

Can Blimey, Guv'ner! It's



CARRADINE'S COCKNEY SING-A-LONG

A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED KNEES-UP!



— *performing timeless songs from* —

THE MUSIC-HALL ERA

WORLD WAR I & II • THE WEST END STAGE
and traditional popular songs from across the decades

THESE ARE THE TIMES WE SHALL *dream about* AND WE'LL CALL THEM

The Good Old Days
RALPH READER
WWW.CARRADINESCOCKNEYSINGALONG.CO.UK



Feel free to share photos or videos of tonight's
sing-a-long on social media using the hashtag

#cockneysingalong

You can follow Carradine's Cockney Sing-a-long
on the following social media channels:

Facebook: /cockneysingalong

Twitter: @tomcarradine

Instagram: @tomcarradine

OPENING MEDLEY

Anytime you're Lambeth way,
Any evening, any day,
You'll find us all doin' the
Lambeth Walk.

Ev'ry little Lambeth gal
With her little Lambeth pal,
You'll find 'em all doin' the
Lambeth Walk.

Ev'rything free and easy,
Do as you darn well pleasey,
Why don't you make your way there,
Go there, stay there.
Once you get down Lambeth way,
Ev'ry evening, ev'ry day,
You'll find us all doin' the
Lambeth Walk.

- o -

Come, come, come and make eyes at
me
Down at the old Bull and Bush.
(Dah dah dah dah dah)
Come, come, drink some port wine
with me
Down at the old Bull and Bush.
Hear the little German band
(Dah de dah de dah dah dah)
Just let me hold your hand, dear.
Do, do, come and have a drink or
two
Down at the old Bull and Bush.
(Bush bush!)

- o -

I'm forever blowing bubbles,
Pretty bubbles in the air.
They fly so high, nearly reach
the sky,
Then like my dreams they fade
and die.

Fortune's always hiding,
I've looked ev'rywhere,
I'm forever blowing bubbles,
Pretty bubbles in the air.

- o -

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer
do!
I'm half crazy, all for the love of
you!
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet upon the
seat
Of a bicycle made for two!

- o -

Let's all go down the Strand
(ave a banana)
Let's all go down the Strand.
I'll be leader, you can march
behind,
Come with me and see what we can
find.
Let's all go down the Strand
(ave a banana)
Oh, what a happy band.
That's the place for fun and noise
All among the girls and boys,
So let's all go down the Strand.

- o -

Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner
That I love London so,
Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner
That I think of her wherever I go.
I get a funny feeling inside of me
Just walking up and down,
Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner
That I love London Town.



FLANAGAN AND ALLEN MEDLEY

Toodle-luma-luma, toodle-luma-
luma, toodle-eye-ay
Any umbrellas, any umbrellas to
fix today?
Bring your parasol, it may be
small, it may be big;
He repairs it all with what you
call a "thing-um-a-jig."

Pitter patter patter, pitter patter
patter,
It looks like rain.
Let it pitter patter, let it pitter
patter,
Don't mind the rain.
He'll mend your umbrella then go
on his way,
Singin' "Toodle-luma-luma-
toodle-ay,
Toodle-luma-luma-toodle-ay,
Any umbrellas to fix today?"

- o -

Shine on, shine on harvest moon
up in the sky,
I ain't had no lovin' since
January, February, June or
July.
Snow time ain't no time to stay
outdoors and spoon,
So shine on, shine on harvest
moon, for me and my gal.

- o -

Underneath the arches
We dream our dreams away.
Underneath the arches
On cobblestone we lay.
Ev'ry night you'll find us
Tired out and worn.

Happy when the daylight comes
creeping
Heralding the dawn.

Sleeping when it's raining
And sleeping when it's fine.
I hear the trains rattling by
above.
Pavement is our pillow no matter
where we stray.
Underneath the arches we dream
our dreams away.

- o -

Strollin', just strollin',
In the cool of the evening air,
I don't envy the rich in their
automobiles,
For a motor car is phoney,
I'd rather have shanks's pony
When I'm strollin', just strollin',
With the light of the moon above,
Ev'ry night I go out strollin',
And I know my luck is rollin',
When I'm strollin', with the one ...
I ... love!

I'm Henery the Eighth, I am!
Henery the Eighth I am! I am!
I got married to the widow next
door,
She's been married seven times
before.
Ev'ry one was an Henery,
She wouldn't have a Willie or a
Sam.
I'm her Eighth old man named
Henery,
I'm Henery the Eighth, I am!

OLD TIME LOVE MEDLEY

I've been worried all day long,
Don't know if I'm right or wrong,
I can't help just what I say
Your love makes me speak this
way,
Why, oh, why should I feel blue?
Once I used to laugh at you,
But now I'm crying, no use denying,
There's no one else but you will
do.

You made me love you
I didn't wanna do it,
I didn't wanna do it,
You made me want you,
And all the time I knew,
I guess I always knew it,
You made me happy sometimes
You made me glad.
But there were times dear,
You made me feel so bad.

You made me sigh for,
I didn't wanna tell you,
I didn't wanna tell you.
I want some love that's true,
Yes I do, 'deed I do, you know I do.
Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme, what I
cry for,
You know you got the brand of
kisses that I'd die for,
You know you made me love you.

- o -

She's my lady love, she is my dove,
my baby love,
She's no gal for sittin' down to
dream,
She's the only queen Laguna
knows;
I know she likes me,
I know she likes me

Because she says so;
She is my Lily of Laguna,
She is my Lily and my Rose.

- o -

Oh! You beautiful doll,
You great big beautiful doll.
Let me put my arms about you
I could never live without you,
Oh! You beautiful doll,
You great big beautiful doll.
If you ever leave me how my heart
will ache,
I want to hug you, but I fear you'd
break.
Oh, oh, oh, oh,
Oh, you beautiful doll.

- o -

Sometimes when I feel bad and
things look blue
I wish I had a girl, say one like
you.
Someone within my heart to build
her throne
Someone who'd never part, to call
my own.

If you were the only girl in the
world and I were the only boy,
Nothing else would matter in the
world today,
We could go on loving in the same
old way.

A Garden of Eden just made for two
with nothing to mar our joy.
I would say such wonderful
things to you,
There would be such wonderful
things to do,
If you were the only girl in the
world and I were the only boy.



MY OLD MAN'S A DUSTMAN

Now here's a little story
To tell it is a must
About an unsung hero
That moves away your dust
Some people make a fortune
Others earn a mint
My old man don't earn much
In fact he's flippin' skint

Oh, my old man's a dustman
He wears a dustman's hat
He wears cor-blimey trousers
And he lives in a council flat
He looks a proper nana
In his great big hobnail boots
He's got such a job to pull them up
That he calls 'em daisy roots

Some folks give tips at Christmas
And some of them forget
So when he picks their bins up
He spills some on the step
Now one old man got nasty
And to the council wrote
Next time my old man went 'round
there
He punched him up the throat

Oh, my old man's a dustman
He wears a dustman's hat
He wears cor-blimey trousers
And he lives in a council flat

Though my old man's a dustman
He's got an 'eart of gold
He got married recently
Though he's eighty-six years old
We said "Ere, hang on, Dad
You're getting past your prime"
He said "Well, when you get to my
age
It helps to pass the time."

Oh, my old man's a dustman
He wears a dustman's hat
He wears cor-blimey trousers
And he lives in a council flat

Now one day whilst in a hurry
He missed a lady's bin
He hadn't gone but a few yards
When she chased after him
"What game do you think you're
playing?"
She cried right from the 'eart
"You've missed me, am I too late?"
"No, jump up on the cart!"

Oh, my old man's a dustman
He wears a dustman's hat
He wears cor-blimey trousers
And he lives in a council flat

He found a tiger's head one day
Nailed to a piece of wood
The tiger looked like miserable
But I suppose he should
Just then from out a window
A voice began to wail
It said "Oi! Where's me tiger's
head?"
"Four foot from his tail."

Oh, my old man's a dustman
He wears a dustman's hat
He wears cor-blimey trousers
And he lives in a council flat

Next time you see a dustman
Looking all pale and sad
Don't kick him in the dustbin
It might be my old dad!



WARTIME MEDLEY

I'm gonna get lit up when the
lights go up in London,
I'm gonna get lit up as I've never
been before.

You will find me on the tiles
You will find me wreathed in
smiles.

I'm gonna get so lit up I'll be
visible for miles.

The city will sit up when the
lights go up in London.

We'll all be lit up as the Strand
was only more, much more.

And before the plot is played out
They will fetch the Fire Brigade
out

To the lit-test up-est scene you
ever saw.

- o -

Bless 'em all! Bless 'em all!

The long and the short and the
tall;

Bless all the sergeants and
double-u-o-ones,

Bless all those Corporals and
their blinkin' sons,

Cos' we're saying goodbye to 'em
all.

And back to their billets they
crawl,

You'll get no promotion this side
of the ocean,

So cheer up, my lads bless 'em all.

Nobody knows what a twerp you've
been,

So cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all!

- o -

Kiss me goodnight, Sergeant Major,
Tuck me in my little wooden bed.

We all love you, Sergeant Major,
When we hear you bawling, "Show a
leg!"

Don'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.

- o -

We're going to hang out the
washing on the Siegfried Line,
Have you any dirty washing,
mother dear.

We're going to hang out the
washing on the Siegfried Line,

'Cos the washing day is here.

Whether the weather may be wet or
fine

We'll just rub along without a
care.

We're going to hang out the
washing on the Siegfried Line,

If the Siegfried Line's still there.

- o -

Run, rabbit, run, rabbit,
run, run, run. (x2)

Bang, bang, bang, bang,
goes the farmer's gun,

Run, rabbit, run, rabbit,
run, run, run.

Run, rabbit, run, rabbit,
run, run, run,

Don't give the farmer his
fun, fun, fun.

He'll get by without his rabbit
pie.

So, run, rabbit, run, rabbit,
run, run, run.

- o -

Sing as we go and let the world
go by.
Singing a song, we march along
the highway.
Say goodbye to sorrow,
There's always tomorrow to think
of today.
Sing as we go, although the skies
are grey.
Beggars or kings, you've got to sing
a gay tune.
A song and a smile make it right
worthwhile
So sing ... as we go along

- o -

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over
there
That the Yanks are coming,
The Yanks are coming
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word to
beware -
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's
over, over there.

- o -

Pardon me, boy, is that the
Chattanooga choo choo?
Track twenty-nine, boy, you can
gimme a shine
I can afford to board a
Chattanooga choo choo
I've got my fare and just a trifle
to spare

You leave the Pennsylvania
Station 'bout a quarter to four,
Read a magazine and then you're
in Baltimore,
Dinner in the diner
Nothing could be finer
Than to have your ham n' eggs in
Carolina.
When you hear the whistle blowin'
eight to the bar
Then you know that Tennessee is
not very far,
Shovel all the coal in,
Gotta keep it rollin'
Woo, woo, Chattanooga there you
are

- o -

Don't sit under the apple tree
with anyone else but me,
Anyone else but me, anyone else
but me, NO NO NO!
Don't sit under the apple tree
with anyone else but me
Till I come marching home.

Don't go walking down lovers' lane
with anyone else but me,
Anyone else but me, anyone else
but me, NO NO NO!
Don't go walking down lovers' lane
with anyone else but me
Till I come marching home.

I just got word from a guy who
heard from the guy next door
to me,
That a girl he met just loves to
pet,
And it fits you to a "T".
So don't sit under the apple tree
with anyone else but me
Till I come marching home.

- o -

London Pride has been handed
down to us.
London Pride is a flower that's
free.
London Pride means our own dear
town to us.
And our pride it forever will be.
Woa Liza, see the coster barrows,
Vegetable marrows and the fruit
piled high.
Woa Liza, little London sparrows,
Covent Garden Market where the
costers cry.
Cockney feet mark the beat of
history.
Ev'ry street pins a memory down.
Nothing ever can quite replace
The grace of London Town.

- o -

Praise the Lord and pass the
ammunition (x3)
And we'll all stay free!
Praise the Lord and swing into
position,
Can't afford to be a politician,
Praise the Lord, we're all between
perdition
And the deep blue sea!

Yes, the sky pilot said it; You've
gotta give him credit
For a son-of-a-gun of a gunner
was he.
Shouting Praise the Lord, we're on
a mighty mission!
All aboard, we're not a-goin'
fishin'
Praise the Lord and pass the
ammunition
And we'll all stay free

- o -

Mairzy doats and dozy doats
And liddle lamzy divey
A kiddley divey too,
Wouldn't you? (x2)

If the words sound queer and
funny to your ear,
A little bit jumbled and jivey,
Sing "Mares eat oats and does eat
oats
And little lambs eat ivy. "

Oh, mairzy doats and dozy doats
And liddle lamzy divey
A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?
A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?

- o -

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,
Farewell, Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there!

- o -

Pack up your troubles in your old
kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.
While you've 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.

- o -

Wish me luck, as you wave me
goodbye
Cheerio, here I go on my way.
Wish me luck, as you wave me
goodbye
With a cheer, not a tear, make it
gay.
Give me a smile, I can keep all the
while,
In my heart while I'm away.
Till we meet once again you and I,
Wish me luck, as you wave me
goodbye.

- o -

There'll always be an England
While there's a country lane.
Wherever there's a cottage small
beside a field of grain.
There'll always be an England
While there's a busy street;
Wherever there's a turning wheel,
a million marching feet.

Red, white and blue,
What does it mean to you?
Surely you're proud,
Shout it aloud, Britons awake,
The Empire too, we can depend on
you,
Freedom remains, these are the
chains, nothing can break,
There'll always be an England
And England shall be free,
If England means as much to you
As England means to me.

- o -

There'll be bluebirds over the
white cliffs of Dover,
Tomorrow, just you wait and see.

There'll be love and laughter,
and peace ever after,
Tomorrow, when the world is free.
The shepherd will tend his sheep,
The valley will bloom again,
And Jimmy will go to sleep in his
own little room again.
There'll be bluebirds over the
white cliffs of Dover,
Tomorrow, just you wait and see.

- o -

Land of hope and glory, mother of
the free,
How shall we extol thee, who are
born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy
bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make
thee mightier yet,
God, who made thee might, make
thee mightier yet.

- o -

We'll meet again don't know where,
don't know when,
But I know we'll meet again some
sunny day.
Keep smilin' through just like you
always do,
Till the blue skies drive the dark
clouds far away.
So will you please say hello to
the folks that I know,
Tell them I won't be long.
They'll be happy to know that as
you saw me go
I was singing this song.
We'll meet again don't know where,
don't know when,
But I know we'll meet again some
sunny day.

You are my sunshine,
My only sunshine,
You make me happy,
When skies are grey.
You'll never know dear,
How much I love you,
Please don't take my sunshine
away.

The other night dear
As I lay dreaming,
I dreamt that you were by my side.
Came disillusion when I awoke
dear,
You were gone and then I cried.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

You told me once dear there'd be
no other,
And no one else could come
between,
But now you've left me to love
another,
You have broken all my dreams.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

- o -

When you're smilin',
When you're smilin'
The whole world smiles with you.
When you're laughin',
When you're laughin'
The sun comes shinin' through.
But when you're cryin', you bring
on the rain
So stop your sighin', be happy
again.
Keep on smilin', 'cause when you're
smilin'
The whole world smiles with you

Bring me sunshine in your smile,
Bring me laughter all the while,
In this world where we live there
should be more happiness,
So much joy you can give to each
brand new bright tomorrow,

Make me happy through the years.
Never bring me any tears,
Let your arms be as warm as the
sun from up above,
Bring me fun, bring me sunshine,
bring me love!

Bring me sunshine in your eyes,
Bring me rainbows from the skies.
Life's too short to be spent
having anything but fun.
We can be so content, if we gather
little sunbeams.

Be light-hearted all day long.
Keep me singing happy songs.
Let your arms be as warm as the
sun from up above,
Bring me fun, bring me sunshine,
bring me love, sweet love.
Bring me fun, bring me sunshine,
bring me love!
Bring me fun, bring me sunshine,
bring me love!



Two lovely black eyes,
Oh, what a surprise
Only for telling a man he was
wrong:
Two lovely black eyes.



BEATLES MEDLEY

What would you do if I sang out
of tune,
Would you stand up and walk out
on me?
Lend me your ears and I'll sing
you a song
And I'll try not to sing out of
key.

Oh, I get by with a little help
from my friends,
Mm, I get high with a little help
from my friends.
Mm, I'm gonna try with a little
help from my friends.

Do you need anybody?
I need somebody to love.
Could it be anybody?
I need somebody to love.

- o -

It's been a hard day's night
And I've been working like a dog.
It's been a hard day's night,
I should be sleeping like a log.
But when I get home to you
I find the things that you do
Will make me feel alright.

- o -

Oh yeah, I'll tell you something
I think you'll understand,
Then I'll say that something
I wanna hold your hand.
I wanna hold your hand,
I wanna hold your hand.

- o -

Desmond had a barrow in the
market place,
Molly is the singer in a band.
Desmond says to Molly, girl I like
your face
And Molly says this as she takes
him by the hand.

Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on bra.
La la how the life goes on. (x2)

- o -

Well, shake it up, baby, now
(Shake it up, baby)
Twist and shout
(Twist and shout)
C'mon c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, baby, now
(Come on baby)
Come on and work it on out
(Work it on out)

Well, work it on out,
(Work it on out)
You know you look so good
(Look so good)
You know you got me goin', now
(Got me goin')
Just like I knew you would
(Like I knew you would)

Ahh ... ahh ... ahh ... ahh ...

- o -

Help! I need somebody.
Help! Not just anybody.
Help! You know I need someone.
Help!

When I was younger, so much
younger than today,
I never needed anybody's help in
any way.

But now these days are gone I'm
not so self assured,
Now I find I've changes my mind
I've opened up the doors.

Help me if you can, I'm feeling
down,
And I do appreciate you being
round.
Help me get my feet back on the
ground.
Won't you please, please help me.

- o -

When I find myself in times of
trouble
Mother Mary comes to me,
Speaking words of wisdom,
Let it be.
And in my hour of darkness
She is standing right in front of
me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it
be.

Let it be, let it be,
Let it be, let it be,
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be.

- o -

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed
so far way,
Now it looks as though they're
here to stay.
Oh, I believe in yesterday.
Suddenly I'm not have the man I
used to be,
There's a shadow hanging over me.
Oh yesterday came suddenly.

Why she had to go I don't know,
she wouldn't say.
I said something wrong, now I long
for yesterday.
Yesterday, love was such an easy
game to play,
Now I need a place to hide away.
Oh I believe in yesterday.

- o -

Hey Jude, don't make it bad,
Take a sad song and make it
better.
Remember to let her into your
heart,
Then you can start to make it
better.

Hey Jude, don't be afraid,
You were made to go out and get
her.
The minute you let her under your
skin,
Then you begin to make it better.

Da da da da da da da
Da da da da ... Hey Jude! (x2)



Wheezy Anna, Wheezy Anna,
Down where the watermelons grow
Wheezy Anna, Wheezy Anna,
She's the grandest girl I know.



MY OLD MAN (SAID FOLLOW THE VAN)

We had to move away,
'Cos the rent we couldn't pay
The moving van came round just
after dark
There was me and my old man
Shoving things inside the van
Which we'd often done before let
me remark
We packed all that could be
packed
In the van, and that's a fact
And we got inside all we could get
inside
Then we packed all we could pack
On the tail board at the back
Till there wasn't any room for me
to ride.

My old man said follow the van
And don't dilly-dally on the way
Off went the cart with the home
packed in it
I walked behind with me old cock
linnet
But I dillied and I dallied
And I dallied and I dillied
Lost the van and don't know where
to roam

I stopped on the way to have the
odd half quartern
And I can't find my way home.

I gave a helping hand
With the marble wash-hand stand
And straight we wasn't getting on
so bad
All at once the carman bloke
Had an accident and broke
Well, the nicest piece of china
that we had
You'll understand of course

I was cross about the loss
Same as any other human woman
would
But I soon got over that, what
with 'two-out' and a chat
'Cos its little things like that
what does you good.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

Now who's going to put up the old
iron bedstead?
If I ain't find my way home.

Oh I'm in such a mess
I don't know the new address
Don't even know the blessed
neighborhood
And I feel as if I might
Have to stay out all the night
And it ain't a going to do me any
good
I don't make no complaints
But I'm coming over faint
What I want now is a good
substantial feed
And I sort o' kind o' feel
If I don't soon have a meal
I shall have to rob the linnet of
its seed.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

You can't trust the specials like
the old time coppers
When you can't find your way home.
(Who's going my way!)
Can't find your way home!

[REPEAT CHORUS]



FOOTBALL ANTHEMS MEDLEY

I'm forever blowing bubbles,
Pretty bubbles in the air.
They fly so high, nearly reach
the sky,
Then like my dreams they fade
and die.
Fortune's always hiding,
I've looked ev'rywhere,
I'm forever blowing bubbles,
Pretty bubbles in the air.

- o -

I see trees of green, red roses too.
I see them bloom, for me and you.
And I think to myself,
What a wonderful world.

I see skies of blue, and clouds of
white.
The bright blessed day, the dark
sacred night.
And I think to myself,
What a wonderful world.

The colors of the rainbow, so
pretty in the sky.
Are also on the faces of people
going by,
I see friends shaking hands.
saying, "How do you do?"
They're really saying, "I love
you".

I hear babies cry, I watch them
grow,
They'll learn much more, than I'll
ever know.
And I think to myself,
What a wonderful world.

- o -

Oh when the Saints go marching in
Oh when the Saints go marching in
O Lord, I want to be in that
number

When the Saints go marching in

Oh when the band begins to play
Oh when the band begins to play
O Lord, I want to be in that
number

When the band begins to play

- o -

When I was just a little girl
I asked my mother, "What will I be?
Will I be pretty, will I be rich?"
Here's what she said to me:

"Que Sera, Sera,
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see
Que Sera, Sera
What will be, will be"

- o -

I saw the light on the night that
I passed by her window
I saw the flickering shadows of
love on her blind
She was my woman
As she deceived me I watched and
went out of my mind

My my my Delilah
Why why why Delilah
So before they come to break down
the door
Forgive me Delilah I just couldn't
take any more

- o -

Blue moon - You saw me standing
alone
Without a dream in my heart
Without a love of my own

Blue moon - You knew just what I
was there for
You heard me saying a prayer for
Someone I really could care for

And then there suddenly appeared
before me
The only one my arms will hold
I heard somebody whisper please
adore me
And when I looked to the moon it
turned to gold

Blue moon - Now I'm no longer
alone
Without a dream in my heart
Without a love of my own

- o -

You're everywhere and nowhere
baby,
That's where you're at
Going down a bumpy hillside, in
your hippy hat
Flying across the country, and
getting fat
Saying everything is groovy, when
your tires are flat

And it's high ho silver lining,
Anywhere you go now baby
I see your sun is shining
But I won't make a fuss, though
it's obvious

- o -

When the red red robin comes bob
bob bobbin' along along
There'll be no more sobbin' when
he starts throbbin' his old
sweet song

Wake up, wake up you sleepy head
Get up, get up get out of bed
Cheer up, cheer up the sun is red
Live, love, laugh and be happy

What if I've been blue now I'm
walkin' through fields of
flowers
Rain may glisten but I still
listen for hours and hours
Well, I'm just a kid again doing
what I did again singin' a song
When the red red robin comes bob
bob bobbin' along along

- o -

When you walk through a storm
hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark.
At the end of the storm is a
golden sky
And the sweet silver song of a
lark.
Walk on through the wind,
Walk on through the rain,
Tho' your dreams be tossed and
blown.
Walk on, walk on with hope in
your heart
And you'll never walk alone,
You'll never walk alone.



COCKNEY MUSICALS MEDLEY

Consider yourself at home,
Consider yourself one of the
family

We've taken to you so strong.
It's clear we're going to get along.
Consider yourself well in,
Consider yourself part of the
furniture
There isn't a lot to spare;
Who cares? What ever we've got we
share!

If it should chance to be we
should see some harder days,
Empty larder days, why grouse?
Always chance we'll meet somebody
to foot the bill,
Then the drinks are on the house!
Consider yourself our mate,
We don't want to have no fuss.
For after some consideration we
can state:
Consider yourself one of us.

- o -

All I want is a room somewhere,
Far away from the cold night air,
With one enormous chair;
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?
Lots of choc'late for me to eat;
Lots of coal makin' lot of heat;
Warm face, warm hands, warm feet,
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Oh, so lovely sittin' abso-
bloomin'lutely still!
I would never budge 'til spring
crept over the window sill.
Someone's head restin' on my knee,
Warm and tender as he can be;
Who takes good care of me,

Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?
Lovely! Lovely! Lovely! Lovely!

- o -

All lined up in a wedding group
'Ere we are for a photograph
All dressed up in a morning suit
and trying not to laugh
Since the early caveman in his
fur
Took a trip to Gretna Green
There's always been a
photographer
To record the happy scene.

Hold it, flash, bang, wallop, what
a picture
What a picture, what a photograph
Poor old soul, blimey, what a joke
Hat blown off in a cloud of smoke
Clap 'ands, stamp yer feet
Bangin' on the big bass drum
What a picture, what a picture
Rum-tiddly-um-pum-um-pum-pum
Stick it in your famly album

- o -

I'm getting married in the morning
Ding! Dong! The bells are gonna
chime.
Pull out the stopper;
Let's have a whopper;
But get me to the church on time!
I've gotta be there in the morning
Spruced up and looking in my
prime.
Girls, come and kiss me;
Show how you'll miss me,
But get me to the church on time!
If I am dancing, roll up the floor!
If I am whistling, whewt me out

the door!
For I'm getting married in the
morning
Ding! Dong! The bells are gonna
chime.
Kick up a rumpus,
But don't lose the compass;
And get me to the church,
Get me to the church,
For gawd's sake, get me to the
church on time!

- o -

They changed our local Palais
into a bowling alley and
Fings ain't what they used t' be
There's Teds wiv drainpipe
trousers
And Debs in coffee houses and
Fings ain't what they used t' be

It used to be fun Dad an' old Mum
paddling down Southend
But now it ain't done
Never mind chum
Paris is where we spend our
outin's
Grandma tries to shock us all
Doing knees up rock 'n' roll
Fings ain't wot they used t' be

- o -

Supercalifragilisticexpiali-
docious!
Even though the sound of it
Is something quite atrocious,
If you say it loud enough
You'll always sound precocious,
Supercalifragilisticexpiali-
docious!

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle
ay (x2)

Because I was afraid to speak
When I was just a lad,
Me father gave me nose a tweak
And told me I was bad!
But then one day I learned a word
that saved me achin' nose,
The biggest word you ever heard
And this is how it goes:

[REPEAT CHORUS]

- o -

There's a little ditty
They're singing in the city
Especially when they've been on
the gin or the beer.
If you've got the patience,
Your own imaginations
Will tell you just exactly what
you want to hear...

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah!
That's how it goes,
Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah!
Ev'ryone knows.
They all suppose what they want
to suppose
When they hear...oom-pah-pah!!

Mister Percy Snodgrass
Would often have the odd glass,
But never when he thought
anybody could see.
Secretly he'd buy it,
And drink it on the quiet,
And dream he was an Earl wiv a
girl on each knee!

[REPEAT CHORUS]

COCKNEY KNEES UP MEDLEY

The sun as got his hat on
hip-hip-hip-hooray!
The sun has got his hat on,
and he's coming out today.
Now we'll all be happy,
hip-hip-hip-hooray!
The sun has got his hat on,
and he's coming out today.

He's been roasting peanuts out in
Timbuctoo
Now he's coming back to do the
same to you.
Jump into your sunbath
hip-hip-hip-hooray!
The sun has got his hat on,
and he's coming out today.

- o -

Yes! We have no bananas
We have no bananas today.
We've string beans and HONions,
cabBAHges and scallions
And all kinds of fruit and say,
We have an old fashioned toMAHto
Long island poTAHto
But yes! we have no bananas
We have no bananas today.

- o -

I've got a lovely bunch of
cocoanuts,
There they are a standing in a
row.
Big ones, small ones, some as big
as your head.
"Give 'em a twist, a flick of the
wrist",
That's what the showman said.

I've got a lovely bunch of
cocoanuts,
Every ball you throw will make me
rich.
There stands me wife, the idol of
me life
Singing roll or bowl a ball
a penny a pitch.

Singing roll or bowl a ball
a penny a pitch.
Singing roll or bowl a ball
a penny a pitch.
Roll or bowl a ball,
Roll or bowl a ball,
Singing roll or bowl a ball
a penny a pitch.

- o -

Oh, what a beauty! I've never seen
one as big as that before!
Oh, what a beauty! It must be two
foot long or even more.
Such a lovely colour, so nice and
round and fat;
I never thought a marrow could
grow as big as that.
Oh, what a beauty - I've never seen
one as big as that before.

- o -

Boiled beef and carrots,
Boiled beef and carrots.
That's the stuff for your
'darby-kel'
Makes you fat and it keeps you
well
Don't live like vegetarians, on
food they give to parrots.
From morn till night, blow out
your kite on
Boiled beef and carrots.

- o -

Any old iron, any old iron,
Any, any, any old iron
You look neat, talk about a treat,
You look a dapper from your
napper to your feet.
Dressed in style, with a brand new
tile,
And your father's old green tie on.
An' I wouldn't give you tuppence
for your old watch chain,
Old iron, old iron!

- o -

I like pickled onions,
I like piccalilli,
Pickled cabbage is all right
With a bit of cold meat on a
Sunday night,
I can go tomatoes, but what I do
prefer
Is a little bit of cucum, cucum,
cucum,
A little bit of cucumber.

- o -

She'll be coming 'round the
mountain when she comes,
She'll be coming 'round the
mountain when she comes,
She'll be coming 'round the
mountain,
Coming 'round the mountain,
Coming 'round the mountain
when she comes.

Singing eye-ye-yi-pi-yi-pi-yie,
Singing eye-ye-yi-pi-yi-pi-yie,
Singing eye-ye-yi-pi, eye-ye-yi-pi,
Eye-ye-yi-pi-yi-pi-yie.

- o -

There is a tavern in the town, in
the town,
And there my dear love sits him
down, sits him down
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter
free,
And never, never thinks of me.
Fare thee well, for I must leave
thee,
Do not let the parting grieve
thee,
And remember that the best of
friends must part, must part

Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu,
adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
stay with you,
I'll hang my harp on a weeping
willow tree,
And may the world go well with
thee.

- o -

Heads, shoulders, knees and toes,
Knees and toes.
Heads, shoulders, knees and toes,
Knees and toes.
Eyes and ears and mouth and nose.
Heads, shoulders, knees and toes,
Knees and toes.

- o -

You put your left leg in,
Your left leg out.
In, out, in, out and shake it all
about.
You do the Hokey Kokey and you
turn around.
That's what it's all about.
Oh! The Hokey Kokey! (x3)
Knees bend, arm stretch, ra ra ra!

[REPEAT ETC]

- o -

I've just been to a "ding-dong"
down dear old Brixton way,
Old Mother Brown the Pearly
Queen's a hundred years today;
Oh! What a celebration! Was proper
lah-di-dah!
Until they roll'd the carpet up
and shouted "Nah then, Ma!"

Knees up Mother Brown!
Knees up Mother Brown!
Under the table you must go
Ee-i-ee-i-ee-i-oh!
If I catch you bending
I'll saw your leg right off.
So, knees up, knees up!
Don't get the breeze up
Knees up Mother Brown.

Joe brought his concertina, and
Nobby brought the beer,
And all the little nippers swung
upon the chandelier!
A black-out warden passin' yell'd,
"Ma, pull down that blind,
Just look at what you're showin'"
and we shouted "Never mind!"

Knees up Mother Brown!
Knees up Mother Brown!
Come along dearie, let it go!
Ee-i-ee-i-ee-i-oh!
It's yer blooming birthday
Let's wake up all the town!
So, knees up, knees up!
Don't get the breeze up
Knees up Mother Brown.

Oh, my, what a rotten song.
What a rotten song, what a rotten
song.

Oh, my, what a rotten song
And what a rotten singer too!

- o -

Roll out the barrel
We'll have a barrel of fun.
Roll out the barrel
We've got the blues on the run.
Zing! Boom! Ta-rar-rel!
Ring out a song of good cheer.
Now's the time to roll the barrel
For the gang's all here.

[REPEAT]



CARRADINE'S COCKNEY
SING-A-LONG'S
DEBUT ALBUM

"LIVE AT THE BULL & GATE"

NOW AVAILABLE TO DOWNLOAD
FROM ALL MAJOR DIGITAL STORES
AND AT TONIGHTS PERFORMANCE



GOODBYE MEDLEY

Good-bye! Good-bye
Wipe the tear, baby dear, from your
eye-ee.

Tho' it's hard to part, I know,
I'll be tickled to death to go.
Don't cry-ee! Don't sigh-ee!
There's a silver lining in the
sky-ee.

Bonsoir, old thing!
Cheerio! Chin-chin!
Nah-poo! Toodle-oo! Good-bye!

- o -

Show me the way to go home,
I'm tired and I want to go to bed,
Had a little drink about an hour
ago,
And it's gone right to my head.
Where-ever I may roam,
On land, or sea, or foam,
You can always hear my singing
this song,
Show me the way to go home.

- o -

There's a sad sort of clanging
from the clock in the hall
And the bells in the steeple too
And up in the nursery an absurd
little bird
Is popping out to say "cuckoo",
"cuckoo", "cuckoo"
Regretfully they tell us
But firmly they compel us
To say goodbye ... to you!

So long, farewell, auf Wiedersehen,
good night
I hate to go and leave this pretty
sight

So long, farewell, auf Wiedersehen,
adieu
Adieu, adieu, to yieu and yieu and
yieu

So long, farewell, au revoir, auf
wiedersehen
I'd like to stay and taste my first
champagne

So long, farewell, auf Wiedersehen,
goodbye
I leave and heave a sigh and say
goodbye -- Goodbye!
I'm glad to go, I cannot tell a lie
I flit, I float, I fleetly flee, I
fly

The sun has gone to bed and so
must I
So long, farewell, auf Wiedersehen,
goodbye
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye
Goodbye!

- o -

Goodnight sweetheart,
All my pray'rs are for you,
Goodnight sweetheart,
I'll be watching o'er you,
Tears and parting may make us
forlorn
But with the dawn, a new day is
born.

And we'll say:
Goodnight sweetheart,
Sleep will banish sorrow,
Goodnight sweetheart,
Till we meet tomorrow,
All your sadness, soon will turn
to gladness,
Goodnight sweetheart, goodnight.

- o -

Once upon a time there was a
tavern
Where we used to raise a glass or
two
Remember how we laughed away the
hours
And dreamed of all the great
things we would do

Those were the days my friend
We thought they'd never end
We'd sing and dance forever and a
day
We'd live the life we choose
We'd fight and never lose
For we were young and sure to
have our way.
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
Those were the day, oh, yes those
were the days

Then the busy years went rushing
by us
We lost our starry notions on the
way
If by chance I'd see you in the
tavern
We'd smile at one another and we'd
say

[REPEAT CHORUS]

Just tonight I stood before the
tavern
Nothing seemed the way it used to
be
In the glass I saw a strange
reflection
Was that lonely woman really me

[REPEAT CHORUS]

Through the door there came
familiar laughter
I saw your face and heard you
call my name
Oh my friend we're older but no
wiser
For in our hearts the dreams are
still the same

[REPEAT CHORUS]



We look forward to welcoming you
back to another sing-a-long soon.

For forthcoming dates, or to sign
up to our mailing list, visit:

[www.carradinescockney
singalong.co.uk](http://www.carradinescockney
singalong.co.uk)



You can follow Carradine's
Cockney Sing-a-long on the
following social media channels:

Facebook: /cockneysingalong

Twitter: @tomcarradine

Instagram: @tomcarradine

#cockneysingalong

These are the times we shall dream about,
And we'll call them the good old days.
When the years have rolled away we shall dream of the
times we had, the songs we used to sing.
So while we're together let us laugh at the weather
and whatever the Gods may bring.

When all our youth is but memory,
And the years bring the parting of the ways,
Then believe me fellas,
These are the times we shall dream about,
And we'll call them, the good old days.

[Ralph Reader]

www.carradinescockneysingalong.co.uk

www.facebook.com/cockneysingalong

Poster design by Tony Bannister

[OCTOBER 2018]