



Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree

I wrote my mother
I wrote my father
And now I'm writing you too
I'm sure of mother
I'm sure of father
And now I wanna be sure of you

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

I just got word from a guy who heard
From the guy next door to me
The girl he met just loves to pet
And it fits you to a T
So don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
Till I come marching home



Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
(With anyone else but her)
No, no, no, not a single soul but me
No, no, no, don't you sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
Not till you see me, not until you see me marching home
Home, home, home, home sweet home

Don't go walking down lovers' lane with anyone else but me
(With anyone else but her)
No, no, no, not a single soul but me
No, no, no, don't you go walking down lovers' lane
With anyone else but me
Not till you see me, not until you see me marching home
Home, home, home, home sweet home
Just wait till I come marching home

So, don't go walking down lovers' lane
No, walking down lovers' lane till you see me
When you see me marching home
Then we'll go arm in arm and
Sit down under the apple tree
Baby, just you and me
When I come marching home



War Favourites Medley

Bless 'Em All

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 corp'als and their blinkin sons,
'Cause 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
(2 Times Round)

Siegfried Line

We're gonna hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line,
Have you any dirty washing, mother dear?
We're gonna hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line,
'Cause the washing day is here.

Whether the weather may be wet or fine,
We just rub along without a care!
We're gonna hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line,
If the Siegfried Line's still there!

Kiss Me Goodnight Sgt Major

Kiss me goodnight, Sergeant-Major
Tuck me in my little wooden bed
We all love you, Sergeant-Major,
When we hear you bawling, "Show a leg!"

Don't forget to wake me in the morning
And bring me 'round a nice hot cup of tea
Kiss me goodnight Sergeant-Major
Sergeant-Major, be a mother to me



(There'll Be Bluebirds Over) The White Cliffs of Dover

There'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of dover
Tomorrow
Just you wait and see

There'll be love and laughter
And peace ever after
Tomorrow
When the world is free

The shepherd will tend his sheep
The valley will bloom again
And Jimmy will go to sleep
In his own little room again

There'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of dover
Tomorrow
Just you wait and see

The shepherd will tend his sheep
The valley will bloom again
And Jimmy will go to sleep
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There'll be bluebirds over
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Tomorrow
Just you wait and see

