

## Lecture 10: "Oh What a Lovely War!" Songs of WW1

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### Music Hall / Popular Songs

#### Your King and Country Want You

We've watched you playing cricket and every kind of game  
 At football, golf and polo, you men have made your name,  
 But now your country calls you to play your part in war,  
 And no matter what befalls you, we shall love you all the more,  
 So come and join the forces as your fathers did before.

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, kiss (bless) you when you come back again.

We want you from all quarters so, help us, South and North  
 We want you in your thousands, from Falmouth to the Forth,  
 You'll never find us fail you when you are in distress,  
 So, answer when we hail you, and let your word be "Yes"  
 And so your name, in years to come each mother's son shall bless.

Oh! we don't want to lose you but we think you ought to go  
 ...

It's easy for us women to stay at home and shout,  
 But remember there's a duty to the men who first went out.  
 The odds against that handful were nearly four to one,  
 And we cannot rest until it's man for man, and gun for gun!  
 And every woman's duty is to see that duty done!

## **I'll Make Man Out Of You**

The Army and the Navy need attention,  
The outlook isn't healthy you'll admit,  
But I've got a perfect dream of a new recruiting scheme,  
Which I think is absolutely it.  
If only other girls would do as I do  
I believe that we could manage it alone,  
For I turn all suitors from me  
but the sailor and the Tommy, [British Soldier]  
I've an army and a navy of my own.

On Sunday I walk out with a Soldier,  
On Monday I'm taken by a Tar, [sailor]  
On Tuesday I'm out with a baby Boy Scout,  
On Wednesday a Hussar;  
On Thursday a gang oot wi' a Scottie,  
On Friday, the Captain of the crew;  
But on Saturday I'm willing, if you'll only take the shilling,  
To make a man of any one of you.

I teach the tenderfoot to face the powder,  
That gives an added lustre to my skin,  
And I show the raw recruit how to give a chaste salute,  
So when I'm presenting arms he's falling in.  
It makes you almost proud to be a woman.  
When you make a strapping soldier of a kid.  
And he says 'You put me through it and I didn't want to do it  
But you went and made me love you so I did.'

On Sunday I walk out with a Bo'sun.  
On Monday a Rifleman in green,  
On Tuesday I choose a 'sub' in the 'Blues',  
On Wednesday a Marine;  
On Thursday a Terrier from Tooting,  
On Friday a Midshipman or two,  
But on Saturday I'm willing, if you'll only take the shilling,  
To make a man of any one of you.

## **Keep the Home Fires Burning**

They were summoned from the hillside;  
They were called in from the glen,  
And the country found them ready,  
At the stirring call for men.  
Let no tears add to their hardship,  
As the soldiers pass along,  
And although your heart is breaking,  
Make it sing this cheery song:

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.

Overseas there came a pleading:  
"Help a nation in distress!"  
And we gave our glorious laddies;  
Honour made us do no less.  
For no gallant son of freedom  
To a tyrant's yoke should bend,  
And a noble heart must answer  
To the sacred call of "Friend."

Keep the home fires burning

### **Good Bye**

Brother Bertie went away to do his bit the other day  
With a smile on his lips and his Lieutenant's pips  
upon his shoulder bright and gay.  
As the train moved out he said, 'Remember me to all the birds.'  
Then he wagged his paw and went away to war  
Shouting out these pathetic words:

Goodbye-ee, goodbye-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,  
Bonsoir, old thing, cheer-i-o, chin, chin,  
Nah-poo, toodle-oo, Goodbye-ee.

At the hospital at Kew, the convalescents, dressed in blue,  
Had to hear Lady Lee, who had turned 83,  
Sing all the old, old songs she knew.  
Then she made a speech and said, "I look on you boys with pride,  
And to thank you all I'm going to kiss each one",  
Then they all grabbed a stick and cried,

Goodbye-ee, goodbye-ee,  
...

### **The Rose of No Man's Land**

I've seen some beautiful flowers,  
Grow in life's garden fair,  
I've spent some wonderful hours,  
Lost in their fragrance rare;  
But I have found another,  
Wondrous beyond compare.

There's a rose that grows on "No Man's Land"  
And it's wonderful to see,  
Tho' its spray'd with tears, it will live for years,  
In my garden of memory.  
It's the one red rose the soldier knows,  
It's the work of the Master's hand;  
Mid the War's great curse,  
Stands the Red Cross Nurse,  
She's the rose of "No Man's Land".

Out of the heavenly splendour,  
Down to the trail of woe,  
God in his mercy has sent her,  
Cheering the world below;  
We call her "Rose of Heaven",  
We've learned to love her so.

There's a rose that grows on "No Man's Land" ...

### **The Last Long Mile**

Oh, they put us in the Army and they handed us a pack,  
They took away our nice new clothes and dressed us up in khak',  
They marched us twenty miles a day to fit us for the war,  
We didn't miss the first nineteen, but the last one made us sore.

Oh, it's not the pack that you carry on your back,  
Nor the gun upon your shoulder,  
Nor the five inch crust of France's dirty dust  
That makes you feel your limbs are growing older.  
And it's not the load on the hard straight road,  
That wipes away your smile;  
If the socks of sister raise a blisters,  
Blame it on the last long mile!

One day we had manoeuvres on dear old Salisbury Plain.  
We marched and marched and marched and marched  
And marched and marched again.  
I thought the Duke of York a fool but he wasn't in the van  
With us who marched and marched and marched  
And marched back home again.

Oh, it's not the pack that you carry on your back,  
Nor the gun upon your shoulder,  
If there's never any ham, there's plum and apple jam  
To make you feel your limbs are growing older.  
And it's not the camp or the echo of the tramp,  
That drives away your smile;  
It's the Sergeant-Major's little wager  
To break you on the last long mile!

Now we've been out in Flanders for many a weary day  
A-marching and a-fighting in the good old British way  
We don't complain of nothing but we'd dearly like to know  
Before we are Napootaloo what for, where to we go.

Oh, it's not the packs that we carry on our backs,  
Nor the gun upon our shoulders,  
And we're glad we're o'er the foam from the stay-at-homes who roam,  
Although we feel our limbs are growing older.  
And it's not the fear of France's rotten beer,  
That drives away our smile;  
But if the British Workman beats the German  
We'll stick it to the last long mile.

### Oh What 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 civilian sitting by the fire.

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 cushy life, boys, really we love it so:  
Once a fellow was sent on leave and simply refused to go.

Come to the cookhouse door, boys, sniff the lovely stew.  
Who is it says the colonel 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?

## Soldiers' Songs

### That's The Wrong Way To Tickle Mary

That's the wrong way to tickle Mary  
 That's the wrong way to kiss  
 Don't you know that over here, lad,  
 They like it best like this?  
 Houray pour le Français! Farewell Angleterre!  
 We didn't know the way to tickle Mary,  
 But we learnt how over here.

### I Don't Want To Join The Army

I don't want to join the army,  
 I don't want to go to war,  
 I'd rather hang around Piccadilly underground,  
 Livin' off the earnings of a high born lady/lady  
     typist  
 I don't want a bayonet up me a\*\*e 'ole,  
 I don't want me b\*\*\*\*cks shot away,  
 I'd rather stay in England, in merry, merry  
     England,  
 And fornicate me f\*\*\*in'/bleedin' life away.  
 or:  
 ...  
 I don't need no Froggy women  
 London's full of girls I've never had.  
 Dear Oh Gawd almighty  
 I want to stay in Blighty  
 And follow in the footsteps of me dad.

### Keep Your Head Down, Fritz Boy

Keep your head down Fritz boy (2x)  
 Last night in the pale moon light  
 We saw you – we saw you  
 You were mending your broken wire  
 And we opened rapid fire  
 If you want to see your mother  
 And your fatherland  
 Keep your head down Fritz boy.

Hold your hands up Fritz boy (2x)  
 Just tonight in the pale moonlight  
 We saw you -we saw you  
 We were laying some more wire  
 And we nearly opened fire.  
 If you want to see your mother  
 And your fatherland  
 Keep your hands up Fritz boy.

### Kaiser Bill

Kaiser Bill was feeling ill,  
 The Crown Prinz has gone barmy  
 I don't give a f\*\*k for old von Fluck  
 and all his bleedin' army

### Living In A Trench

To live with any luck inside a trench  
 Your nose must be accustomed to the stench  
 of the rotten Boche that lie  
 On the parapet and die  
 'cause they make a smell  
 that hell itself can't quench

### The Bells Of Hell

The Bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,  
 for you but not for me.  
 The little devils (angels) have a 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.

### Bombed Last Night

Bombed last night, and bombed the night  
     before.  
 Going to get bombed tonight if we never get  
     bombed anymore.  
 When we're bombed, we're scared as we can  
     be.  
 God damn the bombs from old Higher  
     Germany.  
 They're warning us, they're warning us.  
 One shell hole for just the four of us.  
 Glory be to God there are no more of us.  
 So one of us can fill it all alone.

Gassed last night, and gassed the night before.  
 Going to get gassed tonight if we never get  
     gassed anymore.  
 When we're gassed, we're sick as we can be.  
 For phosgene and mustard gas is much too  
     much for me.

They're killing us, they're killing us.  
 One respirator for the four of us.  
 Thank your lucky stars that we can all  
     run fast.  
 So one of us can take it all alone.

### **We're Here Because**

We're here because we're here because  
 We're here because we're here.  
 We're here because we're here because  
 We're here because we're here.

### **Holy Moses I am dying,**

Just one word before I go,  
 If you see a German soldier,  
 stick a baynet up his  
 Holy Moses ... ..

### **The Old Battalion / Hanging on the Old Barbed Wire**

If you want to find the lance-jack,  
 I know where he is (3x)  
 If you want to find the lance-jack, I know  
     where he is  
 He's scrounging round the cookhouse door.  
 I've seen him, I've seen him  
 Scrounging round the cookhouse door (2x)

The sergeant-major  
 Thieving all the squaddies' (soldiers) rum.

...Company sergeant  
 Lying drunk on the latrine floor

...Quarter Master  
 Miles and miles behind the lines

...C.O. (Commanding officer)  
 Down in the deep dugout

... the brasshats [commanders]  
 Drinking Claret at the Brigade HQ.

...the politicians  
 Drinking Brandy in the House of Commons  
     Bar.

...the buckshee Private  
 buried in a deep shell hole

...Tom Driscoll  
 On the firestep with half his head blown away

...the Old Battalion  
 Hanging on the Old Barbed Wire

### **Never Mind**

If the sergeant drinks your rum, never mind  
 And your face may lose its smile, never mind  
 He's entitled to a tot but not the bleeding lot  
 If the sergeant drinks your rum, never mind

When old Jerry shells your trench, never mind  
 And your face may lose its smile, never mind  
 Though the sandbags bust and fly, you have  
     only once to die,  
 If old Jerry shells the trench, never mind

If you get stuck on the wire, never mind  
 And your face may lose its smile, never mind  
 Though you're stuck there all the day, they  
     count you dead and stop your pay  
 If you get stuck on the wire, never mind

If your mate just lost his sight, never mind  
 And he screamed the whole damned night,  
     never mind  
 'though they'll send him home it's tough, He'll  
     be great for blind-man's bluff  
 So if your mate just lost his sight, never mind

If the sergeant says your mad, never mind  
 Perhaps you are a little bit, never mind  
 Just be calm don't answer back, 'cause the  
     sergeant stands no slack  
 So if he says you're mad, well - you are.

### **Hush Here Comes A Whizzbang**

Hush, here comes a Whizzbang.  
 Hush, here comes a Whizzbang.  
 Now you soldiermen get down those stairs,  
 Down in your dugouts and say your prayers.  
 Hush, here comes a Whizzbang,  
 And it's making right for you.  
 And you'll see all the wonders of No-Man's-  
     Land,  
 If a Whizzbang [BANG!], hits you.

**Forward Joe Soap's Army**

Forward Joe Soap's army marching without  
fear  
With our brave commander safely in the rear.  
He boasts and skites from morn till night  
And thinks he's very brave  
But the men who really did the job  
Are dead and in their grave.  
Forward Joe Soap's army marching without  
fear  
With our brave commander safely in the rear.

**Forward Fred Karno's Army**

We are Fred Karno's Army, we are the ragtime  
infantry.  
We cannot fight, we cannot shoot / f\*\*k, what  
bleeding use are we?  
And when we get to Berlin we'll hear the  
Kaiser say,  
'Hoch, hoch! Mein Gott, what a bloody rotten  
lot,  
are the ragtime infantry!'

**Raining**

Raining, raining, raining,  
Always bloody well raining  
Raining all the morning  
Raining all the night  
Grousing, grousing, grousing,  
Always bloody well grousing  
Grousing at the rations,  
Grousing at the pay.

Marching, marching marching,  
Always bloody well marching  
Marching in the morning  
Marching in the night.  
Marching, marching, marching,  
Always bloody well marching  
When this war is over  
We'll bloody well march no more.

**Soldier's Lullaby (Far Far From Wipers)**

Far, far from Wipers I long to be.  
Where German snipers can't get at me.  
Dark is my dugout, cold are my feet.  
Waiting for Whizzbangs to send me to sleep.

**When This Bloody War Is Over**

When this bloody war is over,  
Oh how happy I shall be!  
When I get my civvy clothes on,  
No more soldiering for me.  
No more church parades on Sunday,  
No more asking for a pass.  
I shall tell the Sergeant-Major  
To stick his passes up his arse.

When this bloody war is over,  
Oh how happy I shall be!  
When I get my civvy clothes on,  
No more soldiering for me.  
I shall sound my own reveille,  
I shall make my own tattoo:  
No more N.C.O.s to curse me,  
No more bleeding Army stew.

N.C.O.s will all be navvies,  
Privates ride in motor cars;  
N.C.O.s will smoke their woodbines,  
Privates puff their big cigars.  
No more standing-to in trenches,  
Only one more church-parade;  
No more shivering on the firestep,  
No more Tickler's Marmalade.

**I Want To Go Home**

I want to go home, I want to go home.  
I don't want to go in 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.

I want to go home, I want to go home.  
I don't want to visit la Belle France no more,  
For oh the Jack Johnsons  
They make such a roar.  
Take me over the sea,  
Where the snipers they can't get at me.  
Oh my, I don't want to die,  
I want to go home.