

GOOD EVENING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

..... and welcome to SMARDEN PLAYERS MUSIC HALL featuring a positive plethora of pulchritudinous persons in the form of:

- MISS ROSEMARY FREEMAN - the face that sank a thousand ships
- MISS KATHERINE GIBBS - almost guaranteed to lay you in the aisles
- MISS ALISON SCOTT - Need we say more? Need we say anything?
- MR. JOHN FREEMAN - the man with the winning smile and the losing face
- MR. HILARY MILLEN - the man with the fine baritone voice and trousers to match

Your worthy and distinguished CHAIRMAN:
 MR. PETER GIBBS - who knows the answers but is unsure of the questions

Your pianist:
 MAESTRO MR. BOB BARNES - igniting the ivories with inextinguishable and inexhaustible incandescence

Devised, written and directed by (and he takes no responsibility for it): **MR. PETER GIBBS**

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PATRONS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO JOIN IN THE FOLLOWING REFRAINS WITH LUST AND VIGOUR

1.

Daisy, Daisy
 Give me your answer do
 I'm half crazy
 All for the love of you.
 It won't be a stylish marriage
 I can't afford a carriage,
 But you'll look sweet
 Upon the seat
 Of a bicycle made for two

2.

Oh I do like to be beside the seaside
 Oh I do like to be beside the sea
 Oh I do like to walk along the prom prom prom
 When the brass bands play tiddly-om-pom-pom
 So just let me be beside the seaside
 I'll be beside myself with glee
 There are lots of girls beside
 I should like to be beside
 Beside the seasise, beside the sea

3.

Let's all go down the Strand.
 Let's all go down the Strand.
 I'll be leader you can march behind.
 Come with me and see what we can find.
 Let's all go down the Strand.
 Oh what a happy band!
 That's the place for fun and noise,
 All among the girls and boys
 So let's all go down the Strand

4.

Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner,
 That I love London so.
 Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner,
 That I think of her wherever I go.
 I get a funny feeling inside of me,
 Just walking up and down.
 Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner,
 That I love London Town.

5.

Wot Cher! All the neighbours cried
 Who yer gonna meet Bill
 Have yer bought the street Bill?
 Laugh, I thought I should have died
 Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road.

6.

My Old Man said follow the van,
 and don't dilly dally on the way.
 Off went the cart with me 'ome packed in it,
 I walked behind with me old cock linnet.
 But I dillied and dallied
 Lost me way and don't know where to roam.
 Well you can't trust the specials
 Like the old time coppers,
 When you cant find your way home.

7.

Knees up Mother Brown,
Knees up Mother Brown,
Under the table you shall go
E-i, E-i, E-i O
If I catch you bending
I'll saw your legs right off
So knees up knees up don't get a breeze up
Knees up Mother Brown.

9.

He flew through the air,
with the greatest of ease,
That daring young man on the flying trapeze.
His movements were graceful,
All girls he could please,
All my love he's stolen away.

11.

Oh, Oh, Antonio, He's gone away
Left me alone-io, all on my own-io,
I want to meet him with his new sweet heart,
Then up will go Antonio and his ice-cream cart.

13.

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.

15.

Oh we don't want to lose you,
but we think you ought to go.
For your Queen and your country
both need you so.
We shall want you and miss you
but with all our might and main,
We shall cheer you, thank you, kiss you,
When you come back again.

17.

Keep the home fires burning
While our hearts are yearning
Though our 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.

8.

Any old iron, any old iron
Any,any,any old iron
You look neat, talk about a treat
You look dapper from your napper to your feet.
Dressed in style, brand new tile,
With your father's old green tie on,
Well I wouldn't give you tuppence
For your old watch chain,
Old iron, old iron!

10.

We've been together now for forty years,
An'it don't seem a day too much,
There ain't a lady livin' in the land,
As I'd swop for my dear old Dutch,
There ain't a lady livin' in the land,
As I'd swop for my dear old Dutch.

12.

There was I, waiting at the Church,
Waiting at the Church, waiting at the Church,
When I found he's left me in the lurch,
Lor, how it did upset me!
All at once he sent me round a note,
Here's the very note, this is what he wrote,
Can't get way to marry you today,
My wife won't let me!"

14.

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 worthwhile,
So! pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.

16.

Belgium put the Kibosh on the Kaiser
Europe took a stick and made him sore.
On his throne it hurts to sit
And when John Bull starts to hit
He will never sit upon it anymore.
Belgium put the Kibosh on the Kaiser
Europe took a stick and made him sore.
We shall shout with victory's joy
Hold your hand out naughty boy
You must never play at soldiers anymore.

18.

Goodbye Dolly I must leave you,
Though it breaks my heart to go.
Something tells me I am needed,
At the front to face the foe.
See the soldier boys are marching
And I can no longer stay
Hark! I hear the bugles calling
Goodbye Dolly Gray!