

FLORRIE FORDE'S FAVOURITES

Oh! Oh! Antonio, he's gone away
Left me alone-ee-o, all on my own-ee-o
I want to meet him with his new sweetheart
Then up will go Antonio and his ice-cream cart.

Hold your hand out you naughty boy
Hold your hand out you naughty boy
Last night in the pale moonlight
I saw you, I saw you
With a nice girl in the Park
You were strolling full of joy
And you told her you'd never kissed a girl before
Hold your hand out you naughty boy,

She's a lassie from Lancashire,
Just a lassie from Lancashire,
She's the lassie that I love dear,
Oh! so dear.
Though she dresses in clogs and shawl,
She's the prettiest of them all.
None could be fairer or rarer than Sarah,
My lass from Lancashire.

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you,
Then the skies will seem more blue,
Down in lovers lane my dearie,
Wedding bells will ring more merrily,
Every tear will be a memory,
So wait and pray each night for me,
Till we meet again.

She's only a bird in a gilded cage,
A beautiful sight to see,
You may think she's happy and free from care,
She's not, tho' she seems to be.
'Tis sad when you think of her wasted life,
For youth cannot mate with age,
And her beauty was sold for an old man's gold,
She's a bird in a gilded cage.

Has anybody here seen Kelly? KE-double-L-Y.
Has anybody here seen Kelly? Find him if you can!
He's as bad as old Antonio,
Left me all on my own-ee-o,
Has anybody here seen Kelly?
Kelly from the Isle of Man!

Come, come, come and make eyes at me
down at the Old Bull and Bush,
Da, da, da, da, da,
Come, come drink some port wine with me
Down at the Old Bull and Bush.
Hear the little German Band
Da, da, da, da, da, da,
Just let me hold your hand dear,
Do, do, come and have a drink with me
down at the Old Bull and Bush,
Bush, Bush.

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.,

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 !

Goodbye-ee ! Goodbye-ee !
Wipe the tear, baby dear, from your eye-ee.
Though it's hard to part I know,
I'll be tickled to death to go !
Don't cry-ee, don't sigh-ee
There's a silver lining in the sky-ee !
Bonsoir old thing, cheerio, chin-chin,
Naa-poo, toodle-oo, goodbye-ee !