

L. H. H. H. H.



Souvenir Song Book

Ninth Provincial Convention
Winnipeg, Man.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday
May 25, 26 and 27, 1939



Songs, Parodies and Ditties of the Canadian Corps



PATRIOTIC SONGS

1

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

2

O Canada! Our Home and Native Land!
True patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true North, strong and free,
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada, glorious and free!
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!

3

In days of yore, from Britain's shore
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast our pride
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
The Maple Leaf forever!

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

4

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 mighty, make thee mightier yet.

5

We'll never let the old flag fall,
For we love it best of all.
We don't want to fight to show our might,
But when we start we'll fight, fight, fight.
In peace or war, you'll hear us sing,
God save our flag, God save our King,
To the end of the world, the flag's unfurled,
We'll never let the old flag fall.

ARMY SONGS *and* SONGS of WAR YEARS

6

Take me back to dear old Blighty,
Put me on the train for London Town,
Take me over there and drop me anywhere,
Liverpool, Leeds, or Birmingham,
Well, I don't care.
I should like to see my best girl,
Cuddling up again we soon shall be,
Ti-Tiddley-Hi-Ti, take me back to Blighty,
Blighty is the place for me.

7

When this bloomin' war is over,
Oh, how happy I will be;
When I get my civvy clothes on,
No more soldiering for me.
No more pack-drill, heavy laden,
No more asking for a pass;
We will tell the Sergeant-Major
He's a silly blinkin' ass.

8

Good-bye-ee! Don't cry-ee!
Wipe the tear, baby dear, from your eye-ee.
For it's hard to part, I know,
Yet 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.
Bon soir, old thing!
Cheerie, chin chin
Napoo—toodle-oo—good-bye-ee!

Good-bye-ee! Good-bye-ee!
There's a nasty sort of noise up in the sky-ee.
Though it's far away, I know,
I think it's time for me to go.
Good-bye! Look spry-ee!
Flop down in the mud and watch your eye-ee
If that eight-point-two gets a hit on you—
Napoo! Crump, crump! Good-bye-ee!

9

I want to go home, I want to go home;
The whizz-bangs they rattle,
The cannons they roar.
I don't want to go to the front any more;
Take me over the sea,
Where the Allemand can't get me.
Oh, my, I don't want to die;
I want to go home.

10

Sons of the sea, all British born,
Sailing every ocean, laughing foes to scorn,
They may build their ships, my lads,
And think they know the game,
But they can't build the boys of the bull-dog breed,
That made old England's name.

11

'Twas Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parley voo.
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parley voo.
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
She hasn't been kissed for forty years,
With a hinky pinky parley voo.
Mademoiselle has eyes of brown,
Parley voo.
Mademoiselle has eyes of brown,
Parley voo.
Mademoiselle has eyes of brown,
And she winked at all the troops in town,
With a hinky pinky parley voo.
The Colonel called on Mademoiselle,
Parley voo.
The Colonel called on Mademoiselle,
Parley voo.
The Colonel called on Mademoiselle,
And she told him to go plump to——,
With a hinky pinky parley voo.
Mademoisele, etc.

12

Keep your head down, Alleman'—keep your head
down, Alleman'.
Last night in the pale moonlight, I saw you—I saw
you;
You were fixing up your barbed wire—when we
opened up rapid fire;
If you want to see your mother, or your sister, or
your brother,
Keep your head down, Alleman'.

13

Pack all 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 worth while, So—O
Pack all your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile!

14

Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh! how I love to remain in bed;
For the hardest blow of all is to hear the bugle call:
"You've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've
got to get up in the morning!"
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead;
I'll amputate his reveille, and step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

15

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his (1) Buglers three
(2) Privates
(3) Corporals
(4) Sergeants
(5) Subalterns
(6) Captains
(7) Majors

Now each little Bugler (etc) was a very fine Bugler,
And a very fine bugler was he;
"Too-tiddley-oo-too-too," said the Bugler,
"I want a mug of beer," said the Private,
"Put that man in the clink," said the Corporal,
"Move to the right in fours," said the Sergeant,
"We do all the work," said the Subaltern,
"I want three weeks' leave," said the Captain.
"Damme! Damme! Damme! Damme! Damme!"
said the Major,
And happy we shall be,
For there's none so rare as can compare
With the P.B. Infantry.

16

Oh, Oh, Oh, it's a lovely war.
Who wouldn't be a soldier gay?
It's a shame to take the pay.
As soon as reveille is gone
We wake up heavy as lead,
But we never get up till the sergeant
brings our
Breakfast up to bed.
Oh, Oh, Oh, it's a lovely war.
What do we want with eggs and ham,
When we've plum and apple jam?
Form fours! Right turn!
Oh, Oh, Oh, it's a lovely war.

17

Up to your knees in water, up to your eyes in slush,
Usin' the kind of language that makes the sergeant
blush.

Who wouldn't join the army? that's what we all
enquire.

Don't we pity the poor civilians sitting around the
fire?

18

If the Sergeant drinks your rum—NEVER MIND,
If the Sergeant drinks your rum—NEVER MIND,
He's entitled to his tot, but he drinks the bloomin' lot,
Till he's blinkin' well half shot—NEVER MIND!

If the Paymaster won't pay—NEVER MIND,
If the Paymaster won't pay—NEVER MIND,
Perhaps the money didn't come, or he spent it all for
rum,

Next pay-day you'll get some—NEVER MIND!

If the stripes come off your sleeve—NEVER MIND.
When the Colonel stops your leave—NEVER MIND.
Here's a beer, so drink it, Willie; those sly girls in
Piccadilly

Might have made you look d—— silly—
NEVER MIND.

If you stop a chunk of lead—NEVER MIND,
If you stop a chunk of lead—NEVER MIND,
You may get a wooden cross and a place in France
to doss,

Or a cushy little Blighty—NEVER MIND!

19

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.

20

It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester
Square.

It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

It's a long way to the prairie,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to the prairie,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester
Square.

It's a long way to the prairie,
But my heart's right there.

21

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
When the m-m-m-moon shines over the c-c-c-cow
shed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

22

Roses are shining in Picardy
In the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flowering in Picardy,
But there's never a rose like you.
And the roses will die in the summer time,
And our roads may be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy,
That's the rose that I keep in my heart.

23

Jist a wee deoch-an-doris,
Jist a wee yin, that's a'
Jist a wee deoch-an-doris,
Before we gang awa';
There's a wee wifie waitin'
In a wee but-an-ben.
If ye can say, "It's a braw bricht
moonlicht nicht,"
Ye're a' richt, ye ken.

24

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing,
And the white moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

25

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go,
Though the heart be weary, sad the day, and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's sweet song,
comes love's old sweet song.

26

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows,
You can search everywhere,
But none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose,
My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows,
And some day for my sake,
She will let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

27

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai la tete, Je te plumerai la tete;
Et la tete, et la tete—Oh

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette je te plumerai.
(For second verse add Le Bec, and for additional
verses add separately: Le Nez, Le Dos, Les Pattes,
Le Cou.)

28

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay.
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folk roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, and happy, and bright
Bye'n-bye hard times come a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

29

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, weep no more to-day.
We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home far away.

30

Home again, home again, that's the song we love to sing,
Gather round, gather round, come let your voices ring,
We'll sing the old-time melodies, the songs that bring back memories,
Home again, home again, that's the song of the world to me.

31

"M" is for the million things she gave me,
"O" means only that she's growing old,
"T" is for the tears she shed to save me,
"H" is for her heart of purest gold;
"E" is for her eyes of love-light shining,
"R" means right, and right she'll always be.
Put them all together, they spell "Mother,"
A word that means the world to me.

32

All the nice girls love a sailor,
All the nice girls love a tar,
For there's something about a sailor,
Well, you know what sailors are.
Free and easy, bright and breezy,
He's the ladies' pride and joy;
Falls in love with Kate and Jane,
Then he's off to sea aagin,
Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!

33

Give me your smile, the lovelight in your eyes,
Life could not hold a fairer paradise.
Give me the right to love you all the while,
My world forever, the sunshine of your smile.

34

There's a rose that grows on "No Man's Land"
And it's wonderful to see,
Though it's sprayed with tears, it will live for years
In my garden of memory.
It's the one red rose that the soldier knows,
It's the work of the Master's hand;
'Mid the war's great curse stands the Red Cross
Nurse,
She's the rose of "No Man's Land."

35

Where the dear old Shannon's flowing,
Where the three-leaved Shamrock grows,
Where my heart is, I am going,
To my little Irish rose.
And the moment that I meet her,
With a hug and kiss I'll greet her,
For there's not a colleen sweeter,
Where the River Shannon flows.

36

When the great red dawn is shining,
When the waiting hours are past,
When the tears of night are ended,
And I see the day at last.
I shall come down the road of sunshine
To a heart that is fond and true,
When the great red dawn is shining,
Back to home, back to love, and you.

37

When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a morn in spring,
With a lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the angels sing.
When Irish hearts are happy, sure the world is bright and gay,
And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure they'll steal your heart away.

38

Hello! hello! who's your lady friend?
Who's the little girlie by your side?
I've seen you, with a girl or two,
Oh! oh! oh! I AM surprised at you;
Hello! hello! stop your little games;
Don't you think your ways you ought to mend?
It isn't the girl I saw you with at Brighton,
Who—who—who's your lady friend?

ARMY DITTIES and PARODIES

39

We are Fred Karno's army,
The rag-time infantry:
We cannot fight, we cannot march,
What earthly use are we?
And when we get to Berlin,
The Kaiser he will say:
Hoch! hoch!! mein Gott, what a jolly fine lot
Are the boys of Company C.

40

Here's to the good old beer,
Mop it down, mop it down!
Here's to the good old beer,
Mop it down, mop it down!
Here's to the good old beer,
That never leaves you queer,
Here's to the good old beer,
Mop it down——

41

(Air—"Holy, Holy, Holy.")
Lousing, lousing, lousing, always bleedin' well lousing;
From Reveille to Lights Out, we're lousing all the while.
Grousing, grousing, grousing, always bleedin' well grousing;
From Reveille to Lights Out, we're grousing all the while.

42

(Air—"Ireland.")
Sure a little bit of shrapnel fell from out the sky one day,
And it nestled in my shoulder in a quaint and loving way,
And when the doctor saw it, it looked so sweet and fair,
He said, "Suppose we leave it for it looks so peaceful there"
Then he painted it with iodine to keep the germs away,
It's the only way to treat it, no matter what they say.
But early the next morning he changed his fickle mind,
And he marked me down for duty and he sent me up the line.

43

Air—"Sing Me To Sleep.")
Sing me to sleep where bullets fall—let me forget
the war and all;
Damp is my dug-out, cold my feet—nothing but
bully and biscuits to eat;
Sing me to sleep where shells explode—and sausage
bombs are a-la-mode;
Over the trenches bodies you find—stiff 'uns in front
of you—stiff 'uns behind.

Chorus—

Far, far from Ypres I want to be, where German
snipers cannot get me.
Think of me crouching where the shells shriek—
praying for sergeant to sing me to sleep.

44

(Tune—"When I Wore a Tulip, and You
Wore a Rose.")

I met him in a dugout in an old Belgian town.
His putties they were gone, his socks were hanging
down.
He had lost his Webb equipment and his old Ross
rifle, too.
He looked quite glum and blue as he turned and said:

Chorus—

I once had a tunic, a bright khaki tunic,
A present from Sir Sam Hughes,
How well I did bless it, how often I've cursed it
Many times while in the blues,
Old Sam made me cheery, old Fritz made me dreary,
With his whizz bangs and shrapnel too.
How I wish it was over and I was in Dover instead
of in old Ypres.

45

(Tune—"I wish you could see my bungalow.")

I wish you could see my dugout low
Where the bullets come and go;
A nice little home so frowsy,
Where everything you touch is lousy.
There among the ice and snow,
Where the bullets come and go,
There's rats, and mice, and other creatures
Forming fours upon my features
In my dugout low—
Where the bullets come and go.

46

(Air—"She only answered ting-aling.")

The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling
For Fritz, but not for me.
For me the angels sing-a-ling-a-ling,
They're waiting there for me.
Oh, Death where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling?
Oh, Grave, thy victory?
The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For Fritz, but not for me.

47

(Air—"Little Grey Home in the West.")

There's a little wet home in the trench, that the rain
storms continually drench;
A dead cow close by, with her hooves in the sky, and
she gives off a beautiful stench;
Underneath us—in place of a floor—is a mess of
cold mud and some straw.
And the "Jack Johnsons" roar as they speed through
the air,
O'er my little wet home in the trench.

There are snipers who keep on the go, so get your
old napper down low;
And the star shells at night make a deuce of a light,
which causes bad language to flow.
We've bully and biscuits to chew—it's days since we
tasted a stew;
But the shells dropping there make no place to
compare
With my little wet home in the trench.

48

(Air—"Sing a Song of Bonnie Scotland"—
Original Third Brigade Favorite.)

Sing a song of bonnie Scotland—any old song will do;
Round the old camp fire—rough and ready choir;
Join in the chorus too—"You'll tak' the high road,
I'll tak' the low"—song that we all know;
To remind the boys of bonnie Scotland,
Where the heather and the bluebells grow.

49

Old soldiers never die—never die—never die—
Old soldiers never die—
They damn-well fade away.
You're in the army now—you're in the army now;
You son of a gun—you'll never be done;
You're in the army now.

50

Madame, your beer's no bon,
Madame, your beer's no bon,
It may do for Fritz, but it gives us the pip,
Madame, your beer's no bon,

51

At the halt, on the left form platoon;
At the halt, on the left form platoon;
If the odd numbers don't mark time two paces,
How the hell can the rest form platoon?

52

Whiter than the whitewash on the wall,
Whiter than the whitewash on the wall;
Wash me in the water you have washed the baby in,
And I shall be whiter than the whitewash on the wall.

53

Standing in the trenches on a cold winter's night—
Ow Gawblimey, ain't it cold.
Wiring party working and dar'n't show a light—
Ow Gawblimey, ain't it cold.
Pity the poor old soldier—pity the poor young
soldier;
Pity the poor old soldier—standing in the rain and
cold.

54

Apres le Guerre finis,
Soldat Anglais parti;
Mademoiselle she cry like h—
Over the piccaninny.

Apres la guerre fini, soldats Anglais partis;
Tout les jeunne filles de Baileul vent pleurer;
Apres la guerre finis.

55

So when I die don't bury me at all;
Just pickle my bones in alcohol.
Put a bottle of booze at my head and feet;
And then my soul shall rest in peace.

56

Here we are—here we are—here we are again;
Here we are—here we are—here we are again;
We licked you on the Marne—we trimmed you
on the Aisne;
We gave you 'ell at Neuve Chapelle—and here
we are again.

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