

# SENTIMENTAL SING-ALONG

COLLECTION VOLUME XIV

*Reproducible Song Sheets*

For more information about the  
Sentimental Sing-Along Collection

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# SENTIMENTAL SING-ALONG

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## VOLUME XIV: Songs from the Homefront

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### 163 THIS IS THE ARMY MR. JONES

This is the army Mr. Jones,  
No private rooms or telephones.  
You had your breakfast in bed before,  
But you won't have it there anymore.

This is the army Mr. Green,  
We like the barracks nice and clean.  
You had a housemaid  
to clean your floor,  
but she won't help you out anymore.

Do what the buglers command.  
They're in the army  
and not in a band.

This is the army Mr. Brown,  
You and your baby went to town.  
She had you worried,  
but this is war,  
And she won't worry you anymore.

REPEAT

### 164 SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Every rolling stone gets to feel alone, when  
home sweet home is far away.

I'm a rolling stone who's been so alone,  
until today.

REFRAIN:

Gonna take a sentimental journey. Gonna  
set my heart at ease,

Gonna make a sentimental journey,  
To renew old memories.

Got my bag, I got my reservation,  
spent each dime I could afford.

Like a child in wild anticipation,  
Long to hear that "all aboard."

Seven, that's the time we leave at seven,  
I'll be waitin' up for heaven

Countin' every mile of railroad track, that  
takes me back.

Never thought my heart could be so  
yearny,

why did I decide to roam?

Gonna take a sentimental journey,  
sentimental journey home.

REFRAIN

## 165 OVER THERE

Johnnie get your gun,  
get your gun, get your gun,  
Take it on the run,  
on the run, on the run,  
Hear them calling you and me,  
every son of liberty.  
Hurry right away, no delay, go today.  
Make your daddy glad,  
to have had, such a lad.  
Tell your sweetheart not to pine,  
to be proud her boy's in line.

REFRAIN:

Over there, over there,  
Send the word, send the word, over  
there.  
That the Yanks are coming,  
the Yanks are coming,  
The drums rum-tum-ming everywhere.  
So prepare, say a prayer, send the word,  
send the word to beware.  
We'll be over, we're coming over,  
And we won't come back  
till it's over over there.

Johnnie get your gun,  
get your gun, get your gun.  
Johnnie show the Hun,  
you're a son-of-a-gun.  
Hoist the flag and let her fly,  
like true heroes do or die.  
Pack your little kit, show your grit, do  
your bit Soldiers to the ranks,

from the towns and the tanks.  
Make your mother proud of you,  
and to liberty be true.

REFRAIN

## 166 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.

REFRAIN:

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 clouds shining,  
Turn the dark clouds inside out,  
'til the boys come home.

Over seas there came a pleading,  
"Help a nation in distress!"  
And we gave out glorious laddies, Honour  
bade us do no less.  
For no gallant Son of freedom,  
To a tyrants yoke should bend,  
And a noble heart must answer  
to the sa-cred call of "friend"

# 167 **BOOGIE WOOGIE BUGLE BOY**

He was a famous trumpet man  
from out Chicago way.  
He had a "boogie style"  
that no one else could play.  
He was the top man at his craft.  
But then his number came up  
and he was gone with the draft.  
He's in the army now,  
a-blowin' reveille,  
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy  
of Company B.  
They made him blow a bugle  
for his Uncle Sam,  
It really brought him down  
because he couldn't jam.  
The captain seemed to understand,  
because the next day the "cap" went out  
and drafted a band,  
And now the company jumps  
when he plays reveille,  
he's the boogie woggie bugle boy  
of Company B.

A root! A toot! A toot diddle ah-da-toot!  
He blows eight to the bar,  
in boogie rhythm.  
He can't blow a note unless a bass and  
guitar is playin' with him.  
And~~ the company jumps  
when he plays reveille,  
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy  
of company B.

He was some boogie woogie bugle boy of  
Company B.

He puts the boys to sleep with  
boogie every night,  
and wakes them up the same way  
in the early bright.  
They clap their hands and stamp their feet,  
because they know how he plays  
when someone gives him a beat.  
He really breaks it up,  
when he plays reveille,  
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of  
Company B.

A root! A toot! A toot diddle ah-da-toot!  
He blows eight to the bar,  
in boogie rhythm.  
He can't blow a note unless a bass and guitar  
is playin' with him.  
And~~ the company jumps  
when he plays reveille,  
~~~~He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of  
company B.

**168 WHITE CLIFFS  
OF DOVER**

They'll be bluebirds over,  
the white cliffs of dover.  
tomorrow, just you wait and see.  
They'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.

They'll be bluebirds over,  
The white cliffs of dover,  
tomorrow, just you wait and see.

**169 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,  
Now I wanna be sure of you.

REFRAIN:

Don't sit under the apple tree  
with anyone else but me,  
anyone else but me,  
anyone else but me.  
No!No!No!

Just remember that I've been true  
to nobody else but you,  
so just be true to me.

Don't go walkin' down lover's lane,  
with anyone else but me,  
anyone else but me,  
anyone else but me,  
No!No!No!

Don't start showin' off all your charms  
in somebody else's arms,  
you must be true to me.

**170 I'LL BE HOME  
FOR CHRISTMAS**

I'm dreaming tonight  
of a place I love,  
even more than I usually do.  
And although I know  
It's a long road back, I promise you.

REFRAIN:

I'll be home for Christmas,  
you can count on me,  
Please have snow and mistletoe  
and presents on the tree.  
Christmas eve will find me,  
where the love light gleams,  
I'll be home for Christmas,  
if only in my dreams.

**171 COMIN' IN ON A  
WING AND A PRAYER**

One of our planes was missing,  
two hours over-due.  
One of our planes was missing,  
with all its gallant crew.  
The radio sets were humming  
they waited for a word;  
then a voice broke through the humming  
and this is what they heard.

REFRAIN:

"Comin' in on a wing and a prayer,  
Comin' in on a wing and a prayer,  
Though there's one motor gone,  
we can still carry on,  
Comin' in on a wing and a prayer.

What a show, what a fight.  
Yes, we really hit our target for tonight.  
How we sing as we limp through the air.  
Look below, there's our field over there.  
With our full crew aboard  
and our trust in the Lord.  
We're comin' in on a wing and a prayer."

REFRAIN

**172 DON'T GET AROUND  
MUCH ANYMORE**

Missed the Saturday dance,  
Heard they crowded the floor,  
Couldn't bear it without you,  
Don't get around much anymore.

Thought I'd visit the club,  
Got as far as the door,  
They'd have asked me about you,  
Don't get around much anymore.

Darling I guess,  
my mind's more at ease,  
but never-the-less.  
Why stir up memories.

Been invited on dates,  
Might have gone but what for,  
Awfully different without you,  
Don't get around much anymore.

REPEAT

# 173 I'LL BE SEEING YOU

Cathedral bells were tolling,  
and our hearts sang on,  
Was it the spell of Paris,  
or the April dawn?  
Who knows, if we shall meet again?  
But when the morning chimes  
ring sweet again.

REFRAIN:

I'll be seeing you,  
in all the old familiar places  
that this heart of mine embraces  
all day through.  
In that small café,  
the park across the way,  
the children's carousel,  
the chestnut trees,  
the wishing well.  
I'll be seeing you,  
in every lovely summers' day,  
in everything that's light and gay,  
I'll always think of you that way.  
I'll find you in the morning sun  
and when the night is new,  
I'll be looking at the moon,  
but I'll be seeing you.