

WARTIME SINGALONG



Come, come, come and make eyes at me
Down at the Plume Hungerford, Da, da, da, da, da,
Come, come, drink some red wine with me,
Down at the Plume, Hungerford,
Hear the Ukulele Band, Da, da, da, da, da,
Just let me hold your hand dear,
Do, do come and have a drink or two
Down at the Plume, Hungerford, that's good!

Mademoiselle from Armentieres

V1 Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parley-vo
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parley-vo

Mademoiselle from Armentieres
She hasn't been kissed in 40 years
Hinky Dinky, parley voo!

V2 *She never could hold the love of a man*
Cos she took her baths in a talcum can

V3 *She had four chins, her knees would knock*
And her face would stop a cuckoo clock

V4 *Se could beg a franc, a drink, a meal*
But it wasn't because of her sex appeal

V5 *She could guzzle a barrel of sour wine*
And eat a hog without peeling the rind

V6 U might forget the gas and the shells, parley-vo
You might forget the gas and the shells, parley-vo
You might forget the groans and yells
But you'll never forget the modemoiselles
Hinky Dinky, parley voo!

V7 Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parley-vo
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parley-vo
Just blow your nose and dry your tears
We'll all be back in a few short years
Hinky Dinky, parley voo!

Daisy Daisy

(BOYS) 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 built for two.

(GIRLS) Harry, Harry, here is your answer dear
I won't tarry - it makes me feel so queer
If you can't afford a carriage
There won't be any marriage
'Cause I'll be switched if I get hitched
On a bicycle built for two.

Tipperary/Pack up your troubles Medley

It's Long way to 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 lies there.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
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.

By the Light of the Silvery Moon

By the light of the Silvery Moon
I want to spoon.
To my honey I'll croon love's tune.

Honey moon, keep a shining in Ju--u--une.
Your silv'ry beams will bring lovedreams.
We'll be cuddling soon
By the silv'ry moon.

Drunken Sailor

V1 What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
Early in the morning
Way,hey and up she rises
Way,hey and up she rises
Way,hey and up she rises
Early in the morning

V2 *Sling him in the long boat 'til he's sober*

V3 *Give 'im a dose of salt and water*

V4 *Shave his belly with a rusty razor*

V5 That's what we'll do with the Drunken Sailor
That's what we'll do with the Drunken sailor
That's what we'll do with the Drunken Sailor
Early in the morning!

Cockney Medley

Hip-hip-hip-hooray, hip hip hooray!

The sun has got his hat on, hip-hip-hip-hoo-ray

The sun has got his hat on and he's coming out to-day

Now we'll all be happy, hip-hip-hip-hoo-ray

The sun has got his hat on and he's coming out to-day

He's been shining brightly out in Timbuk-tu

Now he's coming back to do the same to you So,

jump into your sun-bath, hip-hip-hip-hooray

The sun has got his hat on and he's coming out to-day

Oh, we ain't got a barrel of mo-ney, Maybe we're ragged and fu-nny; But we'll travel a-long, singin' a song, **Side by side.**

Don't know what's comin' to-mor-row,

Maybe it's trouble and sor-row;

But we'll travel the road,

sharin' our load, Side by side.

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

Baby face, you've got the cutest little baby face

There's not another one could take your place, baby

face My poor heart is jumpin', you sure have started

somethin', Baby face, I'm up in heaven when

I'm in your fond em-brace I didn't need a

shove cause I just fell in love With your

pretty Baby Face , With your pretty Baby Face

I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts,

There they are a standing in a row

Big ones, small ones, some as big as your head

Give them a twist, a flick of the wrist

That's what the showman said

I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts

Every ball you throw will make you rich

There stands me wife, the idol of me life

Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch

Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch,

Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch

Rolla bowl a ball, roll a bowl a ball

Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch

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 a- bout.

Oh! The Hokey Kokey Kokey! X 3

Knees bend, arm stretch, ra ra ra!

Knees Up Mother Brown, knees up Mother Brown

Under the table you must go, Ee-aye, Ee-aye, Ee-ay-o

If I catch you bending I'll saw your legs right off

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-oo-oo.

Any old iron any old iron any any any old iron

You look neat talk about a treat

You look dapper from your napper to your feet

Dressed in style brand new tile

And your father's old green tie on

But I wouldn't give you tuppence for

your old watch chain, Old iron old ir- on

My old man said "Follow the van An' don't dilly dally on the way "

Off went the cart with my home packed in it

I walked behind with me old cock linnet

But I dillied and dallied, dallied and dillied

Lost the van and don't know where to roam,

Oh, you can't trust a special, like the

old time copper,

When you can't find your way home .

Oh **my old man's a dustman**,

he wears a dustman's hat,

He wears got blimey trousers, and

lives in a council flat.

He looks a proper nanna,

in his great big hobnailed boots,

He's got such a job to He's pull them up, he

He's calls them daisy roots

You put your right arm in, your right arm 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 a- bout.

Oh! The Hokey Kokey Kokey! X 3

Knees bend, arm stretch, ra ra ra!

Leaning on a Lampost



I'm leaning on a lamp,
 maybe you think, I look a tramp,
 Or you may think I'm hanging 'round to steal a car.
 But no I'm not a crook,
 And if you think, that's what I look,
 I'll tell you why I'm here, and what my motives are.

I'm leaning on a lamp-post at the corner of the street,
 In case a certain little lady comes by.
 Oh me, oh my, I hope the little lady comes by.

I don't know if she'll get away,
 She doesn't always get away,
 But anyhow I know that she'll try.
 Oh me, oh my, I hope the little lady comes by,

There's no other girl I would wait for,
 But this one I'd break any date for,
 I won't have to ask what she's late for,
 She wouldn't have to leave me flat,
 She's not a girl like that.

Oh, she's absolutely wonderful,
 and marvellous and beautiful.
 And anyone can understand why,
 I'm leaning on a lamp-post at the corner of the street
 In case a certain little lady passesby.

Lilli Marlene

Underneath the lamplight, By the barrack gate
 Darling I remember, The way you used to wait
 Twas there that you whispered tenderly
 That you loved me, And would always be
 My Lilli of the lamplight, My own Lilli Mar-lene

Orders came for sailing, Somewhere over there
 All confined to barracks, Was more than I could bear
 I knew you were waiting in the street
 I could hear your feet, But could not meet
 My Lilli of the lamplight, My own Lilli Mar-lene

Resting in a billet, just behind the line
 Even though we're parted, your lips are close to mine,
 You wait where the lantern softly gleams, your sweet
 face seems to haunt my dreams
 My Lilli of the Lamplight, my own Lilli Marlene....

Side by Side

Oh, we ain't got a barrel of mo-ney,
 Maybe we're ragged and fu-nny;
 But we'll travel a-long, singin' a song, Side by side.

Don't know what's comin' to-mor-row,
 Maybe it's trouble and sor-row;
 But we'll travel the road, sharin' our load,
 Side by side.

Through all kinds of weather,
 What if the sky should fall;
 Just as long as we're together,
 It really doesn't matter at all.

When they've all had their quarrels and par-ted,
 We'll be the same as we star-ted;
 But we'll travel a-long, singing a song, Side by side

Green Fields of France **Please join with choruses**

*Did they beat the drum slowly,
 did they play the fifes lowly
 Did they sound the death march as
 they lowered you down
 And did the band play the last post and chorus
 Did the pipes play the flowers of the fo-rest.*

The Thing-ummy-bob (that's going to win the war)

Please join with choruses

*It's a ticklish sort of job making a
 thing for a thing-ummy-bob
 Especially when you don't know what it's for
 But it's the girl that makes the
 thing that drills the hole
 that holds the spring that works the
 thing-ummy-bob, that makes the engines roar.
 And it's the girl that makes the thing
 that holds the oil, that oils the ring that works the
 thing-ummy-bob, that's going to win the war!*

When you're Smiling

When you're smiling, when you're smiling
 The whole world smiles with you
 When you're laughing, when you're laughing
 The sun comes shining through
 But when you're crying, you bring on the rain
 So stop your sighing, be happy again
 Keep on smiling, Cause when you're smiling
 The whole world smiles with you!

Whispering Grass

Why do you whisper, green grass
 Why tell the trees what ain't so
 Whispering grass, the trees don't need to know

Why tell them all your secrets
 Who kissed there long ago
 Whispering grass, the trees don't need to know

Don't you tell it to the trees,
 Or she will tell the birds and bees
 And everyone will know
 'Cause you told the blabbering trees
 Yes, you told them once before
 It's no secret any- more

Why tell them all the old things?
 They're buried under the snow
 Whispering grass don't tell the trees
 'Cause the trees don't need to know

Don't you tell it to the trees
 Or she will tell the birds and bees
 And everyone will know
 'Cause you told the blabbering trees
 Yes, you told them once before
 It's no secret anymore

Why tell them all the old things?
 They're buried under the snow
 Whispering grass, don't tell the trees (STOP)
 Because the trees don't need to know.

White Cliffs of Dover

There'll be bluebirds over, The white cliffs of Dover,
 To-morrow, just you wait and see.
 There'll be love and laughter, And peace ever after,
 To-morrow when the world is free.

Verse The shepherd will tend his sheep,
 The valley will bloom again.
 And Jimmy will go to sleep,
 In his own little room gain.

There'll be bluebirds over, The white cliffs of Dover,
 To-morrow, just you wait and see.

Repeat Verse

There'll be peace and laughter
 And joy ever after, To-morrow when the world is free

Wish Me Luck!

Wish me luck as you wave me good-bye,
 Cheeri-o, here I go, on my way.
 Wish me luck as you wave me good-bye,
 Not a tear, but a cheer, 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.

You Made Me Love You

You made me love you, I didn't want to do it
 I didn't want to do it, You made me want you
 And all the time you knew it,
 I guess you 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 want to tell you
 I didn't want to tell you, I want some love, that's true
 Yes I do, indeed I do, you know I do

Give me, give me, give me what I cry for
 You know you got the brand of kisses that I'd die for
 You know you made me love you

We'll Meet Again

We'll meet a- gain,
 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 drive, the dark clouds far a-way.

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 when you saw me go
 I was singing this song.

We'll meet a- gain,
 don't know where, don't know when,
 But I know we'll meet a-gain some sunny day.

We've been NUTS!
www.newburyukulele.weebly.com
 Tel: 07963 647087

