



Collected by - NZERS • MEF

MY GRANNY SMOKES A HUBBLY.

(Tune: MARTINS and GAUGHEYS.)

Now, don't you try to skite about your Granny,
 She just sits and croons Sweet Adeline
 Though she hasn't time for beer
 And she's such a perfect dear
 You cannot hold a candle up to mine.

Oh! my Granny smokes a hubbly down the Berka
 Hurgle gurgle hubble bubble suck!
 Someone must have taught her
 To make bubbles in the water
 And how to clean the pipe when it gets stuck;
 And I know she mixes hashish for a pickup
 Just to clear away the hubbly-bubbly blues
 And you'll always find her squattin'
 On her ancient wrinkled.....
 Dragging heavily while Grandpa sucks his booze.

Oh, my Granny is a dear old white-haired lady
 And it hurts to think she's turned to sin,
 Although she'll never make the bill
 With the girls like Tiger Lil
 It seems she's picked the right way to begin.

And that's the sorry tale I have to tell you
 It shows how far a wayward girl can fall.
 She even gave up smoking Vs
 And other joys like these
 'Cos she likes her hubbly-bubbly best of all.

So that's the bitter tale I have to tell you
 No doubt you're going to think that it's all bosh
 But she's sitting there tonight
 Outside the old blue light
 Going hurgle-gurgle-splutter-splutter-splosh!

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Handwritten: 1981

SA-EEDA BINT.

ERS 2.

(1)...I came out East to Egypt and could
not hide my woe,
Until I landed in the place called
Ancient Gay Cairo.
The people are so different - they
seemed as hard as flint
Until one day my eyes alighted on a
little bint.

(2)...'Twas simply love at first sight, we
stopped and turned to stare,
Just for one another, right in the
Opera Square,
I know quite well 'twas destiny,
I'd met my fate at last,
Romance had overtaken me and now my die
was cast.

Chorus:

(1)...Saeeda Bint, I love your charming
manner,
To walk with you would fill me with
desire,
Your dainty little Yasmak
Your hair so henna-hued,
Makes me say to other bints, "Myskeen
mafeesh faloose."
Two eyes afire, they make me stanna
showaya,
To call you dear would be my greatest
joy.
I think I'll call you Lenna, 'cause
your eyes say tala-heena,
Your'e my little Gyppo bint you're
Kwais-Kattear.

Chorus:

(2)...Saeeda Bint, you lovely Eastern
charmer,
You've got me all aglow with flaming love
Your carriage that's so graceful, does
things galore to me.
You make me think I'm single dear,
For you sweetheart I'm free,
I'm simply keen to marry you bardin,
And I'll take you home for all the folks
to see,
I want their eyes to feast on my jewel
of the East.
You're the fairest of the fair, you're
kwais-kattear.

(3)...Since I joined up in New Zealand and
discarded all my mufti
They dressed me up like this for East,
just to have a little shufti.
But still I'm tops to Lenna, she's my own
Mercy Lamb
We've got our lovely love affair and
everything's tammam.

(Repeat 1 Chorus)

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"MIDDLE EAST SWING".

ERS 3.

(1) Now you've heard the music of Benny
Goodman
Tommy Dorsey and stars like these
But have you heard of the Kings of Rhythm
Who put the pep in the Eastern shows.

(2) He used to play in the slums of Cairo
For all the kids in the neighbourhood
He got them swinging and they
described him
As "kwaish Kateer" - so very good.

(3) All the shoe-shine boys and the
grinning wallads
Stood around with their eyes agog
And swayed their hips to the rocking
rhythm
Of Aly Yousseff the Swinging Wog.

Chorus. Aiwa, saeeda, Aiwa, anna muskeen
Aiwa, shufti gharry, if you've ever
Been to Cairo you know what I mean.

(4) Hot musicians they gathered round him
They pounded jive and his fame increased
They practiced daily and now he's
leading
The hottest band in the Middle East.

(5) They held jam sessions in low-down
quarters
At a stamping ground down Maadi way
The low-class bints & the pashas'
daughters
Came into town just to hear him play.

Chorus.

(6) Now somewhere out round the
caves of Tura
There lived a kind of singing
fool
So magnoon that his brains were
missing
'Cos he'd never been to a public
school.

(7) But he could sing on a glass of
birra
He had a voice like a "foo-foo"
bird
The sort of rhythm that drives
you crazy
Just the best technique that
you'd ever heard.

Chorus.

(8) Now he joined up with the
swinging Yousseff
And they worked up numbers that
the band could play
So that when they got in the
groove together
They stole the show from Gab
Galloway.

Chorus.

(9) And now they play in the high-
brow quarters
Their names are made & the whole
world raves
For the swinging wog from the
slums of Cairo
And the singing fool from the
Tura Caves.

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THE GHARRY MAN'S SERENADE.

Tune: Ferry Boat Serenade.

1. I like to ride a gharry
With Tom or Dick or Harry.
If you want a mighty queer sensation,
Take a ride to Babouluki Station,
There's another trip to do,
Shufti the monkeys at the Zoo,
The best sights I've ever seen
Are at the School of Hygiene,

Bucksheesh, Klifti, Klifti, Bucksheesh,
Klifti Klifti, Bucksheesh,
That's the Gharry Man's Serenade.
2. When you're feeling like a Stella,
Tell George to iggri yalla,
And when the cry is "Mafeesh Birra"
Tell him to drive you to Gezira,
It's better than a motor car,
Singing Flim-dilly la-a,
No, next time you want a ride,
Step right up and hop inside,

Bucksheesh, etc. etc.
3. He'll take you to the Mouskey
To Shepherds for a whisky,
You will think you're on your way to heaven,
When you're loaded up with twenty seven,
He'll ask you for ten ackers,
You'll tell him he is crackers,
Kwais Katere, gib it bucksheesh,
Ana ma skeen fillouse ma'eeesh,

Bucksheesh, Klifti, Klifti, Bucksheesh
Klifti, Klifti, Bucksheesh,
That's the Gharry Man's Serenade.

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ERS 5.

MY DUG-OUT IN MATRUH.

1. I'm a lonely digger here and I'm stationed at Matruh
I've got my little dug-out in the sand
Where the fleas play tag around me as they circle round at night
In my flea bound bug-bound dugout in Matruh.

Chorus.

Oh the walls are made of hessian and the windows four by two
And the doorway lets the howling sandstorm thru'
You can hear those blinking Ities as they circle round at night
In my flea bound bug bound dugout in Matruh.

2. Now I oft times wish I had a girl to sit upon my knee
To free me of this pain that I am in.
My God how I would bless her if she'd only sit with me
In my flea bound bug bound dugout in Matruh.

Chorus.

3. Now the place is strewn all round with bully and meat loaf
Of bread and marmalade there's blinking few
I'm as happy as a clown in this land of heat and sand
In my flea bound bug bound dugout in Matruh.

Chorus. Oh take me back Oh! take me back
To my flea bound, bug bound dugout in the sand
Where you can hear those blinking Ities as they circle round
at night
In my flea bound bug bound dugout in Matruh.

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(1) RSA Review

GIVE ME A BAR TO MY AFRICA STAR.

(Tune: Home on the Range)

Oh give me a bar to my Africa Star,
And a clasp to wear on my breast,
I'll stay here in base with a smile
on my face,
Content on my laurels to rest.

Chorus: Star, beautiful star,
I'd rather have birra by far
If you've an acker or two, I'll drink
Stella with you
While I tell you how I won the bar.

Then I'll gladly exchange my Africa Star
For a pint of good Speight's in the Bar
In my own native land I would get a
big hand
As I told how I won the star.

Oh give me a bar in NZ afar
When I'll show off my Africa Star,
And then I'll confess before they all
guess
That I bought it in the Mousky Bazaar.

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ERS 6.

JUST A BOOSEY PRIVATE.

(Tune: "Lili Marlene")

You can be a sergeant or a W.O.,
You can stick your pips just where they
ought to go,
Just a boosey private I will be, so fine
and free,
Till they agree, promotions overdue,
A general's job for you.

Chasing old Tedeski along the Road to
Rome,
The sooner we can lick him the sooner
we'll go home,
Twenty-six battalion will lead the way,
In every fray, until that day,
When we shall say "Chin, chin" from
Radio Berlin.

You can have your mountains, mud and
olive trees,
You can have your vino, seniorinas free
All that I ask is a long brass rail,
And Speights always on sale,
That's where I long to be,
It's kiwi land for me.

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PISTOL PACKING HEINIE.

(Tune: Pistol Packing Momma)

I was sitting in my sanga,
 As happy as could be,
 Dreaming dreams of happy days
 back home beside the sea,
 Now Jerry had a spandau
 upon the mountain side,
 He flung some lead
 around my head,
 Till I got up and cried...

CHORUS: Lay that Spandau down Jerry,
 Lay that Spandau down,
 Pistol Packing Heinie
 Lay that Spandau down...

Now Jerry kept on shooting,
 His bullets sprayed the ground,
 Till I got my good old Bren gun out
 And stacked the ammo round,
 The Spandau bursts came cracking,
 And how that 'gat could crack,
 But my Bren gun's steady bang bang bang
 Soon put him off the track...

Now both guns kept on firing
 The battle raged all night
 But in the early morning
 The Bren gun's aim was right.
 The Spandau raised his sights too high
 The Bren gun gave a roar,
 Spandau packing Heinie,
 Ain't gonna shoot no more...

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THE ROAD TO CASSINO. (Gundagai)

There's a track winding back to that good old monastery
 Along the road to Cassino Town.
 Where the olive trees are growing
 And the Purple Death is flowing
 Behind our forward lines.
 Hitler's screaming Minnies and 88's go by,
 Kiwis in their dugouts are brewing up their shi,
 And there's a track winding back to that good old monastery
 Along the road to Cassino Town.

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TRIESTE.

ERS 8.

(Tune: Gay Caballero)

The Div has been very impressed
By the beautiful girls of Trieste
It is said they're designed
Superbly streamlined
And rival the curves of Mae West.

The boys of the Div will know best
The charms of the blondes of Trieste
If its feature or figure
That captures the Digger
Or simply the way they are dressed.

So far they've distinctly progressed
In storming the hearts of Trieste
The girls make them feel
That their welcome is real
And are always kind to a guest.

The beauteous belles of Trieste
Adorning this haven of rest
Are much more attractive
Seductive and active
Than our catty critics suggest.

There's an air of romance in Trieste
That cupid exploits with a zest
The girls are so charming
It's really alarming
How soldiers succumb to the test.

But maids will be loved and caressed
In Christchurch or in Trieste
The Kiwi's no sop
And gets in for his chop
Or even the whole neck and breast.

Some Kiwis no doubt are possessed
Of glamorous brides from Trieste
Completing their duty
By bagging a beauty
To round off their souvenir quest.

Are New Zealand damsels distressed
If they are? Well it's not manifest
For they had their pranks
With the visiting Yanks
Now the boys even up in Trieste.

"IF THE CAP FITS". (Tune: Pistol-Packing Momma)

Written by a member of NE WAAC in answer to "TRIESTE"

You talk of girls from old Trieste
Of how they bill and coo
You seem to think the worst of us -
Here's what we think of you.

Now please don't think we're jealous of
The girls from Old Trieste;
These girls who glamorize with paint,
And go about half-dressed.

Just listen to this little tune
Then judge us if you dare.
Or, would you like our morals like
The Trieste girls up there.

We don't profess to have their looks,
Nor have their taking ways,
You see, my lads, our fathers said
That virtue always pays.

Perhaps you'd like the girls at home
To walk around half-dressed,
So they'd reveal their hidden charms
Like lasses in Trieste.

And maybe you'd prefer us if
We liked to play with fire
And loved each one and all of you --
Is that what you desire?

It seems as though you'd rather have
A lass whom you could share.
Like Trieste girls, have other lads
The moment you aint there.

Oh! First of all, the Ities - they,
Were sampling all their charms
And then the Jerry's came along
And held them in their arms.

Oh! next came Kiwis on their list
The Victors you were then,
So! - You were met with open arms
- The rest, forgotten men!

Remember when Trieste was won
Before you stormed the town,
Those lasses they were snipers there
Our own lads shooting down.

We wonder how you'd all react
Had Japs and Jerries won.
Would admire us if we met
Our foes as they have done.

You say that we won't smile at you
The way Trieste girls do
You blame us for your own misdeeds
- The blame is all on you.

You never stop to think at all
Of girls who stayed at home -
Who faithfully are waiting still
Till you come sailing home.

We thought New Zeal and lasses were
A credit lads to you,
But no! You just condemn us all
For things done by a few.

Don't tell us we've ourselves to blame
For we won't fall for that
Don't tell it's because of Yank
You're giving tit for tat.

You say we go for officers
And much prefer their pipes
You guilty ones should not throw stones
In view of all your slips.

You've only done just what you will
Your own desires to quell
Then wonder why we treat you so
And your old line won't sell.

Perhaps a few have let you down
Then why condemn us all
We ask ourselves "Oh was he pushed -
Or did he really fall".

Our answer is to Hell with men
Who fell in old Trieste
To Hell with Yankie-minded girls
And God Bless all the rest.

MARI, MARI.

Aràpete fenesta,
Famm'affecia a Maria
Ca stongo mmiez' 'a via
Speruto P' 'a vede.

Nun Trovo a' ora 'e pace
A 'A nott' 'a faccio journo
Sempe pe sta cca attuorno,
Speranno 'e ce parla!

Ah, Maria, Mari!
Quanta suonno ca perdo pa! te!
Famm'addurmi
Abbracciato nu poco cu te!
Ah, Maria, Mari!
Quanta suonno ca perdo pe! te!
Famm'addurmi
Oj' Mari!
Oj' Mari!

Nmies' a stu ciardeniello
Nce ride 'a malvarosa,
Nu lietto 'e fronn' 'e rose
Aggui fatte pe' te.

Viene, c' 'a notte e doce,
'O ciele ch'è nu manto...
Tù duorme e i' te canto
'a nonna affianco a te!
Ah, Maria, Mari! etc.

Pare ca già s' arape
Na senga 'e fenestella
Maria c' 'a manella
Nu segno a me ne fa!
Sona, chitarra mia!
Maria s' e scetata...
Na scicca serenata
Faccimela senti.
Ah, Maria, Mari! etc.

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MAMMA

ERS 10.

Mamma, son tanto felice
Perche ritorno da te
La mia canzone to dice
Che il bel giorno per me.
Mamma, son tanto felice
perche ritorno da te.

RITORNELLO

Mamma
Solo per te.. la mia canzone vola
Mamma
Sarai con me, tu non saira piu sola.
Quanto ti voglio bene
Queste parole d'amore
che ti sospira il mio cuore
forse non s'usano piu
Mamma
Ma la canzone mia piu bella, sei tu,
Sei, tu, la vita
e per la vita non ti lascio mai piu.

Sento la mano tua, stanca
cèrear i miei riccioli d'or
Sento e la cove ti manoa
la ninna nanna d'allor
Oggi la testa tua bianco
io voglio stringere al cuor.

FINALE:

.....Mamma
Mai piu.

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"WON'T YOU TAKE US HOME?"

Tune: Lili Marlene

Oh Mr Fraser won't you take us home
 Don't you think we've had it now we've been to Rome?
 We've had the sand, sweat and blood,
 And lived in snow, rain, and mud,
 So won't you take us home,
 Won't you take us home.

Oh, Mr Fraser, won't you take us home
 We've seen enough and want no more to roam,
 We've had the bints both young and old,
 And signorinas leave us cold,
 So won't you take us home,
 Won't you take us home.

Oh, Mr. Fraser, won't you take us home,
 We've seen enough stink that is no buon.
 Old Egypt's beer was Kwieskateer
 But we don't seem to see it here,
 So won't you take us home,
 Won't you take us home.

Please Mr Fraser, won't you take us home,
 We've had the army and it's getting in our bones,
 We've taken pills and slept in nets,
 The mossies follow us like pets,
 So Won't you take us home,
 Won't you take us home.

Now Mr Fraser, you had better take us home,
 No one will know us and our speech will not be known,
 We speak in Wog and Itie slang,
 Our "Engleesh" has slipped away back to hang.
 So won't you take us home
 Won't you take us home.

And Mr Fraser if you take us home,
 We'll stick you back and put you on the throne
 But if you don't and let us down,
 We'll run your gang right out of town.
 You had better take us home,
 You'd better take us home.

NIENTE SCARPS.

Tune: "La Donna E Mobile"

Ana Muskeen today
 Poco mangiare
 Poco sapone
 Niente pane
 Molti bambini
 Molto lavoro
 Lire finiti
 Niente vino
 Niente grappes
 Niente Scarpas
 Madonna mia!
 Niente scarps
 Scarps! Scarps!
 Niente scarpà.
 Scarps! Scarps!
 Niente scarps.

'O SOLE MIO.

Che bella cosa 'na iurnata 'e sole,
 N'aria serena doppo 'na tempesta!
 Pe' ll'aria fresca pare già 'na festa..
 Che bella cosa 'na iurnata 'e sole.

Ma n'atu sole
 Chiu bello, ohì ne!
 'O sole mio
 Sta nfronte a te!

Lucene e llastre d' 'a fenesta toia;
 'Na lavannare canta e se ne vanta,
 E pe tramente torce, spanne e canta.
 Lucene 'e llastre d' 'a fenestà toia
 Ma n'atu sole, etc.

Quanno fa notte e 'o sole ne scenne,
 Mme vene quase 'nà malincunia;
 Sotto 'a fenesta toia restarria,
 Quanno fa notè 'o sole se ne scenne.
 Ma n'attu sole, etc.

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ISA LEI.

ERS 13.

Isa, Isa, you are my only treasure,
Must you leave me so lonely and forsaken,
As the roses will kiss the sun at dawning,
Every moment my heart for you is yearning.

CHORUS: Isa Lei, the purple shadows fall
Sad the morrow will dawn upon my sorrow
Oh! Forget not, when you are far away,
Precious moments beside dear Suva Bay.

Isa, Isa, my heart was filled with pleasure
From the moment I heard your tender greeting,
'Mid the sunshine; we spent the hours together
Now so swiftly those happy hours are fleeting.

CHORUS: etc.

O'er the ocean your island home is calling,
Happy country where roses bloom in splendour,
Oh, if I could but journey there beside you,
Then for ever my heart would sing in rapture.

CHORUS: etc.

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(Fijian)

Isa, Isa, vulagi lasa dina,
Nomu lako au na rarawakina,
A cava, bekako a mai cakava
Na momu lako au na sega ni lasa.

CHORUS: Isa Lei, Na noqu rarawa,
Ni ko sa na vodo e na mataka,
Bau nanuma nodatau lasa,
Mai Suva na numba tikoga.

Vanua rogo na nomuni vanua
Kena ea ni levu tu na ua,
Lomaqu veli me'i bau butuka
Tovolea ke balavu na bula.

CHORUS:

Domoni dina na nomu yauuyanu,
Kana Kau wale na salusalu,
Mocelole, bua, na kukuwalu,
Lagakali, maba, na rosi, damu.

CHORUS:

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A YANKEE IN KIWILAND

(Tune: "The Mountains of Mourne")

Oh Momma this New Zealand is a wonderful place,
 The Kiwis are lagging well back in the race,
 They ain't got the ackers, the dollars, feloose,
 Result is the dames are all out on the loose.

Their technique at necking is poor for a tart,
 But after tuition they're soon fit to start,
 And as for the husbands and boys overseas,
 They soon forget them as we give them a squeeze.

The highways of Auckland are not paved with gold,
 But the lasses there know of the sport that is old.
 The local lads mutter and threaten to fight,
 But most under forty are well out of sight.

With a thought for our comfort and very nice too,
 Peter Fraser has turfed them all out in the blue,
 But any who're over and able to crawl
 Are down in the Islands equipped with damn all.

So dearest Momma, 'tis happy we be,
 To be in this land in the far Southern Seas,
 The real danger and that's rather small
 Is if their Division the Kiwis recall.

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BULA BULA.

(Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

I was standing on a street corner a wondering what to do,
 When my cobber said "Let's join the Army, there's work for me and you,"
 So we joined up feeling like heroes, to go and fight the enemy,
 But we didn't know we'd soon be fighting mosquitoes and flies in Fiji.

Bula, Bula, the girls all say Bula to me, to me,
 Bula, Bula, it all sound like Bula to me.

We sit all day on the hillside, with a gun that is too old to go,
 Swatting flies and mosquitoes and waiting to welcome the foe.
 The dirty big end of the stick is held by the Terries I hear
 But my girl friend has got her a scooter and I haven't seen her
 for a year.

Bula, Bula, the girls all say Bula to me, to me,
 Bula, Bula, it all sounds like Bula to me.

NOTE: "BULA" is a form of Fijian greeting.

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THE C.S.R. AND THE SUVA SNOBS.

(Tune: Martins & the Caugheys)

In Fiji's sunny clime,
 We were stationed for a time,
 We thought that we were guarding
 home and King,
 But imagine our confusion
 When we found to our delusion
 And we faced the stark conclusion
 We were doing no such thing.

We were marched and marched and
 marched

While our b..... throats were
 parched

Gawd! they slogged us round to
 bring us up to par,

Struth! you should have heard
 our curses,

On discovering we were nurses,
 To the Sugar Barons' purses and
 the b.... C.S.R.

Every b.... town and village,
 Boasts of mansions built from
 pillage,

And each lordling owns the latest
 motor car,

While their wives are snobbish
 bitches,

Living high on ill-earned riches,
 Drawn from the blood and sweat of
 wretches,

Toiling for the C.S.R.

And their daughters! Lord! its
 painful

How they treat us so disdainful,
 Cripes! you would think we were

beyond the colour bar,

While we're here to save their bacon,
 And the divvies they are making,

While our homefolks hearts are
 breaking,

We must save the C.S.R.

Many nights I've sat there thinking
 Gawd! had I been born a Lincoln
 I'd clear this isle of slavery, from
 Suva round to Ba,

For they've never tasted freedom
 And their wages hardly feed 'em,
 As relentlessly they bleed 'em,
 Do the flaming C.S.R.

And they know it's futile squealing,
 Or to courts of Law appealing,
 For the overseer reigns just like a
 Czar,

Judges too, like politicians,
 Are possessed of their ambitions,
 Just to mouth the cruel decisions,
 Prompted by the C.S.R.

On the wall, fate's hand writes clearly,
 RETRIBUTION COSTS YOU DEARLY,
 You are doomed, the gates of failures
 stand ajar,

For the souls of slaves departed,
 Over-burdened, broken hearted,
 Cursed your lust as they were
 martyred,

Cursed the b..... C.S.R.

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(One of the bitterest of the songs
 composed and sung by Kiwis in the
 Fiji Islands. It reflects, somewhat
 bitterly, the Kiwi's reactions to the
 vast gulf 'tween the workers
 (Indian and Fijian) and the European
 officials of the Sugar Company.)

THE ARMY IN FIJI.

(Tune: The Martins and the Caugheys)

Now gather round and listen to my story
Of the Army in the days of '41
While their comrades overseas
Fought and killed their enemies
They just waited while the battles
were all won.

Oh! that Army in Fiji were as brave as
brave could be
And they laboured with their shovels
all day long
Then they didn't know that the savage
yellow foe
Were advancing many millions strong
And each day they polished up web
and rifles
And they did their drill with great
efficiency
Though they had no ammunition
They were chock full of ambition
As they waited in their camp beside the
sea.

Oh! that Army in Fiji were as brave
as brave could be
As they dug their weapon pits beside the sea
And though the water filled them
Just as fast as they could dig them
'Twas a comfort to the Major and OC
Although their rifles were 1914 pattern
And their Lewis guns had fought in
Waterloo
Though their rounds were mostly misfires
And the Air Force had no Spitfires
They were out to show the World what
they could do.

Oh! That Army in Fiji were as brave
as brave could be
And at last the bugle blew the alarm
The Japs they heard we're coming
And it sent the lines a humming
With the Army here the Japs could
do no harm.

The officers they had to have a
meeting
Decided things were as bad as bad
could be

To New Zealand they sent a cable
Send as soon as you are able
Ammunition for the Army in Fiji.

Oh! That army in Fiji were as brave
as brave could be
But alas that Army is no more
For the big New Zealand deadheads
Sent a load of blinking leadheads
As they heard the Army used them
once before.
And now the Army like the song is
ended

But their name will live in memory
Of a brilliant indication
Of a lack of preparation
That's the by-word of the New
Zealand Infantry.

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DEFENDING THE C.S.R.

We are Peter Frasers' soldiers,
New Zealand's Infantry
We'd fight for King and country
But they sent us to Fiji.
There's fighting on in Egypt
It's safer here by far
To Hell with King and country
We'll defend the C.S.R.

There's flies and ants and trades here
And bugs that bite by night
You wouldn't think to see us now
That we'd joined up to fight.
The worker stands behind us
And buys his beer in a jar
With the money he is making
While we keep the C.S.R.

We're not much good with rifles
We've never fired a shot
But as for pick and shovels
We've used them quite a lot
And though our ammunition
Is not quite up to par
We've lots and lots of leadheads
to keep the C.S.R.

So while the war is raging
We'll sit here safe and sound
So the mill wheels of Lautoka
Will keep on turning round.
And when this war is over
In every hotel bar
You'll hear us tell the story
Of how we saved the C.S.R.

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"EARLY ONE MORNING".

(or "Weeping, & Wailing")

1. Early one morning, as daylight was dawning,
I went for a stroll by the river alone;
I met an old man who was weeping and wailing
And rocking a cradle that was not his own.

Chorus: Singing "Ay-de-lo boy, dear baby lie easy;
Your own daddy will never be known
For it's weeping and wailing and rocking the cradle
Of somebody's baby that is not your own".

2. When first I married your innocent mother
I thought in my heart she would make me a wife,
But once she had hooked me and got me to marry her
She turned out the curse and the plague of my life.

(Chorus)

3. Out every night to a ball or a party
She left me at home with the baby alone,
While dancing and flirting and spending my money
Is it any wonder I weep and I moan?

(Chorus)

4. Now all you young fellows who one day may marry,
Just take my advice and leave women alone,
For, by the Lord Harry, the woman you marry
Will bring you a baby and swear it's your own.

(Chorus)

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THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

ERS 19.

Around her hair she wore a yellow ribbon
She wore it in December and the merry month of May Hi - Hi
And when I asked her why the Hell she wore it
She wore it for her lover who is far far away.

Chorus.

Far Away, far away,
Far away, far away
She wore it for her lover who is far far away.

And in the drawer she keeps her old love letters
She keeps them in December and the merry month of May Hi - Hi
And when I asked her why the Hell she keeps them
She keeps them for her lover who is far far away.

Chorus.

Around the park she daily wheeled a push chair
She wheeled it in December and the merry month of May Hi - Hi
And when I asked her why the Hell she pushed it
She pushed it for her lover who is far far away.

Chorus.

Behind the door her old man keeps a shot gun
He keeps it in December and the merry month of May, Hi - Hi
And when I asked him why the Hell he keeps it
He keeps it for her lover who is far far away.

Chorus.

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OLE 97.

Oh! They gave him his orders
In ole West Virginia
Saying Steve you're way behind time
For it's not 38 but old 97
You must get her to Central on time.

So he turned around to his coal greasy
fireman

Saying shovel on a little more coal
And when we get
To those wide open spaces
You will see old 97 roll.

It's a mighty rough track from
Pittsburgh to Chatham
It's on a three one grade
It was on this track that he
Lost his air brake
You should see the pole jump he made.

He was going down the track
Making 90 miles per hour
When his whistle broke into a scream
Whoo - Whoo
He was found in the wreck with
His hand on the throttle
He was scalded to death by the steam.

Now all you young maidens
Take heed of this warning
For this day and for more
Do not speak harsh words
To your kind loving husband
Or he'll leave you and never return
Whoo - Whoo.

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ERS 20.

"SAMBO"

Sambo was a lazy coon,
He never worked in the afternoon,
Too blooming lazy was he,
Too blooming lazy was he,
Out into the woods he'd creep,
There to have a blooming good sleep
Under a tree,
When along came a bee, making this
noise:

Buzz - Buzz - Buzz - Buzz - Buzz.

Go away you bumble bee
I ain't no rose
I ain't no prairie flower
Get off my blooming nose.
Get off my nasal organ,
You can't stay there

If you want some fun, I won't be stung
And you'll get no honey there.

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FATHER'S GRAVE

(Tune: "The British Working-man")

They're digging up father's grave to
make a sewer,
They're digging it up regardless of
expense.
They're shifting his remains, just to
put in six inch drains
To carry away the slops from residents.
Now father he never was a quitter
I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now.
And up and down those streets he'll
haunt those bathroom seats,
And never let the blighters bath in
peace.
Now won't there be some real consternation
Won't those egg-bound toffs just rant
and rave,
They'll get what they deserve, for
having the ruddy nerve
To muck about with a British workman's
grave.

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