

## P7A and P7B

### Songs for Remembrance Assembly

#### Imagine

Imagine there's no heaven  
It's easy if you try  
No hell below us  
Above us only sky  
Imagine all the people  
Living for today...

Imagine there's no countries  
It isn't hard to do  
Nothing to kill or die for  
And no religion, too  
Imagine all the people  
Living life in peace...

You may say I'm a dreamer  
But I'm not the only one  
I hope someday you'll join us  
And the world will be as one

Imagine no possessions  
I wonder if you can  
No need for greed or hunger  
A brotherhood of man  
Imagine all the people  
Sharing all the world...

You may say I'm a dreamer  
But I'm not the only one  
I hope someday you'll join us  
And the world will be as one

#### Tipperary / Pack Up your Troubles

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 to Piccadilly,  
Farewell Leicester Square!  
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,  
But my heart's right there.

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.

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.

### **Hanging on the old barbed wire**

If you want to find the Colonel, I know  
where he is, I know where he is, I know  
where he is,

If you want to find the Colonel, I know  
where he is - home again on 7 days'  
leave.

I saw him, I saw him, home again on 7  
days' leave, I saw him, home again on 7  
days' leave.

Captain ..... pinning some more medals on  
his chest

Sgt Major .... Drunk upon on the cook  
house floor

Quarter Master ..... he's drinking up the  
company rum

Battalion..... (they're) hanging on the old  
barbed wire

### **It makes me so sad**

I picked up the chronicle  
And read about the debacle  
And the victory of your attack  
The story in the Herald said  
Some were wounded some were dead  
Then I saw you won't be coming back

And it makes me so sad,

It makes me so sad

To see all those names in gold

Up there on the Honour roll

After your sacrifice,

There will be better lives

When I think of what you could have  
had

It makes me so sad

We read about it all the time

Ambush, gunshot wounds, landmine

And often it's nobody that we've known

But when I hear that friends of mine

Are dead or crippled or left blind

It brings the story all that nearer home

And it makes me so sad,

It makes me so sad

To see all those names in gold

Up there on the Honour roll

After your sacrifice,

There will be better lives

When I think of what you could have  
had

It makes me so sad