

It's a long way to Tipperaray

It's a long way to Tipperaray,  
It's a long way to go  
It's a long way to Tipperaray,  
To the sweetest girl I know.  
Goodbye to Piccadilly  
Farewell Leicester Square  
It's a long, long way to Tipperaray,  
But my heart lies there.

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.

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 could not 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-woogie bugle boy of Company B

Don't sit under the apple tree

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  
'Til I come marchin' home

Roll out the barrel

Roll out the barrel

We'll have a barrel of fun.

Roll out the barrel,

We've got the blues on the run.

Zing! Boom! Ta-rayrra!

Sing out a song of good cheer.

Now's the time to roll the barrel,

For the gang's all here!