

War Songs Medley (Words)

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

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.

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. Tarrarel. Ring out a song of good cheer!
Now's the time to roll the barrel, for the gang's all here.

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 blinkin' sons,
Cos 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.

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.

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.
'Till I come marching home.