

(F / F / F / F /)

v4 5/08/2014

[F] Mademoiselle from Armentieres [C7] parley vous
Mademoiselle from Armentieres [F] parley vous
Mademoiselle from [C7] Arm [F] en [C] tieres,
She hasn't been kissed in [F] forty [C] years,
Inky Pinky [G7] par[C7] lez-[F] vous [C7]

[F] The officers get the pie and cake, [C7] Parley-voo.
The officers get the pie and cake, [F] Parley-voo.
The officers get the [C7] pie [F] and [C] cake,
And all we get is the [F] belly [C] ache,
Inky Pinky [G7] par[C7] lez-[F] vous [C7]

[F] Mademoiselle from Armentieres [C7] parley vous
Mademoiselle from Armentieres [F] parley vous
She's the hardest working [C7] girl [F] in [C] town,
But she makes her living [F] upside [C]down!
Inky Pinky [G7] par[C7] lez-[F] vous **STOP [G7] SLOW (2-3-4)**

(TO THE TUNE OF WHAT A FRIEND I HAVE IN JESUS)

[C] When this lousy war is [F]over
[C] no more soldiering for [G] me,
[C]When I get my civvy [F]clothes on,
[G] oh how happy I shall [C] be.
[G] No more church parades on [C] Sunday,
[F] no more [D7] begging for a [G] pass.
[C] You can tell the sergeant-[F] major
[G] to stick his passes on the [C] grass

[C] When this lousy war is [F]over
[C] no more soldiering for [G] me,
[C]When I get my civvy [F]clothes on,
[G] oh how happy I [C] shall be.
[G] No more NCOs to [C]curse me,
[F] no more [D7] rotten army [G] stew.
[C] You can tell the old cook-[F] sergeant,
[G] to stick his stew right up his [C] flue.

[C] When this lousy war is [F]over
 [C] no more soldiering for [G] me,
 [C]When I get my civvy [F]clothes on,
 [G] oh how happy I [C] shall be.
 [G] No more sergeants come a- [C] bawling,
 [F] 'Pick it up' [D7] and 'Put [G] it down'
 [C] If I meet the ugly [F] toe rag
 [G] I'll nick his gun and knock him [C] down STOP

(G7 1-2-3-4)

[C7] Roses are shining in [F] Picardy,
 in the [C]hush of the [C7]silvery [F] dew, [A7]
 [D] Roses are [D7] flow'ring in [Gm] Picardy,
 but there's [G7] never a rose like [C] you ! [C7]
 And the [C] roses will [C7]die with the [F] summertime,
 and our [C] paths may be [C7] far far ap[F]art, [A]
 but there's [D7]one rose that dies not in [A] Picardy, [A7]
 (SLOW)'tis the [C] rose that I [C7] keep in my [F] heart. [C7]

STOP

(Faster Marching tempo [G] 1-2 1 2)

It's a [G] long way to Tipperary, it's a [C] long way to [G] go,
 It's a long way to Tipperary to the [A] sweetest [A7] girl I [D] know!
 Good [G] bye Piccadilly, [C] farewell Leicester [B7] Square!
 It's a [G] long, long way to Tippe [C] ra [G] ry,
 but [A] my [D] heart's right [G] there.

 [G] Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
 And [Em] smile, [C] smile, [G] smile,
 [G] While you've a lucifer to light [B7] your [Em] fag,
 [A7] Smile, boys, that's the [D7] style.
 [G] What's the use of [C7] worrying?
 [G] It [C] never [G] was worth-[D7]-while, so
 [G] Pack up your troubles in [C] your old kit-bag, and
 [G] smile, [D] smile, [G] smile. **STOP**

(SLOWER 1-2-3 1-2-3 1-2-3 1)

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Bless em [G] All, Bless em All,
the long and the [G7] short and the [C] tall
[D] Bless all the sergeants and W. O. ones,
[A7] Bless all the [A] corporals and [D] their blinkin [D7] sons,
Cos were [G] saying goodbye to them all,
as [G7] back to their billets they [C] crawl
You'll [D] get no prom [D7] otion this [D] side of the [D7] ocean,
so [D] cheer up my [D7] lads, Bless 'em [G] All

REPEAT ABOVE VERSE

(C 2-3-4)

[C] Kiss me goodnight, Sergeant-Ma[F]jor
[G7] Tuck me in my little wooden [C] bed
We all love you, Sergeant-Ma[F]jor,
[G7] When we hear you bawling, "Show a [C] leg!" [C7]
[F] Don't forget to wake me in the morn[C]ing
[D7] And bring me 'round a nice hot cup of [G7] tea
[C] Kiss me goodnight Sergeant-Ma[F]jor
Sergeant-[G7] Major, be a mother to [C] me

-REPEAT ABOVE VERSE- STOP

[To the tune of ~~I WORE A TULIP~~ (I now know it! - DJ))

~~[C] I wore... / a tunic, / an **old** khaki tunic,
And [F] you wore your civvy [C] clothes.
We [F] fought and bled at Loos
While [C] you were on the [A7] booze
[D7] The booze that no one here [G7] knows.
[C] Oh you were with the wenches
While we were in the trenches
Faci[F]ng an angry [E7] foe.
Oh you were [A7] a-slacking
While we [D7] were attacking
The [G7] **Bosch** on the Menin [C] Road. STOP~~

SLOW AND STEADY (C/ C/ C/)

Good [C] bye-ee, Good [F] bye-ee,
 Wipe the [G7] tear, baby dear, from your [C] eye-ee,
 Tho' it's [F] hard to part I [C] know, [A7]
 [D7] I'll be [G7] tickled to death to go.
 Don't [C] cry-ee, don't [F] sigh-ee,
 [G7]there's a silver lining in the [C] sky-ee,
 Bonsoir, old [C7]thing, cheer-i- [F] o, chin, [Dm] chin,
 Nah- [G] poo, toodle- [G7]oo, Good [C] bye-ee.
-REPEAT ABOVE VERSE- STOP

(THE KEY HAS BEEN CHANGED FROM G TO C)
(SLOWER C C C C Harmonica 1st 4 lines)

C Keep the home fires **G** burning,
Am while your hearts are **E7** yearning,
F though your lads are **C** far away
 they **[D]**dream **[D7]**of **G** home.
C There's a silver **G** lining
Am through the dark clouds **E7** shining,
F turn the dark cloud **C** inside out
F 'til the **C** boys **G** come **C** home. **STOP**

(faster G 1 & 2 & 3 &4)

[G] Goodbye [C] Dolly I must [G] leave you,
 [C] though it breaks my heart to [G] go
 [G] Something [C] tells me I am [G] needed
 at the [A7] front to fight the [D7]foe
 [G] See, the [C] boys in blue are [G] marching
 and [C] I can no longer [B7] stay
 [C] Hark, I [G]hear the bugle [E7]calling,
 [A7]Goodbye [D7] Dolly [G] Gray

-REPEAT ABOVE VERSE-

(SLOW) [A7]Goodbye [D7] Dolly [G] Gray DITHER OUT