

Reminiscence with Rebekah

Sing Along

Remembrance Day

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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 tararrel, ring out a song of good cheer
Now's the time to roll the barrel, for the gang's all
here

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 the 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 toodlie-a-da-toot.

He blows it eight to the bar, in boogie rhythm.

He can't blow a note unless a bass and guitar is playin' with him.

He makes the Company jump when he plays reveille.

He's the boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B.

It's A Long Way to Tipperary

(1914- Irish)

It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go.

It's a long way to Tipperary to the sweetest girl I know!

Goodbye, Piccadilly,

Farewell, Leicester Square!

It's a long long way to Tipperary,

But my heart's right there.

Lili Marlene

(1944)

Underneath the lantern

By the barrack gate

Darling I remember

The way you used to wait

'Twas there that you whispered tenderly

That you loved me

You'd always be

My Lili of the lamplight

My own Lili Marleen

*Vor der Kaserne vor dem großen Tor
stand eine Laterne und steht sie noch davor.*

So woll'n wir uns da wiedersehn.

Bei der Laterne woll'n wir steh'n.

Wie einst Lili Marleen. Wie einst Lili Marleen.

Keep the Home Fires Burning

(1914- British Patriotic Song)

Keep the home fires burn-ing

While your hearts are yearning

Though your lads are far away

They dream of home

There's a silver lin-ing

Through the dark cloud shining

Turn the dark inside out

'Till the boys come home

Oh, How I Hate to Get Up In the Morning!

(1918- American Army)

Oh! How I hate to get up in the morning

Oh! How I'd like to stay in bed

For the hardest blow of all

Is to hear the bugler call

Ya gotta get up

Ya gotta get up

Ya gotta get up this morning

Someday I'm going to murder the bugler

Someday they're going to find him dead

I'll amputate his reveille

And step upon it heavily

And spend the rest of my life in bed

When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again

(1863- American Civil War)

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hur - rah, hur - rah.

We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hur - rah, hur - rah!

The men will cheer and the boys will shout,
the ladies they will all turn out,

And we'll all feel gay when,
Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hur - rah, hur - rah.

To welcome home our darling boy,
Hur - rah, hur - rah!

The village lads and lassies say,
with roses they will strew the way,

And we'll all feel gay when,
Johnny comes marching home.

White Cliffs of Dover

(1941)

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

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

Danny Boy

(1913- based on Irish tune " Londonderry Air" words by English man)

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling

From glen to glen and down the mountain side

The summer's gone and all the roses falling

'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow

Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow

I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow

Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy I love you so

But if he come and all the roses dying

And I am dead, as dead I well may be

You'll come and find the place where I am lying

And kneel and say an Ave there for me

And I shall feel, though soft you tread above me

And then my grave will richer, sweeter be

For you will bend and tell me that you love me

And I shall rest in peace until you come to me

Now is the Hour

Now is the hour when we must say goodbye,
 Soon you'll be sailing far across the sea,
While you're away, oh, please remember me,
When you return, you'll find me waiting here

Gonna Take a Sentimental Journey

Gonna take a sen-ti-ment-al journey, gonna set my heart at ease

Gonna make a sen-ti-men-tal 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?

Gotta take that sen-ti-men-tal journey sen-ti-men-tal journey home

I'll Be Seeing You

I'll be seeing you in all the old familiar places

That this heart of mine embraces all day through

In the small cafe, the park across the way

The children's carousel, the chestnut trees, the wishing well

I'll be seeing you in every lovely summer's day

In everything that's bright 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.

Auf wiedersehen

(1952)

Auf wiedersehen, auf wiedersehen

We'll meet again, sweetheart

This lovely day has flown away

The time has come to part

We'll kiss again, like this again

Don't let the teardrops start

With love that's true, I'll wait for you

Auf wiedersehen, sweetheart

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,

till the blue skies drive the dark clouds far away.

Oh 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.