Song of the Recruits

Words and Music by J Cunningham

Brightly, ♩ = 116

C C/B Am7 G C C/B Am7 G

V.1

3 C F G C F D/F♯

Quick and get your tick-ets for the show! It-'ll all be o - ver by_ next Christ-mas

6 G Am7 B♭dim7 G7/B Am G C G/B

Day. The oth-ers will have a jol-ly good laugh at us if we nev-er go,_

9 Am Am

They'll march a - bout_ with their med-als on, The girls

12 Am F G

_ will kiss them one by one; Bet-ter drink up quick and join them right a- way! Oh;

Ch.

16 C F G C F G

We love our ar - my kha - ki shirts; Good - bye to muck-y old civ-vy street, The

19 F G C F G

Kai - ser's going to feel our feet, 'Cos we're going to kick him where it

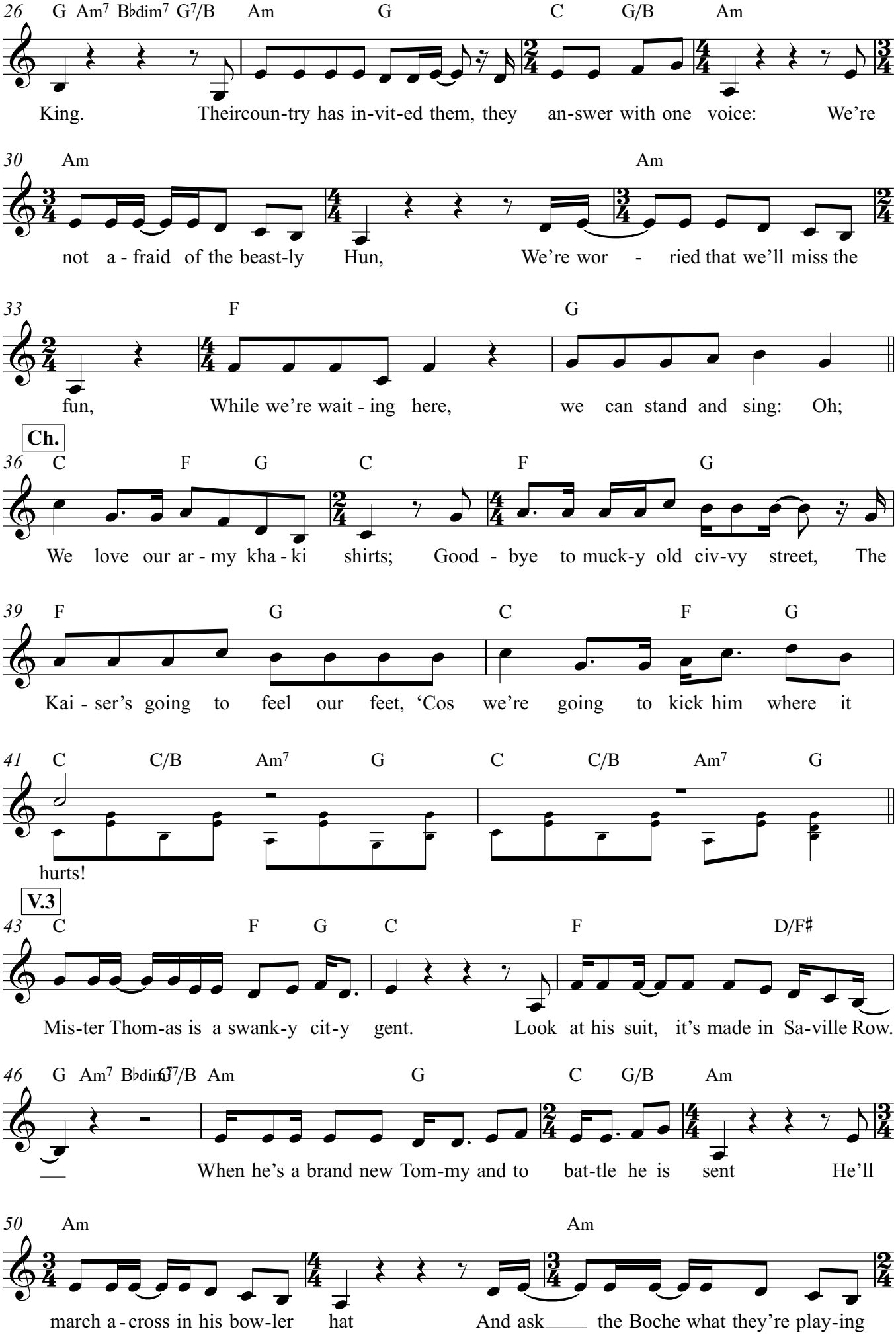
21 C C/B Am7 G C C/B Am7 G

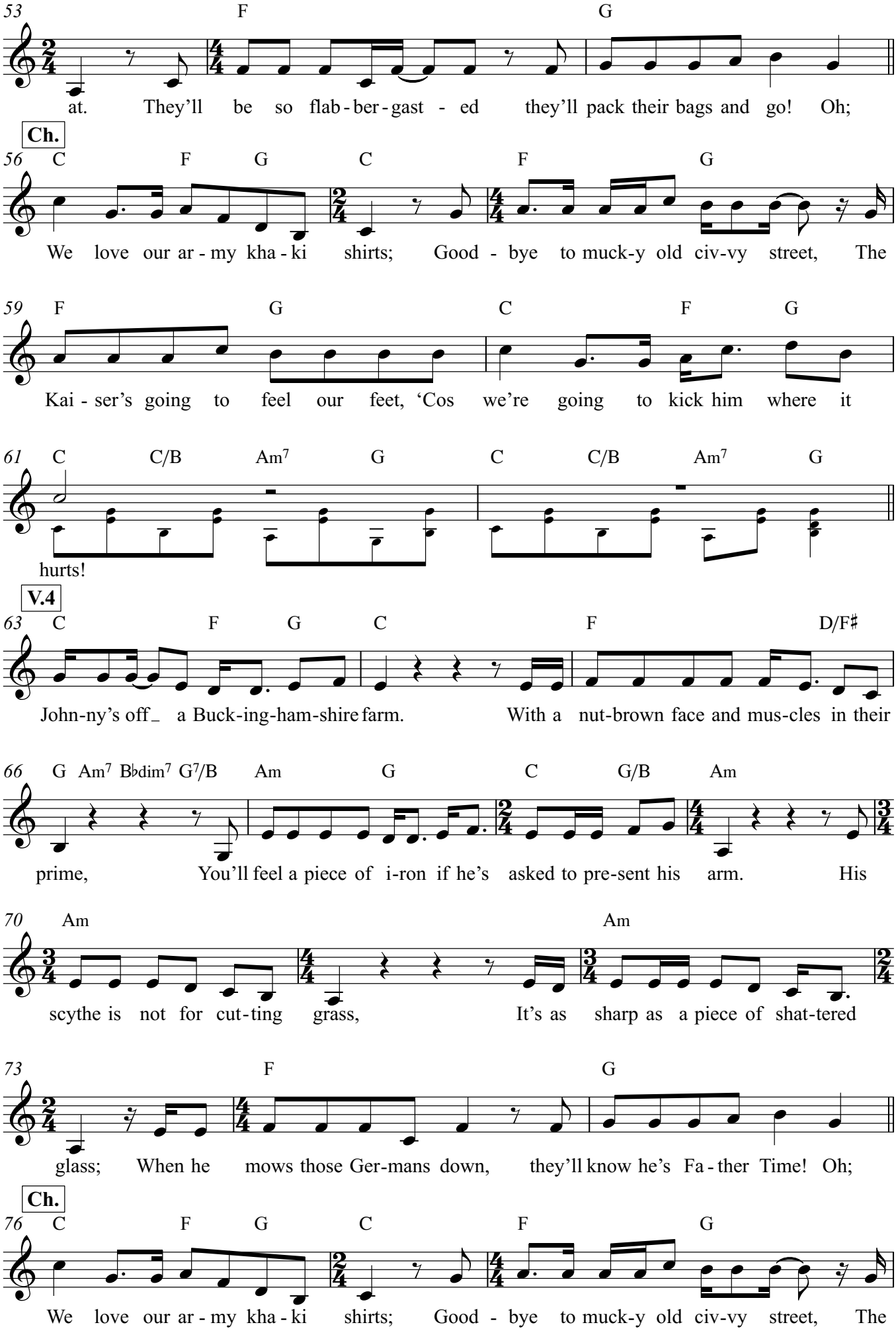
hurts!

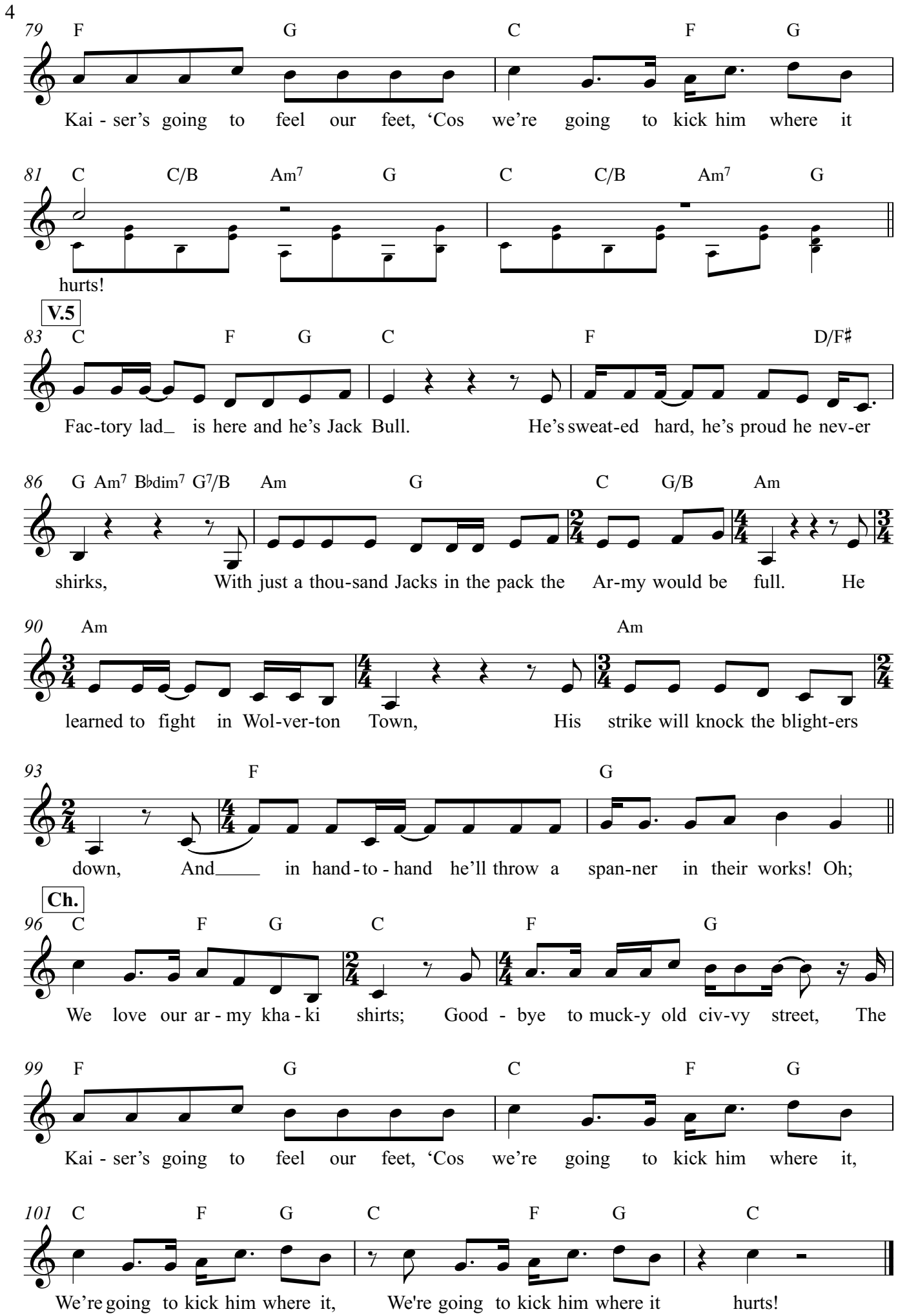
V.2

23 C F G C F D/F♯

Look at all_ those hand-some swag-ger-ing lads Lin-ing up_ to fight for God and


26 G Am7 B♭dim7 G7/B Am G C G/B Am
King. Theircoun-try has in-vit-ed them, they an-swer with one voice: We're
30 Am Am
not a - fraid of the beast-ly Hun, We're wor - ried that we'll miss the
33 F G
fun, While we're wait - ing here, we can stand and sing: Oh;
Ch.
36 C F G C F G
We love our ar - my kha - ki shirts; Good - bye to muck-y old civ-vy street, The
39 F G C F G
Kai - ser's going to feel our feet, 'Cos we're going to kick him where it
41 C C/B Am7 G C C/B Am7 G
hurts!
V.3
43 C F G C F D/F♯
Mis-ter Thom-as is a swank-y cit-y gent. Look at his suit, it's made in Sa-ville Row.
46 G Am7 B♭dim7 G7/B Am G C G/B Am
When he's a brand new Tom-my and to bat-tle he is sent He'll
50 Am Am
march a - cross in his bow-ler hat And ask the Boche what they're play-ing


53 F G
at. They'll be so flab-ber-gast - ed they'll pack their bags and go! Oh;
Ch.
56 C F G C F G
We love our ar-my kha-ki shirts; Good - bye to muck-y old civ-vy street, The
59 F G C F G
Kai-ser's going to feel our feet, 'Cos we're going to kick him where it
61 C C/B Am7 G C C/B Am7 G
hurts!
V.4
63 C F G C F D/F♯
John-ny's off a Buck-ing-ham-shire farm. With a nut-brown face and mus-cles in their
66 G Am7 B♭dim7 G7/B Am G C G/B Am
prime, You'll feel a piece of i-ron if he's asked to pre-sent his arm. His
70 Am Am
scythe is not for cut-ting grass, It's as sharp as a piece of shat-tered
73 F G
glass; When he mows those Ger-mans down, they'll know he's Fa-ther Time! Oh;
Ch.
76 C F G C F G
We love our ar-my kha-ki shirts; Good - bye to muck-y old civ-vy street, The


79 F G C F G
Kai - ser's going to feel our feet, 'Cos we're going to kick him where it
81 C C/B Am7 G C C/B Am7 G
hurts!
V.5
83 C F G C F D/F♯
Fac-tory lad_ is here and he's Jack Bull. He's sweat-ed hard, he's proud he nev-er
86 G Am7 B♭dim7 G7/B Am G C G/B Am
shirks, With just a thou-sand Jacks in the pack the Ar-my would be full. He
90 Am Am
learned to fight in Wol-ver-ton Town, His strike will knock the blight-ers
93 F G
down, And____ in hand-to-hand he'll throw a span-ner in their works! Oh;
Ch.
96 C F G C F G
We love our ar-my kha-ki shirts; Good-bye to muck-y old civ-vy street, The
99 F G C F G
Kai - ser's going to feel our feet, 'Cos we're going to kick him where it,
101 C F G C F G C
We're going to kick him where it, We're going to kick him where it hurts!