

When this bloody war is over

When this bloody 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

When this bloody war is over
Guard's fatigues will be no more
We'll be spooning with the wenches
As we did in days of yore
NCOs will then be navvies,
Privates own their motor cars
No more sirring and saluting
No more tea dished out in jars
No more going in the trenches
No more asking for a pass
You can tell the Sergeant-Major
To stick his passes up his arse

Credits

Keep the Home Fires Burning: by Lena Guilbert Ford and Ivor Novello. ©1919 Chappell & Co (UK)
I'll Make a Man of You: by Arthur Winperis and Herman Finck. ©1914 Francis Day and Hunter
Pack Up Your Troubles: by George Asaf and Felix Powell. ©1915 Francis Day and Hunter
Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty: by A.J. Mills, Fred Godfrey, Bennett Scott. ©1916 B. Feldman & Co
Suvla Bay: by Jack Spode ©1916
Never Mind: Trad. Original tune ©1913 Francis Day and Hunter
For Gawd's Sake Don't Send Me: by Gitz Rice ©1917
I Want to Go Home: by Gitz Rice ©1915
Long, Long Trail: by Zo Elliott and Stoddard King. ©1908 West & Co
It's a Long Way to Tipperary: by Jack Judge and Harry Williams ©1912 B Feldman & Co

Other songs: Traditional, authors unknown

When this Bloody War is Over

Songs of World War One

Presented by Mike Murray and Lesley Silvester, Time Trackers

Keep the home fires burning

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 a dark cloud shining
Turn the dark cloud inside out till the
boys come home

Pack Up Your Troubles

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

Take me back to dear old...

Take me back to dear old Blighty
Put me on the train for London town
Take me over there, drop me anywhere
Liverpool, Leeds or Birmingham well I
don't care
I should love to see my best girl
Cuddling up again we soon should be
Whoa! Tiddley iddley ighty hurry me
home to Blighty
Blighty is the place for me...

Take me back to dear old Aussie
Put me on the boat for Woolloomooloo
Take me over there, drop me anywhere
Sydney, Perth, or Adelaide for I don't
care

I just want to see my best girl
Cuddling up again we soon will be
Take me to Australia, for Blighty is a
failure
Aussie is the place for me.

I'll make a man of you

But on Saturday I'm willing
If you'll only take the shilling
To make a man of any one of you

I don't want to be a soldier

I don't want to be a soldier
I don't want to go to war
I'd rather stay at home
Around the streets to roam
And live off the earnings of a high-born
lady

I don't want a bayonet up my [armpit]
I don't want my [what'sit] shot away
I'd rather stay in England
Merry, merry England
And fornicate my flaming life away

Suvla Bay

Why do I weep
Why do I pray
My Love's asleep so far away
He played his part
That April day
And left my heart on Suvla bay

The Digger's Song (Horseferry Road)

Dinky di, dinky di,
I am an old Digger and can't tell a lie
(or repeat last line of verse)

Never Mind

If the Sergeant steals your rum, never mind
If the sergeant steals your rum, never mind
Tho' he's just a bloody sot
Just let him take the lot
If the Sergeant steals your rum, never mind.

If old Jerry shells your trench, never mind x 2
Though the blasted sandbags fly
You have only once to die
If old Jerry shells your trench, never mind

If you get stuck on the wire, never mind
If you get stuck on the wire, never mind
Though you've stuck there night and day
They count you dead and stop your pay
If you get stuck on the wire, never mind

For Gawd's sake don't send me

Send out the Army and the Navy
Send out the rank and file
Send out the brave old Territorials
They'll face the danger with a smile.
Send out the Boys of the Old Brigade
Who made old England free
Send out me brother, me sister and me mother,
But for Gawd's sake don't send me!

Bombed last night

Bombed last night, 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
Can't stop the bombing from Higher Germany
They're over us, they're over us
One shell hole for just the four of us
Thank your lucky stars there are no more of us
'Cause one of us could fill it all alone.

Gassed last night, 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 warning us, they're warning us
One respirator for the four of us
Thank your lucky stars that three of us can run
So one of us can have it all alone

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 whizz bangs and shrapnel they whistle and roar
Take me back over the sea
Where the Alley Man 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 back over the sea
Where the snipers they can't snipe at me
Oh my! I don't want to die
I want to go home

Long Long Trail

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
And that's the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

If You Want to Find the Sergeant

If you want to find the Sergeant I know where he is
I know where he is,
I know where he is.
If you want to find the Sergeant I know where he is
He's tossing off the privates' rum
I've seen him, I've seen him
Tossing off the privates' rum, I've seen him
Tossing off the privates' rum

If you want to find the Quartermaster I know where he is...
He's miles and miles behind the line

If you want to find the Colonel I know where he is...
He's down in a deep dug out

If you want to find the private I know where he is...
He's hanging on the old barbed wire