

WWI AMERICAN LEGION SONGS

1. GOOD-BYE BROADWAY, HELLO FRANCE

Good-bye Broadway, hello France,
We're ten million strong,
Good-bye sweetheart, wives and mothers,
It won't take us long,
Don't you worry while we're there,
It's for you we're fighting too,
So good-bye Broadway, hello France,
We're going to square our debt to you.

2. GOOD MORNING, MR. ZIP-ZIP-ZIP!

Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as mine,
Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip,
You're surely looking fine.
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,
If the Camels don't get you,
The Fatimas must,
Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as mine.

3. HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE!

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here,
What the deuce do we care,
What the deuce do we care,
Hail! Hail! We're full of cheer,
What the deuce do we care, Bill!

4. MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES

Mademoiselle from Armentieres
Parley voo,
Mademoiselle from Armentieres
Parley voo,
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
She hasn't been kissed for forty years,
Hinky, Dinky, Parley voo.

5. K- K- K- KATY

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore,
When the m-m-m-moon shines over the cow-shed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

6. I DON'T WANT TO GET WELL

I don't want to get well,
I don't want to get well,
I'm in love with a beautiful nurse.
Early every morning, night noon,
The cutest little girlie comes and feeds me with a spoon;
I don't want to get well,
I don't want to get well,
I'm glad they shot me on the fighting line,
The doctor says I'm in a bad condition,
But oh, oh, oh, I've got so much ambition,
I don't want to get well,
I don't want to get well,
For I'm having a wonderful time.

7. IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

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!

8. KEEP THE HOME-FIRES BURNING

Keep the home-fires burning,
While the hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of Home.
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come Home.

9. MY BUDDY

Nights are long since you went away,
I think about you all thru the day,
My Buddy, my Buddy;
No Buddy quite so true,
Miss your voice, the touch of your hand,
Just long to know that you understand,
My Buddy, my Buddy;
Your Buddy misses you.

10. THE OLD GRAY MARE

Oh, the old gray mare,
She ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be,
The old gray mare,
She ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago,
Many long years ago,
Many long years ago,
Oh, the old gray mare,
She ain't what she used to be,
Many long years ago.

11. OVER THERE

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word
over there,
That the Yanks are coming,
The Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming 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 its
over over there.

**12. PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR
OLD KIT-BAG AND SMILE, SMILE,
SMILE!**

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!

13. THE ROSE OF "NO MAN'S LAND"

There's a rose that grows on "No Man's Land"
And it's wonderful to see,
Tho' it's sprayed with tears,
It will live for years,
In my garden of memory.
It's the one red rose the soldier knows,
It's the work of the Master's hand
'Mid the war's great curse,
Stands the Red Cross Nurse,
She's the Rose of "No Man's Land."

14. THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a while moon beams:
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

15. TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
When the clouds roll by,
I'll come to you,
Then the skies will seem more blue,
Down in lover's lane, my dearie,
Wedding bells will ring merrily,
Every tear will be a memory,
So wait and pray each night for me,
Till we meet again.

16. IDAHO

And here we have Idaho,
Winning her way to fame,
Silver and gold in sunlight glaze,
And romance lies in her days.
Singing, singing of you,
How proudly too,
We'll go singing
Singing of Idaho.

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Henry Lorang back row, 2nd from Left, by the window