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HIGHLANDERS! FIX BAYONETS!

Poem by
WILLIAM J. PITTS

Music by
GEOFFREY O'HARA

Piano

f Bugle call

Voice

Mark the quiv - er a -
A brok - en cause and a

long the line; ——— See the fire - tipped wea - pons shine; —
wast - ed land; ——— An Em - pire sunk like a house of sand; —

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There's a might-y din, — but a - bove it all, — The com -
 But the pi-broch screams — like an ang - ry thing, — And the

mand rings out, a clar - ion call:
 ris - ing war notes seem to sing:

Bugle call

High-land-ers — Fix bay-o - nets!
 High-land-ers — Fix bay-o - nets!

ad lib: Spoken as word of command

Rat-tle of blade on ri-fle steel

Piccolo

Flash-ing of fire as the muz-zles feel The

grip of that fierce un-bro-ken clasp,

Ter-ror of death in that grind-ing rasp.

p Look to the hills, the conquering foe, *mp* Are crouch-ing a - gain for an -

p *mp*

f cresc. oth - er blow, But see the rush of a hun - dred clans:

f cresc.

cresc. *e* *rall.* Charge as you did at Pres-ton - pans. *ff* High-land - ers - Fix

cresc. *ff*

¹ bay-o - nets! ² bay-o - nets.