

THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

RECITATION

By
BILLY ROSE AND MORT DIXON

Last night 'neath a street lamp I silently stood,
On the same corner back in that old neighborhood.
As I gazed at the houses, unchanged by the years,
In my throat came a lump, and my eyes filled with tears.
I looked at the lamppost, the pump and the stoop.
And again I could picture us kids in a group;
There was Shorty, and Yeller and Skinny and Mike,
And the rich kid who had ballbearing skates and a bike.
And down near the school I could see the brick wall,
Where we used to go for a game of handball,
And the crabby old Janitor who chased us away,
Say, what wouldn't I give just to see him today!

And then came the parties and dances—that's why,
We didn't notice the years going by,
And the first thing we knew, we were all twenty-one,
But the Gang stuck together, in fight or in fun.
—And then came the War—the crowds in the street,
—The blast of the Bugle—the tramp of the feet,
And the Gang, THAT OLD GANG OF MINE,
Was the first Gang that hit the Von Hindenburg line.

But the war is all over, and last night as I stood,
On the same corner back in that old neighborhood,
I couldn't help brushing a tear from my eye,
For I knew not a face in the crowds that went by.
Gone forever are the pals that I love,
There isn't a trace or a sign
Of that regular, honest to goodness old bunch,
That I call THAT OLD GANG OF MINE.

NOTE: The above recitation is to be delivered while the melody of two choruses is being played.
At the end of the recitation, sing the last line of the chorus, as follows:

Gee, But I'd give the world to see, THAT OLD GANG OF MINE.