

'Keeping the Home Fires Burning'

Deddington's Tribute to the 1940s' Home Front and the Music of an Era

Deddington Festival Community Concert 2010

Introduction

Narrators:
Amanda Gray
John Sampson

Scene 1 The Evacuees

Songs:
When you wish upon a star
Somewhere over the rainbow



featuring pupils from
Year 6,
Deddington Primary School

Scene 2 The War Effort

Songs:
Hey little hen
When this bloomin' war is over
For all we know
I'll be seeing you
There's something about a soldier



Wendy Burrows
Bryony Fenemore
Olivia Fenion
Fiona Gillespie
Amanda Gray
Jennie Hovard
Jane Maharry
Jean Welford

Scene 3 The Home Guard

Songs:
Run Rabbit Run
Who do you think you are kidding Mr Hitler
Pack up your troubles
It's a long way to Tipperary



George Fenemore
Ross Fenion
Jim Flux
Iain Gillespie
John Hodges
Ted Johnson
John Sampson
Stephen Turner

The Boys' Brigade

Scene 4 'When You're Smiling'

Songs:
Sally
A Nightingale sang in Berkeley Square
Don't sit under the apple tree
Moonlight Serenade
Chattanooga choo-choo
We'll gather lilacs
Lilli Marlene
Maisie Doats and Dozey Doats
We'll meet again



Stephen Turner
Wendy Burrows
John Cheney
Olivia Fenion
Ruth Johnson
Becky Jones
Heather Nason
Elen Squires
Anna Teare
Rachel Tindale
Hugh White

Scene 5 'Good Times Just Around the Corner'

Songs:
White cliffs of Dover
Keep the home fires burning



The cast

Devised and produced by

Wendy Burrows and Elsa Williams

Scene 1

When you wish upon a star, makes no difference who you are.
Anything your heart desires will come to you.
If your heart is in your dream, no request is too extreme.
When you wish upon a star as dreamers do.
Fate is kind, she brings to those who love,
The sweet fulfilment of their secret longing.
Like a bolt out of the blue, fate steps in and sees you through.
When you wish upon a star your dream comes true.

Words: Ned Washington; Music: Leigh Harline

Somewhere over the rainbow way up high,
There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby.
Somewhere over the rainbow skies are blue,
And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true.
Some day I'll wish upon a star and wake up where the clouds are far behind me.
Where troubles melt like lemon drops away above the chimney tops,
That's where you'll find me.
Somewhere over the rainbow, bluebirds fly;
Birds fly over the rainbow, why then, oh why can't I?
If happy little bluebirds fly beyond the rainbow, why oh why can't I?

Words: E Y Harburg; Music: Harold Arlen

Scene 2

Hey little hen – when, when, when will you lay me an egg for my tea?
Hey little hen – when, when, when will you try to supply one for me?
Get into your nest, do your little best, get it off your chest, I can do the rest!
Hey little hen – when, when, when will you lay me an egg for my tea?

Words and Music: Ralph Butler and Noel Gay

When this bloomin' war is over, O how happy we shall be.
No more cleaning out the cow sheds, no more pigs and hens for me.
No more cleaning out the stables, no more cleaning out the yard.
We are working for our country and we're working very hard.

Music: C C Converse

For all we know we may never meet again;
Before you go, make this moment sweet again.
We won't say 'good-night' until the last minute;
I'll hold out my hand and my heart will be in it.
For all we know this may only be a dream;
We come and go like a ripple on a stream;
So love me tonight, tomorrow was made for some;
Tomorrow may never come, for all we know.

Words: Sam M Lewis; Music: J Fred Coots

I'll be seeing you in all the old familiar places
That my heart and mind embraces all day through.
In that small café, the park across the way,
The children's carousel, the chestnut tree, the wishing well.
I'll be seeing you in every lovely summer's day,
In everything I've heard you say,
I'll always think of you that way.
I'll find you in the morning sun,
And when the night is new:
I'll be looking at the moon, but I'll be seeing you.

Words: Irving Kahl; Music: Sammy Fain

There's something about a soldier, something about a soldier,
Something about a soldier that is fine, fine, fine.
He may be a great big General, may be a Sergeant Major,
May be a simple Private of the line, line, line.
But there's something about his bearing, something in what he's wearing,
Something about his buttons all a-shine, shine, shine:
Oh a military chest seems to suit the ladies best,
There's something about a soldier that is fine, fine, fine.

Words and Music: Noel Gay

Scene 3

Run, rabbit, run, rabbit, run, run, run;
Run, rabbit, run, rabbit, run, run, run.
Bang, bang, bang, bang, goes the farmer's gun
Run, rabbit, run, rabbit, run, run, run.

Run, rabbit, run, rabbit, run, run, run.
Don't give the farmer his fun, fun, fun.
He'll get by without his rabbit pie;
So run, rabbit, run, rabbit, run, run, run.

Words: Noel Gay and Ralph Butler; Music: Noel Gay

Who do you think you are kidding, Mister Hitler,
If you think we're on the run?
We are the boys who will stop your little game;
We are the boys who will make you think again.
So who do you think you are kidding, Mister Hitler,
If you think old England's done.

Mr Brown goes off to town on the eight twenty-one,
But he comes home each evening and he's ready with his gun.
So watch out Mister Hitler you have met your match in us,
If you think you can crush us we're afraid you've missed the bus,
'Cause who do you think you are kidding Mister Hitler
If you think old England's done.

Words: Jimmy Perry; Music: Jimmy Perry and Derek Taverner

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.
Good-bye Piccadilly; farewell Leicester Square:
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there.

Words and music: Jack Judge

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 worth-while, so,
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.

Words and Music: George and Felix Powell

Scene 4

Sally, Sally, don't ever wander away from the alley and me,
Sally, Sally, marry me Sally, and happy for ever I'll be,
When skies are blue you're beguiling, when they are grey you're still smiling, smiling,
Sally, Sally, pride of our alley, you're more than the whole world to me.

Words and Music: W E Hain, Harry Leon & L Tow

That certain night, the night we met, there was magic abroad in the air,
There were angels dining at the Ritz, and a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.
I may be right, I may be wrong, but I'm perfectly willing to swear,
That when you turned and smiled at me, a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.
The moon that lingered over London town, poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown,
How could he know we two were so in love, the whole darn world seemed upside down:
The streets of town were paved with stars, it was such a romantic affair,
And as we kissed and said good-night, a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

How strange it was, how sweet and strange, there was never a dream to compare
With that hazy, crazy night we met, when a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.
This heart of mine beat loud and fast, like a merry-go-round in a fair,
For we were dancing cheek to cheek, and a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.
When dawn came stealing up, all gold and blue, to interrupt our rendez-vous,
I still remember how you smiled and said: 'Was that a dream, or was it true?'
Our homeward step was just as light as the tap-dancing feet of Astaire,
And like an echo far away a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.
I know 'cause I was there, that night in Berkeley Square.

Words: Eric Maschwitz; Music: Manning Sherwin

Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me,
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no,
Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me 'til I come marching home.
Don't go walking down Lovers' Lane with anyone else but me,
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no,
Don't go walking down Lovers' Lane with anyone else but me, 'til I come marching home.

Words and Music: Lew Brown, Charlie Tobias, Sam H Stept

I stand at your gate and the song that I sing is of moonlight.
I stand and I wait for the touch of your hand in the June night.
The roses are sighing a Moonlight Serenade.
The stars are aglow and tonight how their light sets me dreaming.
My love, do you know that your eyes are like stars brightly beaming?
I bring you and sing you a Moonlight Serenade.
Let us stray till break of day in love's valley of dreams.
Just you and I, a summer sky, a heavenly breeze kissing the trees.
So don't let me wait, come to me tenderly in the June night.
I stand at your gate and I sing you a song in the moonlight,
A love song, my darling, a Moonlight Serenade.

Words: Mitchell Parish; Music: Glenn Miller

Pardon me boy, is that the Chattanooga Choo-Choo?

Track twenty-nine, boy you can give me a shine.
I can afford to board a Chattanooga Choo-Choo;
I've got my fare and just a trifle to spare.
You leave the Pennsylvania Station 'bout a quarter to four,
Read a magazine and then you're in Baltimore,
Dinner in the diner, nothing could be finer than to have your ham 'n' eggs in Carolina.
When you hear the whistle blowing eight to the bar,
Then you know that Tennessee is not very far;
Shovel all the coal in, gotta keep it rollin', woo woo Chattanooga, there you are.
There's gonna be a certain party at the station:
Satin and lace, I used to call funny face.
She's gonna cry until I tell her that I'll never roam,
So Chattanooga Choo-Choo won't you choo-choo me home,
Chattanooga Choo-Choo won't you choo-choo me home.

Words: Mack Gordon; Music: Harry Warren

We'll gather lilacs in the Spring again, and walk together down an English lane,
Until our hearts have learned to sing again, when you come home once more.
And in the evening by the firelight's glow, you'll hold me close and never let me go;
Your eyes will tell me what I want to know, when you come home once more.

Words and Music: Ivor Novello

Underneath the lantern by the barrack gate,

Darling I remember the way you used to wait;
'Twas there that you whispered tenderly that you loved me, you'd always be
My Lilli of the Lamplight, my own Lilli Marlene.

Time would come for roll call, time for us to part,
Darling I'd caress you and press you to my heart,
And there 'neath that far-off lantern light, I'd hold you tight, we'd kiss good-night,
My Lilli of the Lamplight, my own Lilli Marlene.

Orders came for sailing somewhere over there,
All confined to barracks was more than I could bear;
I knew you were waiting in the street, I heard your feet, but could not meet
My Lilli of the Lamplight, my own Lilli Marlene.

Resting in the billet just behind the line,
Even though we're parted your lips are close to mine;
You wait where that lantern softly gleams, your sweet face seems to haunt my dreams,
My Lilli of the Lamplight, my own Lilli Marlene.

Words and Music: Hans Leip, Norbert Schultze & Tommie Connor

Mairzy doats and dozy doats and liddle lamzy divey
A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?
Yes, mairzy doats and dozy doats and liddle lamzy divey
A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?
If the words sound queer, and funny to your ear,
A little bit jumbled and jivey,
Sing 'Mares eat oats and does eat oats and little lambs eat ivy.'
Oh mairzy doats and dozy doats and liddle lamzy divey
A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you? A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?

Words and Music: Milton Drake, Al Hoffman and Jerry Livingston

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when,
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day.
Keep smiling through, just like you always do,
Till the blue skies drive the dark clouds far away.
So won't you please say hello to the folks that I know, tell them I won't be long.
They'll be happy to know that as you saw me go I was singing this song:
We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when,
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day.

Words and Music: Ross Parker and Hugh Charles

Scene 5

There'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover tomorrow, just you wait and see.
There'll be love and laughter and peace ever after, tomorrow, when the world is free.
The shepherd will tend his sheep, the valley will bloom again,
And Jimmy will go to sleep in his own little room again.
There'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover tomorrow, just you wait and see.

Words: Nat Burton; Music: Walter Kent

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.

Words: Lena G Ford; Music: Ivor Novello