

The Uniform Grey

Fitzrovia Chorus & John Mealing

[Introduction]

(Spoken/Chanted)

Once every year for Church parade,
In full dress kit, he comes arrayed.
His buttons shine, his belts are white,
He swaggers about with huge delight.
With drum and fife and bugle and band,
There's no one smarter in the land.
Wives and mothers and girls will say,
"We love him best in his uniform grey."

[Verse 1]

In peace or war for fifty years,
This land maintained the Volunteer.
And now although they've changed their name,
A Terriers' spirit, much the same.
With parting job, he does his best,
To see us now and no mere jest.
He'll sacrifice both time and play,
To fit him for his uniform grey.

[Chorus]

So here's success to the Dirty Grey,
A regiment lined down Kensington way.
A smarter corps was never made,
Than the Men of the Grey Brigade.
Westminster Civils, Scots and the rest,
Artisans, Devils, and all of the best.
Where will you find such men as they,
Who stepped in the ranks of the Grey Brigade?

[Verse 2]

Marching in fours with wheel and fire,
His ambition's best desire.
To lose a blank which makes a noise,
A Terrier rookie much enjoys.
He goes to camp this son of Mars,
Much dull work but nothing jars.
With keen delight he strives each day,

Proud of his uniform, bright and grey.

[Verse 3]

For fifteen days he'll march and drill,
Regardless of both sun and rain.
It does him good without a doubt,
To signal "Watch Up," Crook and Scout.
A charming job, this oddity man,
Scrubbing away at a greasy pan.
In khaki drab, he works all day,
No use here for his uniform grey.

[Chorus]

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[Verse 4]

Strained by training, hale and brown,
This white-faced boy who left the town,
Returns to bench or skin or face,
A budding Marshall you can trace.
His feet now blistered, he soaked his socks,
He brought experience like the Croks.
He's happier now by a very long way,
Than when he donned his uniform grey.

[Chorus]

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[Bridge]

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With drum and fife and bugle and band,
Thereâ€™s no one smarter in the land.
Wives and mothers and girls all say,
"We love him best in his uniform grey."

[Outro]

The time must come when he must go,
When getting old and rather slow.
But Kensingtonâ€™s thanks he will deserve,
For keeping his name in the New Reserve.
Though olden years will make him young,
To hear this song and chorus sung.
Heâ€™ll ne'er forget, but proudly say:
"I served my King in uniform grey."

[Final Chorus]

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Lyrics Submitted by Wild Ace

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