

TUNES FROM THE TRENCHES

We start with a recruiting song ...

1. YOUR KING AND COUNTRY WANT YOU

Oh we don't want to lose you, But we think you ought to go
For your King and your Country both need you so;
We shall want you and miss you, But with all our might and main,
We shall cheer you, thank you, bless you When you come home again.

and then the soldiers set off to war ...

2. GOODBYE DOLLY GRAY

Goodbye Dolly I must leave you, though it breaks my heart to go,
Something tells me I am needed at the front to fight the foe,
See - the boys in blue are marching and I can no longer stay,
Hark - I hear the bugle calling, goodbye Dolly Gray.

Time to make fun of the enemy ...

3. BELGIUM PUT THE KIBOSH ON THE KAISER

Belgium put the kibosh on the Kaiser; Europe took the stick and made him sore;
We shall shout with vict'ry's joy, Hold your hand out naughty boy,
You must never play at soldiers any more.
Belgium put the kibosh on the Kaiser; Europe took the stick and made him sore;
On his throne it hurts to sit And when John Bull starts to hit,
He will never sit upon it any more.

Songs were adapted by the soldiers who made up suitable (or in many cases unsuitable!) words - there were many alternative verses of the next song ...

4. THREE GERMAN OFFICERS CROSSED THE RHINE

Three German officers crossed the Rhine, parlez-vous,
Three German officers crossed the Rhine, parlez-vous,
Three German officers crossed the Rhine,
To [kiss] the women and drink the wine, Inky dinky parlez-vous.

Allied officers, as well as the enemy, were targets ...

5. THEY WERE ONLY PLAYING LEAPFROG

One staff officer jumped right over another staff officer's back
And another staff officer jumped right over that other staff officers back;
A third staff officer jumped right over two other staff officers' backs
And a fourth staff officer jumped right over all the other staff officers' backs.
They were only playing leapfrog, They were only playing leapfrog,
They were only playing leapfrog
When one staff officer jumped right over another staff officer's back.

6. THE BELLS OF HELL GO TING-A-LING-A-LING

The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling For you but not for me:
And the little devils, how they sing-a-ling-a-ling For you but not 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 you but not for me.

Christmas - and through the fog of the battlefield ...

7. STILLE NACHT

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht, Alles schläft; einsam wacht,
Nur das traute hochheilige Paar. Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar,
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh, Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!

and the yearning for the end of the war and going home...

8. WHEN THIS LOUSY WAR IS OVER

When this lousy war is over, No more soldiering for me,
When I get my civvy clothes on, Oh, how happy I shall be!
No more church parades on Sunday, No more putting in for leave,
I shall kiss the sergeant-major, How I'll miss him, how he'll grieve! Amen.

9. HOME! SWEET HOME!

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met elsewhere.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

Until then, we fight on for King and Country...

10. LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

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.

and the Americans come and join in...

11. THE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG

Over hill, over dale, We will hit the dusty trail And the caissons go rolling along.
In and out, hear them shout, Counter march and left about And the caissons go rolling along,
For it's hi! hi! hee! In the field artillery, Shout out your numbers loud and strong,
For where e'er we go, You will always know That those caissons go rolling along.

12. OVER THERE

Over there, over there, Send the word, send the word, over there
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming, The drums rumtumming ev'rywhere.
So prepare, say a prayer, Send the word, send the word to beware
We'll be over, we're coming over And we won't come back till it's over over there.

before a rousing finish, altogether...

13. IT'S A 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's right there.
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, But my hearts right there.

Getting to know you

It's a very ancient saying but a true and honest thought,
that if you become a teacher, by your pupils you'll be taught.
As a teacher, I've been learning (You'll forgive me if I boast.)
And I've now become an expert on the subject I like most:
(spoken) *Getting to know you.*

Chorus:

Getting to know you, getting to know all about you
Getting to like you, getting to hope you like me
Getting to know you, Putting it my way, but nicely
You are precisely my cup of tea!
Getting to know you, getting to feel free and easy
When I am with you, getting to know what to say.
Haven't you noticed? Suddenly I'm bright and breezy
Because of all the beautiful and new things I'm learning about you day by day.

Repeat chorus

I whistle a happy tune

Whenever I feel afraid I hold my head erect
and whistle a happy tune, So no-one will suspect I'm afraid.
While shivering in my shoes I strike a careless pose
and whistle a happy tune And no-one ever knows I'm afraid.

The result of this deception is very strange to tell,
For when I fool the people, I fear I fool myself as well!

I whistle a happy tune And ev'ry single time
the happiness in the tune convinces me that I'm not afraid.

Make believe you're brave And the trick will take you far.
You may be as brave as you make believe you are.

(Whistle)

You may be as brave as you make believe you are.

Mull of Kintyre (Bagpipes version)

Mull of Kintyre, Oh mist rolling in from the sea, my desire is always to be here, Oh Mull of Kintyre.
Far have I travelled and much I have seen, Dark distant mountains with valleys of green.
Past painted deserts the sun sets on fire as he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre.

Mull of Kintyre, Oh mist rolling in from the sea, my desire is always to be here, Oh Mull of Kintyre.

[bridge – bagpipes]

Sweep through the heather like deer in the glen; Carry me back to the days I knew then.
Nights when we sang like a heavenly choir of the life and the times of the Mull of Kintyre.

Mull of Kintyre, Oh mist rolling in from the sea, my desire is always to be here, Oh Mull of Kintyre.

[bridge – bagpipes]

Smiles in the sunshine and tears in the rain Still take me back where my mem'ries remain.
Flickering embers go higher and higher As they carry me back to the Mull of Kintyre.

Mull of Kintyre, Oh mist rolling in from the sea, my desire is always to be here, Oh Mull of Kintyre.
Mull of Kintyre, Oh mist rolling in from the sea, my desire is always to be here, Oh Mull of Kintyre.
La la la la; La la la la; La la la la. *(fade out)*

Heart of Oak

Come cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
to add something more to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

[Chorus]:

*Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men,
We always are ready; Steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.*

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
And if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Chorus

Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough the sea,
Her standard be justice, her watchword "Be free,"
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and King.
Chorus

In Flanders fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
between the crosses, row on row,
that mark our place; and in the sky
the larks, still bravely singing, fly.
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
we lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
loved and were loved, and now we lie.
In Flanders fields, in Flanders fields!
And now we lie in Flanders fields.

Take up your quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
the torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die.
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
in Flanders fields, in Flanders fields.
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
in Flanders fields, in Flanders fields.

A wonderful day like today

The second I saw it I knew, I said to myself, "Aha."
I could tell at a glance that it wasn't by chance that we happen to be where we are.

From the moment I woke with the lark, we were both of us singing away.
And the sky was so blue, I instinctively knew we were in for a wonderful day.

As I came through the door, as I told you before, I was terribly tempted to say:

On a wonderful day like today I defy any cloud to appear in the sky.
Dare any raindrop to plop in my eye on a wonderful day like today.
On a wonderful morning like this, when the sun is as big as a yellow balloon,
even the sparrows are singing in tune on a wonderful morning like this.
On a morning like this I could kiss ev'rybody, I'm so full of love and goodwill.
Let me say furthermore I'd adore ev'rybody to come and dine.
The pleasure's mine, and I will pay the bill.

May I take this occasion to say
that the whole human race should go down on its knees,
show that we're grateful for mornings like these,
for the world's in a wonderful way, on a wonderful day like today.

If I had a hammer

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening, All over this land
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out a warning
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters, All over this land

Ooh, If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning
I'd ring it in the evening, All over this land
I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out a warning
I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters, All over this land

Ooh, If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning
I'd sing it in the evening, All over this land
I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out a warning,
I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters, All over this land

Ooh, Well, I got a hammer, And I got a bell
And I got a song to sing, All over this land
It's a hammer of justice It's a bell of freedom,
It's a song about love between my brothers and my sisters, All over this land
It's a hammer of justice It's a bell of freedom,
It's a song about love between my brothers and my sisters, All over this land

The impossible dream

To dream the impossible dream, to fight the unbeatable foe,
to bear with unbearable sorrow, to run where the brave dare not go.

To right the unrightable wrong, to love pure and chaste from afar,
to try when your arms are too weary, to reach the unreachable star.

This is my quest, to follow that star,
no matter how hopeless, no matter how far,
to fight for the right, without question or pause,
to be willing to march into Hell for a heavenly cause.
And I know if I'll only be true, to this glorious quest,
that my heart will lie peaceful and calm when I'm laid to my rest.

And the world will be better for this,
that one man, scorned and covered with scars,
still strove with his last ounce of courage,
to fight the unbeatable foe, to reach the unreachable star.

59th Street Bridge Song

Slow down, you move too fast. You got to make the morning last.
Just kickin' down the cobble stones, lookin' for fun and feelin' groovy.

Hello lamppost, what-cha knowin' I've come to watch your flowers growin'.
Ain't-cha got no rhymes for me? Doot-in-do-doo, feelin' groovy.

Got no deeds to do, no promises to keep. I'm dappled and drowsy and ready to sleep.
Let the morning time drop all its petals on me. Life, I love you, all is groovy.

La la la la la la la La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la La la la la la la la
(repeat and fade)

O men from the fields!

O men from the fields! Come gently within.
Tread softly, softly, O men coming in!

Mavourneen is going From me and from you,
Where Mary will fold him With mantle of blue!
From reek of the smoke, And cold of the floor,
And the peering of things Across the halfdoor.

O men from the fields! Soft, softly come through –
Mary puts round him Her mantle of blue.

See him lying on a bed of straw (Calypso carol)

1. See him lying on a bed of straw: a draughty stable with an open door.
Mary cradling the babe she bore: the Prince of Glory is his name.

Chorus:

*O now carry me to Bethlehem to see the Lord of love again:
just as poor as was the stable then, the Prince of Glory when he came!*

2. Star of silver, sweep across the skies, show where Jesus in the manger lies; shepherds, swiftly
from your stupor rise to see the Saviour of the world! *Chorus*

3. Angels, sing again the song you sang, sing the glory of God's gracious plan;
sing that Beth'lem's little baby can be the Saviour of us all. *Chorus*

4. Mine are riches, from your poverty; from your innocence, eternity;
mine, forgiveness by your death for me, child of sorrow for my joy. *Chorus*