

It's A Long Way to Tipparary

Up to might-ty Lon-don came an Ir-ish man one day, As the streets are paved with gold, sure ev-'ry one was gay

Sing-ing songs of Pic-ca-dil-ly, Strand and Lei-cester square 'Til Pad-dy got ex-it-ed and he shou-ted to them there It's a

long way to Tip-pe-ra-ry, It's a long way to go; It's a long way to Tip-pe-ra-ry. To the sweet-est girl I know.

Good-bye, Pic-ca-dil-ly, Fare-well Lei-cester Square! It' a long, long way to Tip-pe-ra-ry. But my heart's right there.

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets were paved with gold, sure ev'ryone was gay!
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand, and Leicester Square,
'til Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

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!
Goodbye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square!
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there.

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O',
Saying, "Should you not receive it, write and let me know!
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear, said he,
Remember it's the pen, that's bad, don't lay the blame on me.

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O',
Saying, "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame,
For love has fairly drove me silly, hoping you're the same!"

[WWI Verse]
That's the wrong way to tickle Marie, that's the wrong way to kiss!
Don't you know that over here, lad, they like it best like this!
"Hooray pour le Francais! Farewell, Angleterre!
We didn't know the way to tickle Marie, but we learned how, over there!