

CANADIAN



LEGION

WAR SERVICES

SONG SHEET

1

WE'RE ON OUR WAY

I'm gonna take a trip to see
A friend across the sea—
He sent a very special invitation
Just for me—

It's gonna be a swell affair
And ev'ry-thing is free—
A garden party just for little
Adolf and for me.

Chorus—

We're on our way—We're on our way—
We're on our way to Berchtesgaden;
And every day—and every day—
Is one day nearer Berchtesgaden
When we get there you can bet
There'll be a hi-de-how-de-hey!—
And with Chamberlain's umbrella
We will spank the little fella
Singing Hey! Hey! Hey!
We're on our way.—We're on our way.

And we'll C.O.D. his nightie back
To Chamberlain in Blighty
Singing Hey! Hey! Hey!
We're on our way.—We're on our way.

2

**BEER BARREL POLKA
(Roll Out The Barrel)***Chorus—*

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.

2A

ROLL OUT THE BARREL

Roll out the Army, shine up your
bayonet and gun,
Roll out the Navy you'll soon have
the Subs on the run.
Roll up your sleeves boys and swing
along with a cheer
Then we'll soon roll up old Hitler
cause the gang's all here.

Roll out you workers turn out the guns
and the shell,
Roll out the airplanes then we can
give Hitler h - - -
Roll altogether without the least bit of
fear,
And we'll all soon be in Berlin when
the gang's all here.

3

**I'M SENDING YOU THE
SIEGFRIED LINE****(To Hang Your Washing On)***Chorus—*

Dear Ma, I'm having lots of fun,
I'm sending you the Sieg-fried Line,
To hang your washing on,
Tell Pa that Hitler's on the run,
I'm sending you the Sieg-fried Line,
To hang his night-shirt on,

I've got a lovely little souvenir for
Mary,
I found a German sausage,
That can sing like our canary,
Love from your ever loving son,
I'm sending you the Sieg-fried Line,
To hang your washing on.

(2nd Tune)

I've got a lovely little souvenir for Sonny,
It's one of Goering's medals,
That they're using here for money,
Love from your ever loving son,
I'm sending you the Sieg-fried Line,
To hang your washing on.

4

**SOUTH OF THE BORDER
(Down Mexico Way)**

South of the Border—
Down Mexico way—
That's where I fell in love
When stars above came out to play—
And now as I wander—
My thoughts ever stray—
South of the Border—
Down Mexico way—

She was a picture—
In old Spanish lace—
Just for a tender while
I kissed the smile upon her face—
For it was "Fi-es-ta"—
And we were so gay—
South of the Border—
Down Mexico way—

Then she sighed as she
Whispered "Ma-na-na"
Never dreaming that we were parting
And I lied as I whispered "Ma-na-na"
For our to-morrow never came,

South of the Border—
I rode back one day—
There in a veil of white by
Candle-light she knelt to pray—
The missions bells told me—
—That I mustn't stay—
South of the Border—
Down Mexico way—

Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay! —
Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay! —
Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay! —
Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay! —

5

**"JUST AS GOOD AS MY OLD
MAN USED TO BE"**

My old Dad he was a soldier
A little bit over twenty years ago,
His duty was to fight
From morn into the night,
And I am going over there
To keep his medals bright.

Chorus—

Oh! Chere Marie,—Just wait for me,
Just wait for me on leave in Gay Paree,
For I am learning now
To "Parley-voo"—and How!
Just as good—just as good
As my Old Man
Used to be.

My old Dad he stays at home now,
No more jaunting off to France for him,
So you can tell the gals
That me and all my pals
Are going over there
To answer duty—

Chorus—

Oh! Chere Marie,—Just wait for me,
Just wait for me on leave in Gay Paree,
For I can "Parley-voo"
For a little Kiss from you,
Just as good—just as good
As my Old Man
Used to be.

6

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
cowshed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

7

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the
tear-drops,
As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
There are smiles that have a tender
meaning,
That the eyes of love alone may see,
But the smiles that fill my life with
sunshine,
Are the smiles that you give to me.

8

It's the Navy, the British Navy
That keeps our foes at bay,
That old song Britannia Rules the Waves
We still can sing today.
It's the Navy, the fighting Navy
If you don't believe it's true,
It keeps them in their place when they
know they have to face
The natty little lads in navy blue.

OH! IT'S A LOVELY WAR

Up to your waist in water,
Up to your eyes in slush—
Using 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 beside the fire.

Chorus—

Oh! Oh! Oh! it's a lovely war,—
Who wouldn't be a soldier eh?
Oh! it's a shame to take the pay—
As soon as "reveille" has gone—
We feel just as 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 got plum and apple jam?
Form fours! right turn!
How shall we spend the money we
earn?
Oh! Oh! Oh! it's a lovely war.

When does a soldier grumble?
When does he make a fuss?—
No one is more contented in all
The world than us;—
Oh! it's a "cush-y" life, boys,
Really we love it so—
Once a fellow was sent on leave
And simply refus'd to go.—

Chorus

Come to the Cookhouse door boys,
Sniff at the lovely stew,—
Who is it says the Col'-nel
Gets better grub than you?—
Any complaints this morning?
Do we complain? not we—
What's the matter with lumps of
Onion floating around the tea?
Chorus.

10

Quand Madelon vient nous servir a boire,
Sous la tonnelle on frole son jupon,
Et chacun lui raconte une histoire,
Une histoire a sa facon.
Le Madelon pour nous n'est pas severe,
Quand on lui prend la taille ou le menton,
Elle rit c'est tout l'mal qu'elle sait faire,
Madelon, Madelon, Madelon.

11

The bells of St. Mary's, oh! hear they
are calling
The young loves, the true loves, who come
from the sea,
And so my beloved, when red leaves are
falling,
The love-bells shall ring out—ring out
for you and me.

12

Sure I love the dear silver that shines
in your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed and
wrinkled with care,
I kiss the dear fingers so toil-worn for me,
Oh! God bless you and keep you, Mother
Machree.

13

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie
banks o' Clyde,
Roamin' in the gloamin' wi' my lassie
by my side.
When the sun has gone to rest
That's the time that we love best,
O, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'.

**OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE**

(Air:—"Kind Thoughts can never die")

Old soldiers never die
Never die
Never die
Old soldiers never die—
They simply fade away.

14

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

15

There's a wee hoose mang the heather,
There's a wee house o'er the sea,
There's a lassie in that wee hoose,
Waiting patiently for me.
She's the picture of perfection,
Oh, I wouldn't tell a lee,
If ye saw her ye would love her,
Just the same as me.

16**SEND OUT THE ARMY AND
THE NAVY**

Send out the Army and the Navy,
Send out the rank and file,
Send out the brave old territorials,
They'll face the danger with a smile
(I don't think!)
Where are the boys of the Old Brigade
Who made old England free.
You can send out my mother,
My sister or my brother,
But for gawd's sake don't send me!

17**ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND****Chorus—**

Come on and hear,—Come on and
hear—
Al-ex-an-der's Rag-Time Band,—
Come on and hear,—Come on and
hear,—
It's the best band in the land,
They can play a bu-gle call like you
nev-er heard be-fore,
So nat-ur-al that you want to go to
war;
That's just the best-est band what am,
hon-ey lamb,
Come on a-long,—Come on a-long,—
Let me take you by the hand,—
Up to the man,—Up to the man,—
Who's the lead-er of the band,—
And if you care to hear the Swa-nee
River played in rag-time,—
Come on and hear,—Come on and
hear—
Al-ex-an-der's Rag-Time Band.

18**WASH ME IN THE WATER**

(Air:—"Salvation Army Hymn Tune")
Wash me in the water
That you washed the Colonel's daughter
And I shall be whiter
Than the white wash on the wall,
Whiter
Than the white wash on the wall,
Whiter
Than the white wash on the wall.
Oh, wash me in the water
That you washed the dixies in
And I shall be whiter
Than the white wash on the wall.

19**I'VE LOST MY RIFLE AND
BAYONET**

(Air:—"Since I Lost You")

I've lost my way to the trenches,
I've lost my Ross rifle too.
I've lost my Maconachie rations
Also my new pull-through.
I've lost the blankets you gave me
To last me the whole winter through,
I've lost my hold-all and now I've got
blow-all
Since I've lost you.

20**WISH ME LUCK**

Wish me luck, as you wave me good-bye,
Cheerio, here I go on my way.
Wish me luck, as you wave me good-bye,
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 good-bye.

21**MY NEW GAS HELMET**

(Air:—"Mother Machree")

Sure I don't mind the gas shells that
fly in the air
As they drop all around me I don't have
a care.
For the gas they send over why I'll
never fret.
Oh, God Bless you and keep me my
new gas helmet.

22**MADemoisELLE FROM
ARMENTEERS**

Mademoiselle from Armenteers,
Parley-vous!
Mademoiselle from Armenteers,
Parley-vous!
Mademoiselle from Armenteers,
She hasn't been kissed for many years
Inky-pinky parley-vous.

23**THE SERGEANT-MAJOR'S
HAVING A TIME**

(Air:—"Mademoiselle from
Armenteers")

The Sergeant-Major's having a time
Parley-vous!
The Sergeant-Major's having a time
Parley-vous!
The Sergeant-Major's having a time
Swinging the lead behind the line
Inky-pinky parlez-vous!
The Sergeant-Major's having a time
Parley-vous!
The Sergeant-Major's having a time
Parley-vous!
The Sergeant-Major's having a time
Swigging the beer behind the line
Inky-pinky parley-vous.

24

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN

Keep your head down, Fritzie boy,
 Keep your head down, Fritzie boy,
 Last night in the pale moonlight,
 I saw you, I saw you.
 You were mending 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, Fritzie boy.

25

GOOD-BYE-EE!

Good-bye-ee! don't cry-ee!
 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,
 Bon soir, old thing! cheerio! chin-chin!
 Nah-poo! Toodle-oo! Good-bye-ee!

26

**WE'RE GONNA HANG OUT THE
WASHING ON THE SEIGFRIED
LINE***Chorus—*

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
 'Cause the 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.

27

GOOD BYE SALLY

Good Bye Sally I'm saying good bye,
 Good Bye Sally I don't want you to
 cry—
 I want to see that smile, that wonderful
 smile,
 That's going to cheer me on my way
 Right through the Siegfried Line. So
 Good Bye Sally it won't be for long
 Don't you worry I'll be singing a song
 And when its all through pally I'll meet
 You in our alley, Sally.
 So long it won't be long.

28

**KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT
SERGEANT MAJOR**

Kiss me good-night Sergeant Major
 Tuck me in my little wooden bed
 We all love you Sergeant Major
 When you're 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 good-night Sergeant Major
 Sergeant Major be a mother to me.

29

THE ARMY JUMPING SONG

Oh! We don't want to march like the
 infantry,
 Ride like the calvary, shoot like
 artillery,
 We don't want to fly over Germany,
 We're in the A-S-C.
 We're in the A-S-C.
 We're in the A-S-C.
 Oh! We don't want to march like the
 infantry,
 Ride like the cavalry, shoot like
 artillery,
 We don't want to fly over Germany,
 We're in the A-S-C.

30

OVER THE RAINBOW*Chorus—*

Somewhere over the Rainbow way up
 high,
 There's a land that I heard of once in
 a lullaby,
 Somewhere over the Rainbow skies are
 blue,
 And the dreams that you dare to dream
 really do come true.
 Some day I'll wish upon a star and
 wake up where the clouds are far
 behind me,—
 Where troubles melt like lemon drops,
 away above the chimney tops
 that's where you'll find me.
 Somewhere over the Rainbow blue-
 birds fly,
 Birds fly over the Rainbow, why then,
 oh why can't I?

31

**DOWN BY THE OLD MILL
STREAM**

Down by the old mill stream,
 Where I first met you,
 With your eyes of blue,
 Dressed in gingham, too.
 It was there I knew,
 That you loved me true,
 You were sixteen, my village queen,
 By the old mill stream.

32

**TAKE ME BACK TO DEAR OLD
BLIGHTY**

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 will be,
 Ti-Tiddley-Hi-Ti, take me back to
 Blighty.
 Blighty is the place for me.

33

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu
 When the clouds roll by I'll come
 to you,
 Then the skies will seem more blue,
 Down in lover's lane, my dearie.
 Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
 Every tear will be a memory,
 So wait and pray each night for me,
 'Till we meet again.

34

MY PRAYER*Chorus—*

MY PRAYER—is to linger with you—
 At the end of the day—
 In a dream that's divine—
 MY PRAYER—is a rapture in blue—
 With the world far away—
 And your lips close to mine—
 To-night—while our hearts are aglow—
 Oh! tell me the words that I'm longing
 to know—
 MY PRAYER—and the answer you
 give—
 May they still be the same—
 For as long as we live—
 That you'll always be there—
 At the end of MY PRAYER.

35

**WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO
DREAM**

When I grow too old to dream
 I'll have you to remember,
 When I grow too old to dream,
 Your love will live in my heart.
 So kiss me, my sweet, and so let us part,
 And when I grow too old to dream,
 That kiss will live in my heart.

36

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

East side, west side, all round the town,
 The tots sang "Ring-a-Rosie"
 "London Bridge is falling down."
 Boys and girls together,
 Me and Mamie O'Rorke,
 Tripped the light fantastic,
 On the sidewalks of New York.

37

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

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.

38

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

39

PERFECT DAY

When you come to the end of a perfect
 day,
 And you sit alone with your
 thoughts
 While the chimes ring out with a carol
 gay,
 For the joy that the day has
 brought,
 Do you think what the end of a perfect
 day,
 Can mean to a tired heart,
 When the sun goes down with a flaming
 ray,
 And the dear friends have to part.

40

**LET THE REST OF THE WORLD
GO BY**

With someone like you, a pal good and
 true,
 I'd like to leave it all behind, and go
 find,
 A place that's known to God alone,
 Just a spot to call our own,
 We'll find perfect peace, where joys
 never cease,
 Out there beneath a kindly sky
 We'll build a sweet little nest, some-
 where in the west
 And let the rest of the world go by.

41

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

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

42

RAINING AND GROUSING

Raining, raining, raining,
 Always ballywell raining.
 Raining all the morning,
 And raining all the night.
 Grousing, grousing, grousing,
 Always ballywell grousing,
 Grousing at the rations.
 And grousing at the pay.
 Marching, marching, marching,
 Always ballywell marching.
 Marching all the morning,
 And marching all the night.
 Marching, marching, marching
 Always ballywell marching;
 Roll on till my time is up,
 And I shall march no more.

43

**KEEP THE HOME FIRES
BURNING**

Keep the home fires burning,
 While your hearts are yearning,
 Though your lads are far away,
 They dream of Home;
 There's a silver lining
 Through the dark cloud shining,
 Turn the dark cloud inside out,
 Till the boys come Home.

44

I WANT TO GO HOME

I want to go home,
 I want to go home,
 [I don't want to go to the trenches no more,
 Where whizzbangs and shrapnel they
 whistle and roar.
 Take me over the sea,
 Where the Alleyman can't get at me.
 Oh, my! I don't want to die,
 I want to go home.

45

TO THE STARS

Chorus—
 Zooming up boys TO THE STARS,
 Up where the sky is blue!
 We'll be gone in the cold gray dawn,
 When there's work to do you'll find us
 Flying together—
 Birds of a feather—
 True patriot sons of Mars,
 Proud of our battle scars,
 So up boys TO THE STARS!
 Rise on your wings so true,
 Flying away at the break of day
 Up in the azure blue we'll be there,
 Good pals beside us,—
 Good luck betide us,—
 These words will guide us,
 "Through Adversity TO THE
 STARS."

46

OVER AGAIN

Chorus—
 Over again,—over again,—
 We're all going over again—
 Back to see dear Mademoiselle from
 Armentiers;
 Why, we haven't seen the darling girl
 for years and years, and years!
 Over again—over again—
 We don't mind the trenches and the
 rain—
 Though the fight be hard and long
 We'll go forward with a song,
 So we're all goin', yes we're all goin',
 Sure we're all goin'—over again,
 Over again.—

47

FREEDOM FOR ALL TIME

Chorus—
 March,
 March along the way,
 We're out to break the Siegfried line.
 March,
 March to the fray and put an end to
 the Nazi crime.
 The world will then be free;
 We'll have democracy.
 Here's to Victory and freedom for all
 time.

48

**TRADE YOUR FROWN FOR A
SMILE**

Chorus—
 TRADE YOUR FROWN FOR A
 SMILE,—
 Smiles are always in style;
 Pack your troubles in a kit-bag of
 bubbles,
 And blow! BLOW! BLOW! them
 higher than a mile.
 No use to fret or complain,—
 When you're on parade in the rain,—
 Keep facing the sun,—
 You son-of-a-gun—
 And TRADE YOUR FROWN FOR
 A SMILE.

49

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Onward! Christian Soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe,
 Forward into battle,
 See, His banners go.
 Onward! Christian Soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.

50

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with
 me abide!
 When other helpers fail, and comforts
 flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with
 me!
 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
 day,
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories
 pass away:
 Change and decay in all around I see:
 O Thou who changest not abide
 with me!

51

O GOD OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone
 And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 For everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

52

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
 Christ is thy strength and Christ thy
 right
 Lay hold on life, and it shall be
 Thy joy and crown eternally.
 Run the straight race through God's
 good grace,
 Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
 Life with its way before us lies,
 Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
 Faint not, nor fear, his arms are near,
 He changeth not, and thou art dear;
 Only believe, and thou shalt see
 That Christ is all in all to thee.

53

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE

Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to Thee;
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.
 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun goes down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee
 Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly,
 Still all my song shall be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

54

O CANADA.

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,
 We stand on guard, we stand
 on guard for thee.
 O Canada, we stand on guard
 for thee.