

Stew (start note G)

If you 'ave lost your 'aversack, your kitbag or your pipe,
Your 'ousewife, soap or oily rag with which you clean your 'ipe,
Your belt or second pair o' socks, your lanyard or pull-through,
Oh, do not be dispirited, you'll get 'em in the stew!

*We get it 'ot, we get it cold, we get it in between,
We get it thick, we get it thin, we get it fat an' lean;
We get it for our day-joo-nay, our tea an' luncheon too,
An' when the long day's march is done, we top it off with stew.*

If from the transport lines you miss a face you used to know,
With stick-up ears and yellow teeth all in a smilin' row,
'E is not gone for evermore, though seemin' lost to view,
The late lamented army mule, you'll meet 'im in the stew.

Chorus

As we go through the countryside, route marchin' in the sun,
With bandy-rolls an' clobber on, which weighs about a ton,
Oh, this is what the people shout as we go marchin' through,
"Ere come the Loyal Whatdyecalls – I'm sure I smelt the stew!"

Chorus

When we are bound for foreign shores, an' 'arf across the water;
The transport starts a-rollin' like a transport didn't oughter,
To cheer our faintin' spirits up when we are feelin' blue,
They'll get the dixies goin' an' they'll serve us out some stew.

Chorus

So, when the wicked war is done an' peace is 'ere again,
We won't forget the chaps as toiled to please our inner men,
We'll call to mind the favourite dish we found on our menu,
An' think of our battalion cooks – an' drink their 'ealths - in stew!

Chorus