

Roses of Picardy

I Oh! It's a lovely war

Long/Scott/Olthuis

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 civilians sitting beside the fire

Oh, oh it is a lovely war
Who wouldn't be a soldier, eh? Oh, it's a shame to take
the pay
As soon as the 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 it is 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 it is a lovely war

II Keep the home fires burning

Novello/Olthuis

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

CHORUS:

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
Honneur bade us do no less

For no gallant son of Britain
To a foreign yoke shall bend
And no Englishman is silent
To the sacred call of a friend

CHORUS

III Mademoiselle from Armentieres

Carlton/Turnbridge/Olthuis

What is the latest song the folks are singing around the
street
Singing around the street, everyone you meet
What is the latest melody that's caught the young idea
Promise to keep it secret and I'll whisper it in your ear

CHORUS

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parley vous
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, same to you
Who was the girl that lost her sheep
Thro' singing this chorus in her sleep
Inkey pinkey parley vous

Sandy McTosh from Glasgow town he put on his kilts one
day
Down by the briny spray, merry and bright and gay
Out on the prom he strolled along, the wind was rather
high
Who was the girl that turn her head, but only to shut one
eye

CHORUS

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parley vous
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, same to you
Who was it tied his kilts with string
To stop'em from doing the heilan' fling?
Inkey pinkey parley vous

Company sergeant Major Brown was stationed at Alders hof
All the boys on the spot knew that old Brown was 'ot
Even the Colonel had no chance to shine in Cupid's lamp
Until the day the Tommies spied a stranger in the camp

CHORUS

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parley vous
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, same to you
Giddy old Colonel knows his biz,
And who do you think his batman is?
Inkey pinkey parley vous

Up in his aeroplane one night went Robinson for a flight
Everything alright- Beautiful moonlight night
Circled around the moon awhile its wonders to explore
Looping the loop above the clouds and what do you think
he saw?

CHORUS

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parley vous
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, same to you
Who do you think was there in Mars
A doing the Can Can to the stars?
Inkey pinkey parley vous

IV We're here because we're here

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

V Roses of Picardy

Wood/Olthuis

She is watching by the poplars
Colinette with the seablue eyes
She is watching and longing and waiting
Where the long white roadway lies

And a song stirs in the silence
As the wind in the boughs above
She listens and starts and trembles
't Is the first little song of love

CHORUS

Roses are shining in Picardy in the hush of the
silver dew

Roses are flowering in Picardy, but there's never a
rose like you!
And the roses will die with the summertime and our
roads may be far apart
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy, 't is
the rose that I keep in my heart

And the years fly on forever
Till the shadows veil their skies
But he loves to hold her little hands
And look in her seablue eyes

And she sees the road by the poplars
Where they met in the long-gone years
For the first little song of the roses
Is the last little song she hears

CHORUS

VI I heard you singing Coates/Barrie/Olthuis

I heard you singing when the dawn was grey
And silver dew on every blossom lay
And though the rising sun too soon drank up the dew
I thought I heard you singing all the long day through

I heard you singing in the silent hour
When evening came with sleep for bird and flow'r
A song like happy murmuring of woodland streams
I thought I heard you singing down the veil of dreams

Beloved when the last call echoes dear
And I must part from all that is so dear
I shall not fear the valley that before me lies
If I may hear you singing as I close my eyes

VII Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
Powell/Olthuis

Private Perks is a funny little codger with a smile, a
funny smile
Five feet none he is an artful little dodger with a
smile, a sunny smile
Flush or broke he'll have his little joke, he can't be
suppressed
All the other fellows have to grin when he gets this off
his chest
Hi!

CHORUS (2x)

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

VIII Little grey home in the West

Löhr/Olthuis

When the golden sun sinks in the hills
And the toil of a long day is o'er
Though the road may be long in the lilt of a song
I forget that I was weary before

For ahead where the blue shadows fall
I shall come to contentment and rest
And the toils of the day will be all charmed away
In my little grey home in the West

There are hands that will welcome me in
There are lips I am burning to kiss
Though the road may be long in the lilt of a song
I get thousands things other men miss

It's a corner of heaven itself
Though it's only a tumbledown nest
But with love **living** (ONLEESBAAR) there, why, no place
can compare
With my little grey home in the West

IX No more soldiering for me

When this rotten war is over, no more soldiering for me.
When I get my civvy clothes on, oh, how happy I shall be!
No more churchparades on Sunday. No more putting in for
leave.
I shall kiss the Sergeant Major, How I'll miss him; how
he'll grieve

I shall sound my own reveille I shall make my own tattoo:
No more N.C.O's to curse me, no more rotten Army stew.

X The bassoon

arr. Olthuis

I'm very fond of music and I simply think it's grand

To listen to the instruments of a full orchestral band
The hobo and the clarinet to me are quite a boon
But the one I love the best of all is the good-old deep
bassoon

When it goes, poom-poom-poom
Rich and deep, poom-poom-poom
Oh, what music! Poom-poom-poom

Oh, isn't it lovely, poom-poom-poom
When you hear it go poom-poom-poom-poom
It makes me rejoice when I hear it's sweet voice
So tasty, so poom-poom-poom-poom

And now I've learnt to play so well I find that my
bassoon
It does me good if I don't feel well on Sunday afternoon
It cures a headache, stops a cold, kills beetles, rats,
and mice
It's a perfect household remedy and so do take my advice:

Have a dose, poom-poom-poom
And try some, poom-poom-poom
Oh, what music! Poom-poom-poom

Oh, isn't it lovely, poom-poom-poom
When you hear it go poom-poom-poom-poom
It makes me rejoice when I hear it's sweet voice
So tasty, so poom-poom-poom-poom

XI Je te veux

Satie/Olthuis

ORCHESTRAL

XII I don't want to be a soldier

Finck/Olthuis

I don't want to be a soldier
I don't wanna go to war
I'd rather stay at home
Around the streets to roam
And live on the earnings of a lady typist

I don't want a bay'net in my belly
Don't want my bollocks shot away
I'd rather stay in England
In merry, merry England
And fornicate my ruddy life away

XIII It's a long way to Tipperary Judge/Williams/Olthuis

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day
As the streets are paved with gold, sure ev'ry one was
gay
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand, and Leicester Square
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

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