

## I'll Make Man Out Of You

The Army and the Navy need attention,  
The outlook isn't healthy you'll admit,  
But I've got a perfect dream of a new recruiting scheme,  
Which I think is absolutely it.  
If only other girls would do as I do  
I believe that we could manage it alone,  
For I turn all suitors from me  
but the sailor and the Tommy, [British Soldier]  
I've an army and a navy of my own.

On Sunday I walk out with a Soldier,  
On Monday I'm taken by a Tar, [sailor]  
On Tuesday I'm out with a baby Boy Scout,  
On Wednesday a Hussar;  
On Thursday a gang oot wi' a Scottie,  
On Friday, the Captain of the crew;  
But on Saturday I'm willing, if you'll only take the shilling,  
To make a man of any one of you.

I teach the tenderfoot to face the powder,  
That gives an added lustre to my skin,  
And I show the raw recruit how to give a chaste salute,  
So when I'm presenting arms he's falling in.  
It makes you almost proud to be a woman.  
When you make a strapping soldier of a kid.  
And he says 'You put me through it and I didn't want to do it  
But you went and made me love you so I did.'

On Sunday I walk out with a Bo'sun.  
On Monday a Rifleman in green,  
On Tuesday I choose a 'sub' in the 'Blues',  
On Wednesday a Marine;  
On Thursday a Terrier from Tooting,  
On Friday a Midshipman or two,  
But on Saturday I'm willing, if you'll only take the shilling,  
To make a man of any one of you.

## Keep the Home Fires Burning

They were summoned from the hillside;  
They were called in from the glen,  
And the country found them ready,  
At the stirring call for men.  
Let no tears add to their hardship,  
As the soldiers pass along,  
And although your heart is breaking,  
Make it sing this cheery song:

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

Overseas there came a pleading:  
"Help a nation in distress!"  
And we gave our glorious laddies;  
Honour made us do no less.  
For no gallant son of freedom  
To a tyrant's yoke should bend,  
And a noble heart must answer  
To the sacred call of "Friend."

Keep the home fires burning...

## The Conscientious Objector

Perhaps you wonder what I am, I will explain to you  
My conscience is the only thing that helps to pull me through  
Objection is a thing that I have studied thoroughly  
I don't object to fighting huns but should hate them fighting me

Non-combatant battalions are fairly in my line  
The Sergeant always hates me and he calls me 'baby mine'  
But, oh, I got so cross with him and rose to the attack  
So when he called me 'Ethel' I just called him 'Beatrice' back.

Send out the army and the navy  
Send out the rank and file  
Send out the brave old territorials  
They'll face the danger with a smile  
Send out the boys of the old brigade  
Who made old England free.  
Send out me brother, me sister and me mother  
But for Gawd's sake don't send me.

We have a nasty officer, he is a horrid brute  
Last Friday he was terse with me 'cause I did not salute  
But I cut him twice today and then he asked the reason, see  
I said, 'I thought, my Captain dear, you were still cross with me.'

Send out the army and the navy  
Send out the rank and file  
...  
Send out the bakers, and the blooming profit makers  
But for Gawd's sake don't send me.

I was doing a fatigue the other day at half past two  
A pal of mine got jealous of the job I had to do  
When he asked me how I got it, well, I said, 'You must be dense,  
I'm with the second Lieutenant, it's merely influence.'

Send out the army and the navy  
...  
Send out my uncle and clean out every funk hole  
But for God's sake don't send me.