Soundtrack for a New Jerusalem

Lyrics and Music

By Lily Meadow Foster and Toliver Myers
EDITED by Peter Daniel

The 70th Anniversary of the National Health Service
England does not have a national anthem, however unofficially the beautiful Jerusalem hymn is seen as such by many English people. Jerusalem was originally written as a preface poem by William Blake to his work on Milton written in 1804, the lyrics were added to music written by Hubert Parry in 1916 during the gloom of WWI when an uplifting new English hymn was well received and needed. Blake was inspired by the mythical story Jesus, accompanied by Joseph of Arimathea, once came to England. This developed its major theme that of creating a heaven on earth in England, a fairer more equal country that would abolish the exploitation of working people that was seen in the ‘dark Satin mills’ of the Industrial revolution. The song was gifted by Hubert Parry to the Suffragette movement who were inspired by this vision of equality.
And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant Land

Hubert Parry 1916
Words by William Blake 1804
Jerusalem 1916
William Blake imagined a time when Britain would be a fairer more equal society. His idea was that it was possible to build a heaven on earth if everyone worked together.
My Old Man is a music hall song written in 1919 by Fred Leigh and Charles Collins, made popular by Marie Lloyd. Also known as "The Cock Linnet Song" and "My Old Man Said Follow The Van", this humorous music hall number about doing a moonlight flit was a big hit for Marie Lloyd. The sheet music "Don't Dilly Dally on the Way. Marie introduced this number in 1918, in the twilight of her career. On stage she performed it dressed as an old woman wrapped in a shawl and carrying a bird in a cage, presumably not a live one. Although it became one of her best known songs, she did not actually record it. Marie Lloyd died in October 1922 aged only fifty-two, but the song remained popular and was recorded by Lily Morris, among others.

At the time it was written, most London houses were rented, so moving in a hurry – a moonlight flit – was common when the husband lost his job or there was insufficient money to pay the rent. The Seaby family moved many times.
My Old Man said

Follow the Van 1919
My Old Man said
Follow the Van 1919

My We had to move away
'Cos the rent we couldn't pay.
The moving van came round just after dark.
There was me and my old man,
Shoving things inside the van,
Which we'd often done before,
let me remark.

We packed all that could be packed
In the van, and that's a fact.
And we got inside all that
we could get inside.

Then we packed all we could pack
On the tailboard at the back,
Till there wasn't any room for me to ride.
Chorus:

My old man said: "Foller the van,
And don't dilly-dally on the way".
Off went the van wiv me 'ome packed in it.
I walked be'ind wiv me old cock linnet.
But I dillied and dallied,
Dallied and dillied;
Lost me way and don't know where to roam.
And you can't trust a "Special"
Like the old-time copper
When you can't find your way home!
I gave a helping hand
With the marble wash hand-stand,
And straight, we wasn't getting on so bad.

All at once, the car-man bloke
Had an accident and broke,
Well, the nicest bit of china that we had.

You'll understand, of course,
I was cross about the loss.

Same as any other human woman would.

But I soon got over that,
What with "two out" and a chat,
'Cos it's little things like that
what does you good.

Chorus:
Oh! I'm in such a mess.
I don't know the new address—
Don't even know the
blessed neighbourhood.
And I feel as if I might
Have to stay out here all night.
And that ain't a goin' to do me any good.
I don't make no complaint
But I'm coming over faint,
What I want now's a good substantial feed,
And I sort 'o kind 'o feel,
If I don't soon have a meal,
I shall have to rob the linnet of its seed!

Chorus:
My Old Man said
Follow the Van 1919

Sung by Marie Lloyd

DON'T DILLY DALLY ON THE WAY!
(The Cock Linnet Song)

Arranged by Cecil Bolton

Lyrics & Music by
Fred Leigh & Charles Collins

Moderato

C Gm7/C Am/C C7 F Fdim D Gm C7 C F F♯/G♯

VERSES

1. We had to move a way, 'Cos the rent we couldn't pay, The
   gave a helping hand, With the marble wash-hand-stand, And
   I'm in such a mess, I don't know the new address. Don't

Gm7 C7 F

moving van came round just after dark:
straight, we wasn't getting on so bad:
even know the blessed neighbour hood.

There was me and my old man,
All at once the carman
And I feel as if I

Gm7 C7 C7

man, bloke might
might

shoving things inside the van,
which we'd often done be-

F E♭/G♯ G7/D

had an accident and broke,
And that ain't a goin' to

Well, the nicest bit of
MY OLD MAN SAID

FOLLOW THE VAN 1919

fore, let me re-mark.
china that we had.
do me any good.

We packed all that we could pack.
You'll understand of course, I was
I don't make no complaint, But I'm

van, and that's a fact;
cross a-bout the box,
coming over faint,

And we got in-side all we could get in-side,
Same as any other human woman would.
What I want now is a good substantial feed,

Then we packed all we could pack.
But I soon got over that,
And I sort o' kind o' feel,

On the tail-board at the back,
Till there was'n't any room for me to ride.
This is little things like that what does you

C Sharp Dm7 G7 C

rit.

C Dm7 Eb G C
My Old Man said

Follow the Van 1919

CHORUS

My old man said, “Follow the van, Don’t dilly dally on the way!”

Off went the cart with the home packed in it, I walked behind with my old cock

linnet. But I dilly-did and dally-did, dally-did and dilly-did,
My Old Man said
Follow the Van 1919

Lost the van and don't know where to roam.

1. I now you.
2. Stop to the way to have the old quarter.
   And I half iron bedstead. If I
3. Stapp'd on who's going to put up the old iron
   can't trust the "specials" like the old time
   "coppers" When you

F G7 C7 Gm/D Eb7 C/E C7

F F7/Eb Gm7 Dm Bm/Db

To Repeat Chorus

can't find my way home.
can't find your way home.

F/C C7 F F#0 Gm7 C7

To Verses 2 & 3

home.

F F#0 Gm C7 F Gm7 C7 F
"Let's All Go Down the Strand (have a banana!)" is a popular song written in 1909 by Clarence Wainwright Murphy (1875–1913) and Harry Castling (1865–1933). The Strand is a street in London which had a popular music hall called the "Gaiety Theatre", and the street had a reputation for being the place for a lively night out. The phrase "Have a Banana!" is not a part of the original song lyrics, but it fits perfectly with a melodic fragment in the song's accompaniment. It is not clear when the phrase was first introduced, but it has certainly helped the song's popularity, becoming an inseparable part of it and something of a Cockney catch-phrase. The song has since become a firm part of London culture and beyond. The pop group Blur included cover versions of "Let's All Go Down the Strand."
Let's All Go Down the Strand!
Let's All Go Down the Strand!

One night half a dozen tourists
Met together in Trafalgar Square
A fortnight's tour on the
Continent was planned
And each had his portmanteau in his hand
Down the Rhine they'd meant
to have a picnic
Till Jones said I must decline
Boys, you be advised by me
Stay away from Germany
What's the good of going down the Rhine?
Let's All Go Down the Strand!

Chorus:

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
That's the place for fun and noise
All among the girls and boys
So let's all go down the Strand.
Let’s All Go Down the Strand!

One day five and twenty convicts
Sat in five and twenty little cells
The bell then sounded ding-a ding a dong
To exercise the prisoners came along
Burglar Ben explained to Jaggs the warder
To me sir its very strange
The men are tired of going round
Round and round the same old ground
I propose we make a little change.

Chorus:
Great crowds gathered round to welcome
Shackleton returning from the pole
The Lord Mayor welcomed all the crew
And said “My lads I've got a treat for you”
“Come with me the
Mansion House awaits you
A banquet shall be supplied
But a tar in grumbling mood
Said, “We don't want any food”
Then he turned to Shackleton and sighed,
Chorus:
LET'S ALL GO DOWN THE STRAND!

Written and Composed by
HARRY CASTLING and C.W. MURPHY.

Tempo di marcia.

1 One night, half a dozen tourists Met together
2 One day, five and twenty convicts Sat in five and
3 Great crowds gathered round to welcome Shackleton re-
in Trafalgar Square
twenty little cells
-turning from the Pole

A fortnight's tour on the
The bell then sounded
The Lord Mayor welcomed

Conveniently planned, And each had his portman teau in his
ding a ding a dong - To exercise, the prisoners came all the gallant crew, And said, "My lads, I've got a treat for
Let's All Go Down the Strand!

Hand Down the Rhine they'd meant to have a pic-nic, Till you longed you. 

Burglar Ben exclaimed to Jaggis, the warden, "To come with me, the Mansion House awaits you, A Jones said, "I must decline, sir, it's very strange,"

The banquet shall be supplied."

Boys, you be advised by me, stay away from Germans men are tired of going round, round and round the same old ground, But a tar, in grumbling mood, said, "We don't want any food!"

What's the good of going down the Rhine?
I propose we make a little change."

Then he turned to Shackleton and sighed,

CHORUS

"Let's all go down the Strand! Let's all go down the strand!"

"Let's all go down the Strand! Let's all go down the strand!"

"Let's all go down the Strand! Let's all go down the strand!"

"Let's all go down the Strand! Let's all go down the strand!"

"Let's all go down the Strand! Let's all go down the strand!"

"Let's all go down the Strand! Let's all go down the strand!"

"Let's all go down the Strand! Let's all go down the strand!"
Let's All Go Down the Strand!

Hand long the Rhine they'd meant to have a picnic, Till you come with me, the Mansion House awaits you.

Jones said, "I must decline, sir, it's very strange, The banquet shall be supplied."

Boys, you be advised by me, stay away from German men are tired of going round, round and round the same old ground, But a tar, in grumbling mood, said, "We don't want any food!"

What's the good of going down the Rhine?"

Then he turned to Shackleton and sighed,

CHORUS.

"Let's all go down the Strand! Let's all go down the
Let’s All Go Down the Strand!

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 land!

That’s the place for fun and noise, all among the girls and boys, So let’s all go down the Strand!!
The Barrow-Boy Song
Art Noel, Frank Walsh & Joe Burle 1910

The Barra Boy Song was written by Art Noel, Frank Walsh & Joe Burle in 1910 but not published until 1950 by the famous Francis Day and Hunter whose offices were in the Charing Cross Road Westminster. It had been made famous by the duo Flanagan and Allen during and after World War II. There are many versions of the song, which celebrates the London costermonger, or barrow boy. To do this the opening verse uses cockney rhyming slang.
Up the apples an' pears,
and across the Rory O' Moor,
I'm off to see my dear old
Trouble and Strife.
On the Cain and Able,
you will always see
A pair of Jack the Rippers
and a cup of Rosy Lee.
What could be better than this –
A nice old cuddle and kiss –
All beneath the pale moonlight.
Then some Tommy Tucker
and off to Uncle Ned.
Oh What a luverly night tonight.
All my life I wanted to be a barra boy,
A barra boy I always wanted to be,
When I wheels me barra,
it fills me up with pride,
I’m a coster, a coster,
from over the other side,
I’ll turn my back on all the high society,
Take me where the ripe bananas grow,
Well, I sell ’em a dozen a shillin’,
That’s how I makes my livin’,
I should have been a barra boy years ago
Get off me barrer!
I should have been a barra boy years ago!
THE BARROW BOY SONG

Words and Music by
ART NOEL
FRANK WALSH
and JOE BURLEY

CHORUS Moderato

They say I'm no good because I'm a barrow boy.

barrow boy I've always wanted to be.

I gets me living, I stick to it with pride, I'm a coster, a coster from over the Lam-beth side.

Copyright 1950 by Francis, Day & Hunter Ltd.
The Barrow-Boy Song 1910.

INTRODUCTION and VERSE

Moderato

1 Barrow Boy, Barrow Boy, I'm known in all the little alleys, Barrow Boy,
2 Barrow Boy, Barrow Boy, I walk the streets so wide and narrow, Barrow Boy,

Barrow Boy, I serve the Su-zies and the Sal-lies, Barrow Boy,
Barrow Boy, I've got a gold mine on me Bar-row.

Back to Chorus

F. & D. Ltd. 22170.
"The Lambeth Walk" is a song from the 1937 musical Me and My Girl (with book and lyrics by Douglas Furber and L. Arthur Rose and music by Noel Gay). The song takes its name from a local street, Lambeth Walk,[1] once notable for its street market and working class culture in Lambeth, an area of London. The tune gave its name to a Cockney dance, shown below, made popular in 1937 by Lupino Lane.

1. Partners march side by side, gentlemen on the left. Strut forward 8 steps (4 bars), swing the arms, walking jauntily in cockney fashion.

2. Link right arms, walk around in circle to right 4 steps. Quickly reverse, linking left arms, and walking 4 steps in circle to left.

3. Strut side by side again 8 steps (same as figure 1.) Partners separate, face each other, taking 4 very short steps backward. Close heels on 4th count.

4. Slap knees in time to music.

5. Ending with pointing thumb over shoulder, in hitch-hike fashion, and yell loudly, "Hoy!" Repeat from beginning. It is necessary that the steps fit the music. Dancers should start on the very first beat of the chorus.
Doing the Lambeth Walk 1937

LAMBETH WALK
FROM THE LUPINO LANE &
JACK EGGER PRODUCTION
ME AND MY GIRL
BOOK & LYRICS BY ARTHUR ROSE & DOUGLAS FURBER
WITH
LUPINO LANE
GEORGE GRAVES
TEDDIE ST. DENIS
MUSIC BY NOEL GAY

Cinephonic Music Co. Ltd.
DEAN HOUSE,
3-5 DEAN STREET
Doing the Lambeth Walk

Any time you're Lambeth way,
Any evening, any day,
You'll find us all
Doing the Lambeth Walk. Oi!

Every little Lambeth gal,
With her little Lambeth pal,
You'll find them all
Doing the Lambeth Walk. Oi!
Everything's free and easy,
Do as you darn well pleasy,
Why don't you make your way there
Go there, stay there.

Once you get down Lambeth way
Every evening, every day,
You'll find yourself
Doing the Lambeth Walk. Oi!
DOING THE LAMBETH WALK

From "Me And My Girl"

LAMBETH WALK

By

NOEL GAY
DOUGLAS FURBER
and ARTHUR ROSE

Moderato

VERSE

Lambeth you've never seen, The skies ain't blue, the grass ain't green; It hasn't got the

May fair touch, But that don't matter very much. We play the Lambeth way,

Not like you but a bit more gay; And when we have a bit of fun, Oh, boy!

Copyright MCMXXXVII, Cinespheric Music Co., Ltd., 2, 3 & 4 Dean St., London, W.1.

Copyright Renewed, 1939, Cinespheric Music Co., Ltd., 1929 Broadway, N.Y.C.
Doing the Lambeth Walk

Anytime you're Lambeth way, Any evening, any day:

You'll find us all doin' the Lambeth walk, Every little

Lambeth gal, With her little Lambeth pal, You'll find em...
Doing the Lambeth Walk

Do as you damn well pleas-e-y,
Why don't you make your way there,
Go there,

stay there.
Once you get down Lam-beth way...
Ev'-ry eve-n-ing, ev'-ry day:

You'll find your self do-in' the Lam-beth walk.
walk.
Bombed Last Night
British Soldiers Trench Song 1917

BRITONS

"WANTS YOU"

JOIN YOUR COUNTRY'S ARMY!

GOD SAVE THE KING

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Bombed Last Night featured in the 1969 film ‘Oh What a Lovely War’ which used original soldiers songs from the 1914-18 Great War to tell the story of the futility of war. Bombed Last Night was based on a traditional 19th century jig and soldiers often changed the words to fit their circumstances. This version with its reference to mustard gas dates back to 1917. Songs like this helped soldiers to feel that they were not alone during the terrible bombardments by shell and gas. During WW2 old soldiers shared the songs that they had learnt in the trenches to help people get through the Blitz. This version has been adapted to sing as a 1940 Blitz song.
Bombed Last Night 1940

Gas masks on, just like the night before

Going to get gassed tonight;

If we never get gassed anymore

The siren sounds as clear as clear can be

I wont let Hitler triumph over me.

They're warning us, they're warning us,

One respirator for the four of us

Thank your lucky stars that

three of us can run,

So one of us can use it all alone.
Bombed last night,
and bombed the night before
Going to get bombed tonight
If we never get bombed any more
    When we're bombed,
    we're scared as we can be
Can't stop the bombing
sent from Nazi Germany
    They're over us, they're over us,
One shell hole for just the four of us,
    Thank your lucky stars
there are no more of us,
'Cause one of us can fill it all alone
FIELDS OF GOLD 2018

VINCENT BURKE AFTER STING
“Fields of Gold” is a song written and recorded by Sting. It first appeared on his 1993 album Ten Summoner's Tales. The song only made it to number 16 on the UK Singles Chart. However, it did become one of Sting’s most famous songs, with many cover versions. Eva Cassidy recorded a version, which was Pat Daniel nee Seaby’s favourite song. Pat is the little girl in the picture holding her dad Joe’s hand.

For the Towards a New Jerusalem project, musician Vince Burke adapted the song to go with this picture. It shows the moment that Pte Joe Seaby left his family to go to war in September 1941 following embarkation leave. The golden fields of East Peckham hop farm seemed to fit the concept of Sting’s song well. Vince’s revised lyrics describe how the war forced people apart, but how people got through these difficult years because of a strong sense of community. This was a major factor behind the creation of the Welfare State and NHS after WW2.

Without the NHS Pat Seaby nearly died aged 6, in 1944, but with it she enjoy a long and happy life. She died of cancer in 2018 aged 79. The first line of Fields of Gold was used as her epitaph.
You'll remember me when the west wind moves
upon the Kentish hop fields,
You'll forget the sun in his jealous sky as we walk the fields of gold.
But he took her hand for to say goodbye among the Kentish hop fields,
And she held him fast as the sun went down among the fields of gold
Will you stay with me, will you keep me safe among the Kentish hop fields?
We’ll forget the song of the cannon fire as we lie in fields of gold.
But the west wind turned
as he held her hand
among the Kentish hop fields,
And the tears came down
as he said goodbye
among the fields of gold.
A war makes fools of promises,
and war plays loose with hope,
But in my heart I pray,
we will walk in fields of gold

Pat Seaby with cousins and neighbours at East Peckham Hope Farm, Kent. This was the only holiday coster families could take as accommodation was free and you were paid to pick hops. Hops are used to make beer.

Peter Daniel
In a foreign field where the bullets fly,
there are no fields of barley,
If they cut me down who will see you cry?
Will they keep you from the cold?
This war makes fools of promises
and it may break my hope,
But in my heart I pray,
We will walk in fields of gold,
We will walk in fields of gold.
Many years have passed since they said goodbye among the Kentish hop fields, See the children run as the sun goes down among the fields of gold

Oh! remember us when the west wind moves upon the Kentish hop fields Build a brighter day where we share the sky and we walk on fields of gold

Where we walk on fields of gold, Where we walk on fields of gold.
Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner
Written and composed by Hubert Gregg - 1944
Performed by Bud Flanagan 1947

Hubert Gregg wrote this classic song in 1944 – after watching German doodlebugs flying over his home – and described it as 'a love song to my city'. The song didn’t really take off until 1947, when Gregg offered the song to Flanagan and Allen of the Crazy Gang, who were performing at the Victoria Palace. They were in a show to be called 'Together Again' and wanted a new song. Like the best songs, it entered quickly became a popular classic, with people thinking it an older song than it actually is.
London isn't everybody's cup of tea
Often you hear visitors complain
Noisy, smoky city but it seems to me
There's a magic in the fog and rain

chorus

In 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
People take to saying as the years go by
London isn't London anymore
People may be changing
But this town and I
We are even closer than before

chorus

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 funky feeling deep inside of me
Just walking up and down
Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner
That I love London so
Maybe It's Because I'm A Londoner

Maybe It's Because I'm A Londoner
Words & Music by Hubert Gregg

Slowly (with feeling)

C/D D/F Bb7 F D7 G7 C7 F

1. London isn’t every body’s cup of tea.
   Often you hear London isn’t

2. People take to saying as the years go by.

F Bb7 F Bb7 F Bb7 Gm7 C7 F

visit or complain

London anymore

noisy smoky city but it

people may be changing but the

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Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner
Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner

G7    Gm    Em7  C7    F    Am7    Dm7

think of her wherever I go, I get a funny feeling in-

G7    Dm7  C7    G7    C7    Aug7  A7    C/D    Dm7

side of me just walking up and down, maybe it's because I'm a

G7    Gm    Em7  C7    F    Am7    Dm7

Londoner that I love London Town.

Town.
"When the Tigers Broke Free" is a Pink Floyd song written by Roger Waters in 1979 for the Wall album. It describes the death of his father, 2nd Lt Eric Fletcher Waters, in the Battle of Anzio, Italy during WW2. Originally titled "Anzio, 1944," it did not appear on the album but in “The Wall” film as the group thought the subject to personal.

2nd Lt Walters served in Z Company of the 8th Battalion, Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), alongside the 9th Royal Fusiliers in the 56th Black Cats (London) Infantry Division. Pte Joe Seaby also served in the Fusiliers at Anzio.

At Anzio, the Fusiliers came under attack from German Tiger tanks, but were refused permission to withdraw by the generals: "the generals gave thanks / As the other ranks / Held back the enemy tanks for a while" and "the Anzio bridgehead was held for the price / Of a few hundred ordinary lives" as the Tigers eventually broke through the British defence, killing all of Company Z, including 2nd Lt Eric Waters.

In the second verse of the song Waters describes how he found a letter of condolence from King George VI in the form of a gold leaf scroll which "His Majesty signed / with his own rubber stamp." Waters’ resentment then explodes in the final line "And that's how the High Command took my daddy from me." Pte Joe Seaby’s brother Joe received a similar scroll after his death in WW1. People expected that promises made for a better Britain in exchange for the sacrifices of war had to be kept after WW2.
WHEN THE TIGERS BROKE FREE 1979
It was just before dawn
One miserable morning in black 'forty four
When the forward commander
Was told to sit tight
When he asked that his
men be withdrawn
And the Generals gave thanks
As the other ranks held back
The enemy tanks for a while

Roger’s album “The Wall” sold 19 million copies worldwide. Roger blamed the generals for sacrificing his father and his album was a rage against authority.
And the Anzio bridgehead
Was held for the price
Of a few hundred ordinary lives
And kind old King George
Sent mother a note
When he heard that father was gone
It was, I recall
In the form of a scroll
With gold leaf adorned

Joe Seaby lost his older brother Arthur at Messines in 1914. The Seaby family, like the Walters received the scroll from the king with their surname misspelt.
And I found it one day
In a drawer of old photographs, hidden away
And my eyes still grow damp to remember
His Majesty signed
With his own rubber stamp
It was dark all around
There was frost in the ground
When the tigers broke free
And no one survived
From the Royal Fusiliers Company Z
They were all left behind
Most of them dead
The rest of them dying
And that's how the High Command
Took my daddy from me
When The Tigers Broke Free

Arranged by Ralph Tidog

Piano: Roger Waters

When the Tiger Broke Free

Harmonica

Piano

Acoustic Guitar

C Trumpet

Harm.

Pno.

Guit.

C Tpt.

When The Tigers Broke Free
When The Tigers Broke Free 1979
The song dates back to at least 1918 and appears to have been sung widely in London on 11 November of that year, Armistice Night, at the end of the First World War. The 1938 version was attributed to Bert Lee, Harris Weston and I. Taylor.

The song became popular in London pubs and was particularly associated with Cockney culture. During the Second World War it was performed frequently by Elsie and Doris Waters. It was also later performed on television by Noel Harrison and Petula Clark singing as a duo. The expression "knees up" came to mean a party or a dance.
Knees Up Mother Brown!
Knees up Mother Brown!
Under the table you must go
E-I-E-I-E-I-O!
If I catch you bending,
I'll saw your legs right off*,
Knees up! Knees Up!
Don't get the breeze up,
Knees up Mother Brown!

*This is a traditional version of the song. In some versions, the line is changed to "I'll saw your legs right off."
Knees Up Mother Brown

Oh My! What a rotten song!
What a rotten song!
Oh, What a rotten song!
Oh My! What a rotten song!
What a rotten singer too!

Knees up Mother Brown!
Knees up Mother Brown!
Under the table you must go
E-I-E-I-E-I-O!
If I catch you bending,
I'll saw your legs right off,
Knees up! Knees Up!
Don't get the breeze up,
Knees - up - Mother - Brown!
Ow's yer farver? All right!
Knees Up Mother Brown!

Words & Music by Harris Weston & Bert Lee

Moderately

G7

C

1. I've just been to a 'dingle-dong' down dear old Brit-o-ten way. Old

C

C7

didn't bring his concertina, and Nobody brought the beer. And

G7

C

Cm7 Esus D7 G7

Mother Brown, the Pearly Queen's a hundred years to-day. Oh!

all the little nip-pers swung up on the chandy-lit. A
"London Is the Place for Me" is a 1948 calypso song by Aldwyn Roberts. Roberts, under his calypso stage name Lord Kitchener, sang the first two stanzas of "London is the Place for Me" on camera for reporters upon arrival at Tilbury Docks on the HMT Empire Windrush, and was recorded by Pathe newsreel cameras. Roberts, as Lord Kitchener, did not record the song until 1951. The song was also popularised during the 1950s (1954) by bandleader Edmundo Ros. In 2018 the song was used in the film Paddington, so is familiar to a new generation.

The pent up demand for health care from people who had never had access to doctors and dentists threatened to overwhelm the new National Health Service. There simply wasn’t enough trained doctors and nurses to run the system on such a scale. Consequently the government began to recruit skilled staff from abroad. The Caribbean was a primary source of nurses. As early as 1949, the health and labour ministries launched recruitment campaigns that resulted in thousands of nurses arriving in Britain and being dispersed to hospitals all over the UK. Nurses also came from the West Indies and other parts of Britain’s former empire.
LONDON IS THE PLACE FOR ME 1948
In London is the place for me
London this lovely city
You can go to France or America,
India, Asia or Australia
But you must come back to London city
Well believe me
I am speaking broadmindedly
I am glad to know my Mother Country
I have been travelling to countries years ago
But this is the place I wanted to know
London that is the place for me

To live in London you are really comfortable
Because the English people
are very much sociable
They take you here and they take you there
And they make you feel like a millionaire
London that’s the place for me
At night when you have nothing to do
You can take a walk down
Shaftesbury Avenue
There you will laugh and
talk and enjoy the breeze
And admire the beautiful scenery
Of London that’s the place for me

Yes, I cannot complain of
the time I have spent
I mean my life in London
is really magnificent
I have every comfort and every sport
And my residence is Hampton Court
So London, that’s the place for me

Lord Kitchener’s calypso hit, ‘London is the Place for Me’ sums up the optimism of the Windrush generation that arrived from the West Indies between 1948 and 1962.

West Indian immigrants like Udine Canoville came with a dream of being an NHS nurse.
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pdaniel@westminster.gov.uk
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