



Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy of Company

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 woogie bugle boy of Company B

A-toot, a-toot, a-toot-diddle-y-a-da-toot
He blows it eight-to-the-bar, in boogie rhythm
He can't blow a note unless the bass and guitar is playin'
with him
And now 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
And when he plays boogie woogie bugle he was busy as a
"bzzz" bee
And when he plays he makes the company jump eight-to-
the-bar
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

Toot-toot-toot, toot-diddle-y-a-da, toot-diddle-y-a-da
Toot, toot, he blows it eight-to-the-bar
He can't blow a note if the bass and guitar isn't with him
A-a-a-and the company jumps when he plays reveille
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

He puts the boys to sleep with boogie every night
And wakes 'em 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

Da-da-da-doo-da-da
Da-da-da-doo-da-da
Da-da-da-doo-da-da
Da-da-da-doo-da
A-a-a-and the company jumps when he plays reveille
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B!



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 (very very 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
'Til 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
'Til I come marching home

I just got word from the 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
'Til 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 'til you see me, not until you see me marching 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 'til you see me, not until you see me marching home
Home, home, home sweet home

So don't go walking down to lovers' lane
No, walking down to lovers' lane
'Til 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



VIRTUAL VE DAY 75 FESTIVAL

Wartime Medley

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 worth while
So! Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And smile, smile, smile

I'm looking over a four-leaf clover
That I overlooked before
One leaf is sunshine
The second is rain
Third is the roses that grow in the lane
No need explaining, the one remaining
Is somebody I adore
I'm looking over a four-leaf clover
That I overlooked before

Run rabbit, run rabbit, run, run, run
Run rabbit, run rabbit, run, run, run
Bang, bang, bang, bang goes the farmer's gun
So run rabbit, run rabbit, run, run, run, run
Run rabbit, run rabbit, run, run, run
Don't give the farmer his fun, fun, fun
He'll get by without his rabbit pie
So run rabbit, run rabbit, run, run, run

My old man said follow the van
And don't dilly-dally on the way
Off went the car with me 'ome packed in it
I walked behind with me old cock linnet
I dillied and dallied,
Dallied and dillied
Lost the way and don't know where to roam
But you can't trust a Special
Like the old-time copper
When you can't find your way home



We'll Meet Again

We'll meet again
Don't know where, don't know when
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day

Keep smiling through
Just like you always do
'Til the blue skies drive the dark clouds far away

So will you please say hello to the folks that I know
Tell them I won't be long
They'll be happy to know that as you saw me go
I was singing this song

We'll meet again
Don't know where, don't know when
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day

We'll meet again
Don't know where, don't know when
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day

Keep smiling through
Just like you always do
'Til the blue skies drive the dark clouds far away

So will you please say hello to the folks that I know
Tell them I won't be long
They'll be happy to know that as you saw me go
I was singing this song

We'll meet again
Don't know where, don't know when
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day