



HITS FROM THE BLITZ

**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 the Corporals and their blinkin' sons,
Cos' we're saying goodbye to 'em all
As back to their billets they crawl.
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean
So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.**

- 0 -

**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.
(Cor blimey!)
Kiss me goodnight, Sergeant Major.
Sergeant Major, be a mother to me.**

- 0 -

**We're gonna hang out the washing on the
Siegfried Line,
Have you any dirty washing, mother dear?
We're gonna hang out the washing on the
Siegfried Line,
'Cos washing day is here.
Whether the weather may be wet or fine
We'll just rub along without a care.
We're gonna hang out the washing on the
Siegfried Line,
If the Siegfried Line's still there.**

- o -

**On the farm, ev'ry Friday,
On the farm, it's rabbit pie day.
So ev'ry Friday that ever comes along
I get up early and sing this little song:**

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



IMPORTS FROM THE USA

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.

- 0 -

Pardon me, boy,
is that the Chattanooga choo choo?
Track twenty-nine,
boy, you can gimme a shine.
I can afford
to board the 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.**

- 0 -

**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 lover's lane
with anyone else but me,
Anyone else but me,
anyone else but me, NO NO NO!
Don't go walking down lover's 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.**

- 0 -

**Mairzy doats and dozy doats
And liddle lamzy divey
A kiddley divey too,
Wouldn't you**

**Mairzy doats and dozy doats
And liddle lamzy divey
A kiddley divey too,
Wouldn't you**

**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?**



WW2 ANTHEMS

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.

- 0 -

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.

- 0 -

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.

- 0 -

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.



KNEES-UP MEDLEY

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 Cokey and you turn around.
That's what it's all about.

Oh! The Hokey Cokey!
Oh! The Hokey Cokey!
Oh! The Hokey Cokey!
Knees bend, arms stretch, ra ra ra!

- o -

**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.**

**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.**



www.carradinescockneysingalong.co.uk