

TIPPERARY [Twice] 1 2 3 4

G (London/ -Newcastle) **C** (London) **G** (-Newcastle) **Em!** **Em!** **A7!** **D7!** **G!** **D7>>>>** . . . It's a
G long way to Tippe- **G7** -rary, It's a long way to go; **D7** It's a
G long way to Tippe- **Em** -rary, **E7** and the **A7** sweetest girl I **D7** know;
G Goodbye, Picca- **G7** -dilly, **C** Farewell, **Am** Leicester **B7** Square! It's a
G long, long way to Tippe- **C** -rary, **G** But **Em** my he- **A7** art's **D7** right **G!** there! **D7**

GOOD BY-EE . . Brother

G Bertie **Gdim** went a- **G** way, to do his **D7** bit the other **D7** day . . . with a
D7 smile on his lips and his **Am** **F7** Lieutenant's **D7** pips upon his **G** shoulder **C** bright and **G** gay **D7** . . . As the
G train pulled out he **Gdim** **G** said, "Remember **D7** me to all the **D7** birds." . . Then he
A7 wagged his paw and went a- **D7** way to war shouting **A7** out these pathetic **D7** words... ↴

Chorus ↵ . . . Good

G bye-ee, **Am** good bye-ee, wipe the **D7** tear, baby dear, from your **G** eye-ee, **Tho' it's**
C hard to part **D7 G** I know **D** I'll **Adim** be **A7** tickled to death to **D7** go. **Don't**
G cry-ee, **Am** don't sigh-ee, **D7** there's a silver lining in the **G** sky-ee, **Bon**
G soir, old **E7** thing, cheer-i- **Am** o, chin, chin, **Nah** **D7** poo, toodle-oo, Good **G** bye-ee **D7** ↴

Verse [2] ↵ . . Marma-

G -duke Ho- **Gdim** -ratio **G** Flynn, although he'd **D7** whiskers round his **D7** chin, In a
D7 play took a **Am** part, and he **F7** touch'd ev'ry **D7** heart as little **G** Willie **C** in "East **G** Lynne". **D7** . . . As the
G little **Gdim** dying **G** child upon his **D7** snow white bed he **D7** lay . . . And a-
A7 -mid their tears the people **D7** gave three cheers when he **A7** said as he passed a- **D7** -way

Chorus then Verse [3] At a

G concert **Gdim** down at **G** Kew some conva- **D7** -lescents dressed in **D7** blue . . Had to
D7 hear Lady **Am** Lee who 'ad **F7** turned eighty **D7** three sing all the **G** old, old **C** songs she **G** knew. **D7** . Then she
G made a **Gdim** speech and **G** said: "I look u- **D7** -pon you boys with **D7** pride. . . And for
A7 what you've done I'm going to **D7** kiss each one." Then they **A7** all grabb'd their sticks and **D7** cried: [Chorus and NEXT]

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

[Twice]

G Pack up your troubles in your **G** old kit-bag and **Em** smile, **C** smile, **G** smile! **D7**

G While you've a lucifer to **G** light **B7** your **Em** fag **A7** smile, boys! That's the **D7** style!

G What's the use of **D7** worrying? **G7** **C** It **D** ne- **G** **A7** -ver **D** was worth **D7** while; **D7** So!

G Pack up your troubles in your **G** old kit-bag **C** and **G** smile, **D7** smile, **G** smile!

BLESS 'EM ALL

[3/4]

C say there's a troopship just **C** leaving Bombay, **C** bound for old Blighty **G7** shore,
G7 Heavily laden with **G7** time-expired men, **Dm** bound for the land they a- **C** dore. **G7** . . . There's
C many an airman just **C** finishing his time, there's **C** many a twerp signing **G7** on, **G7** You'll
G7 get no pro- **Dm** motion this **G7** side of the **Dm** ocean, so **D7** cheer up my **G7** lads, bless 'em all! **C** ↴

Chorus

C all! Bless 'em **C** all! **The** **C** long and the **C7** short and the **F** tall; **G7**They

G7 Bless all the sergeants and **G7** WO1s, **D7** bless all the corporals and **D7** their blinkin sons, **G7** Cos we're **G7** . . . There's
C saying goodbye to them **C** all, **G7** as **C** back to their **C7** billets they **F** crawl, **G7** You'll **G7** You'll
G7 get no pro- **Dm** motion this **G7** side of the **Dm** ocean, so **D7** cheer up my **G7** lads, bless 'em all! **C** ↴

Chorus then Verse [2]

C say if you work hard you'll **C** get better pay. **C** We've heard it all be- **G7** fore!
G7 Clean up your buttons and **G7** polish your boots, **Dm** scrub out the **D7** barrack room **C** floor. **G7** . . . There's
C many a rookie has **C** taken it in, **C** hook, line and sinker and **G7** all, **G7** You'll
G7 get no pro- **Dm** motion this **G7** side of the **Dm** ocean, so **D7** cheer up my **G7** lads, bless 'em all! **C** ↴

Chorus then Verse [3]

C say that the Sergeant's a **C** very nice chap, **C** Oh! what a tale to **G7** tell!
G7 Ask him for leave on a **G7** Saturday night, **Dm** he'll pay your **D7** fare home as **C** well; **G7** . . . There's
C many an airman has **C** blighted his life through **C** writing rude words on the **G7** wall, **G7** You'll
G7 get no pro- **Dm** motion this **G7** side of the **Dm** ocean, so **D7** cheer up my **G7** lads, bless 'em all! **C** ↴

Chorus then Verse [4]

C say that the Corporal will **C** help you along, **C** Oh! what an awful **G7** crime!
G7 Lend him your razor to **G7** clean up his chin, **Dm** he'll bring it **D7** back every **C** time! **G7** . . . There's
C many a rookie has **C** fell in the mud through **C** leaving his horse in the **G7** stall, **G7** You'll
G7 get no pro- **Dm** motion this **G7** side of the **Dm** ocean, so **D7** cheer up my **G7** lads, bless 'em all! **C** ↴

Chorus and [OUT]

