

This Song may be sung at Music Halls after 21st June 1903, Entirely unrestricted elsewhere.

IT'S ALL RIGHT IN THE SUMMER.

WRITTEN, COMPOSED
AND SUNG BY

TOM

LAMORE.



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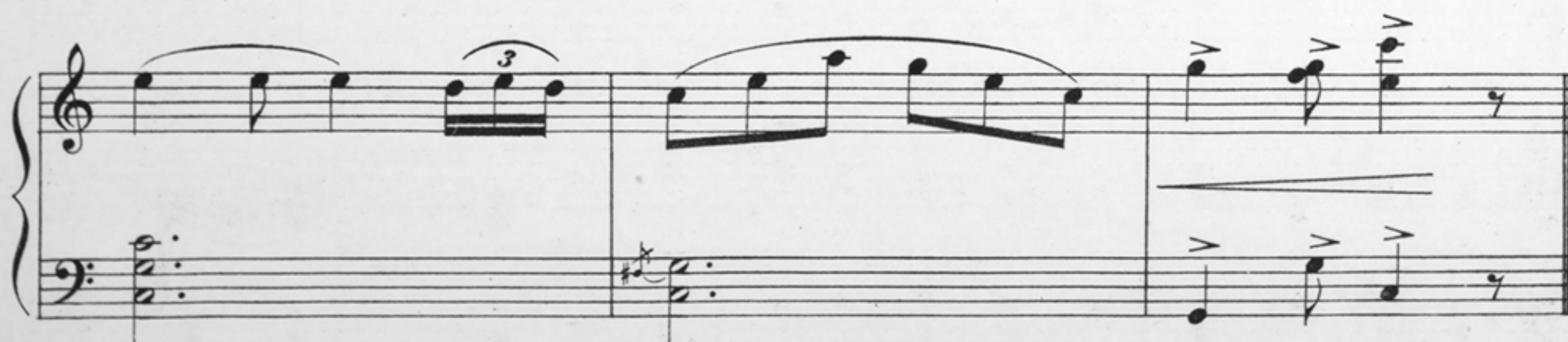
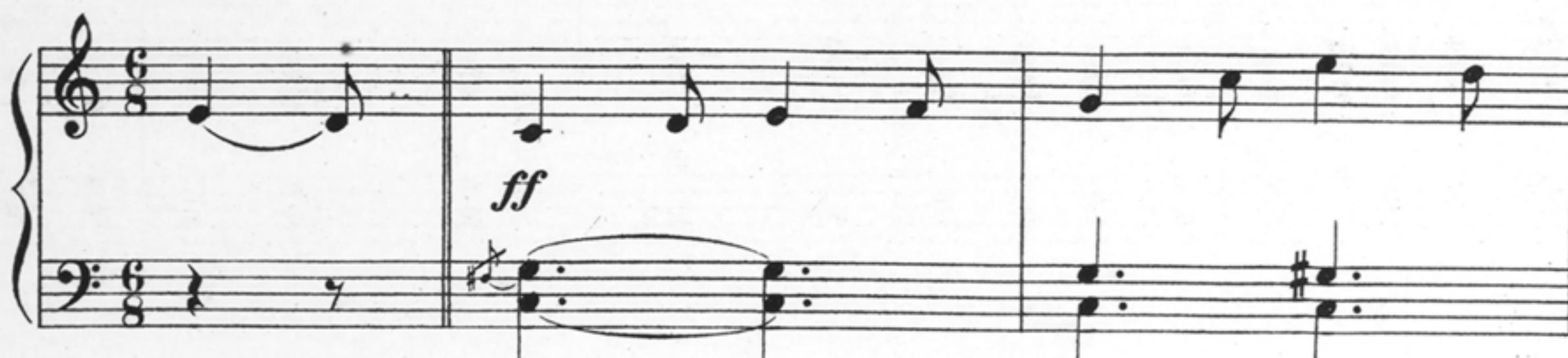
It's all right in the summer.

Written, Composed and Sung by
TOM LEAMORE.

Music Arranged by
HARRY PETERSEN.

Moderato.

PIANO



Twelve months a-go I had no work and I didn't know what to

ad lib.

p

do, — And day by day, and bit by bit, my togs went up the flue; — I

cresc.

had _nt a cent to pay my rent, and I thought I should go balm - y, Un -

p

til one day I said here goes, I'll go and join the ar - my —

cresc.

It's all right in the summer.

First of all I thought I'd like to go and be a scout, — When the

mf

ser-geant said, un - dress your-self and chuck your-self a - bout, — Said

he to me, your fig-ure's grand, you're mar-vel-lous - ly built; Said

cresc.

f

he, old cock, take my ad-vice and go and don the kilt. And it's

It's all right in the summer.

CHORUS.

all right in the sum - mer, when the sun be - gins to shine, — With the

beau - ti - ful breeze a - round your knees, you say it is sub - lime, — But

when the win - try winds do blow, and you're march - ing round the hou - ses,

cresc.

Oh, my, don't you feel fun - ny with - out your bloom - ing trou - ses. And it's trou - ses.

1. 2.

D.C.

Tom Leamore has the Music Hall rights of this Song until 21st June, 1903.

Entirely unrestricted elsewhere.

IT'S ALL RIGHT IN THE SUMMER.

Sung by TOM LEAMORE.

Written and Composed by TOM LEAMORE.

Key C.

1. Twelve months a - go I had no work and I didn't know what to do,..... And day by day, and bit by bit, my
togs went up the flue;..... I had-n't a cent to pay my rent, and I thought I should go balm - y, Un -
- til one day I said here goes, I'll go and join the ar - my First of all I thought I'd like to
go and be a scout,..... When the ser - geant said, un - dress your-self and chuck your-self a - bout,..... Said
he to me, your fig - ure's grand, you're mar - vel-lous - ly built;..... Said he, old cock, take my ad-vice and
go and don the kilt. And it's all right in the sum - mer, when the sun be-gins to shine,..... With the
beau-ti - ful breeze a - round your knees, you say it is sub - lime,..... But when the win - try winds do blow, and you're
march - ing round the hous - es, Oh, my, don't you feel fun-ny with-out your bloom-ing trou - ses.

2 When first I got my clobber on, I felt in an awful stew,
The sergeant shouted "All turn out!" I turned red, white and blue;
I felt ashamed to flash my pegs, for fear the girls might chase me,
And what would my old woman say when she wants to embrace me.
They think I am a Scotchman, and in Scotland's my abode,
But I am an Irish Scotchman bred and born in Mile End Road,
I am partial to a drop of Scotch though porridge I have barred,
Last time I went to Scotland's when I went to Scotland Yard.

CHORUS—And it's all right in the summer, &c.

3 When our brigade are on parade and told to stand at ease,
In the winter time there's icicles hanging round our knees;
I wish I'd been a blooming slop, or else a railway porter,
Or once more at my old job carrying up the bricks and mortar.
They pass remarks about our kilts but we can stand the blunt,
The same as we have stood our ground when we've been to the front,
We've fought without our trousers on, and faced the shell and ball,
When wanted we can fight without any blooming togs at all.

CHORUS—And it's all right in the summer, &c.

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