Hillman's Musical Milkmen Accompanied by Norm Lambert

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Hillman’s Dairy on the air. Hillman’s Dairy presents eastern Maine’s most popular song stylists Gene Hammons and Hugh Davis with Norm Lambert at the console. Don’t just say milk, say Hillman’s.

[Performers begin to sing the following lyrics.]

Good evening, Mr. Hammons, [inaudible] in mind
Good evening, Mr. Davis, well you’re surely looking fine
We’re the Hillman’s Dairy boys on the air
So relax, take it easy in your easy chair
Ah, ah, don’t touch that dial yet
Lambert’s with us on the organ, and [inaudible]
On each and every Sunday night

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest gal I know!
Goodbye, Piccadilly,
Farewell to Leicester Square!
It's a long long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

They called her frivolous Sal,
a peculiar sort of a gal
With a heart that was mellow,
An all round good fellow
was my gal Sal

Your troubles, your sorrows and care,
She was always willing to share
A wild sort of devil, but dead on the level
Was my gal Sal

HUNTER: At this point, we put another nickel in and the result from the Musical Milkmen is Music, Music Music.

[Performers sing the following lyrics.]

Put another nickel in
In the nickelodeon
All I want is loving you
And music, music, music

I’d do anything for you
Anything you’d want me to
All I want is kissing you
And music, music, music

Closer, my dear, come closer
The nicest part of any melody
Is when you’re dancing close to me
So put another nickel in
In the nickelodeon
All I want is loving you
And music, music, music
[Lyrics repeat.]

HUNTER: The Musical Milkmen have had many requests for this old favorite, so here it is, the Whiffenpoof Song.

[Performers sing the following lyrics.]

To the tables down at Mory's,
To the place where Louis dwells,
To the dear old Temple Bar
We love so well,

Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of their singing casts a spell.

Yes, the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well:
"Shall I Wasting" and "Mavourneen" and the rest.

So we’ll serenade our Louis
While the life and voice shall last
Then we’ll pass and be forgotten with the rest.

We are poor little lambs
Who have lost our way.
Baa, baa, baa
We're little black sheep who have gone astray
Baa, baa, baa

Gentleman songsters off on a spree
Damned from here to eternity
God have mercy on such as we
Baa, baa, baa

Gentleman songsters off on a spree
Damned from here to eternity
God have mercy on such as we
Baa, baa, baa

HUNTER: Your attention please, Gene Hammons and Hugh Davis have a question. Hey, Mister, Have You Met Rosie’s Sister?

[Performers sing the following lyrics.]

Hey, mister. Have you met Rosie's sister?
She's the gal that's got it over Rosie;
I kissed her. Let me tell you, mister,
Rosie's kisses are inviting,
But her sister's are more exciting.
Rosie used to say goodnight at ten in the hall,
But that's the time when Rosie’s sister wanted you to call.
Say, mister. Have you met Rosie's sister?
She's the gal that's got it over Rosie.
[Lyrics repeat.]

HUNTER: We’re happy to include on each of these Sunday night programs one of the old hymns that everyone knows and enjoys. Our sacred song for tonight, Nearer My God To Thee.

[Performers sing the following lyrics.]
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
There though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

HUNTER: Now a beautiful, old song that we hope will bring back many pleasant memories. Hillman’s Musical Milkmen blend their voices to sing Let the Rest of the World Go By.

[Performers sing the following lyrics.]

With someone like you a pal good and true
I’d like to leave it all behind and go and find
A place that's known to God alone just a spot to call our own
We'll find perfect peace where joys never cease
Out there beneath a kindly sky

We'll build a sweet little nest somewhere out in the west
And let the rest of the world go by

We'll find perfect peace where joys never cease
Out there beneath a kindly sky
We'll build a sweet little nest somewhere out in the west
And let the rest of the world go by

HUNTER: The finest milk is golden guernsey milk, and it comes from Hillman’s Dairy in Bangor, so don't say milk, say Hillman’s.

Now here’s a little secret, folks
Now let us put you [wise?]
Hillman’s Dairy has the milk that everybody buys
[record skips a few times]
Now if you haven’t tried it
Better call them up right now
That luscious golden guernsey milk from Hillman’s Dairy, wow!
Hillman’s Dairy, call Hillman’s Dairy
Dial 4767, call them up right now
Hillman’s Dairy, Hillman’s Dairy,
Call Hillman’s Dairy
Dial 4767, call them up right now
Dial 4767, call them up right now

HUNTER: Well time’s up now, but we invite you to join us again next Sunday at 6:15 when Hillman’s Dairy presents eastern Maine’s most popular song stylists, Gene Hammonds and Hugh Davis. Norm Lambert at the console and your announcer, Irving Hunter. The Hillman’s Dairy program is transcribed. This is the Maine Broadcasting Company.

[transcript ends]

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