

Benny Havens, Oh!

15

For Male Voices

Lt. O'Brien and others

Adapted from the Tune of
"The Wearing of the Green"
arr. in parts by F. C. Mayer

Moderato

TENORS

mf

1. { Come fill your glass-es, fel-lows, and stand up in a
In the ar-my there's so - bri-e - ty, pro - mo-tion's ve - ry

2. { To our kind old Al - ma Ma-ter, our rock-bound High-land
Un - til on our last bat-tle-field the lights of Heav'n shall

3. { May the Ar-my be aug-ment-ed, pro - mo-tion be less
May we find a sol-dier's rest-ing place be - neath a sol-dier's

mf Melody in 1st Bass

BASSES

{ row, To sing-ing sen-ti-men-tal-ly we're go-ing for to go;
slow, So we'll sing our rem-i-nis-cenc-es of Ben-ny Ha-vens, Oh!
home, We'll cast back ma-ny'a fond re-gret as o'er life's sea we roam;
glow, We'll nev-er fail to drink to her and Ben-ny Ha-vens, Oh!
slow, May our coun-try in the hour of need be rea-dy for the foe;
blow, With room e-nough be-side our graves for Ben-ny Ha-vens, Oh!

CHORUS

Oh! — Ben - ny Ha - vens, Oh! — Oh Ben - ny Ha - vens,

Oh! We'll sing our rem-i-nis-cenc-es of Ben-ny Ha-vens, Oh!

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Additional verses may be found on the following page.
W. P. S.

2

Let us toast our foster father, the Republic, as you know,
Who in the paths of science taught us upward for to go;
And the maidens of our native land, whose cheeks like roses glow,
They're oft remembered in our cups at Benny Havens, Oh!

3

To the ladies of our Army our cups shall ever flow,
Companions in our exile and our shield 'gainst every woe;
May they see their husbands generals, with double pay also,
And join us in our choruses at Benny Havens, Oh!

4

Come fill up to our Generals, God bless the brave heroes,
They're an honor to their country, and a terror to their foes;
May they long rest on their laurels, and troubles never know,
But live to see a thousand years at Benny Havens, Oh!

5

To our kind old Alma Mater, our rock-bound Highland home,
We'll cast back many a fond regret as o'er life's sea we roam;
Until on our last battle-field the lights of heaven shall glow,
We'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, Oh!

6

May the Army be augmented, promotion be less slow,
May our country in the hour of need be ready for the foe;
May we find a soldier's resting-place beneath a soldier's blow,
With room enough beside our graves for Benny Havens, Oh!

7

And if amid the battle shock our honor e'er should trail,
And hearts that beat beneath its folds should turn or basely quail;
Then may some son of Benny's, with quick avenging blow,
Lift up the flag we loved so well at Benny Havens, Oh!

8

To our comrades who have fallen, one cup before we go,
They poured their life-blood freely out *pro bono publico*
No marble points the stranger to where they rest below;
They lie neglected far away from Benny Havens, Oh!

9

When you and I and Benny, and all the others, too,
Are called before the "final board" our course in life to view,
May we never "fess" on any point, but straight be told to go,
And join the army of the blest at Benny Havens, Oh!