

Centenary of Armistice Day

Sunday, 11 November 2018 marks the 100th anniversary of the Armistice which ended the First World War (1914–18). Ukulele was a part of WW1 & WW2.

We paid a ukulele tribute to our ANZACs and indeed all our soldiers on Wednesday night at the Coorparoo Big Uke Jam, as Vic Kena led a set of songs from those years.

You are all invited to attend a small service which Vic Kena will be hosting this Sunday (11th Nov 2018) at Gair park Annerley. Some parking on Maldon st. Annerley.

10 am.

Bring a plate and your ukulele.

We will pray and sing a set of wartime songs. Music will be provided or can be sent to you. Wear a poppy if possible.

Contact Vic on 0408 389 270 or msg for more info.

It's a long way to Tipperary

Henry "Harry" Jame Williams - Traditional WWI.

[C]Up to mighty London Came an Irishman one [G]day.

[C]As the streets are paved with gold Sure, [B7]everyone was [Em]gay,

[C]Singing songs of Piccadilly [B7]Strand and Leicester [Em]Square
Till [E7]Paddy got ex[D]cited, Then he [D7]shouted to them [G]there:

It's a [C]long way to Tipperary, It's a [F]long way to [C]go.

[C]It's a long way to Tipperary To the [D]sweetest [D7]girl I [G]know!

[C]Goodbye, Piccadil[C7]ly, [F]Farewell, Leicester [E7]Square!

It's a [C]long long way to Tippe[Cdim]rar[C]y,

But [D]my heart's [G]right [C]there.

It's a [C]long way to Tipperary, It's a [F]long way to [C]go.

[C]It's a long way to Tipperary To the [D]sweetest [D7]girl I [G]know!

[C]Goodbye, Piccadil[C7]ly, [F]Farewell, Leicester [E7]Square!

It's a [C]long long way to Tippe[Cdim]rar[C]y,

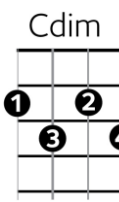
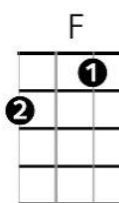
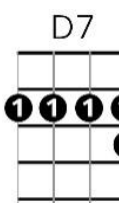
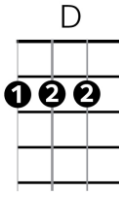
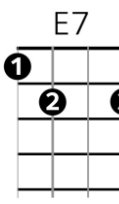
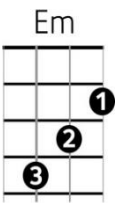
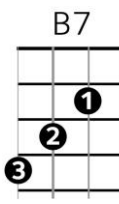
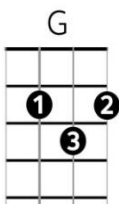
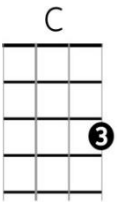
But [D]my heart's [G]right [C]there.

[C]Paddy wrote a letter, To his Irish Molly-[G]O,

[C]Saying, "Should you not receive it, [B7]Write and let me [Em]know!"

"[C]If I make mistakes in spelling, [B7]Molly, dear," said [Em]he,

"Re[E7]member, it's the [D]pen that's bad, [D7]Don't lay the blame on [G]me!



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It's a long way to Tipperary (Continued)

It's a [C]long way to Tipperary, It's a [F]long way to [C]go.

[C]It's a long way to Tipperary To the [D]sweetest [D7]girl I [G]know!

[C]Goodbye, Piccadil[C7]ly, [F]Farewell, Leicester [E7]Square!

It's a [C]long long way to Tippe[Cdim]rar[C]y,

But [D]my heart's [G]right [C]there.

[C]Molly wrote a neat reply To Irish Paddy-[G]O,

[C]Saying Mike Maloney Wants to [B7]marry me, and [Em]so

[C]Leave the Strand and Piccadilly Or you'll [B7]be to [Em]blame,

For [E7]love has fairly [D]drove me silly: [D7]Hoping you're
the [G]same!

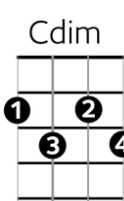
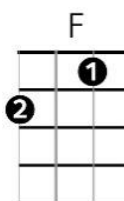
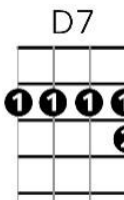
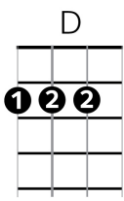
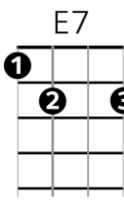
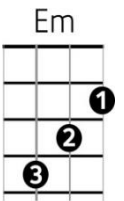
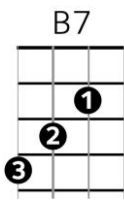
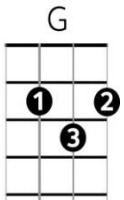
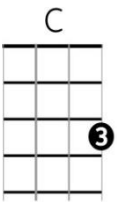
It's a [C]long way to Tipperary, It's a [F]long way to [C]go.

[C]It's a long way to Tipperary To the [D]sweetest [D7]girl I [G]know!

[C]Goodbye, Piccadil[C7]ly, [F]Farewell, Leicester [E7]Square!

It's a [C]long long way to Tippe[Cdim]rar[C]y,

But [D]my heart's [G]right [C]there.



Mademoiselle from Armentiers

Loulou Gasté - Traditional WWI.

[G]Mademoiselle from Armentiers [D7]parlez-vous

[D7]Mademoiselle from Armentiers [G]parlez-vous

[G]Mademoiselle from [D7]Armentiers

[G]She hasn't been kissed in [D7]forty years

[G]Hinky dinky [D7]parlez-[G]vous

[G]She might have been old for all we knew, [D7] parlez-vous

[D7]When Napoleon flopped at Waterloo [G] parlez-vous

[G] You might forget the [D7]gas and the shell

But you'll [G]never forget the [D7]mademoiselle

[G]Hinky dinky [D7]parlez-[G]vous

[G]The MPs say they won the war [D7]parlez-vous

[D7]Standing on guard at the cafe door. [G]parlez-vous

[G]I didn't care what [D7]became of me,

So I [G]went and joined the [D7]infantry

[G]Hinky dinky [D7]parlez-[G]vous.

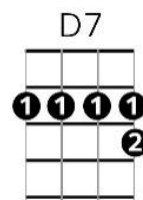
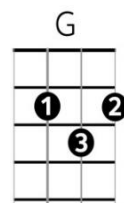
[G]They say they mechanized the war, [D7]parlez-vous

[D7]They say they mechanized the war, [G]parlez-vous

[G]They say they mechanized the [D7]war,

[G]So what the hell are we [D7]marching for?

[G]Hinky dinky [D7]parlez-[G]vous [D7 G]



Pack Up Your Troubles

Traditional WWI.

INTRO: [Bb] [Bb] [Bb F] [Bb F]

[Bb]Private Perks is a [Eb]funny little [Bb]codger

With a smile, [F]a funny [Bb]smile.

[D]Five feet none, He's an [Gm]artful little dodger,

With a [C]smile, a sunny [F]smile.

[Bbm]Flush or [Gb]broke, he'll [Db]have his little joke,

[F]He can't [C]be sup[F]pressed.

[C]All the [D]other [Gm]fellows have to grin,

When he [C]gets this off his [F]chest, Hey!

Chorus

[Bb]Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,

And [Eb]smile, smile, [Bb]smile!

[Bb]While you've a Lucifer to light your fag,

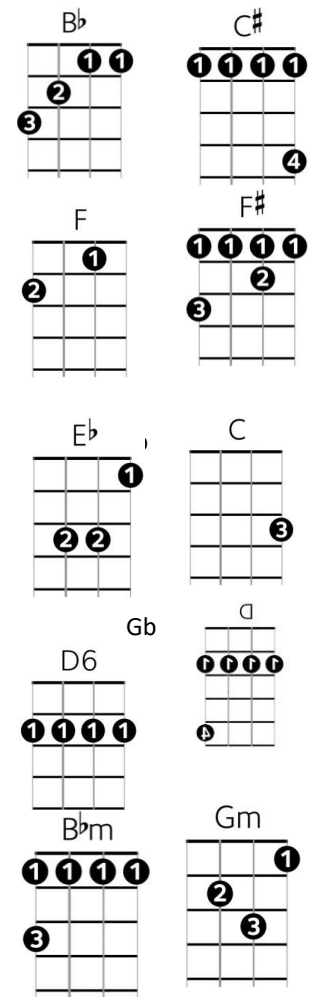
[C]Smile, Boys, thats the [F]style.

[Bb]What's the use of [F]worrying?

[Eb]It never [Bb]was worth [F]while.

So, [Bb]pack up your troubles in your old kit [Eb]bag,

And [Bb]smile, [F]smile, [Bb]smile!



Continued next page.

Pack Up Your Troubles (Continued)

[Bb]Private Perks went a-[Eb]marching into [Bb]Flanders,
With a [Bb]smile, [F]his funny [Bb]smile.

[D]He was lov'd by the [Gm]privates and commanders
For his [C]smile, his sunny [F]smile.

[Bbm]When a [Gb]throng of [Db]Bosches came along,
[F]With a [C]mighty [F]swing,

[C]Perks yell'd [D]out, [Gm]"This little bunch is mine!
Keep your [C]heads down boys and [F]sing", Hey!

Chorus

[Bb]Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And [Eb]smile, smile, [Bb]smile!

[Bb]While you've a Lucifer to light your fag,

[C]Smile, Boys, thats the [F]style.

[Bb]What's the use of [F]worrying?

[Eb]It never [Bb]was worth [F]while.

So, [Bb]pack up your troubles in your old kit [Eb]bag,

And [Bb]smile, [F]smile, [Bb]smile!

[Bb]Private Perks he [Eb]came back from Bosche [Bb]shooting,
With his [Bb]smile, [F]his funny [Bb]smile.

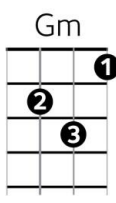
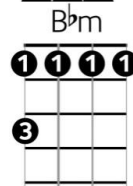
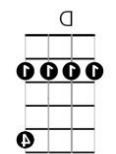
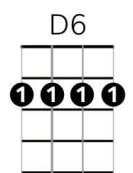
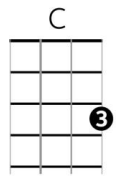
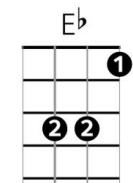
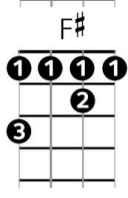
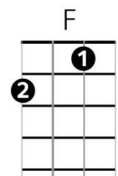
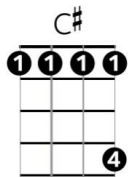
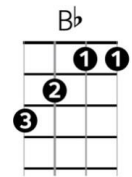
[D]Round his home he [Gm]then set about recruiting,
With his [C]smile, his sunny [F]smile.

[Bbm]He told all his [Gb]pals, the [Db]short, the tall,

[F]What a [C]time he'd [F]had,

[C]And as [D]each en[Gm]listed like a man,
Private [C]Perks said "Now my [F]lad," Hey!

Chorus.



Along the Road to Gundagai

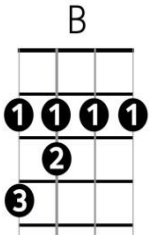
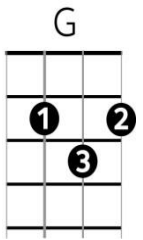
Jack O'Hagan, 1924

INTRO:

1. [G B] [C G] [A D7] [G G7]

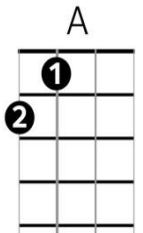
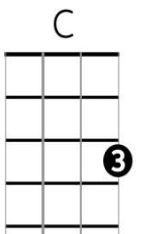
2. [C] [E7] [A] [D]

3. [G B] [C G] [A D] [G]



[G]Well there's a track winding [B]back to an [C]old fashioned [G]shack
Along the [A]road to [D]Gunda[G]gai [G7]
Where the [C]gums are growin' and the [E7]Murrumbidgee's flowin'
[A]Beneath the sunny [D]sky

[G7]There's my mother and daddy are [C]waitin' for me
And the [E7]pals of my childhood once [A]more I will [D]see
And no [G]more will I [B]roam 'cos [C]I'm headin' right for [G]home
Along the [A]road to [D]Gunda[G]gai
(Here we go)



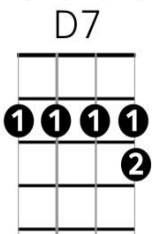
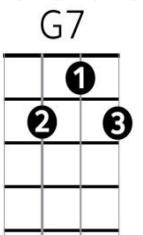
[Instrumental]

1. [G B] [C G] [A D] [G]

2. [C] [E7] [A] [D]

3. [G] [C] [E7] [A D] [G]

4. [G B] [C G] [A D] [G]

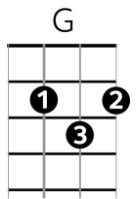


[G7]There's my mother and daddy are [C]waitin' for me
And the [E7]pals of my childhood once [A]more I will [D]see
And no [G]more will I [B]roam 'cos [C]I'm headin' right for [G]home
Along the [A]road to [D]Gunda[G]gai

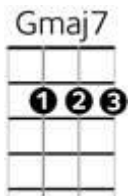
White Cliffs of Dover

Walter Kent

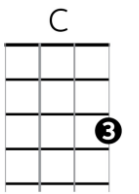
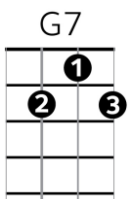
[G]There'll be bluebirds [Gmaj7 G7]over
[C]The white cliffs of [Bm]Dover
[Am]Tomorrow
[D]Just you wait and [G]see



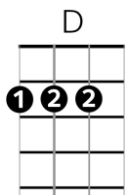
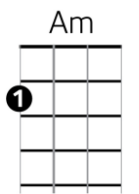
[G]There'll be love and [Gmaj7 G7]laughter
[C]And peace ever [Bm]after
[Am]Tomorrow
[D]When the world is [G]free



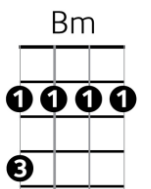
The [C]shepherd will tend his sheep
The [G]valley will bloom [G7]again
And [C]Jimmy will go to [Cdim]sleep
In his [A]own little room [D]again



[G]There'll be bluebirds [Gmaj7 G7]over
[C]The white cliffs of [Bm]Dover
[Am]Tomorrow
[D]Just you wait and [G]see



The [C]shepherd will tend his sheep
The [G]valley will bloom [G7]again
And [C]Jimmy will go to [Cdim]sleep
In his [A]own little room [D]again



[G]There'll be bluebirds [Gmaj7 G7]over
[C]The white cliffs of [Bm]Dover
[Am]Tomorrow
[D]Just you wait and [G]see

And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda

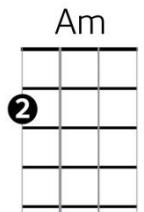
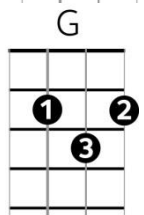
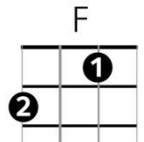
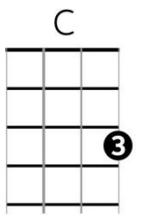
Eric Bogle, 1971

[C]When I was a [F]young man I [C]carried my [Am]pack
And I [C]lived the free [G]life of a [C]rover
[C]From the murrays green [F]basin to the [C]dusty out[Am]back
I [C]waltzed my [G]matilda all [C]over
Then in [G]nineteen fifteen my [F]country said [C]son
It's [G]time to stop rambling there's [F]work to be [C]Done
[C]So they gave me a [F]tin hat and they [C]gave me a [Am]gun
And they [C]marched me [G]away to the [C]war

And the [C]band played [F]Waltzing [C]Matilda
As we sailed away from the [G]quay
And [F]amidst all the cheers the flag [C]waving and [Am]tears
We [C]sailed off to [G]Gallipo[C]li

[C]How well I [F]remember that [C]terrible [Am]day
When the [C]blood stained the [G]sand and the [C]water
And how in that [F]hell that they [C]called Suvla [Am]bay
We were [C]butchered like [G]lambs at the [C]slaughter
Johnny [G]Turk he was waiting, he [F]primed himself [C]well
He [G]showered us with bullets, he [F]rained us with [C]Shells
And in [C]five minutes [F]flat he'd [C]blown us to [Am]hell
Nearly [C]blew us right [G]back to [C]Australia

[C]But the band played [F]waltzing [C]Matilda
As we [C]stopped to bury our [G]slain
[F]we buried ours and the [C]Turks buried [Am]theirs
Then it [C]started all [G]over [C]again



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And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda (cont.)

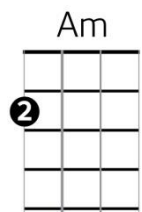
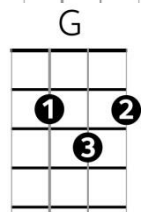
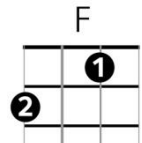
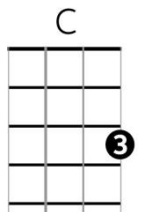
Now [C]those who were [F]left did their [C]best to [Am]survive
In that [C]mad world of [G]blood, death and [C]fire
And for [C]ten weary [F]weeks I [C]kept myself [Am]alive
While the [C]corpses around [G]me piled [C]higher
Then a [G]big Turkish shell knocked me [F]arse over [C]head
And [G]when I woke up in my [F]hospital [C]bed
And [C]saw what it had [F]done, Well I [C]wished I was [Am]Dead
Never [C]knew there were [G]worse things than [C]dying

For I'll [C]go no more [F]waltzing [C]Matilda
All [C]around the green [F]bush far and [G]free
For to [F]hump tent and pegs, a [C]man needs two [Am]legs
No more [C]waltzing [G]Matilda for [C]me

So they [C]gathered the [F]cripples, the [C]wounded and
[Am]Maimed

And they [C]shipped us back [G]home to [C]Australia
The [C]legless, the [F]armless, the [C]blind and [Am]insane
Those [C]proud wounded [G]heroes of [C]Suvla
And [G]as our ship pulled into [F]circular [C]quay
I [G]looked at the place where me [F]legs used to [C]be
And thank [C]Christ there was [F]nobody [C]waiting for [Am]me
To [C]grieve and to [G]mourn and to [C]pity

And the [C]band played [F]Waltzing [C]Matilda
As they [C]carried us [F]down the gang[G]way
But [F]nobody cheered, they [C]just stood and [Am]stared
And they [C]turned all their [G]faces [C]away



And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda (cont.)

And [C]now every [F]April I [C]sit on my [Am]porch
And I [C]watch the [G]parade pass before [C]me
I [C]see my old [F]comrades, how [C]proudly they [Am]march
[C]Reliving old [G]dreams of past [C]glory
I [G]see the old men, all [F]twisted and [C]torn
The [G]forgotten heroes of a [F]forgotten [C]war
And the [C]young people [F]ask me, "what are [C]they Marching
[Am]for?"
And I [C]ask my[G]self the same [C]question

And the [C]band plays [F]Waltzing [C]Matilda
And the [C]old men still answer the [G]call
But [F]year after year their [C]numbers [Am]disappear
[C]Some day no one will [G]march there at [C]all

