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Our Sergeant Major-1938c

Our Sergeant Major-1938C
Regal Zonophone MR3425 Gifford/Cliffe/Formby

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  F
 NOW THERES A SERGEANT MAJOR, ENJOYS LIFE WHEN HE CAN
                                    G7            C7
 HE PROVES TO ALL THE LADIES, HES A SOLDIER AND A MAN

 F                                Gm
 HE STICKS OUT HIS CHEST, TWO PILLOWS IN HIS VEST
 C7                                              F
A BOLSTER UNDER HIS ROTUNDA, OUR SERGEANT MAJOR

       F                              Gm
 HIS MEDALS BREAK OUR HEARTS, HE WON THEM PLAYING DARTS
       C7                                                 F
 AND WHILE COMPETING, WHO WAS CHEATING, OUR SERGEANT MAJOR

      Am              Em7           Am
 HES FAR AWAY THE WORST FRIEND WEVE EVER HAD
  Gm             D7           Gm               C7
 WHEN HES FAR AWAY, WELL, WERE MIGHTY GLAD

    F                       Gm
 IN THE CANTEEN BAR, YOU KNOW WHAT SERGEANTS ARE
  C7                                                  F
WHEN WEVE PASSED OUT, WHOS THE LAST OUT, OUR SERGEANT MAJOR

     F                              Gm
HES GOT A RAUCOUS VOICE, HIS LANGUAGE ISNT CHOICE
     C7                                               F
 IN CLINK WED SHOVE HIM, HOW WE LOVE HIM, OUR SERGEANT MAJOR

      F                                     Gm
 HIS WEIGHT ABOUT HELL THROW, THE WICKED SO AND SO
    C7                                                F
 WHOD EVEN SMOTHER, HIS OWN MOTHER, OUR SERGEANT MAJOR

      Am              Em7             Am
HES FAR AWAY THE WORST FRIEND WEVE EVER HAD
   Gm             D7          Gm            C7
 WHEN HES FAR AWAY, WELL, WERE MIGHTY GLAD


       F                              Gm
 OUR BUGLER GOES HIS ROUNDS, AND WHEN THE BUGLE SOUNDS
     C7                                                 F
 FOR EVERLASTING, WHOS HE BLASTING, OUR SERGEANT MAJOR

 UKE SOLO

     F                              Gm
 HE MAKES RAW RECRUITS, JUST TREMBLE IN THERE BOOTS
    C7                                                  F
 CALLS THEM SLACKERS, WHOS GONE CRACKERS, OUR SEREGEANT MAJOR

      F                              Gm
 HIS FEET FILL UP THE ROAD, KNOCK-KNEED AND PIGEON TOED
  C7                                                  F
 WED SOONER SHOOT HIM THAN SALUTE HIM, OUR SERGEANT MAJOR

      Am                Em7              Am
HES FAR AWAY THE WORST FRIEND WEVE EVER HAD
   Gm             D7          Gm               C7
 WHEN HES FAR AWAY, WELL, WERE MIGHTY GLAD

       F                              Gm
 THE MASCOT GOAT WE OWN, SO BIG AND FAT HAS GROWN
  C7                                                 F
WILD AND WARLIKE, HES FAR MORE LIKE, OUR SERGEANT MAJOR
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