

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Bless 'em All (9)

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Bless 'em all! Bless 'em all!
The long and the short and the tall!
Bless all the Sergeants we have to obey,
Bless all the corp'rals who drill us all day,
'Cos we're saying goodbye to them all,
As back to their barracks they crawl
No ice cream and cookies for flat-footed rookies
Cheer up, my lads Bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all! Bless 'em all!
The long and the short and the tall!
Bless the Commander whose deck we must scrub;
Bless the Chief Steward who hands out the grub
Though we'd rather be caught in a squall
Than dine on that wormwood and gall
Forget all those notions, you're sailing the oceans
So cheer up, my lads, Bless 'em all!

Bless 'em all! Bless 'em all!
The long and the short and the tall!
Bless the instructors who teach us to dive,
Bless all our stars that we still are alive,
For if ever the engine should stall,
We're in for one hell of a fall;
No champagne or vi'lets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up, my lads, Bless 'em all!

Bless 'em all! Bless 'em all!
The long and the short and the tall!
Bless all the posters with beautiful scenes
They swore we would see if we joined the Marines
'Cos we ain't seen no scenery at all
Except what we scrawl on the wall,
O what if we suffer, Marines have it tougher
So cheer up, my lads, Bless 'em all!

Bless 'em all! Bless 'em all!
The long and the short and the tall!
Bless all the nurses when you're in dry dock
You know that your temp'rature's firm as a rock
But when one grabs your pulse you feel small,

And you know that you've had a close call,
So don't lose your head, just be glad you're in bed
And cheer up, my lads, Bless 'em all!

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