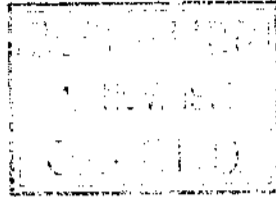


# MY HYMN OF HATE.

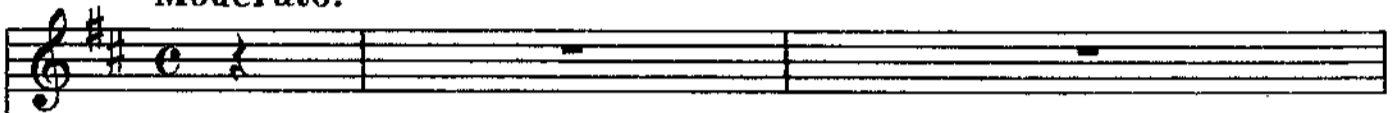
Written by  
CLIFFORD GREY.



Composed by  
T. C. STERNDALE BENNETT.

Moderato.

VOICE.



PIANO.



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KEY F. (D Minor.)

|| : | : m | d ., t, : d ., r | d ., t, : le, ., t, |

1. For years and years we've sung of love, a  
 2. I'll strafe the wives who make their husbands  
 3. I'll strafe the Fai - ry Queen who's get - ting

*TILL READY.*

R.H. *mf*

|| t, ., l, : se, ., l, | f : r . f | f ., m : re ., m | f ., m : re ., m |

sick - ly sort of craze, A sub - ject that is sad - ly out of  
 fas - ten up their dress, The pal who goes and leaves you in the  
 some - what o - ver - ripe, And the man who gives Lord Kit - chen - er ad -

|| l, : - | - : l, | d ., t, : d ., r | d ., t, : le, ., t, |

date; For love is hard - ly fit - ting for a  
 lurch; I'll strafe the man who splash - es when he  
 vice; I'll strafe the man who al - ways smokes cheap

|| t, ., l, : se, ., l, | f : f ., f | f ., m : re ., m | s ., m : s ., m |

bal - lad now - a - days, So I mean to write a lit - tle Hymn of  
says the let - ter "S", And the man who takes a hack - ing cough to  
oil - cloth in his pipe, And the man too proud to fight, I'll strafe him

|| a :- l - : d | t, : t, | t, : t, | t, ., le, : t, ., d | t, : - . t, |

Hate; For tho' I'm not a spite - ful sort of chap, There  
church; I'll strafe the ser - vant - girl who nev - er raps When she  
twice. I'll al - so strafe the searchlights in the park That

**REFRAIN.**  
D. t. m. l.

|| m : m | m : m | m ., re : m ., f | m : "l ., t ||

are some things I'd real - ly like to scrap. In my  
comes to clean the bath - room taps. In my  
show up coup - les court - ing in the dark. In my

|| d' :- lt :- | m :- | - :re .,m | t .,l :se .,l | t :l |

Hymn of Hate, in my cheer-y lit-tle Hymn of  
 Hymn of Hate, in my cheer-y lit-tle Hymn of  
 Hymn of Hate, in my cheer-y lit-tle Hymn of

|| f :- | - :m | de :r | a :m | r :d | l :- .l |

Hate, I'd like to strafe the man, I think, Who  
 Hate, I'll strafe the man who will in-sist His  
 Hate, I'll strafe Re-vue girls, quite a swarm, Who

|| se :l | r' :t | l :la | s :l .,t | r' :- .d' | t :l |

stopp'd us stand-ing pals a drink, And the wife who won't be -  
 con-science won't let him en-list, And the folks who trace the  
 will dis-play too much good form, And I'll strafe those eve-ning

lieve Her hub - by when he comes home late, And the  
 spies And in - tern them just a year too late, And the  
 gowns That start a - bout a month too late, And the

girl who war - bles "Tos - ti", And the wives whose toes are frost - y, When I  
 coun - tries who will "dish" us With a neu - tral trade sus - pi - cious, When I  
 dain - ty lit - tle charm - ers Who ap - pear in their - per - form - ance, When I

write my Hymn of Hate.  
 write my Hymn of Hate.  
 write my Hymn of Hate.

*FINE.*

*D.C.*

F. & D. 14273.

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