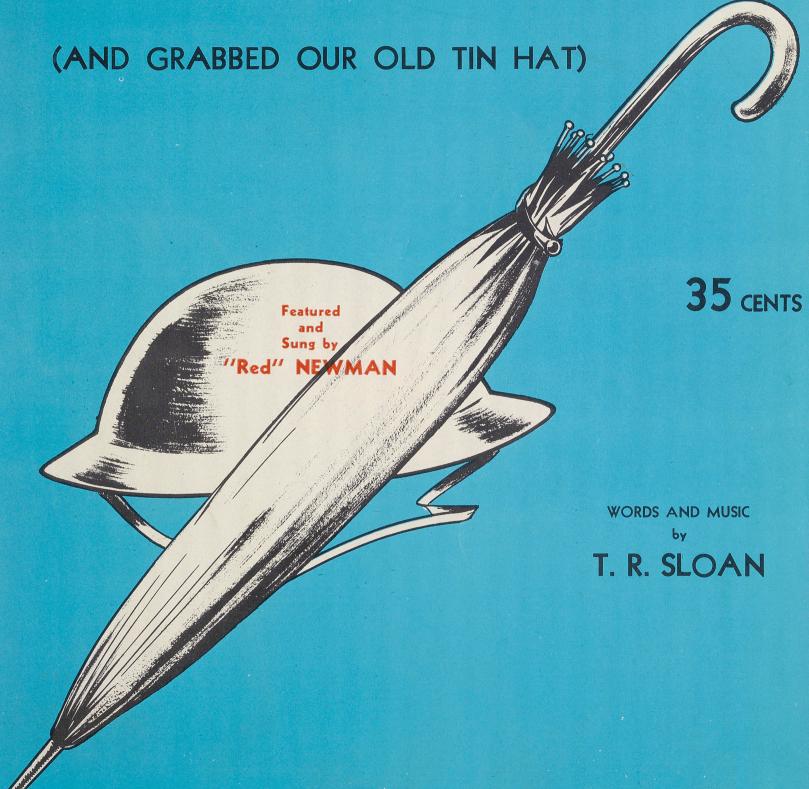
We've Rolled Up

The Old Umbrella



AT ALL MUSIC DEALERS

We've Rolled Up The Old Umbrella

1. Oh, a gent-le-man from Eng-land, He crossed the Riv-er Rhine With an old um-brel-la on his arm; 'Twas such a peace-ful sign. In a-bout an-other year, They were up to tricks a-gain, So he parked the old um-brel-la And for-got a-bout the rain.

CHORUS:

Oh, we've rolled up the old um-ber-el-la,
And we've hung up the old walk-ing cane,
We have packed a-way our spats,
And we've grabbed our old tin hats,
And we're off for France a-gain;
(Here we are in France a-gain)
Oh! we've had such a love-ly vacation
For twen-ty long years or more,
But now we've rolled up the old um-ber-el-la
In the rack behind the door.

- 2. An umbrella comes in handy
 To stop the sleet and rain;
 Mister Chamberlain's umbrella
 Gave us one more year to train.
 It made Hitler rant and rage,
 And it baffled all the Huns,
 For behind that old umbrella
 We were loading up our guns.
 (Chorus)
- 3. Oh, remember that sweet story, 'Bout Bingen on the Rhine, There will be another story When we're bangin' on the Rhine. Though we're really peaceful folk, We will never, never quail, But that British lion gets nasty When they twist his royal tail.

 (Chorus)
- 4. Though we had a nice vacation,
 A-rompin' on the shore,
 If it hadn't been for Hitler,
 We'd have had a long time more.
 Now there's nothing else to do,
 But to teach him to be good,
 'Til the day he joins the Kaiser,
 Then they'll both be choppin' wood.
 (Chorus)

- 5. Oh, we used to get our rations
 Of bully beef in tins;
 There's a different kind of bully,
 Where the Siegfried Line begins.
 What a morsel he will be
 For the troops along the line,
 When we start the pot a-boilin'
 In his castle on the Rhine.
 (Chorus)
- 6. Oh, Herr Hitler's undecided,
 No matter how he rants.
 You can tell that by his tunic,
 'Cause it doesn't match his pants.
 Oh, he looks so very blue
 With that bang upon his brow;
 P'raps his Batman just forgot it,
 But he's half in mourning now.
 (Chorus)
- 7 See that circus tent of medals
 On Goering's pompous chest;
 Just to make it more impressive,
 He has spread them on his vest.
 He comes clanking down the street
 All the Fritzies stand and stare;
 They can't see him for his medals—
 Say Von Goering "Vas you dere?"
 (Chorus)
- 8. Oh, friend Goebbels is a play boy, Quite handy with the phone, Spreading Hitler propaganda And a little of his own, Sent the Fritzies to the front No suspicion to arouse, While he spread his propaganda, Making love to all their Fraus.

 (Chorus)
- 9. Oh, Von Ribbentrop is worried,
 He made a big mistake
 When he said John Bull would just look on
 While Hitler ate the cake;
 Hitler cut another slice,
 Old Von Ribbentrop turned pale
 When that British lion came pouncing
 And just spoiled his fairy tale.
 (Chorus)

We've Rolled Up The Old Umbrella



Copyright 1939 by T. R. Sloan, Cragwoode, Hamilton, Canada International copyright secured Copyright in U.S.A., 1939 All rights reserved





NUMBERS BY T. R. SLOAN

Sing an Old Irish Song

Published by Gordon V. Thompson Ltd., Toronto

Lady Go-Lightly

Published by Mills Music Incorporated, New York

Doors

Published by Mills Music Incorporated, New York

You Set My Heart To Music

Published by Shapiro Bernstein, Inc., New York

The Old 13th March

Published by Shapiro Bernstein, Inc., New York

Played by

H.M. Royal Marine Band, under Major F. J. Ricketts, composer of "Colonel Bogey March"
U.S. Marine Band
U.S. Navy Band
Dr. Frank Simons and his Armco Band