



New Romney Town Council VE DAY 80 Event

Pack Up Your Troubles/ It's a Long Way To Tipperary

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.

Rpt

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!

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile ...

White Cliffs of Dover

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.

Rpt

Bless 'em All/ Hang Out The Washing/ Kiss Me Goodnight Sgt Major

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, the long and the short and the tall
Bless all the sergeants and W. O. ones
Bless all the corporals and their blinking sons
'Cause we're saying goodbye to them 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

Rpt x 2

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

Rpt

Kiss me goodnight, Sergeant Major
Tuck me in my little wooden bed
We all love you, Sergeant Major
'Specially when you're howlin', "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

Rpt

Run Rabbit, Run Rabbit, Run, Run, Run

*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

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

Underneath The Arches

Underneath the arches
We dream our dreams away
Underneath the arches
On cobblestones we lay
Every 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
Trains rattling by above
Pavement is a pillow
No matter where we stray
Underneath the arches
We dream our dreams away

Lambeth Walk

Any time 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 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 yourself
Doin' the Lambeth walk

Rpt all x 3

Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree

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
The 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,

Don't give out with those lips of yours
To anyone else but me
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no
Watch the girls on foreign shores
You'll have to report to me when you come marchin' home

Don't hold anyone on your knee
You better be true to me
You better be true to me, you better be true to me
Don't hold anyone on your knee
You're gettin' the third degree when you come marchin' home

You're on your own where there is no phone
And I can't keep tab on you; be fair to me,
I'll guarantee this is one thing that I'll do
I won't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but you
'Til you come marchin' home

Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
I know the apple tree is reserved for you and me
And I'll be true 'til you come marchin' home

We'll Meet Again

We'll meet again
Don't know where
Don't know when
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day

Keep smiling through
Just like you always do
'Til the blue skies chase those 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

rpt

We'll meet again
Don't know where
Don't know when
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day

I Vow To Thee My Country

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love:
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

