) for all other countries.
Marche, ‘Casse Noisette’ Suite

Tchaikovsky

Moderato

G Em Bm G Em G Em Bm G Em

Am D G Am7 B Em

Am D G Em Bm G Em G Em

Bm G Em Am D G Em