

BONDI BRASS SONG SHEET

Centenary of Armistice Concert 11/11/18
Special Guest: Patricia 'Little Pattie' Thompson

Road to Gundagai

There's a track winding back
To an old-fashioned shack
Along the road to Gundagai.

Where the blue gums are growing
And the Murrumbidgee's flowing
Beneath the sunny sky,

Where my daddy and mother are waiting for me
And the pals of my childhood once more I will see.
Then no more will I roam when I'm heading right for
home
Along the road to Gundagai.

There'll Always Be an England

I give you a toast, ladies and gentlemen.
I give you a toast, ladies and gentlemen.
May this fair dear land we love so well
In dignity and freedom dwell.
Though worlds may change and go awry
While there is still one voice to cry

There'll always be an England
While there's a country lane,
Wherever there's a cottage small
Beside a field of grain.
There'll always be an England
While there's a busy street,
Wherever there's a turning wheel,
A million marching feet.

Red, white and blue,
What does it mean to you?
Surely you're proud, shout it aloud,
"Britons, awake!"
The empire too, we can depend on you.
Freedom remains.
These are the chains
Nothing can break.

There'll always be an England,
And England shall be free
If England means as much to you
As England means to me.

White Cliffs of Dover

I'll never forget the people I met
Braving those angry skies
I remember well as the shadows fell
The light of hope in their eyes

And though I'm far away
I still can hear them say
"Thumbs up!"
For when the dawn comes up

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
And 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

There'll be love and laughter
And peace ever after
Tomorrow When the world is free

Pack Up Your Troubles

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile,
While you've a lucifer light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worthwhile, so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

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

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
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I was singin' this song

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Wish Me Luck as You Wave Me Goodbye

Wish me luck as you wave me goodbye
Cheerio, here I go, on my way
Wish me luck as you wave me goodbye
Not a tear, but a cheer, make it gay
Give me a smile I can keep all the while
In my heart while I'm away
'Till we meet once again, you and I
Wish me luck as you wave me goodbye

A Brown Slouch Hat

There is a symbol, we love and adore it,
You see it daily wherever you go.
Long years have passed since our fathers once wore it,
What is the symbol that we should all know?

*It's a brown slouch hat with the side turned up, and it means the world to me.
It's the symbol of our Nation—the land of liberty.
And as soldiers they wear it, how proudly they bear it, for all the world to see.
Just a brown slouch hat with the side turned up, heading straight for victory.*

Don't you thrill as young Bill passes by?
Don't you beam at the gleam in his eye?
Head erect, shoulders square, tunic spic and span,
Ev'ry inch a soldier and ev'ry inch a man.

As they swing down the street, aren't they grand?
Three abreast to the beat of the band,
But what do we remember when the boys have passed along?
Marching by so brave and strong.

