

Our Sergeant Major Gifford/Cliffe

From the album King of the Ukulele. More details at: www.ralphshaw.ca

F

Now there's a Sgt Major He enjoys life while he can

D7 G7 C7

He proves to all the ladies he's a soldier and a man.

F

Gm

1. He sticks out his chest, two pillows in his vest
2. He's got a raucous voice, his language isn't choice
3. He makes raw recruits tremble in their boots

C C7 C C7 C F

1. A bolster under his rotunda...Our Sgt Major
2. In clink we'd shove him how we'd love him...Our Sgt Major
3. He calls 'em slackers who's gone crackers...Our Sgt Major

C7 F

Gm

1. His medals break our hearts, he won them playing darts
2. His weight about he'll throw the wicked so and so
3. His feet fill up the road, knock kneed and pigeon toed

C C7 C C7 C F

1. And while competing who was cheating...Our Sgt Major
2. Who'd even smother his own mother...Our Sgt Major
3. We'd sooner shoot him than salute him...Our Sgt Major

Am

E7

Am

He's far away the worst friend we've ever had

Gm D7 Gm C7

When he's far away well we're mighty glad

F

Gm

1. In the canteen bar you know what sergeants are
2. Our bugler goes his rounds and when the bugle sounds
3. The mascot goat we own, so big and fat has grown

C C7 C C7 C F

1. When we've passed out who's the last out...Our Sgt Major.
2. Forever lasting who's he blasting...Our Sgt Major
3. Wild and warlike its far more like...Our Sgt Major