

SONGS OF THE GREAT WAR

Kiss Me Goodnight Sergeant Major

Kiss Me Goodnight, Sergeant Major
Tuck me in my little wooden bed.
We all love you Sergeant major
When we hear you bawling, "Shoe a leg".

Din't forget to wake me in the morning
And bring me round a nice hot cup of tea
Kiss Me Goodnight Sergeant Major
Sergeant Major be a mother to me.

It's a Long Way to Tipperary

It's a Long Way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a Long Way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know.
Goodbye Piccadilly,
Goodbye Leicester Square
It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary,
But my Hearts right there!

Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag

Pack Up Your Troubles in your Old Kit Bag,
And smile, smile, smile.
While you've got a Lucifer to light your fag,
Smile boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worthwhile, so!
Pack Up Your Troubles in your Old Kit Bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

Poem – The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by the suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In heart at peace, under an English heaven.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley vous!
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley vous!
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
She hasn't been kissed in forty years,
Hinky, dinky, parley vous!

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley vous!
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley vous!
Who's the girl that lost her sheep,
Thro' singing this chorus in her sleep
Mademoiselle from Armentieres.

Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty

Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty,
Put me on a train to London Town.
Take me over there, drop me anywhere.
Liverpool, Leeds or Birmingham well I don't care!
I should love to see my best girl.
Cuddling up again we soon should be;
Whoa! Tiddley iddley ighty,
Hurry me home to blighty;
Blighty is the place for me.

The Soldiers of The Queen

It's the Soldiers of The Queen my lads
Who've been my lads, who've seen my lads
In the fight for England's Glory lads
Of it's world wide glory let us sing.

And when we say we've always won
And when they ask us how it's done
We'll proudly point to ev'ry one
Of England's Soldiers of the Queen