

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\a gordon for me.txt

a gordon for me

a gordon for me

a gordon for me, a gordon for me, if he is nae a gordon, he's nae use ta me;

you can take your highlanders, you' re blackwatch and a' my bonnie wee gordon's the
pride o' them a' -----

from the singing of jimmy duffy, itinerant singer, son of jimmy duffy of stanthorpe,
qld.

this song was sung in the gordons scotiish regiment, before and after the boer war.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\afschied von sannie.txt

o sannie mijn hartje,bak gou nou beskuit

o sannie mijn hartje,bak gou nou beskuit vriend kimberlein stuur die soldate al uit,
hulle kom met die dum-dums en groote kanon, waar is nou miajn roer en die mauser
patron?

o sannie mijn hartje veeg af jou gezich, want jedere kogel die raak ons niet lich,
as toch iedere kogel een kerel moet raak, waar krug ons dan oin mee oorlog te maak?
die dum dum die maak net een heel kleine gat,da kanons kogel zal wel wat viniger
vat.

die kogels is allemaal van staal en van lood ach huil toch niet, sannie, waar is
dan die nood?

die engelse vlag, dat het ons gezien is net maar een voor school van oumeid sabien
en onder die vlag zal die boer nooit nog staan daar komt al mijn jong met die
oorslog perd aan.

die beskuit is nu klaar en die roer is maal skoon kom, sannie, ik geef jou eenzoen
voor jou loon onze zaak is recht vaardig, ons vertrouw op die heer;

hij zal ons wel help, en die mauser gewehr, onze zaak is recht vaardig, ons
vertrouw op die heer hij zaal ons wel help, en die mauser gewehr.

----- leaving sannie come sannie, my heart, quick make up
your mind;

kimberley needs soldiers, must leave wives behind we' re come with our cartridges,
and our cannon, where now is my helmet and my mauser gun?

where now is my helmet and my mauser gun?

come, sannie, my heart, wipe the tear from your eye, for not every bullet is fired
in spite.

by bullet and shrapnel some soldiers must fall leaving sannie con't

though bullets maim bodies, they can't touch our soul though bullets maim bodies,

they can't touch our soul.

chorus the english flag, which our nation they'd rape;
and under that flag no farmer (boer) is safe;
I'll gather our children on horseback we' ll ride;
we' ll fight for our land, or we' ll die side by side.
the decision is made, helmets shining bright;
as I give you a kiss, know our cause it is right.
our cause it is righteous, trust in god and his son;
they' ll strengthen our cause, god and the mauser gun, they' ll strengthen our
cause, god and the mauser gun.

----- the war museum of the boer republics in
bloemfontein, sth africa, sent me this song, which they had in their records.

my translation is close to the original, but I have not done a literal translation
as I want to start singing this song in english, which wouldn't have been possible
with a literal translation.

dum-dum bullets are either lead bullets ith a flat head hollowed out, or crossed,
or a jacketed bullet with the head cut off to expose the lead core, so that the
bullet will then cause a maximum amout of damage to the target hit, possibly ripping
off an arm or a leg rather than going straight through.

the boers were accused of using dum dmu bullets--they did!!--but it was the
original meaning of dum dum--bullets that were manufactured in the indian arsenal
town of dum dum.

: the bullets were fully jacketed, which was obvious to any one seeing them, the
british just used the name of the arsenal to propagandise the boer republics and
it's soldiers.

helmets, in the army of the boer republics, the traansvaal and orange free state,
were worn only by the staats artiliert, the state artilery, the republics only full
time soldiers.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\boer baptism.txt

the baby's name is kitchener, carrington

the baby's name is kitchener, carrington methuen kekewich white cronje plumer powell
majuba gatacre waren colenso krujer capetown mafeking french kimberley ladysmith
bobs union jack fighting mac victoria pretoria blobbs totally unsingable! recorded
ex brad tate-yet this song was very popular during the war!!

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\boots.txt

we' re foot-slog-slog-slog-sloggin' over africa

we' re foot-slog-slog-slog-sloggin' over africa foot-foot-foot-foot-sloggin' over
africa- chorus boots-boots-boots-boots movin' up and down again- there's no
discharge in the war! 7, 6, 11, 5, 9, and 20 miles today 4, 11, 17, 32, the daay
before-- don't, don't, don't don't look at what's in front of you! men, men, men,
men, men, go mad with watching them-- try, try, try, try, to think of something
different;
oh-my-god!-keep- me- from- going- lunatic! count, count, count, count, the bullets
in the bandoliers;
if-your-eyes-drop-, they-will-get-on-top-of-you-- we-can-stick-out-hunger, thirst,
and weariness;
but not-not-not-not-not the chronic sight of 'em-- tain't-so-bad-by-day because of
company;
but-night-brings-strings-of-40,000 million- i-have-marched-6-weeks-in-hell- and
certify;
it-is-not-devils, dark, or anything--

rudyard kipling wrote this song, and is, like all his material, published as a
poem-this one in his 'barracks room ballads'.

kipling, says his mate, chesterton, I think, wrote all his poetry with a specific
tune in mind, to set the meter for the poetry: the tune he had in mind when he wrote
boots is john brown's body.

most folk music people that are aware of kiplings poetry are mostly aware of them
in the settings that british singer peter bellamy pu to them--which were his own
tunes, rather than the tunes kipling himself had in mind at the time.

whether of foot or on horseback, as most of the australian troops were in the boer
war, this song most accurately describes the daily course of events once 'black
week',

and then the capture of the boer capitols were completed and the de wet hunts, the
guerilla warfare started--with this constant grind was also the constant fear of
immediate attack.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\butchered.txt

in a prison cell I sadly sit, a damn crest-fallen chappie,
in a prison cell I sadly sit, a damn crest-fallen chappie, and I own to you I feel a
bit--a little bit unhappy! it really ain't the time or place, to reel off rhyming
diction- but yet we' ll write a final rhyme-whilest waiting crucifixion no matter
what 'end' they decide, quicklime or b' iling ile sir! we' 'll do our best when
crucified to finish off in style, sir! but we bequeath a parting tip for sound
advise of such men who come across in transport ships to finish up the dutchmen if
you encounter any boers you really must not loot 'em;

and if you want to leave these shores, for pity's sake, don't shoot 'em! and if
you'd earn a d.

S.

C.

, why every british sinner should know the proper way to go- invite them out to dinner! (rpt last 8 bars) let's toss a bumper down our throats before we go to heaven;

and toast 'the trimset petticoat' we leave behind in devon.

----- a few years back, must have been about may of '81 I was walking back to a friends residence at 239 russell st bathurst after stopping at the edinburg castle hotels bottle shop on the corner of william and russell s, bathurst.

as usual, I stopped for a moment at the boer war memorial to pay my respects to lt's handcock and morant.

--and peter handcock had returned to the memorial! true!! when kitchener came out to australia in 1911, he went to bathurst to dedicate the boer war memorial in carillon park, but refused to dedicate the memorial until peter handcocks name was removed! the police had arrested and gaoled peters wife and children for fear they or their presence would disturb the proceedings.

the plate containing peter handcocks name had been missing for over 70 years--but some unknown bathurstian, undoubtedly elderly had kept peter in their heart and memory until that time, and put peters name back with those of his mates.

he is remembered to this day, as is butcher kitchener ---- many people, folkies mainly, have put breaker morants 'poems' to their own tunes -- when it is obvious to anyone with a bit of nous tht he was writing within a folk tradition, and quite a few of his 'poems' were written to be sung to known tunes, and they are obvious (I don't have a book of his 'poems' in front of me, for is this the place to put his bush poems with the tunes that were obviously intended);

such is the case with butchered to make a dutchmans holiday and the tune brighton camp/the girl I left behind me.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\connaught rangers.txt

in our army we' re the best, from the north, south, east, or west;

in our army we' re the best, from the north, south, east, or west;

the best of boys at following the drum.

we' re mighty hard to beat, I can say without conceit;

faith, the enemy are welcome when they come! be they russians, french, or dutch, sure it doesn't matter much;

we' re the boys to give them sugar in their tea;

for we' re the connaught rangers, the boys who fear no danger;

faugh a ballauch, faugh a ballauch, clear the way! chorus you may talk about your guards, boys, the lancers and hussars you may talk about your royal artillery (without their guns!) the girls, we drive them crazy, the foe we beat them easy! the rangers from old connaught, yah! the land across the sea.

'twas bounaparte who said, as the frenchmen on he lead;
 "marsal soult, are them the rangers do you know?"
 'faith' says soult, 'there's no mistake, to our hells we better take;
 I think it's time for you and I to go!' when the colleens hear our step, it
 make their hearts to leap, 'arah jewels, will you wish to patricks day?'
 for we' re the connaught rangers, the boys who fear no danger, the rangers from old
 connaught yah! the land across the sea! now you haven't far to search, for the boys
 who best can march;
 the lads who fear the longest day;
 as you easily will know, their dashing step will show;
 'tis the connaught boys who always lead the way.
 if my words perhaps you doubt, go and join us on a route;
 I'm thinking you' ll not find it such a treat.
 you will see them in the van, you can catch them if you can;
 faith you' ll have to travel fast, or you' ll be late!

----- prior to 1922 there were 22
 regiments from ireland in the british army;

afterwards, only 2, the irish guards and the royal irish rifles.

the connaught rangers were formed in the 1760's following the success of the
 american rogers rangers during the french and indian wars/7 years war.

this song was sung from the napoleonic wars to wwi, verses added as appropriate;
 I have not found any veterans of this unit, or the rir, who remember having sung
 this song.

I first heard this song on a composite album called 'songs of the redcoats',
 and have heard, but not recorded, jimmy duffy (junior, son of jimmy duffy of
 stanthorpe), itinerant, singing this song in the '80' s.

the rangers, and all rifle units ("sharpe's rifle" s", bernard cornwell) were used
 as scouts, and skirmishers for the line of battle.

the connaught rangers were to attack the boer flank across a ford at the battle of
 modder river, dec.

1899, but were trapped, surrounded by boers on three sides and slaughtered.

the nsw lancers, about 20 men, had advised gen buller of a crossable ford, but was
 ignored;

the lancers attacked the boer flank, turning and breaking their line, and causing
 them to retreat to magersfontein-buller refused to support the lancers attack!

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\die gedanken.txt

die gedanken sind frei, wer kann sie erraten

die gedanken sind frei, wer kann sie erraten sie fliehen vorbei, wie nacht liche
 schatten kein mensch kann sie wisser, kein jager ershiessen es bleibat dabei, die
 gedanken sind frei (repeat) ich denke wer ich will, und was mich beglubet doch alles
 inder still, und wie es sich schicket mein wunsch und begehren, kein niemand
 verwehren es bleibat dabei----- und sperrit mann mich ein, im finstiren kerber das

alles sind rein, vergleichliche werke dann meine gedanken, zerreißen die schranken es
bleibat dabei----- die gedanken sind frei, my thoughts freely flower ' ' ' '.

my thoughts give me power no scholar can map them, no hunter can trap them no man
can deny, die gedanken sind frei, repeat
so I think as I please, and this gives me pleasure my conscience decrees, this right
I must treasure my thoughts will not cater, to duke or dictator no man can deny,
die-----, repeat and if tyrants take me, and throw me in prison my thoughts will
burst free, like blossoms in flower foundations will crumble, the structure will
tumble and free men will cry, die----, repeat

when I was a young man I 'listed for a soldier I took the
king's shilling, and I drank full well they gave me a red coat,
they gave me a musket and sent me to ameriky--into the jaws of hell--repeat on line
on lexington green, we faced the rebels volleys we charged our bayonets, painted
that green, red then at the bridge at concord we faced them with one accord, till
outnumbered fought back to boston, with most of us dead, repeat repeat first verse

kit denton sang 'when I was a young man' when he served with the buffs, before he became a paratrooper in wwii.

he only remembered a few words of the second verse, so I 'filled them in', then went back to him to confirm that they were in keeping with the marching song as he remembered it.

the tune to when I was a young man is 'die gedanken sind frei', which has been sung in germany since the 1700' s, and is almost universally sung in germany, there is no doubt that it would have been sung by german soldiers/servicemen during both the first and second world wars--and probably by german tornado pilots in the gulf war.

because, ex kit, the british army was singing this song which obviously dates from the american revolution during wwii, that it was also sung during wwi, the boer war, and probably the crimea, and the napoleonic wars as well -- as far as I have been able to discover, it has not previously been collected even in england or america! the words to 'when I was' --depict military actions that took place, accurately, in 1775:

kits unit,
the buffs, the former 3rd regiment of foot, didn't arrive for service/combat, in
america until 1781, so the song was obviously learned from regiments that served
there prior to that date, and thus was more widespread in the british army than just
one regiment.

this coming anzac day, '98, in a few weeks time will let me confirm, or not, through peter walton, an air force veteran of vietnam, who also served in the wehrmacht in wwii, whether 'die gedanken sind frei' was, in fact sung by the soldiers, 'michaels', as germans call their 'diggers', during wwii.

peter has a few german soldier songs from wwii, that I have not yet recorded.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\do your balls.txt

do your ears (balls) hang low
do your ears (balls) hang low do your balls hang low, do they wobble to and fro?
can you tie them in a knot, can you tie them in a bow?
can you throw them o' er your shoulder like a regimental (continental)soldier?
do your balls hang low?

----- this song
has certainly been around from the boer war, and probably a fair bit longer.
one of a series of songs that are sung with hand, arm and body gestures and
movement.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\dolly gray.txt

dolly gray
dolly gray it's time to say goo-bye, dolly gray;
there's no need to ask me why, dolly gray.
there's a murmur in the air, you can hear it everywhere, it's the time to do and
dare, dolly gray.
chorus good-bye, dolly, I must leave you, though it breaks my heart to go;
something tells me I am needed, at the front to meet the foe;
see, the soldier boys are marching, I can no longer stay;
hark, I hear the bugle calling, good-bye dolly gray.
there's a murmur in the air, dolly gray you can hear it everywhere, dolly gray tis
the tramp of soldiers feet, in their uniforms so neat, so good-bye, till next we
meet, dolly gray ----- the first
verse of this song was also collected in 1978 by brad tate from tommy anderson.
I collected the second verse of this song from jimmy duffy of stanthorpe, qld.
it was a popular american song that was popular during the spanish-american war of
1898.
it has been claimed that it was actually written during the american civil war, but
wasn't popular until 1898.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\fiddlers green.txt

halfway cross the sky to hell there's a shady meadow green,
halfway cross the sky to hell there's a shady meadow green, where the souls of all
dead airborne troops camp by a clear cool stream;
and this eternal resting place is known as fiddlers green.
marching past straight through to hell some soldiers can be seen;
accompanied by old satan, with his feiry eyes agleam;
for none but the gallant paratroops can camp on fiddlers green.
though some go coursing cross the sky to seek a warmer scene, no trooper ever gets
to hell ere he's emptied his canteen;
and thus comes back to drink again with friends on fiddlers green.
and so when man and 'chute go down in a raging fire so keen, or in a roaring ambush
you stop a bullet clean when the enemy comes to help you die, just empty your
canteen, and put your rifle to your head, drink with mates on fiddlers green-- and
have no fear, for your next stop: drink with mates on fiddlers green.

another of the songs sent by ray chapman of brisbane.

in the earliest, and only version of this song that i've seen, dating from the
indian wars in the us, and especially the cavalry: the last verse--when the savages
come to take your scalp.

, in the version my grandfather sang in the cuban campaign, and during the
philippine insurrection--when the spaniards (moros) come to cut off your balls, just
empty your campaign.

I last heard my grandfather sing this song in 1958, the year he died, when I was 11.
the only words that stuck in my mind were those written above.

that was over 40 years ago now, and from that vantage point I can't remember how
long before he died that I heard him singing fiddlers green, but I have no doubt
that my grandfather, sgt.

edward harrison kauffman, like myself, had no doubt that he was heading for fiddlers
green, and drinks with his mates.

"and when my time comes, as come it must, and I will leave this place"--I'll sit
down by that clear cold stream with my grandfather, great-grandfather, and father,
and my mates who have gone before, and have a few songs over a cool beer.

declan--are merchant seamen there, too, mate?

boer war version only the mounted infantry.

so when man and horse go down,
halfway down the track to hell.

wwi version had changes to suit conditions.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\good old beer.txt

good 'ol beer

good 'ol beer chorus rolling home (rolloing home) rolling home (rolling home) by the light of the silvery moo-oo-oo-on happy is the man, when he hasn't got a wife, (happy is the day, when we line up for our pay) and he's rollin, rolin, rollin ,rollin home.

here's to good ol beer, knock it down, knock it down, here's to good ol beer, knock it down;

here's to good ol beer, it makes you feel so queer;

here's to good ol beer, knock it down.

here's to good ol whiskey----- it makes you feel so frisky---

here's to good ol gin--- it helps to make you sin-- good drambui makes you feel so spewy ----- from the singing of col mcjannett on a tape recorded by brad tate in 1970--a 'shortened version, I feel, of the song 'i've got sixpence',

but changing the point of the song from the spending/expenses, to spending the lot on alhoholic beverages! some of the verses are from the tape--the first 2, the rest are from my youth, singing sessions with dave alexnder, asher skowronek, and others--verses limited only by the singers creativity, and the audiences enthusiasm--verses, oof course, we' re personalises by the characteristic drinking habits and customs of individual s in the 'audience.

sung from at least the boer war through to vietnam--I'll try it out on a current military audience to see if it is currently sung.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\hand me down me petticoat.txt

hand me down me petticoat, hand me down me shaw,
hand me down me petticoat, hand me down me shaw, hand me down me button boots,I'm down to the linenhall- chorus he was a quare one, fol the diddle out of that, he was a quare one, I tell you.

me love has joined the arm -i-ee, gone off to fight the boers, I hope he keeps his dublin head behind, let the bogmen run before-- if you go down to capetown camp, billet no.

9, oh you' ll se 3 squaddies standing there, and the good lokin one is mine-- he took me out to phoenix park, he laid me on the grass, he put me in the family way and left me on me arse-- if me love comes back from africa, after fightin for the queen, he' ll have a pair o' twins to mind, as well as the one he's seen--

----- take me down, con' d

i think this song has been recorded by several irish bands, but I got this version from jimmy duffy of stanthorpe, qld, who learned it from boer war veterans while living in dublin prior to emigrating to australia in the mid seventies.

I was also sung in wwi, brad tate tells me.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\hard times.txt

hard times come again nomore

hard times come again nomore let us pause in life's pleasures, and count it's many tears;

while we all sup sorrow with the poor.

there's a song that will linger, forever in my ears, oh! hard times, come again no more! chorus there's a song, a sigh, of the weary, hard times, hard times, come again no more;

many days you have lingered around my cabin door, oh! hard times, come again no more! there's a pale, drooping maiden, who toils her life away, with a worn heart whose better days are o'er;

though her voice would be merry, she's singing all the day, oh! hard times, come again no more! there's a sigh that is wafted, across the troubled wave, there's a wail that is heard upon the shore;

'tis a dirge that is murmured, around her lonely grave, oh! hard times, come again no more.

while we seek mirth and beauty, and music bright and gay, there are frail forms fainting at the door;

though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say, oh! hard times, come again no more.

----- this version is from the singing of len neary and margaret walters on my album 'apres la guerre'.

this song is generally attributed to stephen foster, although he says he 'collected' and learned the song from one of his 'servants' -slaves-eliza, who said the slaves sang this song as a hymn at church services.

the war museum of the boer republics in bloemfontein, s. a.

told me that this song, along with the american civil war song 'tramp tramp, tramp' was sung by boer women and children at a concert in a british concentration camp--and I think it is perhaps even more appropriate to remember this usage of the song than as just a 'good harmony song'.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\i want to go home.txt

i want to go home

i want to go home I want to go home, I want to go home;

of mausers and pom-poms i've had quite enough;

and the grub that they give us is so bloody tough;
 take me over the sea, where theboers can't get at me;
 oh, my! I don't want to die, I wantto go home.
 I want to go home,-----rpt, I don't want to go to the trenches no more where the
 whizz bangs they rattle, jack johnsons they roar;
 take me over the sea, where the allemand (alleyman) can't get at me;
 oh my, I don't want to die, I want to go home.
 i want to go home, rpt one day at givinchy (menin) the week before last the germans
 attacked, they never got past.
 they pushed way up to the keep, through our maaxim gunsights we did peep;
 oh my, they let out a cry, they never got home.
 I want to go home, rpt, the gas tank is leaking,the motor is dead, the pilot is
 trying to stand on his head;
 take me back to the ground, I don't want to fly upside down;
 oh my, I'm too young to die, I want to go home!
 ----- the first verse is documented by kiwi
 folklorist and veteran les cleveland in his book 'dark laughter',
 second is recorded from brad tate, with insert from 'the anzacs',
 3rd verse is by lt heneff, welch guards, recorded by poet and vet robert graves, the
 last is from the book 'sound off'.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\ive got sixpence.txt

i've got sixpence
 i've got sixpence i've got sixpence, jolly, jolly, sixpence i've got sixpence to
 last me all my life;
 i've got tuppence to spend and tuppence to lend, and tuppence to send up to my
 wife, poor wife.
 no cares have I to grieve me, no pretty little wife to deceive me;
 I'm happy as a (the) king, believe me;
 as we go rolling, rolling home,(rolling home) rolling home, (rolling home) rolling
 home, (rolling home) by the light of the silvery moo-oo-oo-on happy all the day as
 we line up for our pay, as we go rolling rolling home.
 i've got 4 pence tuppence to spend, tuppence to lend, no pence to send up to my
 wife---- i've got tuppence tuppence to spend, no pence to lend and-- i've got no
 pence, jolly, jolly no pence ----- i've known this song,
 andheard vets sing it for as long as I remember.
 it goes back at least to the boer war, and was sung during the vietnam war.
 it's now hard to trace how far back this song does go, but I suspect it pre-dates
 the boer war.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\marching to pretoria.txt

marching to pretoria

marching to pretoria you sing with me, I will sing with you, we' ll all sing together so we will sing together, so we will sing together.

you sing with me, I will sing with you, so we will sing together, as we march along.

chorus we are marching to pretoria, + 2 rpts we are marching to pretoria, pretoria, hurrah! I tap my foot, my banjo's ringing, makes me want to keep on singing + 2 as we march along the day is fair, our freinds are there, all marching down the road together, as we march along ----- I recorded this song from the singing of dave alexander of sydney--although this is one of the songs I sang, and was universally sung--don't know why though--it's a pretty tacky tune--and the lyrics! anyhow, this song, like sarais marais, was originally a boer song that was picked up by the imperial army.

a small wager perhaps?

--I'll bet that this song is still sung in the army--and the much better song, sarais marais, isn't!

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\my soldier daddy.txt

i don't like to see my mummy cry,

i don't like to see my mummy cry, I don't liketo see my mummy sigh.

I'm going on a big ship, across the raging main.

I'm going to fight the boers, I am, and bring my daddy home again.

----- brad tate collected this song from tommy anderson of wallsend, nsw, boer war veteran, in 1978.

tommy enlisted in the army from christchurch, nz in 1900.

tommy said the boers were great horsemen, rifle shots, but they were guerilla fighters, and not much at facing rifle fire.

tommy was born in 1885;

his father was a retired british army sergeant.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\next man to die.txt

the next man to die

the next man to die

we meet 'neath the sounding rafters, and the walls around are bare, as they echo to our laughter, who would think that the dead are there.

chorus stand to your glasses, steady, for it's all we've left to prize, quaff a cup to the men dead already, and one for the next man to die who dreads to the dead returning, who shrinks from that sable shore, where the high and the haughty yearning, of the dead will be no more.

time was when we frowned on others, we thought we were wiser then, but now let us all be brothers, for we may never meet again.

but a truce to this mournful story, for death is a constant friend, so here's to a life of glory, and a laurel to crown each man's end.

----- I recorded this song from the singing of Dave Alexander.

this song originated in the Indian Army in the 1870's.

during the Boer War it spread to the Australian armies, and thus to the American Army.

World War I saw this song extensively sung, and was appropriated by fledgling air forces, being one of the tunes for the song 'The Dying Aviator'.

during WWII paratroops took the chorus and used it for their version of the Red River Valley, and its use continued through the Vietnam War.

this song remains popular among combat soldiers due to the eternal combat themes of loss and comradeship, and the constant closeness of death, which carries us from the pain of life in the field and combat to the rest and rewards of fiddlers green (also in this collection).

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\old kruger.txt

1-2-3, old kruger's up a tree

1-2-3, old kruger's up a tree 4-5-6, we're beating him with sticks 7-8-9, we'll hang him on a line- we're British!, we're British, we'll win!

----- I have no idea where I got this song! undoubtedly it was recovered from a book, but which one I don't remember! 'Good-bye Dolly Gray' by Rayne Kruger?

'The Boer War' by Thomas Pakenham',
are the most likely sources.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\ole king cole.txt

ole king cole was a merry old soul, and a merrry old soul was he
ole king cole was a merry old soul, and a merrry old soul was he.

he called for his pipe and he called for his bowl, and he called for the r.

a.

e (infantry, artillery) chorus beer beer beer beer beer, cried the sappers(privates,
bombardiers) merry men are we;

there's none so rare that can compare to the good old r.

a.

e.

(infantry, artillery) ole king cole was a merry old soul etc he called for his pipe,
etc, and his corporals 3

left right left right left cried the corporals etc.

sergeants 3 forward march! cried the sergeants

this song was sung by both peter dacey and darky edwards.

I recently received an e-mail from the society of the 173rd abn from a vet who had
just returned to being a drill sgt in the us army reserves requesting the words to
this song.

while I never heard this song during my military service other american viet vets
from the 173rd, 101st, and the 1st cav, have heard it sung in the american army as
well as the australian.

brad tate had collected similar versions from wwii vets.

I suspect, because of the nature of the song, that it would go back atleast to the
american civil war, the crimea.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\razors in the air.txt

razors in the air

razors in the air come my love and go with me, come, my love, I'll meet you;

take you down to tennessee, meet you by and by;

wipe your eye and don't you cry, ah, my love, I'll meet you, I'll be back to stop
that sigh, meet you by and by.

hoe that corn, hoe that corn moses! hoe that corn, moses hoe that corn! stay away
from that window, my love and my dove, stay away from that window, don't you hear?

oh my yes! come some other night, for there's going to be a fight, there' ll be
razors, a-flashin' in the air! ----- this was a popular american
song in the 1890' s, and was taken up instantly by all the mounted troops in english
speaking countries, due to the line 'razors flashin in the air' -referrring to their

swords or lances.

I got this from the singing of dave alexander of sydney.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\recruiting sergeant.txt

well, as I went waalking down the road

well, as I went waalking down the road feeling fine and larky oh;

a recruiting sergeant came to me: "faith, you'd look good in khaki-o.'

for the queen she (king he) is in need of men come read this proclamation -o a life
for you in transvaal (flanders) fields would make a fine vocation -o oh sgt dear
says I to him I think your life is dreary-o if I had a pack stuck on my back would I
look fine and cheery-o?

for you'd make me drill and train until you had made me gen frenchs-o.

afor it may be warm in transvaal fields, but its draughty down the trenches-o.

well, the sgt-major, he stood there his smile was most provoking-o as he turned and
twisted his little moustache says he I hope you' re joking-o.

for the sandbags are built so high the wind you' ll not feel blowing-o oh sgt dear
says I to him suppose that it is snowing -o.

come wind or hail, rain or snow I'll not go down to transvaal (aflandrs) -o for
there's courtin in dublin to be done, let your sgts and commanders go.

let englishmen for england fight it's damn near time they started-o and I winked at
a colleen passing by and there and then dparted-o

----- I recorded this song from brad
tate, of the channons, nsw, but jimmy duffy of stanthorpe confirmed that this song
was sung by boer war vets as well as survivors of wwi, despite the afact that it is
an anti-war song--who better to sing the anti-war songs than someone who has been
there--or know that they are going?

still, they go, because there is the need for someone to sacrifice for others.

duriang the vietnam war protesters said that soldiers were making a profit for
industrialists-maybe so, its making a profit for someone else, we, the soldiers,
made no profit from andy war: those that stayed at home made their profits out of
higher employment ande greater wages over the bodies of the dead soldiers as
well--plus whatever personal profits--my protester brother said protesting the war
was 'a great way to score chicks' --i wouldn't know.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\redvers buller.txt

redvers buller

redvers buller redvers buller has gone away, in charge of a job at table bay.

in what direction that redvers goes is a matter that only buller knows----- if he's right, he' ll pull us through, if he's wrong, he's better than you.

----- from the 'black and white budget' magazine of 30 dec, 1899, one of the most popular english language magazines of the day.

buller was only one of the many officers that were sent to stellenbosch hq for 'inefficiency' --a transfer there was so feared that it would cause many officers to suicide because of the disgrace inferred--the imperial army was greatly improved by this practice! buller, after modder river and magersfontein, was also known as reverse buller!

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\roberts relief of kimberley.txt

roberts relief of kimberley

roberts relief of kimberley when first I went to soldier, with a rifle on my shoulder, there was no one bolder in the corpss, boys oh! and when I walked abroad, all the pretty girls would smile at me;

the ladies can't resist a jolly soldier! chorus bang upon the big drum, clash upon the cymbal;

we' ll singas we go marching along, boys, along.

although on this cvampaign, there's no whiskey or champayne, still, we' ll keep our spirits happy with a song, boys.

now, when we got the rout, and for africa set out;

the girls were crying round us on the docks, boys, oh! as we gavethree hearty cheers for the pretty little dears, I hope that they'd be true to their soldier.

we marched up fromthe sea and relieved brave kimberley;

at paardeberg we took old general cronje and hismen.

but 'the fox' he went to ground, and he very wuickly found;

that we made him to respect the british soldier.

now de wet he ran away, to fight another day;

at pretoria our bobs will celebrate boys, oh! at ladysmith you' ll see, our flag once more fly free;

the very sight to cheer the british soldier.

and now I'll say 'good-bye',

for I'm feeling rather dry, and I see a comrade waiting with a song, boys, oh! so here's good luck to all, and promotion soon and better money, that's the sort of ticket for a soldier! ----- this song was originaly sung, I think, during the sepyo rebellion of 1857, and is generally known as 'bang upon the big drum',

which is also in the composite album 'the redcoats, and thus is undoubtedly reported in levinsons book 'songs of the redcoats'.

the 'light hearted' aspects of this song probably saw it in use as a recruiting song, as well as sung amongst the soldiery.

this version, in fragment form came from,
i think, jimmy duffy.

I got this song before I started recording for the war memorial, and thus as yet, don't have it on tape, or the song as I originally transcribed it: I don't remember which parts are original, and which I 'filled out' -i hope to record mr duffy at some stage soon.

'our bobs' is general lord roberts of kandahar;

'the fox' is boer general de wet;

the song dates after the last 'european' style of battle in the boer war, and before, but anticipates the start of the guerilla war against the boers.

this song illustrates that a happy army is a singing army even without alcohol;

they did get that part wrong, however--there was whiskey and champayne--not for the australians--for them it was the standard vietnam issue of 2 beers per man, per day, per---haps! the english senior officers, however, insured that they had their supply of alcohol and other essentials--at the expense of ammunition, food, and water for the soldiery.

while roberts was in the process of taking cronje's surrender at paardeberg, the australians, under french, were on their way to pretoria.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\sarais marais.txt

my sarais marais is so ver van my hart,

my sarais marais is so ver van my hart, maar ek hoopom haar te sein;

syhet in die wyk van die mooi rivier gewoon, voor dat die oorlog begin chorus o
neem my terug na die ou transvaal, daar waar mysarais woon;

daar onder die mielies by die groen doring boom, daar waar my sarai woon (rpt last
2 lines) o altyd was sy bang dat die kakies ys sou vang, enver oor die see weg
stuur;

toe vlug ak die kantvan die upington, se sant onder die groot rivier.

----- my sarais marais is so far, far, away, I'm longing to
see her again;

she lives on a farm by the mooi river banks, before I left on this campaign.

chorus oh, take me back to the old transvaal, that's where I'm longing to be;

I wonder if I'll ever see that grre thorny tree, there where she's waiting for me.

(rpt last 2 lines) I feared that the soldiers might get hold of me, they'd have
sent me away o' er the sea;

I fled overland to the orange river sand, in upington I will be free.

at last there will be peace, and I'll start for home, to the transvaal i've always
adored;

my sarais marais will be waiting there for me, her kiss will be my reward.

----- this is a compilation version from the singing of

frank povah, now of tenterfield, nsw, who learned it when young from the singing of maude louise sellin, his grandmother, who learned it from returning boer war vets in w.

a.

, when she was young.

I recorded also kit denton, of wentworth falls, nsw, singing this song which he learned from south african paratroopers in wwii.

I have found no serving diggers who sing this song;
its currency in the army probably ended with the boer war, but it was sung in imperial armies' up to wwii, and is still sung in the south african army I got the afrikaan version from the war museum of the boer republics.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\she wore a yellow ribbon.txt

she wore a yellow ribbon

she wore a yellow ribbon chorus far away, far away, she wore it for her paratrooper who was far, far away.

around her neck(leg,thigh) she wore a yellow ribbon.

she wore it in the springtime, and the merry month of may.

and if you ask her why the hell she wore it;

she wore it for her 'trooper who is far, far away.

behind his door her daddy keeps a shotgun.

he keeps it in the springtime, and the merry month of may.

and when you ask him why the hell he keeps it;

he keeps it for her 'trooper who is far, far away.

around the block she pushed a baby buggy,(etc) she pushed it for her trooper who was far, far away back in camp he put in for overseas duty---- he put in for overseas duty to be far, far away.

around her neck (leg, thigh) she wore a black silk ribbon.

she wore it for her paratrooper who died far away.

this song was learned it jumpschool--without the last verse--i only heard that after I got to vietnam.

we all realized what our service entailed, but i suspect our sgts didn't want to 'slap us in the face' with it while we were in training.

in american military traditions this song dates back to the civil war, at least.

it is part of the 'all around my hat' family of songs found in both england and ireland.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\swing low sweet charioh.txt

swing low, sweet charioh, comin for to carry me home
swing low, sweet charioh, comin for to carry me home repeat I looked over jordan,
and what did I see?
comin for to carry me home?
a snow white band of fornicating angels, comin for to carry me home.
another of darky edwards contributions--see who killed cock robin?
last time I arrived at darky's club, logan city diggers, it was a karaoke night,
and one poor girl chose to sing the above song--she couldn't understand why everyone
was laughing, she was a good singer--darky, and other diggers, and I were
'accompanying' her, with all the gestures!

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\the battle of magers fontein.txt

the battle of magersfontein
the battle of magersfontein such was the day for our regiment;
dread the revenge we will take;
dearly we paid for the blunder- adrawing room general's mistake.
why weren't we told of the trenches,?
why weren't we told of the wire?
why were we marched up in column?
may tommy atkins enquire! ----- this poem was
written by a pte.
smith of the blackwatch scottish regiment after they were slaughtered at the battle
of magersfontein, and was recorded in the book 'the boer war' by thomas pakenham.
the battle of modder river preceded magersfontein, and was where the irish division
was trapped in a peninsula of land surrounded by water and boers of 3 sides because
they couldn't find a ford to attack the boer positions.
the nsw lancers had found a ford-but gen redvers buller ignored their advice-as the
irish division was trapped, the nsw lancers attacked, and rolled, the boer flank and
sent them in full retreat--with the lancers pusuing-buller not following, which
allowed the boers to establish their positions at magersfontein.
the same thing happened to the scots division at magersfontein-the lancers warnings
were ignored, --and the scots were slaughtered--and after the brits withdrew, the
lancers rolled the boer flank!--again, buller didn't allow this success to be
reinforced--he was shortly thereafter returned to england.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\tramp tramp tramp.txt

in a prison cell I sit, thinking mother, dear, of you,
in a prison cell I sit, thinking mother, dear, of you, and our bright and happy home
so far away;

and the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do, though I try to cheer
my comrades, and be gay.

chorus tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching cheer up comrades, they will
come! and beneath the starry flag, we will breathe the air again tramp! con'd of the
freeland and our own beloved home.

in the battle front we stood, when their fiercest charge they made and they carried
us off a hundred men or more;

but before we reached their lines, they were beaten back, dismayed, and we heard
the cry of vic' try o' er and o' er.

so within the prison cell we are waiting for the day that shall come to open wide
the prison door;

and the hollow eye grows bright, and the poor heart almost gay, as we think of
seeing home and friends once more.

----- prisoners of war seldom have the luxury of a private cell,
in the american civil war when this was written, or today.

I can't even remember where or when I learned this song, i've known and sung it for
so long.

in the 1980's when I first started doing 'workshops' at folk festivals on the boer
war, I contacted the south african consulate in sydney, who put me on to several
museums in south africa.

the war museum of the boer republics in bloemfontein sent me a few songs afschied
von sannie, sarie marais, marching to pretoria--they also sent me a copy of a
'concert program' of songs that were sung by boer women in a concentration camp
during the boer war--this song, and 'hard times come again no more' were two of the
songs that they sang--far too appropriate!

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\trek verere.txt

fech du hund und trek, verera

fech du hund und trek, verera fech du hund und trek;

fech du hund und trek verera, fech du hund und trek.

chorus zwa, dra, mala du viente, zwa, dra, mala du viente zwa, dra, mala du viente
jena mit die hoek von hien ----- take your dog and trek forever +
3 rpt chorus xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx (2, 3, run like the wind or-come with me and-) jena
with the gammy leg! take my hand and run through the mielies + 3 rpts

trek verera con'd recorded from the singing of kit denton, who learned this song as well from south african paratroopers in 1st abn div during wwii.

and is a tradition boer song, still sung in the s.

a.

army.

this was all kit could remember, but it is a good singing song, so I guess appropriate verses could be added to suit conitions at the time,i.

e.

-saddle your horse, we' ll go flying, or -hooves cross the veldt, sound of freedom
- veldt before me, god beside me -god beside me, world (english, rooineks) behind
me, ad infinitum

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\trumpeter.txt

trumpeter

trumpeter trumpeter, what are you sounding now, is it the call I'm seeking.

you' ll know the call, said the trumpeter tall, when my trumpet goes a-speaking.

I'm rousing them up, I'm waking them up, the tents are astir in the valley.

and there's no more sleep, with the suns first peep for I'm sounding the old
reveille, rise up said the trumpeter tall.

can't mistake the call said the trumpeter tall, mwhen my trumpet goes a-speaking i'
m, urging them on, they' re scampering on, there's drumming of horses like thunder;
there's a maddening shout as the salvoes flash out, for I'm sounding the charge -
no wonder and it's hell, said the trumpeter tall.

lucky for you if you hear it at all, for my trumpet's but softly speaking;

I'm caling them home, come home, come home;

tread light on the dead in the valley who are lying around, face down on the
ground, and they can't hear me sound the rally, but they' ll hear it again, in grand
refrain-- when gabriel sounds the last rally.

----- I found this song in an
old song book in the reference section of mitchell college library, charles sturt
uni, bathurst, nsw, 'round about 1980.

I can't remember the name of the book.

a victorian parlour ballad rather than a true 'service song',
but popular at home and in the field during the war.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\wagon loafers.txt

a little song, it's just my own, I'd like to sing for you,
a little song, it's just my own, I'd like to sing for you, about the wagon loafers
and the easy jobs they do;
jobs like driving cape carts, we've passed us not a few! but wait til we get home!
wagon loafers con' d
chorus glory, glory, hallelujah, repeat glory, glory, hallelujah, wait til we get
home! now if these lads would chuck their jobs, and come back to the ranks;
come and share the fighting with the lads out on the flanks;
earning with their comrades, their country's grateful thanks- to sweets, and home
sweet home! at home in old newcastle, wagon loafers in a bar will sponge a drink and
spin a yarn about the great boer war;
how they made the dutchmen run in thousands, ha, ha, ha-- just wait til we get
home! ----- dave alexander of sydney gave me the word
to this song years ago, before I started recording for the war memorial--he died
before he got to sing it for me.

Sam Hilt Collection\boer war songs\who killed cock robin.txt

who killed cock robin
who killed cock robin?
I said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow, I killed cock robin.
chorus all the birds and the bees they were sighin they were sobbin when they heard
of the death of poor cock robin repeat last line who saw him die?
I said the fly, with my little eye, I saaw him die.
who' ll toll the bell?
isaaid the bull, because I can pull! I'll toll the bell who' ll dig his grave?
I said the owl, with my little trowel.
who' ll be the parson?
isaaid the rook, with my little book.
who' ll be chief mourner?
i, said the dove, I'll mourn for my love.
this song was sung by darky edwards.
not your usual nursery song, it is sung with hand gestures, and suggestive body
movements --it makes for a hilarious 'performance.
darky said this song was sung mainly by sgts and corporals, at the troops first
hearing when out on bivouac, and used to help 'bond' the men together.
afterwards, the song would be sung,
with hand gestures,
by soldiers where ever they congregated.
the same with the song 'sweet carioh' --the gestures used in that song are similar
to those used in the folk song tradition.
this song, and the style of singing,

as well as the 'use' of the song show evidence of pre-christian religious 'services'.

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\1 happy warrior.txt

happy warrior <p>`1.

happy warrior 109 songs

sunday, 11 may, 2003

songs in this coding are sung when soldiers are happy.

these songs are most often sung in groups, and when the soldiers are 'off duty', whether in war or peace.

they are sung when all is going well with life and their service, even if only temporary.

they can also be sung by one soldier to another, individually or to a group, to raise the morale of comrades, in the sense, meaning 'never mind', it will all go away'.

;

or 'snafu, fubar',

acronyms for 'situation normal',

all fucked up' and 'fucked up beyond all recognition'.

the songs are:

cheap charlie creamsleeves ballad of billie joe general seneff x bye bye blackbird x 5 bob menzies army beautiful dreamer x 3 balls of sgt major x 2 arnhem paratroopers song ali baba mooreshead air corp lament frankie and johnny x 4 seven beers 30 days leave/we sailed dying aviator x 4 12 days of christmas x 5 white mistress waterfall x 4 tiger lily old green flannel drawers salome somersetshire x 2 raeme song x 2 on the shores of milne bay my breakfast mr codfish foster's lager deutschland australaise happy warrior cont' d

clean a latrine x two jumpin'through the hole in mobile I'm a provost all provo's are bastard's hey ho said rollie x 2 gremlin song greenbank girls little brown mouse finest fucking family in the land on top of old smoky x 4 bomb the town british gonorrhea bollocky bill x 3 I was a sailor x 2 please don't burn scottish wedding mary ann burns I love my wife russian submarine marching through iraq jingle bells x 5 old sailor's ho chi minh oh little town god rest ye warburton mt vietnam, vietnam the telegram x 2 army hq song x 7 ?

the pub with no beer the aviator's pray song be slope chung b col.

john b.

peter pilot puff the magic dragon x 3 ?

old bolton green berets x 4 gen.

seneff happy warrior cont' d

who killed cock robin i've got 6p good ol' beer x 4 do your ball?

x 2 connaught ranger's a soldier and a sailor x 3 the owl soldier s soldier soldier sam hall x 3 'just before' parody swing low x 2 ol' king cole x 2 st (cpl.

) peter and the x 5?

how stands the glass?

the sergeant wagon loafer's trek verera marching to pretoria I want to go home x 5

dear old aussie browned off bang bang lulu artillery fire anzac army x 4 when this
flamin;
' war x 3 long trail parodies x 4?
tipperary parodies x 4 star of the evening x 4 saida bint never mind x 3 keep your
head down horseferry rd dinki di x 5?
grouching grouching grouching x 3 glorious x 2 female recruiter x 3?
discharge song

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\13 hate songs.txt

13

13.

hate songs - 13

non-service people, academics, to illustrate the callousness of soldiers, quote
songs I have included in this category.

these songs, in fact, express hatred of those double time for overtime, 'we' re
here for a good time, not a long time',

'tell it to someone who cares' people from their own society who make a profit from
their suffering and sacrifices.

expressing anger, hatred towards an enemy, though it still leads to soldiers as
being callous, etc, does not lead to the results that would occur if soldiers
actually said what they feel about civilians.

we can do no other than to serve and protect those that hate and despise us.

we don't actually 'hate' them, but we don't like them very much.

one result of this, and the fact that military society and values are so divergent
from those of consumer society, is that it leads, can lead to domestic violence in
service families;

that, or as the poem 'the tears of vicki nairne' says, it leads to intra marriage
separation;

living in the same home, but little contact, social intercourse between partners of
the marriage.

fallen comrades kuta when the ice bomb the town ghost army/ khaki clan synghman rhee
diggers return/diggers botany bay seven beers soup, soup johnny I hardly knew ye
soldier soldier sam hall x 3

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\14 transgenerational songs.txt

14 trans generational songs hilt family a 2 2 2005-05-03t14:14:00z
2005-05-03t14:14:00z 1 5 33 home use 1 1 37 10.


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2625      clean clean 0 0      microsoftinternetexplorer4      table.
msonormaltable {mso-style-name:"table normal";
  mso-tstyle-rowband-size:0;
  mso-tstyle-colband-size:0;
  mso-style-noshow:yes;
  mso-style-parent:"";
  mso-padding-alt:0in 5.
4pt 0in 5.
4pt;
  mso-para-0in;
  mso-para-<![endif]--> 14 trans generational songs

```

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\15 vietnam songs.txt

15 vietnam songs

15 vietnam songs see song index

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\16 transnational.txt

16 trans national/lingual songs 21

16 trans national/lingual songs 21

songs in this coding were learned in the original, or translated to english, from the singing of foreign soldiers or natives while serving overseas.

some of these songs are still 'in service',

some remaining the same, some parodied and 'up dated'.

soldiers serving in timor have sung me dozens of songs learned in timor, in 5 different tribal languages, that have, at least, 'entered service' with 1 bn, rar, but I have not yet recorded them.

the indication is that this coding is, in fact, far larger than demonstrated here; as with all codings, I have listed 1 song as 'trek verera',

where, in fact, there are many variants that amount to individual songs.

the songs:

1. mademoiselle from armentieres x 4, napoleonic to present
2. johnny has gone 3
3. yeoman's leicht wacht 2(?)
4. trek verera x 3 xxxx, boer (?)

) to ww2 (?
)
 5.
 sarais marais boer to ww2
 6.
 marching to pretoria x 2
 7.
 afschied von sannie boer to ww2
 8.
 apres la guerre, ww1, 2
 9.
 soldiers alouette
 10.
 fraulein
 11.
 der krieg is fur.
 .
 12.
 saida bint
 13.
 bella ciao
 14.
 florian geyer
 15.
 die gedanken
 16.
 wahad 3, ww1 to pre
 17.
 sing me to sleep x 4
 18.
 deutschland ww2 to vietnam
 19.
 lili marlene xxxx, ww1 to present
 20.
 der froehlich wanderer xxxx, ww1 (?
) to present
 21.
 stenka razin x 2

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\17 women.txt

17 women's songs wives soldiers, prisoner's 17

17 women's songs wives soldiers, prisoner' s16

1 june, '03 the coding

'women's songs' could, perhaps, profitably be divided into four categories;
 songs of women in the service, songs by soldiers wives and significant others, and
 songs by women who by unfortunate circumstance found themselves with service women
 and happened to share their conditions of service;
 fourth, songs of civilian women about their life experience due to exigencies of
 war time;
 amongst the songs not encountered, but which I'm sure must exist, are songs by
 'canaries',
 female munition workers.
 a category not coded, or explored in this collection and analysis is soldier's
 songs about women in the service.
 I have not included this category because it would include soldier's fantasies like
 versions of 'the female drummer'.
 it is acknowledged, however, that women have been integral in service life, and
 share soldier's living conditions and service from time immemorial 'women with
 stone's in lap to the wall's bringing',
 molly pitcher and the battle of brandywine, through to pvt.
 jessica lynch, who will quite likely be the first female medal of honour or vc
 winner, and deservedly so.
 I also remember, though I know not the name, of the female french journalist who
 humped with us at dak to, onto hill 882, where she took over the m-60 and crew of
 hart when he was wounded, and fought and served well, with the respect of her gun
 crew.
 the songs: <![if !supportlists]>1.
 <![endif]> tramp tramp tramp, boer war <![if !supportlists]>2.
 <![endif]> my soldier daddy, boer war to ww2 <![if !supportlists]>3.
 <![endif]> hard times come again no more, boer <![if !supportlists]>4.
 <![endif]> sing a song of wartime, ww1 <![if !supportlists]>5.
 <![endif]> female recruiter, ww1 to present <![if !supportlists]>6.
 <![endif]> 'got your back',
 present <![if !supportlists]>7.
 <![endif]> suvla/suda bay ww1, ww2 <![if !supportlists]>8.
 <![endif]> perthville road to german, ww1 to vietnam <![if !supportlists]>9.
 <![endif]> our tim, ww1, ww2 <![if !supportlists]>10.
 <![endif]> mein michel, ww1, ww2 <![if !supportlists]>11.
 <![endif]> captives hymn, ww2 to present <![if !supportlists]>12.
 <![endif]> palembang camp, ww2 <![if !supportlists]>13.
 <![endif]> awas lament, ww@ <![if !supportlists]>14.
 <![endif]> greenbank girls, ww2 to vietnam (?
) present?
) <![if !supportlists]>15.
 <![endif]> the tears of vicki nairne, present (timor) <![if !supportlists]>16.
 <![endif]> penny evans, vietnam to present

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\18 work songs.txt

18 work songs - 27

18 work songs - 27

1 june, '03

the songs in this coding are songs that describe the work, jobs, or attitudes to specific corps or services and the conditions under which that corps or service serves.

the songs:

1.

i've got 6 pence, ww1 to vietnam (?)

2.

boots, boer

3.

leeward shore.

american revolution to crimea, american civil war?

4.

the tempest, as in 3

5.

anholt reef, as in 3

6.

the infanteer, english civil war to present

7.

wagon loafer' s, boer war

8.

trumpeter, boer war

9.

lark hill camp, ww2, ww!

10.

somersetshire, ww2, vietnam

11.

raeme song, ww2 to cyprus?

12.

deutschland, ww@ to vietnam

13.

clean an latrine, ww2 to vietnam

14.

army doctor ww2

15.

pyongyang, korea

16.

on top of korea to present

17.

fairey aviation, ww2 to vietnam

18.

the briefing, korea, vietnam

19.

a25 song, ww@ to vietnam

20.

gun plumber, vietnam to present
 21.
 machine gunner's song, vietnam
 22.
 rifleman's song, vietnam to present
 23.
 the telegram x 2, ver 1, vietnam marine, 2, af, vietnam to present
 24.
 firefight, vietnam to present
 25.
 pvt.
 .
 simm' s, vietnam to present,
 26.
 creamsleeves, vietnam
 27.
 grunt blues, vietnam to present

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\19 oral history.txt

19 oral history - 31
 19 oral history - 31
 1 june, '03
 the songs in this coding describe historical events from the soldier's point of
 view, whether battles, or political events.
 this is only a preliminary listing.
 .
 songs like black sam, general seneff, the buccaneers, have not been incorporated in
 list.
 1.
 ballad of the black berets, present
 2.
 battle of long tan x 2
 3.
 battle of the dak to hills
 4.
 battle of coral, vietnam to present
 5.
 fireball x 2 vietnam to present
 6.
 high flight, present
 7.
 song be, vietnam
 8.

heights of gardez/batugade, present
9.
bold matelot, present
10.
marching through iraq
11.
movin' on korea to vietnam
12.
mud and blood, ww2
13.
ali baba mooreshead, ww2
14.
ballad of anzio, american civil war to vietnam (?
)
15.
battle of anzio, ww2
16.
landing of gallipoli, ww1
17.
neuve chapelle, ww1
18.
battle of paris, ww1
19.
boys of the dardanelles ww1
20.
strathcona horse, boer war
21.
i want to go home, boer war to ww1
22.
old kruger, boer
23.
sir redvers buller, boer
24.
robert's relief of kimberley, boer
25.
battle of magersfontein
26.
mademoiselle, waterloo ?
27.
johnny I hardly, napoleonic to present
28.
the tempest
29.
the leeward shore
30.
admiral harte,
31.
anholt reef,
32.
connaught rangers, napoleonic to present

33.
30 days leave, ww2
34.
frankie and johnny, 3?
, 4?
, ww2, korea,
35.
over pyongyang, korea 36.

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\2 reluctant warrior.txt

2
2.
reluctant warrior---- 6
just before the battle browned off song be I want to go home x 5?
female recruiter x 3 our tim
17 may, 2003 les cleveland has more additions to this coding, but I haven't recorded them.
there are other song collections that might contain songs with this coding;
other soldier singers might sing and code other songs in this category.
I include only songs in this category where the soldiers state their fear, in a variety of ways, of re entering combat;
refusal to re-enter combat.

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\20 religious songs.txt

20 religious songs - 28
20 religious songs - 27
mon, 2 june, '03
max weber describes religion as any institution or organization that deals with the numinous or unknown.
this is the sense in which I have included songs in this coding, including some of those songs dealing with the great unknown, death, ritual, and mourning songs.
also included are songs of institutional altruism, which is a sacred duty, responsibility (zygmunt bauman) that service personnel perceive and pursue.
only the songs are included in this collection, I have written else where of the

myth, legend, ritual still maintain at the institutional level in anglo-celtic services.

where appropriate to 'fill in' the picture being created I have inserted myth from slavic, buddhist, jewish, and islamic services, as the collective institutional military histories are similar, except that, while some institutional histories run parallel, indeed, use same 'source' material, the institutional histories diverge at different periods of time.

anglo-celtic songs follow from pagan to christian mythology, jewish, pagan jewish, islamic, buddhist and slavic, similar.

some of the songs in this coding are known to anglo-celtic folklore, and are accepted to have origins in pagan mythology;

most however, are perceived as such only within the military community.

the songs are:

1.
who killed cock robin?
2.
sam hall x 3, 4?
3.
johnny I hardly knew ye
4.
the infanteer
5.
swing low
6.
fiddler's green
7.
corporal (st) peter and the
8.
yeoman's leicht wacht
9.
hard times come again
10.
sing me to sleep
11.
soldier's old 100 th
12.
belgian 'stamnet/korean waterfall x 6?
7?
13.
khaki clan/digger's return
14.
i was a soldier/sailor
15.
the love angel
16.
fireball/blue four
17.
high flight
18.
a soldier like me

19.
to be a soldier
20.
where was god?
21.
the aviator's prayer
22.
crew that always returned x 2
23.
pvt.
simm' s
24.
lights out
25.
camped on fiddler's green
26.
airborne all the way
27.
next man to die x 5
28.

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\21 magic.txt

21 magic - 10 21magic - 11

monday, 2 june, '03

the songs in this coding are related to the coding religious songs.

these songs, however, deal with 'magic',
stated or inferred.

magic is any event that goes beyond the efforts of science to explain.

quite often the events sung or spoken about are never 'researched',

they are just accepted as fact;

aspects of institutional military service that are not 'taught' in military schools
or training.

why can enemy soldiers step on you, without seeing you?

how can you step on enemy soldiers without seeing them?

why, when confronted with a life-threatening event, one seems to increase in size,
strength.

.

.

a sense of being invulnerable?

they include 'ghostly' appearances or disappearances shape shifting.

death and near death experiences are not specifically included, and both
sociologically and psychologically terms are being redefined;

to date, to my knowledge, nde's now accept that there are cases of return from death as opposed to near death, misdiagnosis of death, etc.

most combat infantrymen will have observed this occurrence, or know someone who has survived.

I know that professor lydia fish's collection www vietnam veteran's oral history and folklore project has a number of songs that fit in this coding.

the songs:

1.
who killed cock robin?
2.
fiddler's green
3.
highlander's farewell to sicily
4.
gremlin song
5.
high flight
6.
to be a soldier
7.
yeoman's leicht wacht
8.
fireball
9.
the crew that never returned
10.
battle of the dak to hills
11.
next man to die

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\22 cargo cult songs.txt

23 cargo cult songs - 23

22 cargo cult songs - 23

tuesday, 3 june, '03

nsw folk revivalist, performer, and folk club organizer len neary suggested the title of this coding after I had sung 'one day/silver bird' to him over the phone.

he named this coding accurately.

the songs in this coding highlight the altruism and non-materialist nature of service life compared to the materialistic and 'hyper real' (sociologist gonzalo puig, nexus tasa newsletter, 2003) consumer, narcissistic, postmodern western society.

it is worth noting that less than a tenth of the world population ... much less, live in this type of society;

the paradigms of post modern society make it difficult at political, social and organizational levels for members of that society not to appear as their superior's in their dealings with traditional societies unless the military is used as an interface in dealings with those cultures.

the songs:

1.
one day/silver bird
2.
next man to die x 5
3.
boozey boys
4.
bang bang lulu
5.
yer boots, yer belt, yer rifle
6.
der krieg
7.
that crazy war
8.
sing me to sleep x 5
9.
saida bint
10.
digger's botany bay
11.
sittin' on a hillside
12.
please don't burn
13.
old sailor' s
14.
a soldier like me
15.
to be a soldier
16.
bold matelot
17.
waiting for the bird
18.
grunt blues
19.
medic's day
20.
paratrooper's dak to christmas dream
21.
brother, dear brother
22.
battle of the dak to hills
- 23.

ballad/battle of anzio
24.

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\23 closed society songs.txt

23 closed society songs - 12

23 closed society songs - 15

tuesday, 3 june, '03

service society is a closed society;

unless you are part of it, only the superficial is known, and that knowing is mediated by prejudices and stereotyping.

all service songs are closed society codings, as they are not intended to be sung for the entertainment, or even education, of the uninitiated.

I have, therefore, defined the songs in this coding that are written solely by and for a limited number of individual;

from never orally sung, but kept solely in the singer - songwriters memory until they sang the songs for me;

or were sung by no more than 5, a 'fire team',

leapfrogging team, to share events to which they alone have experienced.

the songs:

1.

soldiers old 100 th

2.

high flight

3.

bold matelot

4.

fireball

5.

where was god?

6.

lights out

7.

bomb the town

8.

the rifleman's song

9.

digger's botany bay

10.

airborne all the way

11.

john's jingle bells

12.

empty brass
13.
pte lawrence (?
) c of e
14.
sing me to sleep
15.
suvla/suda bay

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\24 teaching.txt

24 teaching/instructional songs - 33

24 teaching/instructional songs - 33

thursday, 5 june, '03

songs in this coding are used within the services to instruct recruits, and as a reminder to long service soldiers, in specific attributes of their military trade, to overcome, create an awareness of problems at the civil - military interface, to illuminate and illustrate professional standards, to inculcate institutional virtues and instill motivation.

chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, us dod, has written and commented to me while in that office, that all the songs in my collection are 'motivational'.

the songs:

1.
tramp x 3
2.
goodbye dolly grey
3.
the tempest
4.
the infanteer x 5
5.
fiddler's green
6.
cpl (st) peter and the
7.
how stands thje glass
8.
bold wolfe
9.
anol;
t reef
10.
yeoman's leicht wacht
- 11.

alphabet songs x 4
12.
koenig von pruessen
13.
arnhem paratrooper's song
14.
7 beers
15.
dying aviator x 5
16.
digger's botany bay
17.
mr codfish
18.
soldier's old 100 th
19.
the briefing
20.
a25 song
21.
high flight
22.
fireball
23.
to be a soldier
24.
vung tau
25.
vietnam summertime x 3
26.
the telegram x 2
27.
the perfect soldier
28.
medic's day
29.
raeme song
30.
peter pilot
31.
grunt blues
32.
lonely forward scout
33.
army aviators

25 'rehabilitation' songs - 20

25 'rehabilitation' songs - 20

thursday, 5 june, '03

cjcs general hugh shelton has commented to me, accurately I believe, that all service songs are 'motivational, and thus can be useful in the rehabilitation of soldiers with ptsd, shell shock, battle fatigue.

songs i've included in this coding are specifically used to create awareness, or to assist recovery of service personnel to deal with specific problems encountered by those who serve, and have served: poverty, impotence;

loss of limbs, suicidal tendencies, self medication (not adequately dealt with).

a severe problem that is and has been chronic is domestic violence in service families due to diametrically opposed value systems in military and civil society.

this coding also includes 'cautionary tales',
in song or verse.

I think it likely that all humorous songs would also be included in this category when used in conjunction with these songs.

again, this is only a preliminary and quick assessment of songs in this coding;

there are undoubtedly many more in my collection alone;

I am using an archive of over a thousand songs, and to establish these codings does not at this stage permit close scrutiny of the entire archive.

the songs:

1.

who killed cock robin

2.

i've got 6 pence

3.

connaught rangers

4.

a gordon for me (all unit specific songs for those in that unit)

5.

fiddler's green

6.

sing me to sleep

7.

mr codfish

8.

soldier's old 100 th

9.

i was a soldier/sailor/' airedale'

10.

high flight

11.

silver bird

12.

next man to die

13.

belgian 'staminet
14.
a soldier like me
15.
to be a soldier
16.
bold matelot
17.
yeoman's leicht wacht
18.
there is no war
19.
the perfect soldier
20.
the infanteer x 5
21.

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\26 unit prideand cap badge rivalry.txt

26 unit pride and cap badge rivalry
26 unit pride and cap badge rivalry - 33
wednesday, 11 june, '03

the songs in this coding are songs that voice unit or corps pride.

the songs are sung at corps or military bands play unit regimental dinners, in the field after military or sporting victories, after return from overseas or combat postings.

on their return to england post iraq war, the irish guards were played off aircraft with the song connaught rangers.

very few songs, such as the raeme song, present other corps negative perception of them, with pride: 'what a shower (of assholes) are we!' some of the songs over the years change, or are shared with other corps, or even services;

some of the songs that are well recorded in song descriptions have been sung, quite literally, over millennia, with changes in language and melody that can be traced through many of it's changes;

some don't change at all in centuries: fiddler's green.

yeoman's leicht wacht, the infanteer.

the coding also includes songs that poke fun at other corps, services, national armies.

the songs:

1.
connaught rangers
2.
a gordon for me

3.
mademoiselle
4.
the infanteer (engineer etc)
5.
cpl.
peter and the
6.
nest man to die
7.
the sergeant
8.
razor's in the air
9.
snowy mt.
men
10.
alphabet songs x 6?
, 7?
11.
raeme song
12.
moresby hotel
13.
frankie and johnny parodies x 4?
14.
mud and blood
15.
sky soldier's march
16.
have you heard?
17.
we' re blue/here because
18.
right of the line
19.
movin' on
20.
argie submarine
21.
yeoman's leicht
22.
argie aircraft
23.
warburton mt
24.
the buccaneers
25.
sappers
- 26.

the aussie engineer
27.
champion coy.
28.
iron bde
29.
always give a try
30.
army aviator' s
31.
first team, first cav
32.
green berets/parodies x 3?
33.
syngman rhee x 3

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\27 weary warrior16.txt

27 weary warrior 16

27 weary warrior 16

wednesday, 11 june, '03

the songs in this coding are songs that express the utter exhaustion, physical and mental, that are felt far too often in military service, especially in combat conditions.

songs that express a soldier's 'carrying on' with mission accomplishment far beyond the body's physical ability to carry out the task, through death and mutilation, high casualty rates, all your friends, your mates, being dead or wounded, concussed by frequent and seemingly unending explosive detonations in one's close proximity.

the feeling of one's body being regularly ripped and punctured by flying, flaming hot bits of steel.

the exhaustion caused by the inability of the soldier to eat because of continuing and continuous incoming fire or enemy assault' s;

the stress and terror that is felt by the body, but that the mind and spirit ignores when in a militarily hostile environment.

remember that even in vietnam, with availability of helicopters to transport rations rapidly to individual units, 85 % of all infantry/abn/special ops soldiers treated for wounds were also suffering from malnutrition when arriving in hospital.

the songs:

1.

boots

2.

the infanteer

3.

swing low

4.
fiddler's green
5.
cpl.
peter
6.
next man to die
7.
yeoman's leicht wacht
8.
when I was a young man
9.
never mind x 4?
10.
sittin' on a hillside
11.
there is no war
12.
ling po
13.
this cruel war x 2
14.
grunt blues
15.
battle of the dak to hills
16.
airborne all the way
- 17.

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\28 angry warrior.txt

28 angry warrior - 28

28 angry warrior/' bone to pick' songs - 28

wednesday, 11 june, '03

the songs in this coding express the soldier's anger, distrust of remf' s, rear echelon mother fucker' s, remington raiders, saigon/tokyo (etc) commandos, garri (son) trooper's (play on 'paratrooper' s), colonel blimp's and other derogatory epitaph' s.

the songs in this category do not entail as strong feelings of antipathy that occurs in 'hate' songs.

second echelon troops are soldiers that move back and forth from the front to the rear, and include transport corp, some quartermaster;

rear echelon includes clerks etc.

soldiers, especially these days appreciate the work done by other corps;
to a large extent this is due to the all volunteer force and the increased distance
between civil and military society.

still, there are always the few, even in the service, that are out to feather their
own nests at the expense of others.

in the current iraq war, out of 350k soldiers there was 6 charged with stealing
iraqi money they found.

what would the total be if it was 350k civilians?

the songs:

1.
army hq songs x 10?
?
2.
a soldier and a sailor x 3
3.
mademoiselle x 3?
, 4?
.
?
4.
how stands the glass?
5.
next man to die x 5
6.
sir redvers buller
7.
the recruiting sergeant
8.
nsw lancer's lament
9.
provost bastard
10.
stung right
11.
dinki-di x 7?
12.
horseferry road
13.
browned off
14.
hand me down
15.
the breaker's last song
16.
lark hill camp
17.
der krieg
18.
never mind
- 19.

bob menzzies army
20.
air corps lament
21.
30 days leave

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\29 p o w songs.txt

29 p
29 p.
o.
w.

songs - 10
friday, 27 june, 2003

this coding includes songs created and sung by pow' s, interneers, male and female.

I have not included songs like peat bog soldiers, which is/are current in the folk revival.

I also have not included songs from changi sung by two pow 'entertainer' s, whose names I don't have handy, who sang, and recently recorded music hall songs that they sang in changi for fellow prisoner' s.

I have not yet received any songs from iraq war pow' s, or about them.

I'm sure, however, will be at least one song about pvt.

jessica lynch, who now has ptsd related amnesia, and who will undoubtedly receive the us medal of honor for her pre capture battle against overwhelming odds.

1.
tramp, tramp, tramp
2.
my soldier daddy
3.
breaker's last song
4.
bella ciao
5.
captive's hymn
6.
palembang camp
7.
women' 'cock robin'
8.
palembang camp
9.
hard times come again no more
10.
prisoner's suvla bay parody

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\3 bawdy warrior.txt

3

3.

bawdy warrior --- 42 songs

17 may 2003 songs in this coding range from the slightly off colour to pornographic.

tim page in his books of service songs 'kiss me goodnight sergeant major' and 'for gawd's sake don't take me' describes the sexuality described in these songs as being grossly exaggerated.

lt colonel tommy t.

abbott adds that these aren't the songs of degenerates, but the songs fighting men use between bouts of deadly mutilating combat to relieve tension and anxiety with humour.

service life in combat, if not at all times, is both monastic and celibate in nature.

the service myth of bromide, saltpeter or other additive to service food or drink was created (?)

) to explain why soldiers are impotent, have erectile problems, engorgement difficulties caused to stress of service, exhaustion due to training or combat.

.
'or just 'problems at work (place; staff or materiel)'.
this myth alleviates possible personal problems for soldiers due to loss of confidence and competence.

description of sex acts in pornographic and just plain disgusting, helps maintain confidence by alleviating the apparent desirability of the sex act.

psychiatrists, ologists, and the general public, on being presented with these songs, label soldier's misogynist;

this is not true, and I place that under the heading of 'mirror imaging/projection' of their own misogyny, not the soldiers.

it is also another example of why, in reality, all soldier songs should be in the 'not for public singing' category;

all are misunderstood and assessed by consumer society, where sexuality and sex is a consumer product.

songs such as 'soldier's old 100 th 'are also 'educational' songs;

they create an awareness in soldiers that erectile problems can be a result of ptsd, battle fatigue, shell shock, and that a satisfactory sex life for both marital partners can be achieved by 'alternative' methods (also see 'born on the fourth of july').

all soldier's through out training are not only trained to think and act laterally (as in 'de bono) (as opposed to the purely linear of even tertiary and academic studies,);

but to perceive, analyze, assess and act instantly, and at all times, multi

dimensionally.

the inability of most people, including marital partners, male or female, is a major contributing factor to military domestic violence.

finest fucking family in the land the pub with no beer vung tau walk right in I love my wife scottish (colonel' s) wedding please don't burn bollocky bill x 3 british gonorrhea last night do it! greenbank girls hey ho said rollie x 2 I'm a provo provo bastard's all provo's mr codfish my kind of harlot on the shores salome old green flannel drawer's tiger lily white mistress 12 days of christmas x 5 balls of sgt.

major x 2 bye bye blackbird x 5 glorious soldiers old 100 th x 2 saida bint soldier's alouette bang bang lulu the sergeant swing low do your balls?

good ol beer yellow ribbon] who killed cock robin x 3?

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\30 reflective songs.txt

30 reflective songs -45

30 reflective songs -45

songs in this coding are as described: songs that reflect on the many aspects of service life;

loss of comrades, hypocrisy of civilians, remf' s, isolation from reality of combat of remf' s, isolation from those in civil society, 'the parent society' as some describe it, the seeming futility of war and the deaths incurred, civil and military, intransigence of politicians.

.
making choices, but not decisions, the callousness of civil society to the poor and oppressed of the world.

the songs:

1.

battle of paris

2.

i want to go home x 5

3.

nsw lancer's lament

4.

how stands the glass

5.

hard times come again no more

6.

banks of the murray (river)

7.

apres the guerre x 3

8.

when I was a young man x 2

9.

sleeper cutter's camp
10.
when the guns
11.
passing pilot x 5
12.
that crazy war x 3
13.
sing me to sleep x 4?
5?
14.
mein michel
15.
in lippe liegt
16.
digger's dream
17.
7 beer' s
18.
die gedanken x 2
19.
the last farewell x 4?
5?
20.
lili marlene x?
21.
highlander
22.'
s hilt's lili
23.
highlander's farewell
24.
sittin on a hillside
25.
pyongyang
26.
when the ice x 3
27.
i was a sailor x 2
28.
the love angel
29.
purple twilight x 5
30.
fireball/blue 4 x 2
31.
ling po/the cruel war x 3
32.
lonely forward scout
33.

cpl.
harry baird
34.
cpl.
barnes
35.
old soldiers
36.
cyclo girl x 2
37.
conestoga river
38.
the buccaneers
39.
the leaf rider
40.
vietnam summertime x 3
41.
soldier leicht wacht x 3
42.
to bee a soldier
43.
a soldier like me
44.
kuta
45.
fallen comrades

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\31 fear.txt

31 fear
31 fear! -3
friday, 27 june, '03
songs in this coding describe the fear, terror, that soldier's feel in combat;
a fear that paralyzes and prevents any action but retreat.
generally this fear, terror, is overcome, or the soldier dies or goes insane.
songs that describe the conquering of this fear are in other categories.
I have included songs which describe this fear in others, whether individuals or
units.
1.
when I was a young man
2.
movin on (some verses)
3.

syngman rhee (some verses)

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\32 tear jerkers.txt

32 tear jerkers -14

32 tear jerkers -14

friday, 27 june, '03

the third time the ken burn's documentary was aired in australia, it was preceded with and hour-long musical documentary on songs of the american civil war.

civil war historian shelby foote, in describing civil war 'tear jerkers' popular with the troops of both sides said 'the war brought out strong emotions, and the soldiers earned the right to air their feelings in song (without any loss of machismo, 'manliness').

the same is true of all wars.

what I found surprising was that humourous songs sung in the american civil war +, in vietnam were sung, changed, became 'tear jerkers'.

I don't think the appearance of service tear jerkers is related to the appearance of teenage popular tear jerkers, patches, teen angel, et al, of the early sixties popular music.

in civil society perhaps these songs appeared as a touch of reflectiveness, now absent, to the burgeoning economy in western society;

provided was able to be perceived at that particular time, as fulfilling, a n empty 'market'.

it is a well established fact, though still little known, and even less appreciated, that the infantryman in vietnam with a one year tour of duty, experienced more combat than any of their predecessors in even the 6 years of wwii.

the intensity of that combat, especially in some units, surpassed the intensity and casualty rates of wwi.

i've previously stated that all service songs are 'closed society' songs, not for public 'performance'.

tear jerkers especially were only sung amongst the small groups of soldiers who directly were involved, and experienced;

maybe only from 1 to 6 people, who were involved, participated.

the songs:

1.

where was god?

2.

lights out

3.

my soldier daddy

4.

suvla bay x 3

5.

banks of the murray

6.
nsw lancer's lament
7.
sing me to sleep x 4
8.
the last farewell
9.
the love angel
10.
purple twilight
11.
fireball/blue four
12.
soldier's leicht wacht x 3
13.
vietnam summertime x 3
14.
brother, dear brother (previously, 'bacon and beans',
humorous)

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\33 civil hate songs.txt

33 civil hate songs/ anti war, anti soldier songs

33 civil hate songs/ anti war, anti soldier songs

friday, 27 june, '03

i felt, and still feel, that integral to a soldier's life are contemporary anti war/soldier, service songs.

sometimes these songs are soldier songs, like johnny I hardly and I don't want to join.

the way these songs are sung, their perception and intent, is diametrically opposed, and meaning and method, manner of singing.

it is important to remember, as described in geoffrey grey's 'military history of australia, that even in wwi and ii only the smallest percentage of the civil population in australia and the us, but even in england, served in the military.

during the recent iraq war civil and religious leaders in australia and overseas: crean, beazley, chirac, putin brown, rev ray richmond and the archbishop of canterbury said 'all soldier's are guilty of war crimes.'

there is no room or possibility of discussion to those who believe that, or are believer's in the ideology of those social and political leader ... irregardless of claims to the opposite;

saddam hussein, rightly, recognized that these people were giving him and his policies direct support;

as they did to hitler and tojo (' when the war came to australia, vol.

1') in wwii, and stalin, jung in korea.

featherstone 'there are only choices, no decisions' op sit).
the songs in this category would be too many to mention, but most have already been recorded in other books and journals, magazines.

see [www delta blues](http://www.delta.blues), [www.](http://www.mudcat.cafe)

mudcat café.

the songs:

1.
johnny, I hardly knew ye
2.
boozey boys
3.
onward christian soldiers parody x 3
4.
slash go the bayonets
5.
the osama bin laden song (warner)
6.
i don't want to join the army

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\34 optimistic hopeful.txt

34 optimistic hopeful

34 optimistic hopeful

friday, 27 june, 03

' where there's life, there's hope.'

(' bob hope' was the soldier's rhyming slang for dope, cannabis sativa during the vietnam war, which has nothing to do with this coding!).

more than civilians with a current estimated 75% suffering from some form of depression, hope is generally present until shell shock, the state where the thousand-yard stare, appears.

while this at some future stage might develop into ptsd, at the time this state appears it is alleviated by cessation of the intensity of the battle fought, with attendant receipt of reinforcements and attendant 'on the job' training, mail, water, perhaps a hot meal, and, better yet, with ice cream (battle of the dak to hills).

this coding is directly related coding 'cargo cult songs' ;

soldier society is a traditional society as opposed to western consumer, media shaped hyper real narcissistic society.

soldiers in combat, especially infantrymen, have few, if any, material possessions; perhaps a necklace (with peace symbol) or bracelet (vietnam montagnard).

even issue items are in short supply, or absence, thus the frequently heard 'can I have your boot laces (or other commodity) when you die?'

the distribution of goods, even service owned is arranged prior to death.

the navy has a tradition of 'auctioning off' such personal goods that are 'left

over' to send additional funds to sailor's family.

the best known illustration of this in the western world is roman legionnaires sitting at the base of jeshua ben joseph (jeshua is a cognate of the hebrew joshua, the first hebrew soldier, which is also a descendant of both christian and islamic militaries contemporarily).

still hanging on the cross.

civil society perceives this as the callous 'gambling' (the bible uses the term 'casting lots', which in this case, in service circles, is perceived as just distribution of a mates goods, rather than gambling them to acquire for personal gain).

service society perceives the christ, and his mate peter (petrus cephas) to be 'one of our own'.

they are not 'gambling' for his clothes a civil society, religious and secular believe, but diving much needed replacement sandals and clothing;

despite contemporary western mythology, the desert, and even the highland jungles of new guinea, vietnam, are freezing to lightly clothed and ill supplied soldiers.

the hope of survival in combat, is probably more often wished for soldier's with families than for the individual soldier's own survival.

the songs:

1.
welcome soldier, welcome
2.
when this flamin' war is over
3.
bells of hell
4.
glorious
5.
digger's dream
6.
battle of dak to hills x 3?
7.
grunt blues
8.
milne bay

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\35 political songs.txt

35 political songs

35 political songs

sunday, 29 june, '03

institutionally, soldiers are not 'political creatures.

the two main reasons for this are one, that no matter who you vote for, a politician gets elected;

two, as in the last elections in both australia and the united states, soldier's votes were disregarded;

not sent in for counting, or disallowed.

no one protested or complained that this was the case.

occasionally, however, a politician goes far beyond the politicians (and electorate) normal capability to deceive, misrepresent and indulge in behaviour or legislation discriminating against the soldier.

veteran robert heinlein in his book 'starship troopers' includes an essay on this topic.

these songs are the soldier's response:

1.

bob menzies army

2.

30 days leave

3.

die gedanken

4.

florian geyer

5.

middle east song

6.

synghman rhee

7.

god rest ye

8.

oh little town

9.

green berets v 5

10.

the vixen

11.

fairey aviation

12.

highlander' s/hilt's lili

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\36 homesickness.txt

36 homesickness

36 homesickness

sunday, 29 june, '03

' home is where I lay my head (dig my bunker) each night' ;

helmet graffiti (o?

) from vietnam war.

every one of the 150 men in my infantry school/parachute qualification course

turned up from our 30 day embarkation leave (for vietnam) at least 3, 4 days early.
the army had, in a very real sense, become our family and home.

yes, we realized (as young, first enlistment soldiers) that genetic family loved
and missed us, perhaps wives or girlfriends, the depth of service life, the
'thickness' as current anthropology has it, as opposed to the shallowness of civil
non family life, perhaps explains the dearth of 'homesickness' songs.

1.
highlander' s/hilt's lili

2.

2.

I want to go home x 5

3.

dear old blighty

4.

waitin' for the bird

5.

silver bird/one day

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\37 geographical songs.txt

37 geographical songs

37 geographical songs

sunday, 29 june, '03

songs in this coding describe the country in which combat duty occurred.

these are only a sampler of songs in this coding.

1.

vietnam summertime x 3

2.

vietnam, vietnam

3.

i hate this fucking place x 3?

4.

the snake pit

5.

cheo rheo tower x 5

6.

]camp holloway

7.

warburton mt.

8.

we sailed on a bright thursday morning

9.

milne bay

10.

suvla/suda bay x 2
 11.
 banks of the nile
 12.
 mt garrie
 13.
 pyongyang x 4
 14.
 army hq songs x 6?
 15.
 dinki di/horseferry rd x 7, 8?
 16.
 heights of alma x 3
 17.
 green hills of x 8
 18.
 mademoiselle from armentieres x 10?
 15?
 19.
 waterfall x 6?
 7?

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\38 parodiesof popular song.txt

38 parodies of popular song
 38 parodies of popular song
 sunday, 29 june, '03
 there are a wide range of traditional melodies that continue in service.
 each war, however, brings contemporary popular song melodies into the soldier's
 repertoire;
 these are the songs in this coding.
 I am sure, however, that there are many melodies that the soldiers consider
 'traditional',
 they are, in fact, of popular music origin.
 the opposite applies as well;
 every veteran interviewed said the melody to 'bob menzies army' was the music hall
 song 'any old iron';
 john dengate, folk revivalist and songwriter even sang a fragment of the original.
 beyond productions, producer of the doco series 'australians at war',
 for which I was a consultant, wished to use this song on air.
 they contacted the copyright holder of the song 'any old iron',
 allen's music',
 who said the melody to 'bob menzies' as I presented it/that soldier's sang, was not

'any old iron'

1.
slope chung be x 3, 4
2.
white mistress
3.
rifleman's song
4.
machine gunner's song
5.
crew that always returned x 2
6.
puff the magic dragon x 5
7.
the vixen' s
8.
bomb the town
- 9.

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\39 drug use.txt

39 drug use
39 drug use
sunday, 29 june, '03
songs in this coding refer only to illicit drugs, or recreational drugs that are
abused, or the individual perceives that, for one reason or another, as recreation
obtained from prescribed drugs (see woka woka woka).
1.
woka woka woka
2.
conestoga river
3.
puff the magic x 3
4.
johnson

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\4 hungry warrior.txt

4.

hungry warrior --- 13 songs

17 may, 2003

one of les cleveland's codings and more can be found in his 'dark laughter'.

the musical 'oh, what a lovely war' is a history of wwi told in service songs and recorded comments and statements of commanders and politicians.

in describing the pre 1916 somme offensive, a staff logistics officer reports to haig that only shells or food can be delivered to the troops, but not both.

haig replies that only shells should be forwarded, as troops do not eat in combat.

a vietnam veterans association of america publication says that 85% of all combat troops treated for wounds in the vietnam war also suffered from malnutrition;

my father, though a quartermaster, was in the fifth wave in the anzio landings, and during the campaign was hospitalized and treated after collapsing from malnutrition.

it has always been the same from the roman legions to the present.

while food is provided, the stress of being always on the alert, the constricting of the stomach muscles through stress reduces the ability to consume adequate amounts of food.

in the field in vietnam i/we were provided with three c ration meals per day;

what we would carry was, perhaps, one meal per day, plus supplements from other rations such as sweet or hard biscuits, tinned cheese or peanut butter;

plus tea, coffee, or cocoa...an quite of ten, though a week or more would pass between resupply, we would have adequate, to are temporal rather than corporeal needs for an added week...or more.

I have, for the above reason, only included songs in this section that particularly mention lack of food, or the inability to eat, and perhaps even 'oh lord, and some ice cream too!',
dream meals.

tramp tramp tramp boots fiddler's green ol' king cole I want to go home use hard
times lark hill camp that crazy war landing of gallipoli synghman rhee battleship of
maine grunt blues ballad of dak to

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\coding 12 love songs.txt

coding 12 love songs - 10

coding 12 love songs - 10

sunday, 18 may, 2003

i have included in the coding 'love' songs, songs that show feelings of philos and agape as well as eros;

I have not included purely 'bawdy',
sexually explicit songs.

it is for other ethnomusicologists to decide whether this coding could be better broken down into separate codings of eros, philos, agape;

it is my perception as a combat infantryman is that even western consumer...society perception is not relevant here, thus making separate codings.

my experiences indicate that 'love' by soldiers is altruistic, and even eros is balanced with agape and philos.

I believe that perhaps, another relevant coding could be appropriately labeled 'therapeutic' sex.

durkheim, in his examination of suicide includes the coding 'altruistic' suicide; the first example given is the soldier that dies to save his comrade.

military service, institutionally is altruistic in nature;

the soldier putting their body and soul 'between their loved home and war's desolation',

as one service song puts it.

altruism being integral to a soldiers life, it is therefore apparent and integral to all aspects of their life: i.

e.

, eros agape, philos;

and that love is different, encompasses more than 'love/being in love' in consumer society;

is determined by aspects not appreciated, or perhaps even perceived in consumer society.

eurasian girl/200pi(astre) geisha/cyclo girl i've got your back the tears of vicki nairne I love my wife mary ann burns lili marlene fraulein paratroopers dak to christmas dream silver bird

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\coding definition.txt

codings

codings

sunday, 11 may, 2003

academically, historian and wwii infantry veteran les cleveland in his 'dark laughter' identifies six codings of service songs;

happy warrior, hungry warrior, mortal warrior, bawdy warrior, the reluctant warrior, the vietnam warrior.

traditionally used codings are each war the songs are sung in, and in the case of edward dolph's 'sound off',

the additional coding of 'songs with hash stripes' [i].

I identify this coding as 'trans-generational songs'.

I have run an ethnomusicological program recording veterans and their songs for ten years now;

as I transcribed the songs, a picture of service and service life, society, at right angles, more accurately, opposite what history, anthropology, and sociology have presented.

the common paradigm as presented by cleveland et al is that soldiers [ii] come from and return to a 'parent' society.

the global nature of society today, especially in light of trans global inequities and terrorism, makes this perception inaccurate, misleading, and unuseful [iii].

I have identified thirty- seven codings, to date.
amongst these is the coding 'closed society songs' ;
songs not to be sung in the presence of non soldiers.
the reality of service songs, mythology, legend, folklore in general;
institutional aspects of military service, are all closed society songs;
not to be sung in the presence of the uninitiated.
I have used this coding specifically describe the songs that are never sung in
public, have a 'currency' amongst, at most, a squad, section, ten to twelve
comrades.

some songs in this coding, such as 'airborne all the way' and 'where was god?'
were never even sung by the soldier/songwriter;
they were only sung in the heart and soul of the soldier.
many of the songs fit in more than one coding;
they are 'multi purpose'.

similar situations frequently arise, and there is an appropriate song for most
situations;

each time the song is sung, it is not merely a 'song' in a repertoire, it is a
'right now, right here' current, and original comment on the situation.

it, simultaneously, and without contradiction puts the troubles experienced in the
context of all those who have gone before and found solace in their part of
tradition, heritage and process.

I have listed 450 songs, but this is also not accurate;

some songs have as many as eight versions, each of which, I feel, should in
reality, be counted, and identified by an individualized title, which I haven't
always done due to the sheer quantity of material to be transcribed;

each version of a song has it's own identity and context;

there are more than 1500 songs if described in this manner.

it should be remembered that the demographics of the codings do not give more than
an indication of the importance of that song or coding;

'closed society' songs are by nature, very personal and private;

the expose a core of intense feeling in a soldier who most likely has post
traumatic stress;

even when other songs are recorded to the researcher, it takes, at times, many
recording sessions and visits to elicit and uncover more songs.

I have only been as successful as I have to my participation as a soldier, and an
elite combat soldier, in an elite unit, through some of that war's hardest and
costliest battles.

after ten years on this project there are still songs I know that I know...but the
emotions they elicit keep them buried, along with my comrades and the manner of
their death.

all songs are part of the ritual and rites of a living traditional society that
pre-dates historical records;

and of the songs that soldiers have sung, or kept in their 'footlocker' of the
soul, only very few have survived.

the codings, however, have been and are relevant to all periods of time, all
societies and cultures that have, or have had organized armed forces.

soldiers across time and geographic boundaries have more in common with each other
than they do with 'parent' societies;

they also have more in common with traditional peasant societies than they do with
'parent' societies.

war having been declared against western consumer hyper real society by international terrorism in the form of the al queda network, and their recruitment based on fundamentalist jihad against western society, makes soldiers an important interface with traditional societies and peasants;

makes the soldier a socially important tool in identifying of peasants with aims and goals of global society, and thus thwarting recruitment of the disaffected.

[i] hash stripes are used in most anglo=celtic military services, worn on the right cuff, and parallel to the cuff to indicate number of re-enlistment's a soldier has completed.

hash, being a traditional army type of meal, is the cant service term for enlistment stripes, worn on right cuff.

wound stripes are oblique slashed stripes worn on the left cuff.

[ii] macquarie dictionary defines soldiers as all who have, or do, serve in the armed forces of a country;

it includes all corps and services;

army, navy, coast guard, marines, air force.

[iii] stereotyping of the services and service personnel over the last several hundred years in anglo- celtic western consumer 'hyper real' society' that all research regarding anything to do with military service is so biased, influenced by stereotyping that it brings into question not only research into military service and personnel, but most aspects of research.

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\colonial korea.txt

colonial, boer, wwi, wwii, korean war codings

colonial, boer, wwi, wwii, korea, post vietnam war song codings (see index)

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\happy warrior.txt

happy warrior

happy warrior 108 songs

sunday, 11 may, 2003

songs in this coding are sung when soldiers are happy.

these songs are most often sung in groups, and when the soldiers are 'off duty', whether in war or peace.

they are sung when all is going well with life and their service, even if only temporary.

they can also be sung by one soldier to another, individually or to a group, to raise the morale of comrades, in the sense, meaning 'never mind', it will all go away'.

;
or 'snafu, fubar',
acronyms for 'situation normal',
all fucked up' and 'fucked up beyond all recognition'.
the songs are:
cheap charlie creamsleeves ballad of billie joe general seneff x 2

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\mortal warriorx21.txt

mortal warrior x 21
mortal warrior x 21
belgian 'staminet x 7 bells of hell x 3 we saw the damned thing through when the
guns sleeper cutter's camp fraulein the breaker's last song I want to go home x 5?
nsw lancer's lament trumpeter yeoman's leicht wacht x 3 bold wolfe how stands the
glass around?
st cpl.
peter and the---- fiddler's green the infanteer johnny I hardly navy hymn x 7
yellow ribbon tramp tramp tramp hard times

Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\service song codings.txt

codings
codings
sunday, 11 may, 2003
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Sam Hilt Collection\coded songs\the dragons are winning.txt

Return-Path: Received: from mta05ps.

bigpond.

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135.

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137]) by winsoft.

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6) with ESMTP id h4C7uEQr008029 for ;

Mon, 12 May 2003 17:56:14 +1000 Received: from drdell ([144.

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84]) by mta05ps.
bigpond.
com (Netscape Messaging Server 4.
15 mta05ps Jul 16 2002 22:47:55) with SMTP id HERK7900.
DUH;
Mon, 12 May 2003 17:45:09 +1000 Received: from ESS-p-144-138-41-213.
mega.
tmns.
net.
au ([144.
138.
41.
213]) by psmam06.
bigpond.
com(MailRouter V3.
2g 110/13198163);
12 May 2003 17:45:09 Message-ID: <000201c3185a\$436dd2e0\$d5298a90@drdell> From:
"Dermott Ryder" To: "Sam Hilt" Subject: the dragons are winning Date: Mon, 12 May
2003 17:42:49 +1000 MIME-Version: 1.
0 Content-Type: multipart/alternative;
boundary="----- NextPart 000 0012 01C318AD.
E82EDCE0" X-Priority: 3 X-MSMail-Priority: Normal X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook
Express 5.
00.
2014.
211 X-MimeOLE: Produced By Microsoft MimeOLE V5.
00.
2014.
211 X-RAVMilter-Version: 8.
4.
2(snapshot 20021107) (mail.
winsoft.
net.
au) X-Spam-Status: No, hits=1.
8 required=5.
0 tests=HTML 30 40,HTML FONT BIG,HTML FONT COLOR GREEN, HTML FONT COLOR RED,HTML
MESSAGE version=2.
50 X-Spam-Level: * X-Spam-Checker-Version: SpamAssassin 2.
50 (1.
173-2003-02-20-exp) X-UIDL: #*@!!W\["!]dG"! 0N"! This is a multi-part message in
MIME format.
----- NextPart 000 0012 01C318AD.
E82EDCE0 Content-Type: text/plain;
charset="Windows-1252" Content-Transfer-Encoding: quoted-printable DERMOTT RYDER
Liverpool - NSW - Australia

To Sam Hilt Dear Sam=20 I have read your latest incoherent rave.
I think I understand some of = it.
I am reasonably sure that I disagree with most of the bit I understand.

Clearly, you are still fighting the dragons of your past life and the dragons are winning hands down.

=20 I also suspect that you are quite correct in your observation that most = letter=20 recipients have no desire to 'hear' from you.

How can you possibly be=20 surprised at this?

'Streams of unconsciousness' mails that go on forever = and contain little more than bile and bigotry are never welcome.

=20 I also find your claim of individuality unsupportable.

=20 Your robotic declaration of core values indicates=20 institutionalisation of a terrible sort.

=20 1: I will bear true faith and allegiance=20 2: I will support and defend=20 3: I will obey orders=20 Do I detect echoes of the ablution block at Fort Bragg?

=20 Your mind set appears to be hard wired.

How is it possible=20 for a person with your worldview to aspire to individuality=20 outside your own carefully constructed reality?

Your statement "I also realise that I have been rejected by both American,=20 later Australian society" must indicate total self-delusion,=20 or overweening arrogance. =20 In reality you are one mosquito in a trillion.

Apart from the=20 long-suffering entries in your address book hardly anybody=20 has ever heard of you.

=20 It is you who has rejected society - get real.

As for the 'Hilt Collection archives'.

.

.

What?

=20 It's called the recycle bin.

.

.

There is a God!=20 Finally, Sam, I have copied this response to your distribution=20 list because I don't want anybody, friends and strangers alike,=20 to think that because I am on your mailing list that I support=20 your jaundiced polemic in any way.

Best Wishes =20 Dermott Ryder

-----=
Contacts ----- Phones: - 24 Hours Dermott Ryder - Direct
Albert Abercrombie - Message (61)(02) 9600 7153 ----- The
Screw Soapers Guild Writers Presenters and Listeners Email: DermottRyder@bigpond.
com ----- Kat Blanche Albert Abercrombie Email:
intrepid@folkclub.

com ----- Folk Odyssey - The Magazine <http://www.folkclub.com/folkodyssey/> Email:folkodyssey@folkclub.

com ----- NextPart 000 0012 01C318AD.
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E82EDCE0--

Sam Hilt Collection\colonial\anholt reef.txt

dismal and drear, many did despair
dismal and drear, many did despair that her dissolution was very near;
she thumped heavy and masts did play that in their obedience to the prow, would
jump away.
awful the grinding noise of keel and heel with an unusual motion made the crew to
reel, the rudder being most oppressed and bound, but soon it got released and went
to ground.
sail first being set to press her o' er the reef, but striking harder without relief
twas instantly clewed up and fasted again anew with willingness and zeal by her
crew.
anholt reef cont'd at last the deleterious order to prepare to throw the cannon
overboard.
oh what despair! the officer of the third post ventured to state 'oh, noble
chieftain, pray hesitate!;
' remember, sire, said this selfsame third, with due submission, pray let me be
heard.'
your own experience of its baleful effects as often tried, and as often made
wrecks.'

' gun lying on the sand equal to rocks annoy the bottom of the bark, they may soon
destroy: and now it's blowing a gale of wind, what hopes impossible to save our
lives could we get out the boats.'

stand fast',
the bold commander said, 'tis true the wind has shifted for us, set topsails anew.'
square sails set and braced all aback.
see hence the wonderful care of almighty providence!

frank o keefe also found this song in his family's papers.
though no date was given, all the other songs wer written and dated 1812, so this
probably dates from the same period, or perhaps earlier.
it is written by a lt.
walters, whom I imagine lt jackson served with, about the hms courageaux, commanded
by a captain wilkinson.
I don't have the slighteset idea where anhlt reef is! again, without a tune given,
I have used an early version of the tune 'the oak and the ash' as setting the time
and emotions of the story.

Sam Hilt Collection\colonial\bold wolfe.txt

come all you young men all, let this delight you
come all you young men all, let this delight you.
come all you young men all, let nothing fright you;

never let your courage fail when you' re brought to trial, or let your courage move at the first denial.

i went to see my love, thinking to woo her;

I sat down by her side, not to undo her.

but whene' er I speaks one word, my tongue does quiver;

I darst not speak my mind when I am with her.

(madame, here's a diamond ring, if you' ll accept it;

madame, here's a chain of gold, long time i've kept it.

when you' re in repose, think of the giver;

madame, remember me, undone forever!)

bold wolfe, he took his leave, from his fair jewel;

sorely did she lament, 'love, don't prove cruel!' he says 'tis for a space that I must leave you, but love, where' er I go, I shan't forget you.'

bad news has come to town, bad news is carried;

some say my love is dead, some say he is married.

as I was pondering this, I took to weeping;

they took my love away while I was sleeping!

that brave and gallant youth has crossed the ocean, to free americay from her division where he landed at quebec, with all his party;

a city to attack, both brave and haughty

bold wolfe drew up his men in lines so pretty, on the plains of abraham berfore the city;

bold wolfe cont'd on the plains before the town, where the french did meet him with double numbers round, all to greet him.

when drawn up in to lines for death preparing;

and in each others face, two armies, staring;

where the cannon on both sides did roar like thunder, and youth, all in her pride, was torn asunder.

where the drums did loudly beat, and the colours were flying, the purple gore streamed down from the dead and the dying--- when shot from off his horse, fell that bbrave hero-- may we lament his loss that day, in sorrow.

the french are seen to break! their ranks are flying! bold wolfe, he seems to wake, as he lay dying.

while in lifting up his head, where guns do rattle, unto his army said 'how goes the battle?'

his aide-de -camp replied that 'tis in our favour;

quebec, in all her pride, there is none can save her- for tis falling in our hands with all he treasure-' 'ah, the' n replied bold wolfe, 'i will die in pleasure.'

this song was extent in the services til late last century--and posibly even today, though I haven't collected it from currently serving, or veteran, service personnel.

it was sung by both the army and navy, as both shared hounours for the victory, and because the songhas many 'education lessons' /value to soldiers than' never let your courage fail',

whether in service, or in dealing with civilians;

which is always been, and unfortunately, probably always will be due to antagonistic value systems.

this song is certainly important to me, even today, as a reminder that even if I don't have many friends, or much money, I have my honour, my duty, and a sense of doing what I do well.

we are to be proud of our service to others, but not to have a 'prideful' demeanor; that it is our service and sacrifice for those in need that is important, not the personal gain, profit, that is the main goal of those in the parent society.

I'll again point out that even those people/churches that claim to be christian/moslem/jew/bhuddist, etc,, unlike the military service, share the values of society.

rather than the values/lifestyle expressed in the relevant religious texts.

---the secondary theme of his fiance/girlfried/lover being heartbroken, due to sincere caring, is symbolic of service personnel being optimistic of being able to have personal, loving relationships with civilians, which, too often, proves idealistic rather than realistic--relationships usually being in the nature of '7 beers with the wrong woman'.

this classically 'romantic',

harking back to chivalry, is not only a very real approach to women, --and women I talk to continually comment, on meeting either veterans or currently serving soldiers 'are they for real?

no one talks or acts like that!, no one is that polite!' --they' re right--we don't live in their world.

this approach to, not just women, but civilians in general, is also a counter balance to the pain, harshness, and too often violence and horror that we have to, or have had to, live with on a daily bold wolfe cont'd basis.

there are 2 melodies here for the song, bold wolfe and 'the blacksmith' (courted me).

I learned this song minus verses 3 and 5 with the original tune from the singing of dave and di moore, the 3rd verse, and knowledge that the 'blacksmith' tune is also sung with the lyrics came from the 'penguin book of canadian folk songs' --and, over the last 25 years i've forgotten where I got verse 5! I know I got no verses from veterans or service personnel, and I haven't heard the song sung in the folk venues except by the moores in the late 70' s.

I use 'the blacksmith' melody for verses 6,7, and 10.

Sam Hilt Collection\colonial\buttermilk hill.txt

here I sit on buttermilk hill, who could blame me, cry my fill;

here I sit on buttermilk hill, who could blame me, cry my fill;

for every tear would turn a mill, johnny has gone for a soldier.

chorus

shule, shule, shule agra, his wife and creel are laid awa' ;

till he comes back I'll rue the day johnny has gone for a soldier

with fife and drum he marched away, the orders came, he couldn't stay;

till he comes back I'll rue the day johnny has gone for a soldier.
I'll sell me ruck, I'll sell me reel, I'll even sell my spinning wheel to buy my
love a coat of steel;
johnny has gone for a soldier

here I sit on buttermilk hill, who could blame me cry my fill;
but every tear would turn a mill;
johnny has gone for a soldier.

chorus

hoo rye, hoo rye, hoo rye hoo, hoo rye saka raka bibba bobba boo if I should die say
sally bobba rink, sally bobba rink save ora.
buttermilk hill cont'd I'll sell my scissors, sell my creel, I'll even sell my
spinning reel;
to buy my love a sword of steel;
johnny has gone for a soldier.

the first version is from the singing of john tams, an english folksinger and was
sung in the bbc 'sharpes rifles' series, and probably came from lewis winstock's
book 'songs of the redcoats'.

the second is from the singing of australian folk personality and
ex-digger/songwriter, john dengate.

john says he queried declan affley about the lyrics in the chorus.

declan commented that singers probably originally heard the song sung by celtic
speaking irish, and when they learned the song, they repeated what the gaelic chorus
sounded like;

the different chorus 'could be due to 2 different versions, or the gaelic sounding
different to different audiences--perhaps due to one of the singers not singing the
original gaelic.

sounds reasonable to me.

john says that his version is definitely of american origin.

I know the 60's american folk singers peter, paul and mary recorded an version,
with which I have, but have not traanscribed-at this stage I'll leave it for others
to compare with 'my' versions.

Sam Hilt Collection\colonial\die gedanken.txt

die gedanken sind frei, wer kann sie erraten

die gedanken sind frei, wer kann sie erraten sie fliehen vorbei, wie nacht liche
schatten kein mensch kann sie wisser, kein jager ershiessen es bleibat dabei, die
gedanken sind frei (repeat)

ich denke wer ich will, und was mich beglubet doch alles inder still, und wie es
sich schicket mein wunsch und begehren, kein niemand verwehren es bleibat dabei-----

und sperrt man mich ein, im finsternen Kerker das alles sind rein, vergleichliche
Werke dann meine Gedanken, zerreißen die Schranken es bleibt dabei-----
die Gedanken sind frei, my thoughts freely flower '' '' '' ''.

my thoughts give me power no scholar can map them, no hunter can trap them no man
can deny, die gedanken sind frei, repeat
so I think as I please, and this gives me pleasure my conscience decrees, this right
I must treasure my thoughts will not cater, to duke or dictator no man can deny,
die-----, repeat
and if tyrants take me, and throw me in prison my thoughts will burst free, like
blossoms in flower foundations will crumble, the structure will tumble and free men
will cry, die----, repeat

when I was a young man I 'listed for a soldier I took the king's shilling, and I
drank full well they gave me a red coat,
they gave me a musket and sent me to ameriky--into the jaws of hell--repeat
on line on lexington green, we faced the rebels volleys we charged our bayonets,
painted that green, red then at the bridge at concord we faced them with one accord,
till outnumbered fought back to boston, with most of us dead, repeat
repeat first verse
we marched on washington, away flew the rebels;
we burned their town down, twas nought left but pebbles;
then in may, 1814, we met at new orleans, we charged their cotton bales, the war
was finished, so were we! repeat
repeat first verse

kit denton sang 'when I was a young man' when he served with the buffs, before he became a paratrooper in wwii.

he only remembered a few words of the second verse, so I 'filled them in', then went back to him to confirm that they were in keeping with the marching song as he remembered it.

the tune to when I was a young man is 'die gedanken sind frei', which has been sung in germany since the 1700' s, and is almost universally sung in germany, there is no doubt that it would have been sung by german soldiers/servicemen during both the first and second world wars--and probably by german tornado pilots in the gulf war.

because, ex kit, the british army was singing this song which obviously dates from the american revolution during wwii, that it was also sung during wwi, the boer war, and probably the crimea, and the napoleonic wars as well -- as far as I have been able to discover, it has not previously been collected even in england or america! the words to 'when I was' --depict military actions that took place, accurately, in 1775;

kits unit,
the buffs, the former 3rd regiment of foot, didn't arrive for service/combat, in america until 1781, so the song was obviously learned from regiments that served there prior to that date, and thus was more widespread in the british army than just one regiment.

this coming anzac day, '98, in a few weeks time will let me confirm, or not, through peter walton, an air force veteran of vietnam, who also served in the wehrmacht in wwii, whether 'die gedanken sind frei' was, in fact sung by the

soldiers, 'michaels',
as germans call their 'diggers',
during wwii.

peter has a few german soldier songs from wwii, that I have not yet recorded.

Sam Hilt Collection\colonial\johnny i hardly knew ye.txt

when on the road to sweet athy ha roo, ha roo
when on the road to sweet athy ha roo, ha roo rpt when on the road to sweet athy, a
stick in my hand and a drop in me eye a doleful damsel I heard cry 'johnny, I hardly
knew ya'

chorus

with your guns and drums and drums and guns, ha roo, ha roo.

rpt rpt, the enemy never slew ye, well johnny lad, ye looked so bad,, johnny I
hardly knew ye

where are your eyes that looked so mild----- rpt rpt, when my dear heart ye first
beguiled (joined) ye were such a happy, smilin child, johnny-----

where are the legs with which ye runned, -- ,-- rpt rpt, when first ye went to carry
a gun;

well, ye know your dancin days are done! johnny -----

ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, ha --, -- rpt rpt, your an armless, legless
drunken pig, you' ll have to thrown out with the bones and rags, johnny ----

I'm happy for to see ye home rpt rpt, all from the island of ceylon so low in flesh
and high of bone, johnny -----

they' re rolling out the guns again rpt rpt, but they' ll never take our sons again
no, they' ll never take our sons again, johnny I promise to you

I'm at a bit of a loss about how to start this, and keep the power of it intact---.

this is not your song, a protest song of the folk revival movement --where I first
heard the song ex the clancy brothers, or a 'peace' song of the anti-war (vietnam)
movement!!! this is a service song;

it has been, and continew to be sung by service personnel in english speaking
countries every time they are sent 'over there',

where ever it might be, on what is euphemistically called 'active service'.

it was sung as men of the 1 bn, rar, 173rd abn bde boarded the hmas sydney, and
aircraft to become the first combat troops into vietnam;

it was sung as soldiers and sailors as they sailed off to the gulf and the
falklands, and as they sailed and flew off to timor, after being beaten up and
threatened by civilians.

it has always been sung by the military long before it was sung before 'anti war'
elements (a la 'boozey boys).

and it is always sung with a bitterness that is heartbreaking, because we know,

that whatever you promise, even as a mother, all you do is talk about how bad the politicians are, or how unfortunate the people of vietnam, kuwait, bosnia, or timor are, while it is I and my mates, and our descendants, and comrades, who suffer bleed and die because all you do is talk, or pay a little money in exchange for music at a fund raising concert--(and feel satisfied about your 'contribution ', and 'sacrifice' for the poor of, where ever) while every second of our lives, every drop of our blood and energy, is aimed at protecting and hopefully even improve, the life of the worlds underprivileged.

when you sing this song in your comfortable homes, clubs, or on stage, you get kudos for winging well, for singing a 'really important song of social protest', and the cheers of the crowd---- when we sing it, we are on our way to bleed and die for your uncaring approach to what is happening in the world around you,---or in remembrance of our mates who died through your selfishness.

you get applause, we get spat on, beaten up, and called 'drunken pigs'.

--and we continue to serve so that you continue to have the 'right' to do this to us.

so----continue to sing your 'don't worry, be happy',
I'm here for a good time, not a long time lifestyle--we' ll keep caring and giving to you anyway ---we 'love you with the love beyond all understanding'.

but we can never have anything (but the superficial) in common with people with your attitude.

--- please--show us(not tell us) we are wrong about you!

Sam Hilt Collection\colonial\ode to admiral harte.txt

ode to admiral harte

ode to admiral harte

bugger old harte! bugger old harte! that red-faced son of an old blue french fart!
for on arrival at the fleet's anchorage there a very sad story we next did hear!
that buenos aires had been retaken and our little army was very much shaken.

but a small reinforcement up from the cape induced the admiral to try a feat:
to reduce monte video was his intent but which proved abortive in the attempt-- so
damn, blast and bugger old harte, bugger old harte, that red-faced son of an old
blue french fart!

lt.

samuel walters wrote this ditty as well, and was found in lt jacksons papers by
frank o' keefe.

in 1807 the argentinian army beat the british at the river platte-i imagine this is
the action referred to.

same story, same tune, different war, so i've used the 'army hq' tune sweet betsy
from pike.

Sam Hilt Collection\colonial\sam hall.txt

sam hall

sam hall oh, my name it is sam hall, is sam hall oh, my name it is sam hall, yes,
sam hall oh, my name it is sam hall and i've only got one ball but it's better than
fuck all damn your eyes, blast your soul.
bloody hell.
shit!

my name is sammy small (hall), fuck 'em all, fuck em all rpt rpt, and I only have
one ball, but it's better than none at all, fuck em all
they say I shot a man, fuck em all,! fuck em all! rpt rpt, shot him with a piece of
lead, now the silly fuckers dead, fuck em all!
they say I'm gonna swing from a piece of fucking string what a silly fucking thing!
the parson will be there with his tales of kingdom fucking come he can stick it up
his bum!
oh the hangman wears a mask for his sorry fucking task, he can shove it up his ass
sam hall cont' d
the sheriff will be there too with his silly fucking crew they've got fuck all else
to do.
i saw molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud! that I shouted right out loud
'fuck 'em all!'

kit denton said that they used this as a running song in the paratroops.
he said it was the last song they sang as they ran through the camp, and it was
timed so that the last 3 lines were sung as they came up to, and passed, the
chaplains office.
the second version, more complete, I got from usaf major tom t.
abbott, currently serving in europe, and a gulf war vet, who says this song has
been in the services forever! captain kidd was executed after all the evidence
proving his non-guilt of piracy(but not of buccaneering/privateering) was destroyed.
he was executed in 1701.
the ballad appeared as a broadsheet at his execution.
at the time the event had such an impact in the english speaking world that the
tune was taken up and the lyrics parodied for hymns of many denominations--but I'd
be willing to bet that it was the brit military that began singing this parody, that
they took it as their own, as soon as the broadside hit the streets;
because of the abuse from not just senior officers, but civilians, it struck a
empathetic note--as it does to this day! major abbott, tom t, also sings versions of
'next man to die',
and 'army hq' -as well as the best version/parody, both singing and lyrics, of nat
king cole/platters/everly brothers 'when I fall in love'!!

Sam Hilt Collection\colonial\soldier soldier.txt

' soldier, soldier, will you marry me, with your musket, fife and drum
' soldier, soldier, will you marry me, with your musket, fife and drum?'

chorus 1 'oh, how can I marry such a pretty little maid (girl), when I have no
jacket to put on?

chorus 2

so she bought him a pair, the finest he could wear;
'now soldier, put it on.'

verse stays the same, item of clothing changes each chorus:
pants, shoes, socks, pants, hat etc

like sam hall, old king cole, dinki-di, 'army hq',
this is a song most soldiers would have heard, if not sung, and dates from at least
the time of the american revolution.

I have heard another version of this song, also within the military, but since that
wasn't the version I sang, I haveno memory of it.

this is the version that most veterans, soldiers I have talked to sang.

in chasing up the heritage/other versions of this song, folksinger/organiser of
sydney, len neary says he has heard tommy makem sing a version, but he couldn't
remember any of it, or what he had to say about the origins of his version.

I will do an up-grade of these notes,
or incorporate as a second song when I chase it down.

I think it is quite possible that this song started life as a 'cautionary tale' for
young women about the undesirability of having a soldier as a husband.

it has been requisitioned by soldiery over 200 years ago, no doubt because,
contrary to the soldiers reality of life then, as now, more resembled '7 beers with
the wrong woman'.

!! the values expressed in this song, 'grab what you can, when you can',
'I'm right jack!' 'get ahead at any cost' 'get to the top over the' bodies' of your
workmates' are what happens in our society in the workplace;

it has no place in military service----- just had a yarn with ethno-musicologist
peter parkhill of sydney who says there 'are hundreds of different extent versions,
from many english speaking countries, with almost as many tunes.

one version, he says was top of the popular music charts in the 50' s--that I have
no memory of it just goes to show how long i've been out of the musical mainstream!

Sam Hilt Collection\colonial\the leeward shore.txt

the mainsail by the squall was lately wrecked;
the mainsail by the squall was lately wrecked;
in streaming pendants flying is unbent.
with frails, were fixed and soon, the 'mothers' soon prepared;
ascending, spread the lone, beneath the yard.
to each yard arm,
the headrope they extend;
and soon the eerie standard rope expend;
their capstan hauled, they faced the braces slack, then to the chesstree drew the
unwilling tack, and while the league with 'gannets' lowered away, the aftershocks
they carried, and delayed.
spoken: excellent! capital! said jack--it's fit enough for the gentlemans magazine!
oh where is mine, where sacred mortals part?
to make with sympathy the feeling heart;
that my heart with unrivalled strains deplore the imperious horrors of the leeward
shore!

the second verse is sung with 3rd and 4th line using the melody of the first and
second;
the 5th and 6th line use the melody of the regular 3rd and 4th line.
the tune is very similar to the verses of the 60's song 'the alamo',
but is sung very slowly, ponderously,
and with assurance.
the word 'lone' in the last line of the 4th verse is held-then a complete interval
before the word beneath.
using fax technology, this is the first song I have collected and recorded
telephonically from frank o' keefe of talbingo, nsw.
(frank, a veteran, is a regular contributor of songs, philosophy, and military
history/traditions.
) it was written in 1812 by royal navy lt.
woodward, in his collection of songs/poetry, which frank 'came across' while
researching an ancestor of his, rn ltjackson, who served in the american war of 1812,
at fort erie, before emigrating to australia in the 1830's

Sam Hilt Collection\colonial\the tempest.txt

the tempest
the tempest tossed on the tide, she feels the tempest blow and dread the vengeance
of so fell a foe.
as the proud horse, with costly trappings gay, exulting, prances to the fray,

spurning the ground, he glories in his might, but reels tumultuous in the shock of
 fight;
 even so, caparisoned in gaudy pride, the bounding vessel dances on the tide.
 fierce, and more fierce, the southern demon blew, and more incensed the roaring
 waters grew;
 the ship no longer can her topsails spread, and every hope of fairer skies is fled.
 bowlioness and halyards are relaxed again, clewlines let down, and sheets let fly
 amain;
 clewed up each topsail,
 and by braces squared, the seamen climb aloft on either yard.
 they furled the sails, and pointed to the wind the yard by rolling tackles then
 confined.
 while o' er the ship the gallant boatswain flies, like a hoarse mastiff through the
 storm he cries: prompt to direct the unskillfull still appears;
 the expert he praises, and the fearful cheers, now some to strike topgallant yards
 attend: some travellers up the weather-backstays send.
 at each masthead, the topropes others bend, the youngest sailors from the yards
 above;
 their parrels, lifts, and braces soon remove;
 then topped a-end and to the travellers tied, charged with their sails, they down
 the backstays slide.
 their sails reduced, and all the rigging clear their sails reduced, and all the
 rigging clear, awhile the crew relax from their toils severe.

 this song I got from frank o' keefe of talbingo, nsw, from from the papers of his
 ex-wife's ancestor lt.

jackson, r.

n.

, who arrived in australia in 1837.

frank 'recovered' this song without a tune;

I have used the period melody 'as vanquished erin' as being more likely to be used
 in the wardroom, the 'officers mess',
 for this type of song, which was used in their nightly entertainment.

I find it interesting that it is the dangers of their daily life, rather than the
 frequent and bloody battles in which they engaged in in the 1812 war in america,
 that they sing about.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\3 german officers.txt

3 german officers crossed the rhine, parlez vous

3 german officers crossed the rhine, parlez vous?

(skiboo, skiboo to boot, to boot) repeat 3 german officers crossed the wine, they
 fucked the women and drank the wine inky pinky parlez vous (skiboo, skiboo,

skiboodley boo, skidam, dam dam, to boot, to boot, to bollicky boot, to bollicky I will boot)

(chorus is in italics, 2 alternative chorus are in parenthesis)

they came across a wayside inn, parlez vous repeat they came across a wayside inn,
they got off their horses and kicked the door in inky pinky, parley vous
oh landlord have you a daughter fair?

with lily white tits and golden hair-

o yes I have a daughter fair with lily white tits and golden hair-

they raced the daughter off to bed when they came down they were nearly dead!--

(that wayside inn in armentieres served many a soldier o' er many a year)

----- mademoiselle from armentieres hasn't been fucked in 40
years

mademoiselle cont' d

with her I flirted, I confess she got her revenge when she said yes

mademoiselle likes to kiss but over here they do it like this! (poke your tongue
out!)

mademoiselle gave me the jack but I never got my money back.

mademoiselle from st nazaire never wore no underwear

mademoiselles from pozieres shaved off all her mickey hair

mademoiselles from the town of brest she's just the same as all the rest

the french they have some customs rare they sit and drink in the public square

the first division went over the top to make the kaiser take a flop

the medical corps held the line with c.

c.

pills and iodine

the german army had to fall back when they broke their teeth on some captured
hardtack!

an american soldier on the rhine drank the women and kissed the wine (that wasn't a
mis print!!!)

little fraulein from andernach promenade pour chocolat and if you have no chocolat,
the soap will do as like as not (no repeat verse)

the general got the croix de guerre but the bugger was never there!

-----boer war-----

on the way to pretoria, passed a ship today lucky bastards were going the other way

-----any war-----

i didn't care what happened to me that's why I joined the infantry!

the mp asked me for my pass a thing I did not have, alas

where are the girls that used to swarm around me in my uniform

there are so many verses to this song that it became impossible to keep them in
'chronological' order, though depending on the 'format' of the song, 3 german
officers or madam--depends the starting place for the song.

this song originated with irish troops at the battle at waterloo, and was sung to
make fun of, and account for bluchers' late arrival on the field at waterloo.

it has been sung in the british army since 1814-and undoubtedly in australia from
shortly thereafter.

major thomas p.

gordon says that it was defenitly sung in australia by the time of the sudan war,
and if not before, in the american army during the spanish american war.

there are 2 different tunes that this song has always been sung to in the

army--although this is the only one that seems to have been 'heard',
and 'caught on',

or remembered, amongst civilian singers;

the other tune used is 'johnny I hardly knew ye'.

the tune used was determined by the mood the singer wanted to create, or that he was in;

the 2 alternative choruses were mainly sung with the 'johnny' tune.

after waterloo the song was created and sung to make fun of blucher for arriving 'late' at the battle, during wwi the tone and words were altered in small ways to imply that the invading german troops in 1914 now 'raped' the women rather than just dallied with them, in accord with the 'propaganda passed on by the gov' ts of the day;

german army executed nurse edith cavell--with no mention that by that time the brit and french army had executed at least 7 nurses or civilians for helping german soldiers! and, of course, we can't forget to mention that the german gov' t had all dead soldiers, german as well as allied, rendered down for fat for soap--as they did during wwii?

?

?

--ovens aren't very good for 'rendering bodies for fat' --but it is very good for turning jewish bodies to ashes for spreading all over germany(europe)in satanic rites to keep jewsout of germany(europe)!! I have known this song as long as I remember!--it was sung by my grandfather sgt e.

h kauffman, who sang it, as I remember in wwi--i don't know if he sang it during the spanish -american war (although I'll certainly check with him when I get to 'the green' -fiddlers green).

who else?

--dave alexander sang me some verses, as did austen kelly, now of kiama, jimmy duffy junior, itinerant, children of wwi vets in cooktown--forget his name at present--currently serving diggers have come up to me when I visit their barracks--currently serving us army drill sgts asking for, and passing on verses via e-mail, as it is still used in the us army as well as here.

singing this song, it would be entirely appropriate to add filler verses--the major gordon mentions that in the sudan there were over 40 verses sung! yes, they would have all been sung in one sitting, though various singers would have 'jumped into' the song from time to time with their own verses;

time, and the passage of same, is completely differentially perceived by service personnel as 'active service' --i still remember telling, what brad tate tells me are shaggy dog' stories, several of which I told-or heard, for from 4-6 hours per night, 4-7 nights per story--what's the hurry?

?

we were going no where!! (ps -- brad has some pretty good ones himself!--i suppose I should be recording these as well-though not in their entirety!!)(the purple scarlet, 'pink ping pong balls' german glock maker' 'dr schweitzer' and one about an aircraft carrier and a sailor!)

805 sqd frankie and johnny
805 sqd frankie and johnny
805 flew from nowra, to embark on a tropical cruise;
we were greeted in vengeance the right way, the 'fishheads' bought plenty of booze;
oh land us on, hughie land us on.
the sqd owned sea furies;
lordy and how they wouldfly! til they got in the circuit;
ten they prayed to the lord on high;
oh help us on, hughie help us on!
the batsmen are keen and agile;
performing their witch doctors dance;
with leans, high tips, and come-ons;
the boys don't stand a chance;
oh get us down, hughie get us down!
fergie came in for a landing, fluying a little too fast;
his hook missed all the wires, he went half up the mast.
oh help him down, hughie help him down.
we have to get up in the morning, round about quarter to four;
to twitch on the end of a booster, and pour on the old full bore;
oh help us off, hughie help us off.
hear the boys bitch in the crew room;
waiting for flying to begin;
no need to get excited, athe ship's still lookin for wind oh send some round,
hughie send some round!
the adr's really a whizzer, with liner, buster, and gait;
no ned to waste your petrol, the interception's sure to ber late, oh land us on,
hughie land us on.
air sea rescue's no problem, if in adinghy you drift just wait for mcphée or mc
millan in bristol's obile lift oh hoist us in, hughie hoist us in.
bill is our senior pilot;
and of him all subbies beware;
they reckon the very first words he spoke were 'get into the air!' oh where's the
whip, hughie where's the whip?
when al acomes over the rundown, to the goofers it looks pretty wierd;
his seat's so far to the bottom there's just a flying beard oh wave him off, hugjie
wave him off.
james made a dart at the flight deck, nearly went over the side;
but there's no foundation in the rumour, that bevan was hypnotised, oh keep him
off, hughie keep him off!
mac's an ace at live bombing at any target we choose;
but to stop the slaughter of wildfowl he decidednot to drop them fused tell the
brisbane press, hughie tell the press.
rocketings fraught with danger when furies and fireflys mix there's no need for flak
at a target, when you fly with 816 oh try again, hughie try again
now we've finished this workup, we' re amazedthat we' re still alive despite
thebooster and batman there's still an 805 oh fly us home, hughie fly us home.

ian macdonald of 80a5 sqd said that this song was sung by his squadron during the
korean war, endless verses added when appropriate situations arose!

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\alouette.txt

alouette, gentil alouette, alouette, gentil plume rai;
alouette, gentil alouette, alouette, gentil plume rai;
gentil plume rai la 3 day pass, repeat this line alouette, alouette, ah ah ah ah
alouette, gentil alouette, alouette, gentil plume rai
gentillume rai la estimanet, gentil plume rai la estiminet, estimeinet, 3 day pass,
alouette, alouette ah ah ah ah alouette, gentil alouette, alouette gentil plume rai
gentil plume rai la bottle of beer,----- bottle of beer, estimanet, 3day pass,
alouette
big fat blonde(acup imaginary breasts with both hands--or todays army, for women,
italian 'arm gesture-bent, up-raised right armand fist, left hand on right elbow)
hotel room, big fat blonde bottle of beer, estimanet, 3 day pass
double bed--hotel detective--dose of clap--14 days c.
b.
, 3 day passand finish!

guess I first heard this song about 78m sung by jimmy duffy, when he was living in
len neary's house in rozelle, sydney.

allen fourshaw of brisbane, now deceased, sang thios song as well, as dave
alexander.

both died before I could record them singing it, but I had remembered it and have
put it in my repetoire.

thgis song was originally sung by australian troops in wwi, and they have been
singing it since!--with hand gestures, like swing low, cock robin, do your balls.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\balls of sarn t major.txt

balls of sarn't major
balls of sarn't major the balls of sarn't major are wrinkled and crinkled;
curvaceous, and spacious, as the dome of st.
paul' s.
the crowds they do muster, and gaze at the cluster;

they stop and they stare at the glorious pair of sarn't majors balls balls, balls balls balls, sarn't majors balls.

brad tate collected this song from wwii digger alf smith, I collected this song from korean and vietnam war vet darky edwards, of woodbridge, qld.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\bang bang lulu.txt

bang bang lulu

bang bang lulu lulu was my sweetheart, lulu was so cute, the first time that I met her she was a prostitute

chorus

bang bang lulu, bang her good and strong, what are ya gonna do for a midnight screw, when lulu' sead nd gone.

rich girl uses vaseline, poor girl uses lard, lulu uses axle grease and bangs them good and hard.

officers go with debutantes, privates girls from the factory yards, lulu screws the whole damn lot, you just say the wordd.

itook her to the seaside, to teach her how to swim, and every time I ducked her head she said I touched her quim.

i wish I was a diamond ring upon my lulu's hand, everytime she wiped her ass I'd see the promised land.

i wish I was a pisspot under lulu's bed, every time she had a piss I'd see her maiden head.

lulu's lived in new york, lulu's lived in france, lulu likes the high old life, she likes to bedroom dance.

i learned this song while in basic training, recruit training at fort bragg, n. c.

, in 66,67.

other verses came in from ian macdonald who sang it in 805 squadron in korea, it was also sung in wwi, ww, and I am sure that there are still verses to be collected;

'filler' verses were used with this song, to make it appropriate for any occasion.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\beautiful dreamer parodies.txt

beautiful dreamer, lash up and stow,
 beautiful dreamer, lash up and stow, cooks to the galley and stokers below when
 under punishment or stoppage of pay muster at 'c' block and form into z' s
 they say that the navy's a wonderful place but the organization's a fucking disgrace
 beautiful dreamer lash up and stow, cook's to the galley and stokers below cooks to
 the galley and stokers below.
 darky edwards learned this song when he was in the navy during the korean war.
 the second verse of theis song is a 'filler' verse, and is also used in the songs
 buna, puckapunyal, bien hoa aitrstrip, etc the following fragment is all I could
 remember of a song that was sung by paratroops from wwii to thepresent.
 darky also 'knew' the song, but couldn't rememberthe words.
 beautiful streamen, open for me cear sky above me and no canopy.
 counted 5000, no 'chute idi I see beautiful streamer, open for me.
 a 'streamer',
 a 'cigarette roll' is a parachute that doesn't deploy properly, and instantly goes
 into a shape that looks like a poorly hand rolled cigarette, or a paper streamer
 being thrown.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\browned off.txt

browned off
 browned off
 i usedto be a civvie chap, as decent as could be;
 always thought a working lad had a man's right to be free;
 but then one day they came and made a soldier out of me, and told me it was all to
 save democracy--
 chorus
 and I was browned off, browned off,browned off as can be, browned off, browned off,
 an easy fool that's me;
 but when this war is over and once more I'm free there's no more trips around the
 world for me!
 they put me in a convict suit, they made me cut me hair;
 took away me civvie shoes, gave me another pair;
 instead of food they gave us slush, and plenty of fresh air;
 and told me it was all to save democracy--
 each day we' re out on parade, long before the dawn;
 and every day I curse the day that ever I was born;
 I'm just a browned off soldier, as you can plainly see;
 they browned me off to help them save democracy--
 well, the colonel kicks the captain, then the captain has a go;
 the captain kicks the sgt, who kicks other nco's and as the kick get harder the
 poor private you may see;
 gets kicked to bloody hell to save democracy--

verses 1,2,4 came from simon campell,
of turramurra sydney, and brad tate of the channons, nsw.

verse 3 came from lionel o' keefe, of liston, qld.

brad tate says this song was written at the end of last century, just after the
spanish-american war, by the iww founder, joe hill, in conjunction with a us sailor;
it is sung to a tune variant, not here included.

from the first world war on, this is the song that was sung, and the tune used --i
have no idea how the song came to australia, and identified as an australian
soldiers song, unless it came to the australian services during the boxer rebellion
in china, or was adapted and adopted by australian army from 1917 onwards.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\charlotte the harlot.txt

charlotte the harlot lay dying, pisspot supporting her head
charlotte the harlot lay dying, pisspot supporting her head as she lay there dying
she rolled on her left tit and said

this fragment was collected from dave vogel- I'm sure there weill be more to follow.
this song, of course, is a parody of the dying stockman, aviator, swaggie et al.
dave learned it in recruit training at kapooka, nsw, from wwii vets, and sang it in
vietnam.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\cheo reo tower.txt

now cheo reo (itazuki) tower this is huey (mustang, etc) 2-0-1
now cheo reo (itazuki) tower this is huey (mustang, etc) 2-0-1 I'm turning on my
downwind, mu rotors on the bum;
my engine's overheated, the guage reads 1-2-1 you'd better call the crash crew out,
and get them on the run!
chorus doo do do do do, doo do do do, doo do do do do do
now listen huey 2-0-1-, this is cheo reo tower, we'd like to call the crash crew
out, but it is their coffee hour;
so hang on to your airplane, don't let it get away we' 'll have somebody out there,
before the close of day.
cheo reo tower now cheo reo tower, this is huey 2-0-1 I'm turning on my final, I'm

running on one lung my wife and kids' ll miss me, if you don't help me soon I'm
sinking fast on final, I'm goin'to my doom!
now listen huey 2-0-1, this is cheo reo tower;
we'd like to call the crash crew out, but we haven't got the power;
we' ll send a note through channels, it shouldn't take too long the last took only
three days, so keep on hangin' on!
now, cheo reo tower, this is huey 2-0-1 I'm comin' down too fast to stop, my flyin'
days are done;
I see the runway coming up, it's gonna hit me fast! so kiss my wife and kids, and
hang the wind sonck at half mast!

this song had its origins, as far as I can see, during the occupation of japan, post
wwii, was sung during the korean war, and vietnam, and was sung in any allied flying
service.

liek the army hq series of songs, this highlights the beauracracy found in some
service personnel--although it is rare.

some versions of this song continue with the pilot, as an angel, continuing the
conversation with the tower.

the tune is wabash cannonball, and this song also came from the tub mathieson tape
from 161 recce flight of an american helicopter aviation group singing at their cub
in vietnam, undated.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\cleaqn latrine.txt

when we begin the beguine, it brings back the sound of music so tender

when we begin the beguine, it brings back the sound of music so tender it brings
back the night of tropical splendour;

it brings back the memory evergreen

my job is to clean an army latrine, I'm the man with the plan of the pan that
everyone uses the paper's ok, on both sides the news is to read when you dream in my
latrine.

i scrub it all day at 4 in the morning, and keepit snow white, just as you expect
it;

and when it gets high I just didinfect it, remarkably clean is my latrine
i scrub it all day and I scrub it all night, my cobbercomes in and polishes the
chain;

there we are scrubbing together and wondring if we' ll ever get out the stains.

what rapture we've seen, what moments of bliss when crowds come along and we know
our efforts are wasted they just let it go,don't carewhere they place it they
don'thave toclean the latrine.

oh they won't keep it clean, that bloody latrine' though I make slots for the clots
who take shots in different directions.

though i've sand papered the seats so each can establish connections but I stillstand aloof, they can't hit the roof, it' sthe only place clean in my latrine. if a man is a freak and must leak like a creek, the seats not complete lessit's all covered in paper when it' swet like an arrtists palette, keeping dry is the caper but I still stand aloof they can't hit the roof, it's the only pace clean in my latrine.

this song was recorded for me by brian ritchie, a neighbour, and darky edwards. both learned it during the korean war.

brians version is for an air force latrine--both say they learned it from wwii vets.

there are 2 last verses, the first one, the second to last verse is brians, the 'last' last verse is darky' s.

darkys version was more 'complete' than brians.

both said, or sang the tune as a 4 part song.

because of hearing loss, while I culdhear the differences in the parts, it was hard to 'learn'them for transcribing, the originaltapes can be heard at the war memorial, or it can perhaps be purchasedas part of 30's music anthologies.

darky sang this song during a 'sod's opera' aboard the hmas sydney on the way to rvn in 1965.

---this song has had a long 'service life',
of at least 3 wars.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\colonel bogey.txt

hitler, has only got one ball
hitler, has only got one ball
goering, has 2 but very small
himmler, has something similar
but goebbels, has no balls, at all
--repeat ad infinitum, or progress to next version

bollocks and the same to you
bollocks, they make a damn fine stew
bollocks, they give us bollocks,
they'll also give bollocks to you

bullshit, was all the band could play,
bullshit, they played it night and day
bullshit, they feed us bullshit
they feed us bullshit, then send us away-----

the first two versions are from kit denton, who sang them in the bristish paratroops in wwii, and the last version is from bob deacon, from wollar, nsw, who sang all the above versions--and he said there are more he can't remember, when serving with 5 bn an its' first tour to rvn.

kit denton said that this tune was used in wwi

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\deutschland.txt

deutschland deutschland
deutschland deutschland deutschland, deutschland uber alles, in the sandhills of
tobruk.
caught a jerry, acting wary;
thought I'd go and have alook;
he was sitting, pants down shitting;
in the sand amongst the grass.
pulled a trifle, on my rifle aimed and shot the bastard in the ass.
ex darky edwards, who learned it from wwii diggers, and sang it in korea and
vietnam.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\dinki-di korea.txt

dinki-di, korea
dinki-di, korea
a digger in tokyo on 7 days leave when a fucking great mp said 'pardon me please.'
there's mud on your tunic and blood on your sleeve, I'll just have to cancel your 7
days leave.
chorus
dinki di, dinki di, I just tell the truth can't be bothered to lie
provost oh provost you are a disgrace;
i've just come from korea, a hell of a place;
where whizz bangs are flying and comforts are few;
and brave men are dying for bastards like you.
we' re shelled on the left and we' re she;
lled on the right;
we' re shelled in the day and we' re shelled in the night.
if something don't happen, and that pretty soon, there' ll be nobody left in the
bloody platoon.
when mothers have babies they have them with ease;
when whores have abortions they call the mps.
you' ll say as you like and you' ll do as you please, you' re all fucking bastards,

you fucking mps

darky edwards of woodbridge qld sang this song in both korea and vietnam, and learned it from wwii veterans.

depending on how many ales he's had, weather conditions, and other unknown variables, darky sings it pretty much differently every time I hear him sing it!

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\discharge song.txt

discharge song

discharge song

oh give me a home awhere no army can roam, where no brasshats or provos can stay;
where there's no dress parades, and no more air raids, and noadjutants to forfeit
your pay.

oh give me some land, where I know I can stand;
where I won't be annoyed by those stripes;
no more waiting in queues where they fill me with stews;
and rice puddings that give me the gripes.

now i've found that home, where no army's can roam;
bully beef is a thing of the past! though the atmosphere's hot, in the place that
i've got, I'm out of the army at last!
show me a home, where the buffalo roam, and I'll show you a dirty house!

i have thissong in my note book of transcribed songs as from hugh anderson of
ascotvale, vic, a wwii vet.

.
since I haven't done a field trip to vic yet, this must be one of the songs
collected by brad tate in the 70' s.

I remember a slightly different version of this song being sung in vietnam, with
the addition of the last 2 linesat the end, sometimes spoken, sometimes sung.

since there weren't many wwii veterans in the service with me, it must have also
been sung in korea, and passed on by those vets

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\do your balls.txt

do your ears (balls) hang low

do your ears (balls) hang low do your balls hang low, do they wobble to and fro?

can you tie them in a knot, can you tie them in a bow?
can you throw them o' er your shoulder like a regimental (continental)soldier?
do your balls hang low?

this song has certainly been around from the boer war, and probably a fair bit longer.

one of a series of songs that are sung with hand, arm and body gestures and movement.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\dying aviator.txt

dying aviator

dying aviator a poor aviator lay dying, at the end of a bright summers day;
his comrades were gathered round him to carry his fragments away.

chorus

take the manifold out of my larnyx, take the cylinders out of my brain;
take the piston rods out of my kidneys and assemble the engine again.

.

oh, his bird was piled on his wishbone, and the engine was wrapped round his head;
he wore a spark plug on each elbow;
twas plain he would shortly be dead.

oh he spit out a valve and a gasket as he stirred in the sunp where he lay;
and to his sorrowing comrades these brave parting words he did say.

I'll be riding a cloud in the morning with no [merlin] before me to curse;
so come along and get busy, another lad will soon need the hearse!

with rusted 50's and dud rockets with pilots as old as they seem;
we fly these worn out old mustangs against the mig 15.

forgotten by the country that bore us;

betrayed by the ones we hold dear;

the good have all gone before us;

and only the dull are still here.

so stand to your glasses steady.

for the world isfull of lies;

quaff a cup to the dead already, and one to the next man to die

i collected this song from brad tate of the channons, near lismore nsw, who doesn't remember where he learned it, singing the dying stockman tune, jimmy duffy, of stanthope,

qld sang the song to the 'next man to die 'tune, which he learned from british aviators, after wwi.

the korean war verses came from alan lomax' the folk songs of north america', who said he learned it from peggy seeger.

while the dying stockman tune is more frequently heard now, I suspect that during

wwi,

at least, the 'next man to die' version was more prevalent-- many of the printed texts to the song that are found, even if they appear with the 'stockman' tune, scan with the 'die' tune rather than the 'stockman' I suspect the second last verse comes from the Korean war, as that was the only war, up til that time where service men and women were serving without the full support of those 'back home', and thus the resentment voiced in the song.

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Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\fiddlers green.txt

halfway cross the sky to hell there's a shady meadow green,
halfway cross the sky to hell there's a shady meadow green, where the souls of all
dead airborne troops camp by a clear cool stream;
and this eternal resting place is known as fiddlers green.
marching past straight through to hell some soldiers can be seen;
accompanied by old satan, with his feiry eyes a gleam;
for none but the gallant paratroops can camp on fiddlers green.
though some go coursing cross the sky to seek a warmer scene, no trooper ever gets
to hell ere he's emptied his canteen;
and thus comes back to drink again with friends on fiddlers green.
and so when man and 'chute go down in a raging fire so keen, or in a roaring ambush
you stop a bullet clean when the enemy comes to help you die, just empty your
canteen, and put your rifle to your head, drink with mates on fiddlers green--
and have no fear, for your next stop: drink with mates on fiddlers green.

another of the songs sent by ray chapman of brisbane.

in the earliest, and only version of this song that i've seen, dating from the
indian wars in the us, and especially the cavalry: the last verse--when the savages
come to take your scalp.

, in the version my grandfather sang in the cuban campaign, and during the
philippine insurrection--when the spaniards (moros) come to cut off your balls, just
empty your campaign.

I last heard my grandfather sing this song in 1958, the year he died, when I was 11.
the only words that stuck in my mind were those written above.

that was over 40 years ago now, and from that vantage point I can't remember how
long before he died that I heard him singing fiddlers green, but I have no doubt
that my grandfather, sgt.

edward harrison kauffman, like myself, had no doubt that he was heading for fiddlers
green, and drinks with his mates.

"and when my time comes, as come it must, and I will leave this place"--I'll sit
down by that clear coll stream with my grandfather, great-grandfather, and father,

and my mates who have gone before, and have a few songs over a cool beer.
declan--are merchant seamen there, too, mate?

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\freee beer.txt

we' ll take allour corporals and make themstand our guard x 3
we' ll take allour corporals and make themstand our guard x 3 when the red
revolution starts
chorus;
free beer for all the nashos x 3, when the red revolution starts
we' ll take all the sgts and we' ll march them round the ring x 3
we' ll get all the officers and make them clean our boots
our sgt major needs a bayonet up the ass.
the last verse was recorded by paul pulis of kurramine beach, qld who sang it in rvn
while serving on 1 bn's 1st tour.
the bulk of the song was sung by brian ritchie of wollar, nsw, who learned it while
in the air force during the korean war --brian said that when their officers heard
them singing this song,
they approached the airmen and suggested that since they were engaged in a war
against the communists perhaps they might change 'red' revolution to 'great'
revolution' ---they did!.
paul said he didn't remember any of the rest of the song, not even the chorus.
I have not recorded this from any other vietnam veteran sing this song, but I
suspect I'll record other vietnam veterans singing a more complete version than
pauls.
m the song is a parody of john browns body and free beer for the wharfies.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\ghost army of korea.txt

ghost army of korea
ghost army of korea
just below the manchurian border, korea's the name of the spot, we' re due to be
spending our time here, inthe land that god forgot.
down with the snakes and the lizards, down where the swaddie is blue right inthe
middle of nowhere, and thousands ofmilesfromyou,
we sweat,we freeze and we shiver, it's more than a man can bear, we' re not a bunch
of convicts, we' re only doingour share,
living with photos and memories, dreaming sometimes of our gals hoping that while
we' re away, they have not married our pals.

few people know what we' re doing, and few people give a damn, although we are
almost forgotten, we belong to the khaki clan
we are the soldiers of the army, earning our measly pay, guarding over the
millionaires, for 4 lousy shillings a day

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\glorious.txt

glorious/blighty leave
glorious/blighty leave instead of taking blighty leave, I went to gay paree, there I
met this madamoiselle who took me on a spree.
she wore the very best of clothes, and dainty little shoes.
where she got the money from, only god would know!
chorus glorious, victorious one bottle (keg) of beer between th 4 of us.
praise be to god there are no more of us;
for one of us could drink it all alone.
she wears her silk pajamas in the summer when it's hot;
she wears her flannel nightie in the winter when its not;
and sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall;
she jumps between the sheets with nothing on at all.
drunk last night, drunk the night before, gonna get drunk tonight like we never got
drunk before;
for when we are drunk, we are drunk as we can be, for we are members of the 'slosh'
family.
now I'll say a little prayer, and pray for more beer;
glorious, glorious, fills ya up with cheer.
and if we should have one beer, may we also have 10 may we have the whole damn
brewery, said the regiment 'amen'.
bombed last night, bombed the night before, gonna get bombed tonight like we never
got bombed before.
and when we are bombed, we' re as scared as we can be, they can bomb the whole damn
army, long as they don't bomb me.
alt chor
they' re over us, they' re over us, one llittle cave for the 4 of us.
glory be to god there are no more of us, for sure they'd bomb the whole damn lot.
gassed last night, gassed the night before, gonna be gassed tonight like we never
been gassed before.
and when we' re gassed, we' re as sick as we can be, for phosgene and mustard gas
are much too much for me
alt chor
thje y re warning us, they' re warning us, one respirator for the 4 of us.
thank god that 3 of us can run, so one of us can use it all alone.

this is a compilation version of all the verses i've collected, recovered, and
remembered.

sources include brad tate, tape of col mcjannett and les cleveland recorded by brad tate in 1970, and verses I remember.

somewhere in my memory there are at least 3 more verses that I can't at the moment remember;

it can be seen that some of the verses are from the song 'a soldier and a sailor, which I haven't included in this collection as it is well known and still sung in folk music sessions.

it was sung from wwi to at least vietnam--i can't at this stage confirm if it currently being sung --though I wouldn't be surprised!

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\good old beer.txt

good 'ol beer

good 'ol beer chorus

rolling home (rolloing home) rolling home (rolling home) by the light of the silvery moo-oo-oo-oon happy is the man, when he hasn't got a wife, (happy is the day, when we line up for our pay) and he's rollin, rolin, rollin ,rollin home.

here's to good ol beer, knock it down, knock it down, here's to good ol beer, knock it down;

here's to good ol beer, it makes you feel so queer;

here's to good ol beer, knock it down.

here's to good ol whiskey----- it makes you feel so frisky---

here's to good ol gin--- it helps to make you sin--

good drambui makes you feel so spewy

from the singing of col mcjannett on a tape recorded by brad tate in 1970--a

'shortened version, I feel, of the song 'i've got sixpence',

but changing the point of the song from the spending/expenses, to spending the lot on alcoholic beverages! some of the verses are from the tape--the first 2, the rest are from my youth, singing sessions with dave alexnder,

asher skowronek, and others--verses limited only by the singers creativity, and the audiences enthusiasm--verses, oof course, we' re personalised by the characteristic drinking habits and customs of individual s in the 'audience.

sung from at least the boer war through to vietnam--I'll try it out on a current military audience to see if it is currently sung.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\greenbank girls.txt

we are from greenbank, good girls are we,
 we are from greenbank, good girls are we, we always protect our virginity
 chorus
 diddly up, diddly up, 2 fingers up our cunt.
 our headmaster, he's a bloody fool;
 our headmaster has a teeny weeny tool.
 he peeps through the keyhole at little girly wee holes for we are the greenbank
 girls.
 our headmistress, her name is jane, she only ikes it now and again-- and again, and
 again and again
 we are from australia, good troops are we;
 we love to fight the fucking enemy.
 we' ll kill them, we' ll rape 'em, we' ll rip 'em up the ass for we are the 1 rar
 boys.
 our sgt major, he's a bloody fool;
 our sgt major has a teeny weeny tool.
 he peeps through the diggers toilet at night, he thinks he's seen a wonderful
 sight.
 little he know just what he has said--
 we' re here to fight the enemy day and night we never surrender, we love a bloody
 fight-- ----- recorded from dave vogel of old grevillea,
 nsw, who learned it from wwii vets, and sang it prior to and during vietnam war.
 there were many extra verses.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\gremlin song.txt

this is the song of the gremlins,as told by the p
 this is the song of the gremlins,as told by the p.
 r.
 u.
 , believed by the few, not many, but neverthe less, it is true.
 when you' re 7 miles up in the heavens, it is sucha lovely spot, it's the 17 degrees
 below zero, that isn,t so bloody well hot.
 when you' re flying you will see gremlins, green, gamboge, and gld;
 gremlins, male,female, and neuter, gremlins both young and old.
 they' ll bang and they' ll abash and they' ll batter, they' ll bite through your
 aerilon wiresl then as you orbit to pancake, they' ll stick hot toasting irons in
 your tyres.
 it is then that you' ll see all the gremlins will muddle up all of your maps, the
 spherical, middle aged gremlins will spin on your stick like a top.
 now that was the song of the gremlins as told by the pru, believed by thefew, not

many, but nevertheless it is true.

this song was collected in the 1970's by don brian from john short of wagga wagga, nsw, who served with 76 squadron in new guinea.

john presented the songs to don as typed manuscripts.

the song was a bit confused when I got it--verse 3 here was originally verse 2, the first line of which was missing, so I added the line, and the first line of verse 5 was missing as well, so I added that line.

the tune is 'the next man to die', which was sung in the services, to my knowledge, prior to wwi, where the tune seems to have been appropriated by the royal flying corps, and the fledgling raaf, and american flying corps, who used the tune for 'the dying aviator', up to and including the korean war, a parody of the dying stockman family of songs, as well as the tune being used for 'new' songs, like this one.

---also see my boer war or wwi collection of songs for the original song, the last verse/chorus of which is used, thought to a different tune, in paratroopers red river valley, sung from wwii- vietnam at least.

pru= public relations unit.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\grouching grouching grouching.txt

grouching, grouching, grouching, always bloody well grouching,
grouching, grouching, grouching, always bloody well grouching, roll on till my time is up
and I shall grouse no more--
raining, raining, raining, always bloody well raining, raining all the morning, and
all the bloody night--
marching, marching, marching, always bloody well marching, roll on till my time is up
and I shall march no more.
crook food
fighting--incoming

part of this version comes from partridge and brophy, part from memory--this song has endless verses--don't actually remember how we finished it off, other than with laughter.

we could only sing when times got quiet--we never left the field--even when we were shat off and shat on, this song always relieved the tension, and it undoubtedly still does! it originated in wwi and continued at least through vietnam.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\hey hosaid rollie.txt

hey ho
hey ho! said rollie chorus is in italics
a is for arsehole all covered in shit hey ho!, said rollie b for the bugger who
revels in it hey ho, gammon and spinach, hey ho said anthony rollie c is for cunt,
all slimy with piss, hey ho said rollie.
d is the drunkard who gives it a kiss, singin hey ho, gammon and spinach, hey ho
said anthony rollie!
e for the eunuch with only one ball singin: f for the fucker with no balls at all
singin--
g for gonorrhea, goitre and gore singin h for the harlot who fucks when she's sore
singin--
i for injection for clap pox or syph, singin-- j is the jump of the bastard up bitch
singin--
k is the king who shat on the floor singin-- l is the lecherous, licentious whore,
singin--
m is the maiden all tattered and torn, singin-- n is the noble who gave her his
horn, singin--
o is the orifice tall, deep, and wide, singin
p is the penis all peeled down one side singin
q is for quaker who shat on his hat singin r is the roger who rogered the cat,
singin
s is the shithouse that's filled to the brim singin t is the turd that is floating
therein singin
u is the usher at a virgin girls school singin v is the virgin who played with his
tool singin
w is the whore who thought fucking a farce singin x, y, z, you can stick up your
arse, singin--

i recorded darky edwards singin a fragment of this song, which he learned in the
navy during the korean war;
he also sang it in vietnam.

I heard snowy wilson sing further fragments of this song which he said was sung
during the korean war and vietnam.

pilot ian macdonald learned this song, and sent a complete version which he learned
during the korean war from wwii veterans, so it was sung by both the army and navy,
at least, during wwii, korea, and vietnam wars.

brad tate informs me that in the '50's burl ives use4d this tune for a version of
the 'frog went a-courtin' song, and another tune to add to ron edwards collection of
tunes to 'the alphabet' songs.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\i dont want.txt

chorus

chorus

i don't want your millions mister, I don't want your diamond ring, all I want
is the right to live mister, give me back my job again.

i don't want your rolls-royce, mister, I don't want your pleasure yacht, all I want is
food for my baby, give to me my old job back.

we worked to build this country mister, while you enjoyed a life of ease.

you've stolen all we built mister, now our children starve and freeze.

think dumb if you wish mister, think me blue or green or red.

the thing I sure know mister, starving children must be fed.

one of the few anti-war songs from wwii.

it was written and used by the communist party, america until pearl harbour.

the country and western stand-by, 'silver threads and golden needles is, of course,
a parody of this song--i wonder if the cpa collects royalties?

?

?

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\im a provo.txt

I'm a provo,

I'm a provo, I'm a provo on the gate

I'm a provo,

I'm a provo, I'm a provo on the gate.

checking passes, kicking asses, if you should come in late.

provo bastard, provo bastard, may bad luck follow you, may crabs as big as lobsters

bite your balls red, black, and blue,

when your old and good for nothing and a homeless bloody wreck, may you fall back

through your asshole and break your fucking neck

I'm an ankle, I'm an ankle, been an ankle all me life, but I'd rather be an ankle,
than a heel----

brad tate recorded this song for me, which he learned from a wwii veteran;

I just heard darky edwards sing the song at south grafton, 13 mar, 1998 at a 173rd
reunion, so it was obviously sung during the vietnam war as well.

this song is based around the poem credited to henry lawson, 'the bastard from the
bush',

put to the tune of 'my darling clementine'.

the second song was on a tape my father in law sent me from perth of songs from
changi prison, sung by former prisoners.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\in mobile 3.txt

in mobile (additions)

in mobile (additions)

the c.

o.

is a bugger in mobile x 3 and the adjutant is another, so they bugger one another in mobile

there's a shortage of good whores in mobile x 3 but there's keyholes in the doors, and there's knotholes in the floors, in--

there's a blockage in the bogs in mobile x 3 it's a habit of the working class, when they've finished with their glasses, they just stuff them up their asses in mobile

the old dun cow is dead in mobile x 3, but the children must be fed, so we milk the bull instead in ---

oh the parson ne has come in mobile x 3 with his words of kingdom come, he can stuff them up his bum, in --

there's no shortage of good beer in mobile x 3

and they give us damn good cheer, oh thank god that we are here in ---

there's a lovely girl called Dinah in mobile x 3 for a fuck there is no finer cause she's got the best vagina in --

there's a tavern in the town in mobile x 3 where for half a fucking crown you can get a bit of brown in --

oh the girls all wear tin pants in mobile x 3 but they take them off to dance just to give the boys a chance in --

ian macdonald sent these additional verses to in mobile that was originally recorded from the singing of kit denton.

the song was sung in both wwii and korea reports ian macdonald of 508 sqn.

verses were added as in 'quartermaster store' to chack men you served with ie bruce he is a goose in mobile x 3 brucie is a goose, you can't let him on the loose, for the clothes he wears are puce in--

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\ive got sixpence.txt

i've got sixpence

i've got sixpence i've got sixpence, jolly, jolly, sixpence i've got sixpence to

last me all my life;

i've got tuppence to spend and tuppence to lend, and tuppence to send up to my wife, poor wife.

no cares have I to grieve me, no pretty little wife to deceive me;

I'm happy as a (the) king, believe me;

as we go rolling, rolling home,(rolling home)

rolling home, (rolling home) rolling home, (rolling home) by the light of the silvery moo-oo-oo-oon happy all the day as we line up for our pay, as we go rolling rolling home.

i've got 4 pence tuppence to spend, tuppence to lend, no pence to send up to my wife----

i've got tuppence tuppence to spend, no pence to lend and--

i've got no pence, jolly, jolly no pence

i've known this song, and heard vets sing it for as long as I remember.

it goes back at least to the boer war, and was sung during the vietnam war.

it's now hard to trace how far back this song does go, but I suspect it pre-dates the boer war.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\jumping through.txt

chorus

chorus

jumpng through the hole, jumping through the hole always keep your trousers clean when jumping through the hole.

when first I went to pts, my co he advised, take lots and lots of underwear you' ll need it I surmise.

I stood right up and said sir, whatever may befall I'll always keep my trousers clean when jumping through the hole.

iwent ito the hangers, instructors by my side and at 'king kelly' s' circus had a grand and glorious ride.

on these ingenious gadgets you will learn to fall and learn to keep your trousers clean when jumping through the hole.

he swung me in the swing, me boys, he swung me in the chute he showed me the high aperture, I thought it rather cute.

he said this apparatus, will teach you one and all to centralise your cfg, when jumping---

wesawthe georgeous ---?

sheets, with camouflagies on I heaqrd the warrant officer shoot such a lovely line.

this lovely bit of stuff lads, he said, upon my very soul is sweeter than your sweetheart when you' re jum-----

one morning very early, cold and damp and dark they took me in a so calledbus out to tutton park in keeping with the weather I said to one and all I take a dim and misty

view of jum-----

they fitted me with parachute and helmet for my head the sgtr looked with expert eye, it fits you fine he said I'll introduce you now to bessie, it's what we call the balloon in which you will be soon, jump-----

ok up 600, haul he r up said he al for the drop, all for the drop, and 1 of them was me! so clinging very tightly to the handles on the floor I cursed the day I volunteered for jump-----

he told a funny story, I couldn't see the joke in fact I really thought he was a most unsympathetic bloke.

first he shouted 'action stations',

then he shouted 'go!' I simply couldn't stop myself from jum-----

i hit the sack, I rang the bell, I twisted 20 times then my feet entangled in the rigging lines 'now if you get a 'candle',

don't scream or make a sound cross your wings and neatly drill your grave down in the ground!

another of darky edwards vast repertoire of songs.

in the early days of military parachuting -up to the late '50' s-the first jump was from a tethered balloon.

kit denton also told some harrowing tales of his first jumps.

when I went through training,

my first 'drop' was with a deployed parachute, and myself, hoisted to the top of a 250 ft tower and dropped.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\just before the battle.txt

just before the battle mother

just before the battle mother just before the battle, mother, I am thinking most of you, while upon the field we' re watching, with the enemy in view, comrades, barve, around me lying, filled with thoughts of home and god;

for well they know that on the morrow some will sleep beneath the sod.

chorus

farewell mother, you may never, press me to your heart again;

but, oh, you' ll not forget me mother, if I'm numbered 'mongst the slain.

oh, I long to see you, mother, and the loving ones at home;

but I'll never leave our banner till in honour I can come;

tell the traitors all around you that their cruel words we know;

in every battle kill our soldiers by the help they give the foe

hark! I hear the bugles sounding;

tis the signal for the fight;

now may god protect me mother as he ever does the right;

hear 'the battle cry of freedom' how it swells upon the air;

oh yes, we' ll 'rally round the standard' or we' ll perish nobly there.

just before the battle, mama, I am sneaking back to you! for the mortars rattle
mother, makes me feel almighty blue.

I am not so fond of dying as my comrades seem to be.

just before the battle mother
so from d.

c round mai rani I am sneaking back to thee.

chorus

mama can you here the hissing of those bullets as they play;

I may be counted 'mongst the missing, but never, never, with the slain!

well, I regret that I resisted your entreating long ago;

I was foolish when I enlisted but I am not so stupid now!when I'm back again dear
mama, from thy side I'll never roam;

I will fight my baby brother, in tranquillity at home!

the words of the original second verse, first sung in the american civil war, as was
the parody, were just as true during the vietnam war--and today, as they were 140
years ago.

again, not all songs were sung, or even known, to all the soldiery;

in fact, the opposite is morelikely true--most songs, in any war, are known and
sung by only a small percentage of the soldiers, in any war.

there has always been, and I have no doubt, will continue to be an interchange of
songs between opposing armies;

good melodies and story lines suitable for field service are hard to find! I
recovered this song from tub mathiesons tape of the us 174th aviation compny singing
at 161 recce flight's club in vietnam, undated.

while few soldiers these days desert, leave the service without discharge or
permission, they certainly do discuss the benefits of home to field service, and on
return from' active service',

few vets have any desire for confrontation at all, let alone with baby brother'.

this song parodies all the feelings of the active service personnel.

yes, even the fear;

fear is felt so strongly that even during the vietnam war most wounded soldiers
were also found to be suffering from malnutrition--not due to lack of food, but the
inability to eat through tension;

through the fear that eating-or 'servicing' other body functions, makes the soldier
vulnerable to attack.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\mersuh matruh.txt

mersuh matruh

mersuh matruh I'm a lousy, greasy gunner, in the infantry I am, ia've got a little
dugout in matruh;

and the flies they crawl around me as ?

i nestle down at night in my flea bound, bug bound dugout in matruh
chorus
where the window is of netting, and the door is 4x2 and the sandbags let the howling
wind on through;
I can hear those bloody eyeties as they circle round at night in my flea bound bug
bound dugout in matruh.
where the floor is littered round with bully adn burgoo;
and the marmalade and jam we never see.
we' re a happy little band in this awful land of sand in my-----
there's messerschmidt's and stukas flying all around;
of hurricans and spitfires, very few;
when tjhe bombs and shells start flyin, that's where you' ll find me lyin in
my-----

I'm just a greasy gunner, from 1-6-1 I am and i've a litle dugout in vietnam;
but the boys they take no notice as they nestle down to rest in that flea bound,
bug bound dugout in vietnam.
chorus where the window is of netting, and the door is 4x2 and the sandbags let the
howling wind on through;
but the boys they take no notice as they nestle down to sleep in that-----
i wish I had a maori girl (sheila) to sit upon my knee to give me all the comforts I
have lost but the-----
the colonel and the captain are stuffing us around sarge, he says the bombs are
every where--
they' re firing h & I at charlie all night long victor comp' ny's (the herd) got
them on the run--
a contribution, again, from les cleveland-wwii version on the tape ex brad tate,
vietnam version from les cleveland's book 'dark laughter.'
since this song was sung in the army fom wwii and korrea, it was undoubtedly sung
in korea as well: ie 'little dugout in korea',
rather than vietnam the same verses could be used from both songs, with only minor
changes.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\movin on.txt

movin on
movin on
ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, if the grog don't get ya then the provos must--
chorus
I'm movin on, and I won't be long, sittin here lost, like a shag on a post, and I'm
movin on.
here comes mama-san down the track, baby on her back and her tits swingin
slack--chorus

there was an aussie lyin inthe grass, playin burb gun boogie on the commies
(colonels) ass--chorus
i wet down to the cellar to get a cider, saw a bullant shaggin a red back spider
the old camp dog was doin fine, till I dropped his nuts in turpentine
here comes 1 rar down the track, here comes2 rar pickin up medals in the back

see that mama-san come down the track with a little aussie bastard on her back
chorus
were gettin to close to a shaggin outpost, and we' re movin on
here come the kiwis over the top, piackin up medals that the aussies drop.

it's not so long since we left japan, our destination it was pusan
chorus we' re movin on, we' ll soon be gone they were gettin too close to our
listening post, so we' re movin on.
here the pit pit patter of little feet, it's the first cav div in full retreat chor
there's only two men that I can't stand, that's a north korean and a chinaman
it's ashes to ashes and dust to dust, if the chows don't get ya then the kiwis
must--
oh, the kiwi army's doin fine, way down south on the kansas line--
see the mig's in a power dive, blastin the shit outta 335

see the chinkies comin up 335, see the yanks pullin out in overdrive--
see the kiwi guns pointin in the air, the kiwi gunners, well they' re no there, chor
they' re--
se the chinese comin over the ridge, headin like hell for the pintail bridge--
ashes to ashes and dust to dust if the chinks don't get ya then the asahi must

see that old leave train comin down the track, aussie in the front and a yank in the
back
chorus
I'm movin on, but I'll soon be gone, I'd like to stay but the mp's say, keep movin
on.
i hada girl in old seoul, she kept treatin me like a fool--
never heard that bastard synghman rhee, say a word of thanks to me
i got a letter from my home sayin my girls found another man--
i had a girl, and she was willin, now I'm takin penecillin--

shag = cormorant asahi, japanesebbrand of beer.
this song was written and recorded by canadian country singer hank snow in 1949, and
is still being sung and recorded, by john laws the radio talk show host.

it was sung in vietnam as well as korea, where it first appeared as a soldier song.
I recorded my version from hank snow, sgt, and well known personlality of 1 bn on
it's first tour of rvn, 65-66.

he learned the song while serving in malaysia with 3 bn in 1954, right after the
korean war.

brian bird, ex 1 bn malaysia, 61-62, sang basically the same version as hank, but
substituted 'colonel' for 'commie'.

folklorist brad tate supplied the second version, and the third was reported by
warren fahey in his 'diggers songs.

the last version was found in roy palmere book soldier songs of the british army,

boer war to present.

I think the version reported by warren is probably the original, hank probably misrecognised adjective 'shaggin' for noun 'shag--on a'.

this is perhaps the most widely sung and known of the songs from the korean war, and I'm sure that there are many verses yet to be collected from both korea and vietnam.

if you choose to sing the song, hanks version shows that the use of 'filler' verses is appropriate.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\mr codfish.txt

mr

mr.

codfish good morning mr codfish, good morning mr sole, I tried to fuck your daughter, but could not find her hole.

at last I found her hole sir, just beneath her hand but give me all the world sir, I could not get a stand;

at last I got a stand sir, it was long and thin, but give me all the world sir I couldn't get it in.

at last I got it in sir, and waggled it about, but give me all the world sir, I couldn't get it out.

at last I got it out sir all spunky red and sore;

but give me all the world sir, I'll fuck the girl no more.

oh yes i've learned my lesson, that women are no good, so give me all the world sir, I'll pull my fuckin pud -----

this song was sent by ian macdonald, 805 sqn, ran, and sung during wwii and korea.

I also heard this song sung at mudgee soldiers club anzac day '98 by vietnam veterans.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\my kind of harlot.txt

she's a great big harlot, twice the size of me

she's a great big harlot, twice the size of me she's got hairs around her skinny like the branches of a tree;

she can read and write, fuck, fight, wheel a barrow, ride a bike and that's the kind of harlot, that wants to marry me.

down in the cellar beside the apple cider I saw a cockroach suckin on a spider

i saw 2 monkeys sittin on a fence;
shaggin each other with a monkey wrench.

from dave vogel, sung in vietnam and learned from wwii vets.

in the fragments of the last 2 verses dave began singing for the lost frags 'i will
if you will, so will i, but he said that wasn't how the songs went, and that he
forgot the words.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\never mind.txt

if you' re happy and you know it clap your hands
if you' re happy and you know it clap your hands "" "" "" " " 'if you' re happy, and
you know it,
then you really ought to show it "" " " ",
clap your hands
if the sergeant steals your rum, never mind repeat, though he's just a bloody sot,
let him drink the whole damn lo it the sergeant -----
if old jerry shells your trench, never mind repeat though the bloody sandbags fly,
you have only once to die if old ----
if the captain stops your leave, never mind repeat though you've been 2 years away,
it is just another day--
if you get stuck on the wire- with the light as bright as day, when ya die they' ll
stop your pay--
though your heart may ache awhile, never mind;
though your face may lose it's smile never mind;
for there's sunshine after rain, and then gladness afterpain, you' ll be happy once
again, never mind if the sergeant says you' re mad, never mind;
p' raps you are a little bit, never mind;
just be calm, don't answer back, for the sergeant stands no slack, so if he says
yer mad spoken: well, you are!!

this is one of the songs that the army has carried on since the first ww.

I got the last 2 verses, I think, from roy palmer, and were collected from a harry
dent and tom goldbum, wwi vets.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\next manto die.txt

the next man to die

the next man to die

we meet 'neath the sounding rafters, and the walls around are bare, as they echo to our laughter, who would think that the dead are there.

chorus

stand to your glasses, steady, for it's all we've left to prize, quaff a cup to the men dead already, and one for the next man to die

who dreads to the dead returning, who shrinks from that sable shore, where the high and the haughty yearning, of the dead will be no more.

time was when we frowned on others, we thought we were wiser then, but now let us all be brothers, for we may ne'er meet again.

but a truce to this mournful story, for death is a constant friend, so here's to a life of glory, and a laurel to crown each man's end.

i recorded this song from the singing of dave alexander.

this song originated in the indian army in the 1870's.

during the boer war it spread to the australian armies, and thus to the american army.

world war I saw this song extensively sung, and was appropriated by fledgling air forces, being one of the tunes for the song 'the dying aviator'.

during wwii paratroops took the chorus and used it for their version of the red river valley, and its use continued through the vietnam war.

this song remains popular among combat soldiers due to the eternal combat themes of loss and comradeship, and the constant closeness of death, which carries us from the pain of life in the field and combat to the rest and rewards of fiddlers green (also in this collection).

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\old 100.txt

a soldier told me before he died

a soldier told me before he died

i don't know whether the bastard lied

no matter how much he tried and tried

his wife could never be satisfied.

so he fashioned a prick of 10 in.

steel

run on a pulley by a bloody great wheel,

two brass balls he filled with cream,

and the whole bloody issue was run by steam

chorus •and round and round went the bloody great wheel

in and out went the prick of steel,

till at last his wife she cried,
' enough, enough!' I'm satisfied.'

but now here is the bitter bit-
there was no way of stopping it!
and so from ass to she split,
and the whole bloody issue was covered in shit.
this song was sung to me by john dengate and snow wilson.
john learned the song ring the second world war.

snow learned the song from spldiers who had sung the song in new guinea and korea.
snow sang the song in vietnam while serving with 3rd squadron, royal australian
engineers, serving with th us armys 173rd airborne bde
i suspect that the sgts john and snow learned the song from, learned it from their
sgts who had been ww1 veterans.

impotence is a problem with veterans from all wars, but the reference to steam
leads me to beleive that the song originated earlier than ww2 where it was learned
by the sgts, steam had been replaced by petrol and diesel engines, or electric by
then.

this song shows soldiers looking at their problem in a humourous way, and devising
'alternateive methods 'of 'problem solving',
rather than taking a negative view of womens sexuality,

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\ole king cole.txt

ole king cole was a merry old soul, and a merrry old soul was he
ole king cole was a merry old soul, and a merrry old soul was he.

he called for his pipe and he called for his bowl, and he called for the r.

a.

e (infantry, artillery)

chorus

beer beer beer beer beer, cried the sappers(privates, bombardiers) merry men are we;
there's none so rare that can compare to the good old r.

a.

e.

(infantry, artillery)

ole king cole was a merry old soul etc he called for his pipe, etc, and his
corporals 3

left right left right left cried the corporals etc.

sergeants 3

forward march! cried the sergeants

this song was sung by both peter dacey and darky edwards.

I recently received an e-mail from the society of the 173rd abn from a vet who had
just returned to being a drill sgt in the us army reserves requesting the words to

this song.

while I never heard this song during my military service other american viet vets from the 173rd, 101st, and the 1st cav, have heard it sung in the american army as well as the australian.

brad tate had collected similar versions from wwii vets.

I suspect, because of the nature of the song, that it would go back atleast to the american civil war, the crimea.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\oleanna1.txt

chorus

chorus

oleanna, ole (oh-lee) ole anna ole, ole, ole, ole,ole ole anna.

to be in oleanna! that is where I'd like to be;

than be bound in norway, in chains of slavery.

in oleanna the land is free, the wheat and corn just plant themselves! then grow a good four feet a day, while on your bed you rest yourself!

beer as sweet as munchener, springs from the ground and flows away! the cows all like to milk themselves, and hens lay eggs ten times a day!

same chorus

got a girl in fayetteville, she won't do it but her sister will;

likes to screw 10 times a day;

likes the airborne, all the way!

coffee in the army, they all say is mighty fine, looks like muddy water, and the taste is just like iodine!

' floater' verses - they float from song to song -as many as you like--a great chorus!

pto!

army aviation

chorus

army aviation, army aviation, all the way, night and day, army aviation.

by the jungle, by the mountains, by the pole, vietnam, carry cars, carry troopers, carry anything we can--

get the combat out again, making the infantry mobile, doin things they never dreamed of, singin out 'be seein' you bill!'

combat assults and med evacs, those' re the missions we perform;

giving to the ground commander, another punch to his right arm.

mighty men are r-e-m (-f), fighting children and the whores;

takin it al at 'charlie's mess('c' company's mess hall) and comin back for more and more

(switch to relevant minor key) here's to the aviator who's gone before, who guides our work at the flyin;

now he's served his country and given his all, now he's wearing wings of white (alt: with white wings now he's flyin)

dust off' s, gunships, slicks, giant ships and the rest;

caribous and mohawks e-o-s above the rest

a remf is a rear echelon mother fucker, a slick is a troop carrying helicopter eos, I don't know, the others are types of aircraft.

verse 6, in minor key-- the spirit, and example, of those that have served before us, guides our every action as service personnel --from thermopolae, to gallipoli, to milne bay and kapyong, to long tan, coral, dak to, rwanda --to timour and bosnia;

it always will, despite what the 'bean counters' the 'rational economists', military and political.

continuously attempt to do, because our paradigm is moral, ethical, and 'spiritual',

to their tangible and base! the first version of this song comes from a 1962 eureka youth league song book -- a great chorus, but I forget the verses that I sung in the army--another score for ptsd--i know it was 'floater' verses, but I can't specifically remember which ones! the army aviation parody/tune use comes from 161 recce flights tape of the merryman, the 173rd assault helicopter company ex tub mathieson

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\on top of old pyongyang.txt

on top of old pyongyang

on top of old pyongyang

on top of old pyongyang, all covered in flak, I lost my poor wingman, he never came back,

chorus

never came back, boys, he never came back, I lost my poor wingman, he never came back.

for flyins a pleasure, and crashin's a grief, and a quick fingered commie is worse than a thief worse than a thief, boys, worse than a thief, a quixck fingered commie is worse than a thief.

a thief will just rob you, and steal what you save, but a quick fingered commie will send you to your grave

the grave will decay you and turn you to dust, not 1 mig in a million a fury can trust

ian macdonald, who flew sea fury's off the hmas sydney with 805 squadron during the korean war, sent me this song, amongst many others.

I haven't yet had the opportunity to record him.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\pack of bastards.txt

we' re a pack of bastards, bastards are we;

we' re a pack of bastards, bastards are we;

we are from australia, asshole of the world and half the universe.

oh, we' re a pack of bastards, bastards are we;

we would rather fuck than fight for liberty.

the japanese for syngman rhee for general ky.

hank snow, formerly, vietnam, of 1 bn, now of gan gan military camp, nsw, was the first to sing this song for me.

bob deacon, a neighbour and friend, said that when 5 bn sang this song marching through the streets of sydney on their first tour of vietnam.

'what could they do to us?

send us to vietnam?'

bob says the conscription lottery was his first ever lottery win;

on the strength of that he bought a nsw lottery ticket and won 20pounds --- bob served as a forward scout, he was med-evaced to australia.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\paratrooper song.txt

he was just a rookie trooper, and he surely shook with fright

he was just a rookie trooper, and he surely shook with fright.

he checked all his equipment and made sure his 'chute was tight;

they hooked him up and stood him in the mighty engines roar, but he ain't gonna jump no more--

chorus gory, gory, what a helluva way to die-rpt 3 time and he ain't gonna jump no more!

' is everybody happy?'

said the sgt looking up.

our hero bravely answered 'yes',

and then they stood him up;

he jumped into the slipstream and he twisted 20 times, and he ain't gonna jump no more.

he counted loud, he counted long, he waited for the shock;

he felt the wind, he felt the air, he felt the awful drop;
 he pulled the lines, the silk came down and wrapped around his legs and he -----
 the days he lived and loved and laughed kept running through his mind, he thought
 about the girl at home the one he left behind;
 he thought about the medics and he wondered what they'd find --
 the lines all wrapped around his neck, the 'd' rings cracked his dome, the risers
 wrapped themselves in knots and cracked his skinny bones, the canopy became his
 shroud as he hurtled to the ground --
 the ambulance was on the ground, the jeeps were running wild, the medics clapped
 their hands with glee, rolled up their sleeves and smiled, for it had been a week or
 two since last a 'chute had failed --
 he hit the ground, the sound was 'splat',
 the blood was spurting high, his pals were overheard to say 'what a pretty way to
 die!' they wrapped him up still in his chute, in his paratrooper boots --
 there was blood upon the risers, there was blood upon the chute;
 intestines were a-dangling from his paratrooper boots;
 and there he lay like jelly in the welter of his gore -----
 this song is sung by paratroopers in all english speaking countries, in ww2, in
 korea, in vietnam;
 since paratroopers fought in the falklands war it would be safe to assume that they
 sang this song as they broke through the argentinian lines at goose green, and as
 they landed 15 kilometers from baghdad to interdict iraqi troops heading for the
 saudi and kuwait fronts.
 fragments of this song were frequently recorded --english and aussie paras use 'lift
 webs' rather than risers.
 I recorded darky edwards singing this song -he learned it from wwii vets during the
 korean war, and like myself, sang it in vietnam.
 I also recorded hank snow singing this song.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\puckapunyal.txt

he was just a rookie trooper, and he surely shook with fright

he was just a rookie trooper, and he surely shook with fright.

he checked all his equipment and made sure his 'chute was tight;
 they hooked him up and stood him in the mighty engines roar, but he ain't gonna
 jump no more--
 chorus gory, gory, what a helluva way to die-rpt 3 time and he ain't gonna jump no
 more!
 ' is everybody happy?'
 said the sgt looking up.
 our hero bravely answered 'yes',
 and then they stood him up;

he jumped into the slipstream and he twisted 20 times, and he ain't gonna jump no more.
 he counted loud, he counted long, he waited for the shock;
 he felt the wind, he felt the air, he felt the awful drop;
 he pulled the lines, the silk came down and wrapped around his legs and he -----
 the days he lived and loved and laughed kept running through his mind, he thought about the girl at home the one he left behind;
 he thought about the medics and he wondered what they'd find --
 the lines all wrapped around his neck, the 'd' rings cracked his dome, the risers wrapped themselves in knots and cracked his skinny bones, the canopy became his shroud as he hurtled to the ground --
 the ambulance was on the ground, the jeeps were running wild, the medics clapped their hands with glee, rolled up their sleeves and smiled, for it had been a week or two since last a 'chute had failed --
 he hit the ground, the sound was 'splat',
 the blood was spurting high, his pals were overheard to say 'what a pretty way to die!' they wrapped him up still in his chute, in his paratrooper boots --
 there was blood upon the risers, there was blood upon the chute;
 intestines were a-dangling from his paratrooper boots;
 and there he lay like jelly in the welter of his gore-----
 this song is sung by paratroopers in all english speaking countries, in ww2, in korea, in vietnam;
 since paratroopers fought in the falklands war it would be safe to assume that they sang this song as they broke through the argentinian lines at goose green, and as they landed 15 kilometers from baghdad to interdict iraqi troops heading for the saudi and kuwait fronts.
 fragments of this song were frequently recorded --english and aussie paras use 'lift webs' rather than risers.
 I recorded darky edwards singing this song -he learned it from wwii vets during the korean war, and like myself, sang it in vietnam.
 I also recorded hank snow singing this song.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\pyongyang.txt

pyongyang

pyongyang

the chinese I sa lucky man, over pyongyang(pie-yong-yang), over pyongyang the sea
 fury's an also ran, over pyongyang, over p both firefly's and furies too the miggs
 laugh up their sleeves at you;
 and you well know it's bloody true, over p, over p-
 oh how I hate the chinese flak, over p-, over p-.
 it comes up thick and bloody black, over p-, over p- and if a sea fury you do drive
 and if you wish to stay alive don't spare the gas, steer 3-2-5, from p-, fromp-

in 'ladybird' are sailors too, far from p-, so far from p- all dressed up in their
no.

2' s, so far from p-, so far from p- they fuck our women, drink our wine for them
this war is bloody fine;

and don't they shoot a wicked line, about p-, about p-
and when the bloody war is done, overp-, over p-;

ther' ll be no migs up in the sun, over p-, over p-.

the folks back home will sing our praise, they' ll call us all their heroes brave,
and we' ll smile back from out our graves, at p-, at p-.

this song was sent ot me by sea fury pilot ian macdonald who flew with 805 squadron
off the hmas sydney over korea.

this songs last verse is another goodexample often seen in this colection of songs,
of the combat sevicemans disregard for civilians lack of appreciation of the
sacrifices made, on their behalf, to preserve and share with other cultures and
nationalities, not imposeon them, the benefits of our, western, civilisation.

'soldiers, in anglo cultures, have made our society so safe since the 18th century,
that our society no longer sees the need for soldiers' --and the soldiers, sailors,
and airmen serve so that civilians can keep their very inaccurate, and
inappropriate, perception of the world, and our place in it!

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\r r valley r v n.txt

come and sit by my side ere I leave you,
come and sit by my side ere I leave you, do not hasten to bid me adieu,, just
remember your poor paratrooper, and the job we are trying to do.

chorus

when the green light comes on we' ll be ready, for the sgt.

to shout 'number one!' though we sit in that plane all together, we exit the craft
all alone.

when you' re coming in for a landing, just remember the sgts.

advice;

keep your feet and your knees close together, and you' ll reach mother earth very
nice!

when we land in that certain country, there's a job that we' ll do very well;

we will sack kim il sung, the great leader and all those other bastards as well.

so stand by your glasses and be ready to remember those men from the sky;

here's a toast to the men dead already, and one to the next man to die.

i sang a version of this song during the vietnam war, I recorded darky edwards of
woodridge,

qld, who sang the wwii version of this song during both the korean and vietnam wars.

though the last verse of this song is sung to the 'red river valleytune,

it is the last verse (or chorus) to the song 'the next man to die',

which I recorded dave alexander singing, and was sung during the boer war and wwi.

during wwi this song was taken over from the infantry by the allied air forces.
I have recovered a raaf song from wwii, the gremlin song',
which uses the tune but ios a different song.
during the vietnam war I was unaware of 'the next man to die',
i learned it while at jump school at fort benning, ga, from other paratroopers

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\reme song.txt

reme song

reme song

early in the morning, workshop on parade;

here comes the sgt major to the 'donkeys serenade' ;

some silly bastard yells 'right dress' you should have seen the fucking mess! we
are the dreamy reme, we are a bloody shower!

cruising down the autobahn(wadi) at 50 miles an hour we are the dreamy reme, we are
a bloody shower;

we can't change up and we can't change down;

the gearbox is in, but it's upside down.

we are-----

we pulled it and we pushed it, we stripped the bastard down;

there were bits and pieces scattered all around.

up walked a craftsman with a petrol can he stood and cried at what we'd done we
are---

down at the naafi beer bar, 20 pints an hour we are the dreamy reme, we are a bloody
shower;

we pick them up and we drink them them down pissed as newts on half a crown.

we are the ---

though I haven't yert been able to record this song, I collected this song from
scotsman alf murray, who learned this song while seving with british army signals on
cyprus during the 'emergency'.

the term 'shower' is short for 'shower of assholes' he sang wadi, or autobahn,
alternatively--both signals and reme-royal electrical and mechanical engineers, are
viewed as less than soldiers by the infantry, thus when they sing this song, they
arem' t so much laughing at themselves, as at the infantry, who are so 'straight',
so narrow minded, so, so military! he said the song dated from wwii, and was sung in
korea as well in the british army.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\right of the line.txt

right of the line
right of the line
chorus and first verse
where are you going, me fine young blade with your bright blue jacket and your red
cockade;
 hauling the guns in the sun and the shade;
 for the right of the line in the morning.
sold your soul for the shilling of the king, to follow the guns in the winter and the
spring;
 and fight for the crown, the sceptre and the ring, and the right of the line in the
morning.
you fired your guns in germany and france;
 in the raw, wild veldt, where the zulu danced;
 and they buried your bodies with barely a glance where you died for the right in the
morning.
stable bells hangin on the wagon wheels;
 red for the blood and blue for the steel;
 and gold for the gunners who made the bastards reel;
 for the right and the glory in the morning.
battle honours won in green and gold;
 bought for the youth of a nation sold;
 in the snow and the rain, the heat and the cold;
 for the right of the line in the morning.
pastures are green where the guns once stood;
 the trees grow tall on a nations blood;
 spilled and mixed with the tears and the blood;
 where the right was won in the morning.

i recorded this song from dave alexander of sydney, it was written by korean war
veteran of the royal artillery, dermot ryder.

 this song, contrary to popular belief, glorify war, it simply relates the
experiences and feelings of a combat artilleryman.

 traditionally, in 18th century warfare, the artillery was the first on the field of
battle, to protect the columns of infantry as they formed their ranks for volley
fire.

 in the modern army, this is why the artillery is first on the field for the
'trooping the colours' ceremony, which dates from 1682, and the restoration of
charles the 2nd.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\she wore a yellow ribbon.txt

she wore a yellow ribbon
she wore a yellow ribbon
chorus

far away, far away, she wore it for her paratrooper who was far, far away.
around her neck(leg,thigh) she wore a yellow ribbon.

she wore it in the springtime, and the merry month of may.
and if you ask her why the hell she wore it;
she wore it for her 'trooper who is far, far away.

behind his door her daddy keeps a shotgun.

he keeps it in the springtime, and the merry month of may.
and when you ask him why the hell he keeps it;
he keeps it for her 'trooper who is far, far away.

around the block she pushed a baby buggy,(etc) she pushed it for her trooper who was
far, far away

back in camp he put in for overseas duty---- he put in for overseas duty to be far,
far away.

around her neck (leg, thigh) she wore a black silk ribbon.

she wore it for her paratrooper who died far away.

this song was learned it jumpschool--without the last verse--i only heard that after
I got to vietnam.

we all realized what our service entailed, but i suspect our sgts didn't want to
'slap us in the face' with it while we were in training.

in american military traditions this song dates back to the civil war, at least.

it is part of the 'all around my hat' family of songs found in both england and
ireland.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\sittin on a hillside.txt

sittin on a hillside
sittin on a hillside
sittin on a hillside on a summers day;
pocket full of empty magazines.
thinkin' of the strife back in aussie with the wife---

this fragment was all hank snow of gan gan army camp, nsw, could remember of this
song he learned in the mid fifties from korean war veterans, and which he sang in
vietnam.

for me this song is very evocative, and even appropriate as a fragment--even the
most competent of infantrymen get distracted by their memories from time to time,
and that is when they are surprised by a sniper, advancing infantry, infiltrators, or
if while moving, mines or booby traps--thus the end of the song mid sentence.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\snowy mountain men.txt

snowy mountain men

snowy mountain men

oh yes, we left our homes behind to march against the hun (into the sun).

and we mean to do it, too, until the war is won.

so we sing our chorus from monaro to the sea: on our way from the snowy
chorus

hurrah, hurrah, we march to victory, hurrah, hurah, australia's sons are we;

so we sing our chorus from monaro to the sea;

on our way from the snowy.

my respondent in the snowy mountains who supplied me with this song, and others
wishes to remain anonymous.

this song originated in the first world war, and is still sung amongst residents of
the area, if not in the army.

it expresses pride, not just in serving the people country, but pride in the
uniqueness of the area surrounding their home district.

the tune is the american civil war soldier song, 'marching through georgia'.

john dengate, song writer, folklorist, and ex-serviceman, not the gardener, says
that the australasian army, as the first us troops were arriving in australia during
wwii, played this tune to make them feel at home and welcome.

unfortunately, says john, the soldiers were from a georgia national guard unit--to
whom gen shermans march through georgia was remembered as something less than a
'liberation'!

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\somersetshire.txt

somersetshire/tiddly ship/thisis my story

somersetshire/tiddly ship/thisis my story

shire, shire, somersetshire, the capain looks on her with pride he'd have a blue fit
if he saw all the shit, on the side of the somersetshire

chorus

this is my story, this is my song i've served on the andrew too bloody long roll on
the rodney, the nelson, renown this grey funneled hooker is getting me down.

she's a tiddly ship, o' er the ocean she flits, sailing by night and by day and when

she's in motion she's the pride of the ocean, and you can't see her backside for spray.
side, side, the tiddly shiops side, the jimmy looks on her with pride but he'd have a blue fit if he saw all the spit, onthe side of the tiddly ships side.
final chorus
first 3 lines as above can't say the hood, cause the bastard went down!
darky edwards sang this song for me.
he learned it during the korean war from british navy sailors, and also sang it on the sydney, sailing for rvn.
the 3rd verse was collected by bill scott, and recorded in his book folksongs of australia.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\stuff em all.txt

stuff 'em all
stuff 'em all
they say there's an aircraft just leaving the 'drome, bound for the dropping zone
heavily laden with parachute troops, all fo the stifling a groan.
there's lots of lads who have jumped once before, lott's of the lads had a fall
you' ll get no promotion if your 'chute doesn't open so cheer up my lads, stuff 'em
all
chorus
stuff 'em all, stuff 'em all as back to the barracks you crawl.
you' ll get no promotion if your 'chute doesn't open so cheer up my lads, stuff 'em
all!
another of darky edwards contributions, learned in jumpchool, sung in vietnam,
korea,wwii

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\swing low sweet charioh.txt

swing low, sweet charioh, comin for to carry me home
swing low, sweet charioh, comin for to carry me home repeat
i looked over jordan, and what did I see?
comin for to carry me home?
a snow white band of fornicating angels, comin for to carry me home.
another of darky edwards contributions--see who killed cock robin?
last time I arrived at darky's club, logan city diggers, it was a karaoke night,

and one poor girl chose to sing the above song--she couldn't understand why everyone was laughing, she was a good singer--darky, and other diggers, and I were 'accompanying' her, with all the gestures!

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\syngman rhee.txt

syngman rhee

syngman rhee I was just a young man, and I was having fun;

then war broke out in korea, and they handed me a gun-

[alternative 1st verse] I was down in kobe[japan], havin lots of fun, when they said the war had started and they handed me a gun-

chorus

and said you' re fighting for that bastard syngman rhee;

syngman rhee, syngman rhee;

and you' re fighting for that bastard syngman rhee

[alternative] chorus

and you' re fighting for those bastards in australia;

in australia, in australia;

and you' re fighting for those bastards in australia.

i went down to pusan, and it wasn't very nice;

I said 'i just came here to kill you.

not to eat your fucking rice!'

oh my feet are weary, from walking rocky roads;

and my back is aching from carryin heavy loads-

why are you running kiwi, are you afraid to die;

the reason that I'm running, is kiwi's cannot fly--

if I get back to aussie, I'll tell some other lad 'don't ever go to korea, unless you' re fucking mad-

i recorded both hank snow and brad tate singing this song: hank provided the first verse and chorus, and pusan verse, brad the alternative 1st an chorus and kiwi verse; the other verse warren fahey recorded from a person he calls emk, and is reported in his book 'diggers songs'.

the tune to this songs is 'battleship of maine, and the verses also parody that soldiers song from the spanish american war.

.
I don't know how this tune/song travelled to australia unless it reached here via common us/aust contact during the boxer rebellion at the turn of the century--i have found no other Australian song of the intermediate period that uses the tune/verses; the American song 'that crazy war' was used post wwi, and during wwi as an anti-war song.

again, this song, like lots of songs from Vietnam, expresses antagonism towards the indigenous population, which is more 'acceptable' than expressing their anger towards their own people and government.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\that crazy war.txt

now over there across the sea they have another war

now over there across the sea they have another war but, oh, I wonder I f they know
just what they' re fighting for.

chorus' '

in that war, that crazy war

in 1917, you know, we helped them win the fight, but all we got was a lesson in what
sherman said was right

i was a simple country lad, I lived down on the farm I'd never killed a gnat or
flea, or did a body harm till that--

one day the sheriff caught me, said 'come along my son' your uncle sam is needing
you to help him tote a gun

they took me down to the court house my mind was in a whirl and when the doctor
passed me on,i wished I was a girl

they took me outto the rifle range to hear the bullets sing I shot and sthot the
whole day long and never hit a thing

the captain said to fire at will, andi said 'who is he?'

the old fool got so roarin mad he fired his gunat me

when first we got to sunny france I looked around with glee.

but rain and kilometers was all that I did see' 'a cannonball flew overhead, I
started home right then the corporal was in front of me, but thegeneral beat us in
and now we' re backat home again from over there in france the enemy lost the
battle,

but we all ost our pants

now wars may come and wars may go but get this on your mind they will have another
war, but I'll be hard to find

this song was sung prior to aerica's entry into wwii.

it is stiill sung in the folk tradition.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\the diggers return.txt

i've been fucked by the league of nations;

i've been fucked by the league of nations;

the germans, the japs and the jews;
and I come back to dear old australia to be fucked by bastards like you
chorus
singing too ra li too ra li addity singing too ra li too ra li ay I'm just a dinki
di digger, come back to australia to stay
we beat the eyeties at mersuh, we beat the germans at tobruk too we fucked the japs
at old milne bay but in australia we' re fucked by you!

from the singing of vietnam veteran dave vogel.

dave learned this song as well from wwii veterans while in recruit training at
kapooka in 1963.

in the 7 years that i've been working on this song collection project i've come to
learn that it isn't just vietnam veterans that have been ill treated by an uncaring
public during and after our service--it's always happened, and always will---?

I guess greed is more attractive than self-sacrifice.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\the last farewell.txt

the sydney's (name of ship) rigged and ready in the harbour
the sydney's (name of ship) rigged and ready in the harbour tomorrow for the
island's (name of destination) we sail;
far away from this land of endless sunshine, to that island of rainy skies and
gales.
and I shall be aboard my ship tomorrow, though my heart is full of tears at this
farewell;
for you are beatiful, and I have loved you dearly, more dearly than the spoken word
can tell.
last farewell con't
we know there's a wicked war a-raging, and the taste of war we know far too well;
even now we see that foreign flag a raising, their guns on fire as we sail into
hell.
we have no fear of death it brings no sorrow, but how bitter will be our last
farewell;
for you are beautiful, and I have loved you dearly, more dearly than the spoken
word can tell.
though death and darkness gather all around us;
and our ship be torn apart upon the sea;
we'd smell again the fragrance of our island, and the heaving waves that brought me
once to thee.
but should we return safe again to sydney, we' ll watch the fleecy clouds roll in
from sea;
for you are beautiful, and I have loved you dearly, more dearly than the spoken
word can tell.

the last farewell was popularised by canadian singer roger whittaker in the mid seventies.

I received a letter from mrs florrie baker of sans souce nsw saying that her husband was on the sydney during wwi, and sang this song until he died.

sheila hughes of mosman, nsw, says her father, who was in the royal navy sang this song prior to wwii.

the mudcat cafe and delta blues web site has quite a few service songs collected in canada, from navy veterans.

I suspect that roger whittaker 'collected' this song, fiddled off the serial numbers, and claimed it as his own this song is still sung in the ran, but dates from at least wwii.

like many service songs, the singer talks about 'we' and 'us', rather than I or me.

in the military, survival is a collective effort.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\the old green drawers.txt

(lines in italics act as a chorus)

(lines in italics act as a chorus)

the old green flannel drawers that maggie wore;

they were hemmed in, they were tucked in;

they were the pants that maggie fucked in;

the old green flannel drawers that maggie wore.

they were green around the ass from the friction of the grass,
and the fork was full of cheese, from the friction of her knees,

when on the rifle range, through to the vietnam war at least, a white marker was shown on the target to show where the bullet hit;

the marker was waved to indicate a complete miss, and was known as 'maggies drawers'.

so it's quite possible this song dates from wwi, or before.

I recorded this song from vietnam war veteran dave vogel who learned it in recruit training from wwii veterans.

of course, there were, dave says, endless verses, but this was all he could remember.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\tiger lily.txt

you have met my uncle hector, he's the cock and ball inspector
you have met my uncle hector, he's the cock and ball inspector at a celebrated
english public school.

my brother sells french letters and a patent cure for wetters;
we' re not the best of families, ain't it cruel!
my little sister lily is a whore in picadilly, my mother is another in the strand;
my father hawks his asshole at the elephant and castle we' re the finest fucking
family in the land.

dave vogel called this tune tiger lily, and he learned it in 1963 from wwii vets;
korean war navy pilot ian macdonald learned this song from wwii navy pilots from
england;

he called this song sister lily.
this tune is the tune I have for 'sittin on a hillside' which I recorded hank snow
singing-no one seems to know if either of these songs are a parody of a popular
song-i hadn't come across it before I started the project.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\wahad whiskey.txt

wahad whiskey

wahad whiskey wahad whiskey, wahad beer wahad jig-a-jig kwiza quatir.

ay, woh, kish kahida, ay, woh mish valuz ay, woh, kish kahida, mussolini kalabuz
translation i've had whiskey, i've had beer, i've had a fuck, when ever I feel like
it but one day we' ll have freedom, and as much of everything that we like;
one day we' ll have freedom, and mussolini will be in gaol.

my informant from the snowy mts, who wishes to remain anonymous, says this was a
work song sung by arabic labourers in the north africa/western desert campaigns, and
picked up by the soldiers, with whom they worked.

the last arab word, kalabuz, is interesting.

my grandfather (sgt) edward harison kauffman served in the us army during the
span-am war, and the philippine insurrection in both cuba and the philippines.

he always referred to gaols, military or atherwise, as the calaboose--which he said
he learned from the spanish soldier/prisoners, and local people--i suspect that the
word calabuz wqas brought to spain during the arabic occupation, which ended, by
memory in the early 1400' s?

?

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\we are a pack of bastards.txt

we' re a pack of bastards, bastards are we
we' re a pack of bastards, bastards are we we are from au stral I a, asshole of the
world, and half the universe we' re a pack of bastards, bastards, are we we would
rather fuck than fight for liberty the japanese for synghman rhee for general ky
this song was first sung to me by a neighbour from the village of wollar, bob
deacon, who said 5 bn, on their first tour to rvn, sang this version on their way to
//circular quay, as they marched through the centre of sydney.
hank snow, sang the korean war version, and a friend, who wishes to remain
anonymous sent the wwii version that he found in the diary of a commando from the
snowy mts.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\we saw the damned thing through.txt

we saw the damned thing through
we saw the damned thing through 1,2,3,4, we don't need any more brownings, vickers,
maxims, colts, though they gave old jerry a hell of a jolt.
jam, jam, jam, jam, I don't give a damn iof they do;
the 1 pounder shell, can go straight to hell;
for we saw the damned thing through.

this song was found in the book by dolph edwards 'sound off',
but is well worth singing and putting in this collection to keep it's memory
going--and it certainly expresses the feelings of soldiers at the conclusion of a
war, though this is from the first world war.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\when this flamin war is over.txt

when this flamin war is over, oh, how happy I will be,
when this flamin war is over, oh, how happy I will be, when I get my civvie clothes

on, no more soldiering for me.

no more church parades on sunday, or asking sgt major for a pass;

you can tell the sgt major, to shove his passes up his ass.

(alternative: for a leave, tell the sgt major how I'll miss him, tell the bastard how I'll grieve!) (alternative: I shall sound my own reveille, I shall make my own tattoo;

no more nco's to curse me, no more army stew.

)

nco's will all be navvies, privates ride in motor cars;

nco's will smoke the woodbines, privates puff their big cigars.

no more 'standing to' in trenches (bunkers), only 1 more church parade;

no more shivering on the firestep (in my poncho), no more ticklers marmalade.

collected from darky edwards, hank snow, snow wilson, recovered from brad tate.

sung by officers and career nco's as well as privates from wwi through vietnam, to the present, to express 'war weariness after operations as well as disgust with hq staff.

amongst career soldiers this song expresses the knowledge that they can't and won't fit into society & its values.

Sam Hilt Collection\korean war songs\who killed cock robin.txt

who killed cock robin

who killed cock robin?

I said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow, I killed cock robin.

chorus all the birds and the bees they were sighin they were sobbin when they heard of the death of poor cock robin repeat last line

who saw him die?

I said the fly, with my little eye, I saaw him die.

who' ll toll the bell?

isaid the bull, because I can pull! I'll toll the bell

who' ll dig his grave?

I said the owl, with my little trowel.

who' ll be the parson?

isaid the rook, with my little book.

who' ll be chief mourner?

i, said the dove, I'll mourn for my love.

this song was sung by darky edwards.

not your usual nursery song, it is sung with hand gestures, and suggestive body movements --it makes for a hilarious 'performance.

darky said this song was sung mainly by sgts and corporals, at the troops first hearing when out on bivouac, and used to help 'bond' the men together.

afterwards, the song would be sung,

with hand gestures,
by soldiers where ever they congregated.
the same with the song 'sweet carioh' --the gestures used in that song are similar
to those used in the folk song tradition.
this song, and the style of singing,
as well as the 'use' of the song show evidence of pre-christian religious
'services'.

Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\12 days of christmas parodies.txt

12 Days of Christmas Parodies

1. Foreskin full of VD
2. Tattered Whores
3. Shithouse doors
4. Fucking whores
5. Pubic hairs
6. Syuphilitic virgins
7. Succulent scrotums
8. Aching arseholes
9. Gnawed off nipples
10. Torn off testicles
11. Licking lesbians
12. Twisted twats
13. Filthy flaps
14. Foetid faeces
15. Festered parts
16. Sickly spews
17. Screwed up soldiers
18. ejaculating elephants
19. Nutless nuns
20. Transvestite turkeys
21. Tap dancing dildos
22. Thalidomide Drop Bears
23. Semenless studs
24. Castrated camels
25. Pickled penises
26. Circumcised cucumbers
27. Cholesterol free clitorises
28. Aardvark ovaries
29. Lip tempting labia's
30. Putrid period pads
31. Masturbating Mormons
32. Fucking idiots singing this song!

My Sergeant gave to me

1. A ride in a busted Hummvee *
2. MRE's
3. Hand grenades
4. fast movers on call
5. Running Taliban
6. Fried Jihadi's
7. Ripping Saws (US for Minimi light mg. ripping = it's sound)
8. Dancing Dervishes
9. Shitting Shi'ites
10. Sunning Sunni's
11. BBQ'ed Ba'athists
12. Men on O.P.
13. Months 'In Country'
14. Days 'til leave
15. Days to Deros (Date Estimated Return from Over Seas)
16. Days of Truce

Etc

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6723.199

Tuesday 18 July 2006

First version ex BJ Price and 51 Bn with a variety of alternative versions created by Vietnam vet NCO's which they undoubtedly learned from WWII vets
Second version .. my wife Dianne heard US soldier singing verse in a newscast ..I've added day items that are appropriate in a contemporary setting, though BJ's version is still sung.

'Callous' seeming lyrics are an appropriate description of what happens to All in combat, too often on a daily basis; or can also be sung as a 'Hate' version; again, this is hate of civilians who express their far too regular disregard and disrespect for soldiers; these people also include far too many social elites/celebrities who work at the Australian War Memorial, R.S.L's and other professional and social organizations.

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Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\12 days of rummy.txt

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Article Published: Monday, December 13, 2004 - 4:47:34 PM PST

The 12 days of rummying
On the first day of Christmas,
my Rummy sent to me
a Saddam pigeon in a palm tree.
Not knowing Osama's address,
Rummy hastened to 'Potamia --and a mess,
exhorting his pal Cheney,
"Let's bomb Baghdad again, golly gee!"
On the second day of Christmas,
my Rummy sent to me
two dead-ender turtle doves
(Colin and Kofi),
flowers and chocolates from the ninny Chalabi,
and a billion Arabs mad at me.
On the third day of Christmas,
my Rummy sent to me
three French henpeckers and imaginary W.M.D.
And 300 tons of lost explosives
going BOOM! everywhere.
Rummy tried for a Vin Diesel movie,
when he should have heeded General Shinseki.
On the fourth day of Christmas,
my Rummy sent to me
four cuckoo birds --
Wolfie, Perle, Feith and Condi.
The cost of empire on the cheap will be steep.
How did Rummy get a job guarantee?
On the fifth day of Christmas,
my Rummy sent to me
five Pentagon rings.
Rummy wanted to go down in history
by transforming the military.
But many GIs feel cheated,
that their forces and materiel are depleted.
Stop Loss and Stuff Happens, by Jiminy!
On the sixth day of Christmas,
my Rummy sent to me
six German shepherds teeth a-baring.
A hooded man attached to wires,
Abu Ghraib and Army liars,
Red Cross in the dark
about dogs that liked to bark.
On the seventh day of Christmas,
my Rummy sent to me
regime change that wasn't free,
our troops sitting ducks for IED

(Improvised Explosive Devices,
dear me)
Rummy is another sort of IED
(Instant Excuses for Disaster,
"I'm an old man, don't you see?")
On the eighth day of Christmas,
my Rummy sent to me
eight Osama videotapes.
The Bushie fever with Saddam
left Osama free to scam.
Invading Iraq was an Xmas gift
for bin Laden -- a recruiting lift.
On the ninth day of Christmas,
my Rummy sent to me
Iran and North Korea
on a nuclear buildup spree.
Nine mullahs a-proliferating,
as our military's straining.
The Bushies were fixated on Iraq,
but Saddam's weapons were merely the mock.
On the tenth day of Christmas,
my Rummy sent to me
ten Gitmo lawyers a-leaping.
What cares he
about civil liberty?
On the eleventh day of Christmas,
my Rummy sent to me
eleven generals a-hyping that the war is just dandy,
while our spooks are warning
that civil war and theocracy are a-borning
as the Kid in the Oval feels free
to consult a Higher Authority.
Burkas, turbans and beards you'll see
after the puppet Allawi.
On the twelfth day of Christmas,
my Rummy sent to me
a brave grunt from Tennessee
gripping about his unarmored Humvee.
No twelve drummers drumming,
but twelve soldiers thrumming,
complaints to Rummy keep coming,
but the septuagenarian's not admitting
that the Iraq resistance isn't quitting.
The Ghost of Christmas Past, Mekong Delta,
is clanking after Rummy in Samarra.
Eleven generals spinning,
Ten Gitmo lawyers not grinning,
Nine Iranian mullahs Iraq annexing,
Eight Osama tapes perplexing,
Seven bombs a-scaring,

Six German geese bewaring,
Five Pentagon rings,
Four cuckoos a-raving,
Three French hens appeasing,
Two dead doves,
And a Saddam pigeon sparking an insurgency.

6721.357

Wednesday 22 December ' While looking forward Afghan soldiers version of '12 Days', partially transcribed by my wife from news, I found this several versions of anti - War version.. pretty poor quality, hate and politics rather than humour, but worth putting in archives as comparison to what soldiers versions have to say, and how they say it.

Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\3 blind mice parody.txt

3 Blind Mice Parody

We're going home x 2
So shove the Army up your arse;
We're going home!

6723.198

Monday 16 July 2006

Ex BJ Price and 51 Bn song book. This song was sung during the Vietnam War and is still sung. Again this is a 'Hate' song as well as 'Bawdy'.

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Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\al farouq.txt

Al Farouq, Al Farouq we've got your bollocks on a hook
Yenta quiza, quiza q'atir mungaree badin
Repeat both lines

CHORUS

Al Zarqawi, we got him baksheesh, repeat
Now you're the king of all the dogs, the jackals and the hogs,
Yenta quiza, quiza q'atir mungaree badin

Sufa Arafat -a, while do the French protect ya,Yenta
Copyright Hilt

6723.185

Tuesday 4 July 2006

In May? '06 the terrorist Al Farouq was killed in Iraq. I wrote this song and passed it on to the soldiers currently serving in Iraq, Iran, and at home bases. It's based on the former Egyptian National Anthem 'Salam Malek', and was used/parodied by soldiers in WWII as 'King Farouk'.

Sufa Arafat is the wife of former Palestine Liberation Front leader Arafat who died last year; Sufa has lived in Paris for the last 20 years and Palestine pays her \$20k/month plus accommodation even though she hasn't lived in Palestine for over 20 years; she continues to suck the cream off very limited Palestinian finance while Palestinian peasants starve ..and for this Hamas et al blame Israel and the U.S.

Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\apres la guerre set copyright owners1.txt

'Apres La Guerre' C.D. set
Song Copyright list

DISC 1

When I was a Young Man .. ©©SW Sam Hilt 1997
Apres La Guerre ©©Unk/SW Sam Hilt 1997
Battle of Anzio © A. Murphy/SW Sam Hilt 1997

I Don't Want Your Millions @ C.P.Am 1930's ?
Free Beer @ B.Ritchie/SW Sam Hilt 1995
Right of the Line @ Dermott Ryder 1950's ?
Deck the Hills ... @ Unk/SW Sam Hilt 1995
Hark the Freedom Fighters ... @ Gordon Edwards/ SW Sam Hilt 1995
Woka Woka Woka @ Edwards/SW Sam Hilt 1995
Johns Jingle Bells @ Hilt/Utley 1995
Paratroopers Christmas Dream ... @ T. Arthur/SW Sam Hilt 1995
Have You Heard ... @ Chaney/Hilt 1995
Dying Trooper @ Chaney 1968
The Leaf Rider ...@ 1995 G.Ney/Hilt
Have You Heard the Speeches Mary/Perthville Road to Germany @ Hilt 1985
Penny Evans ...@ Unkown, but @ owned

DISC 2

Lonely Forward Scout ... @ Graham Bolitho 1966
Machine Gunners Song ... @ SW Sam Hilt 1967
Cpl Harry Baird ...@ SW Sam Hilt 1995
Cpl Barnes ... @ 1967 SSgt Chaney
Song Dong Nai @ SW Sam Hilt 1997
Dinki-Di RVN @ G Edwards 1966
Battle of Coral Broderick/SW SamHilt 1995
Rifleman's Song ... @ Valentine? /SW Sam Hilt
Vietnam Summertime @ Porter?/SW Sam Hilt 1995
Firefight ... @ Ellis/SW Sam Hilt 1997
Australian Mademoiselle ... @ Hilt 1995
Diggers Alphabet ... @ SW Sam Hilt 1995
Give Me the Wide Open ... @ but unknown
It's Hard to Stay Clean ...same @ as 'Give Me'
20th B'Day Song @ John Dengate 1960's?
Eric Dengate's Song @ John Dengate ..1960's?
Airborne All the Way@ Lennon-McCartney/ SW Sam Hilt 1968

DISC 3

Light's Out ... @ Ned Falconer/SW Sam Hilt 1999
Battle of Long Tan ... @ Ned Falconer/SW Sam Hilt 1999
The Recruited Collier ... @ Tom Crosbie 1998
Where Was God? ... @ Ned Falconer/SW Sam Hilt

To Be A Soldier CD @

To Be A Soldier ... @ SW Sam Hilt 2003
The Veteran @ Unk/SW Sam Hilt .. 1998
The Soldiers Return/Until Then @ held, but Unk
Gook-Jihadi Shadows ... @ Stevens/ V.Marciano -SW Sam Hilt 2004

Just Another Day ... © Roesser/SW Sam Hilt 2000
The Infanteer (Engineer, Bombardier etc) © SW Sam Hilt 2000
Silver Bird ... © Unk, but owned
Fallen Comrades © BJ Price/SW Sam Hilt 2002
Soldiers Stenka Razin ... © SW Sam Hilt 2002
Yeoman's Leight Wacht ... © SW Sam Hilt 2003

Hey Bin Laden Old Man cd ©

Hey Bin Laden Old Man ... © SW Sam Hilt 2003
Love Angel ... © Dick Jonas ?
If I Die Before You Wake ... © unk, but owned, 2005?
Diggers Comments to Kuta bombers ...© BJ Price/SW Sam Hilt 2002
Marching Through Iraq ... © unk, but held
Fraulein .. © unk, but held
The Unhappy Wandered ... © SW Sam Hilt 1998
High Flight © unk/SW Sam Hilt 2003

Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\hello dolly.txt

Hello, Guley
(Hello Dolly parody for Matt, QUR band)

Well hello, Guley, Well hello Guley
It's so nice to have you back where you belong.
I can tell Guley, you're looking swelled Guley,

You're still Growing, you're still blowing,
You're still going strong.
I feel the Mess swaying, and the band playing
One of your favourite songs that came from way back then ..
Well Golly Gee, Guley, Don't sit on my knee, Guley
Guley don't ever go away rpt 3 times

6723.199

Tuesday 18 July 2006

Ex BJ Price 51 Bn. QUR = Queensland Uni Regiment.

Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\i did what i did for maria.txt

I Did What I Did for Maria
Tony Christie (1971

Sun rise this is the last day
that I'll ever see
out in the court-yard
they're ready for me
but I go to my Lord without fear
'cos I did what I did for Maria.

As I rode into town
with the sun going down
all the windows were barred
there was no one around
for they knew that I'd come
with my hand on my gun
and revenge in my heart for Maria
my dearest departed Maria.

Take an eye for an eye
and a life for a life
and somebody must die
for the death of my wife
yes I did what I did for Maria
I did what I did for Maria.

Laughter echoed across from
the end of the street
there was the man
I was burnin' to meet
and my mind was so calm and so clear.
as I took my revenge for Maria.

And he fell to the ground
raisin' dust all around
but I knew he was dead
long before he went down
it was quick it was clean
made it easy on him
which is more than he did for Maria.
When he did what he did for Maria.

We did what we did for a Beer

Stand - to
Down in the gunpit they're waiting for me,
Now that I'm back in the damned infantry,
And I'm out in the Bush with no fear,
Because we did what we did for a beer.

As Sport Compny came into camp, all sweat and damp,
Asleep was the 'Q' (Quartermaster), all of Catering (Cooks) too.
Ah, they knew we'd be first, with unquenchable thirst
And money to spend for a beer; an icy cold carton of beer.

Chorus

Drink a tin for a tin, till your bladder must burst;
And somebody must pay for our raging thirst,
And we did what we did for a beer;
An icy cold carton of beer.

Laughter

Echoed across from outside our Mess (EM, O, NCO Club- USArmy)
We wanted some grog, even under duress,
But the Pogie (USMC pogie, REMF, Remington Raider, Garri-trooper, etc)said the booze
wasn't here,
So we beat him up for a beer.
We went for the tins, quite a few were downed
Then this mongrel got up, and knocked a cob (cobber, mate associate) to the ground
We saw he had pips(officers [English, Austral] rank insignia) so we sculled the last
drips,
And the RSM cried over here;
We got charged for wanting a beer.

Chorus

6723.2000

Wednesday 19 July 2006

Ex BJ Price and his 51 Bn songbook. This song is the soldiers 'fantasy', 'Grunt Blues' in my archived Vietnam song folio is the soldiers reality. Again the song original included above tells of the 'desperation of love/lust/passion; the soldier uses irony and exaggeration in the parody. Soldiers, of whatever Branch of Service 'binge drinking' episodes, as they are described professionally, are not due to moral turpitude, degeneracy, arrogance towards civil society as with footballers and other sports clubs/players (currently in US news is the Duke Uni La Crosse team), although their might be elements present for the cause of the 'Hate' coding; it is due more to the seldom found freedom to relax, have time off from the 24 hour/day, 7 day a week duty, which in combat situations goes on for months at a time, or longer.

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Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\if i was in mortars.txt

If I Was In Mortars
(If I was a Rich Man parody)

If I was in mortars,
I would schlika x 4 , schleiger schlum
Every day I'd work with my gun,
Every night I'd drink til I was done!
If I was a mortar man!

If I was in Signals!
I would ...
Every day I'd fiddle with my set,
Everynight I'd drink all I could get
If I was a Signalman!

If I was in Pioneers
I would ...
Every day we'd build and then we'd blow up
Every night we'd drink until we throw up
If I was a Pioneer!

I wish I was in Sport coy
I would ..
Every day we'd work at our best
Every night fail a breath test
If I was in Sport Coy Man.

6723,199

Tuesday 18 July 2006.

BJ Price says this was written for a concert in January 1981, 51 Bn.

Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\iraq star.txt

Nursery Rhyme Update

Mary had a little Lamb

Mary had a little skirt, with splits right up the side
And every time that Mary walked the boys could see her thighs

Mary had another skirt, split right up the front ...
But she didn't wear that very often!

Mary had a little lamb; it ran into a pylon;
Ten thousand volts ran up its ass, and turned its wool to nylon.

Little Miss Muffet

Little Miss Muffett sat on a tuffet, her clothes all tattered and torn,
It wasn't the spider that sat down beside her, But Little Boy Blue and his horn.

Simple Simon

Simple Simon met a pie man on his way to the fair.
Said S.S. to the pie man 'What have you got there?'
Said the pie man to S.S. 'Pies you dickhead!'

Humpty Dumpty

Humpty dumpty sat on the wall, H.D. had a great fall
All the King's horse and all the King's men said 'Fuck it it's only an egg.'

Georgey Porgy

Georgey Porgy pudding and pie kissed the girls and made them cry.
When the boys came out to ply, he kissed them too 'cause he was gay.

Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill to have some hanky-panky
Silly Jill forgot her pill, and now there's little Frankie.

6721.226

Thurs, 13 Aug 2004

These song/poems were received from regular respondent Paul Pulis, 1 Bn RAR vet from Kurramine Beach, Qld.

I have identified, to date, three different 'Star of the Evening' versions, which I identify as 'Army Star', which I think is the original, or parody of contemporary song and has its own tune, 'Navy Star', which uses the folk song melody 'Foggy Foggy Dew' for the verses, and 'Army Star' chorus; both these versions date from WWI. The third 'Star' I code with the title 'Roweth Star', as it was obtained from the singing of Jason and Chloe Roweth. 'Us Not Them. This variant dates from WWI, uses the Army Star chorus, but for the verses uses lyrics from 3 different US Army service songs, and dates from WWII as illustrated by the US Army verses used. Only the Army and Navy Star variants are still sung in Anglo-Celtic services; the song has a great chorus, and as the above lyrics illustrate, 'filler' verses are common.

I received these as an email; lyrics indicate the use of the 'Navy Star' melody rather than the 'Army' version. Lyrics indicate Navy variant by the following mechanisms and indicators: scansion/melody, use of bawdy verses rather than the incongruence of adults singing children's verses as in Army Star. The song 'Foggy Foggy Dew' is a slow air, telling of love, loss, and family; Navy Star boasts of lust, cynicism and indifference that is incongruent not just to the tune used, but to the values and Code of Conduct within Anglo-Celtic military services; the apposite to military life, thus making adherence to the code a lighter burden.

Samurai stated this adherence to a Code of Conduct as 'Duty is heavier than a mountain; death lighter than a feather'; native Americans as 'It's a good day to die'; Anglo-Celtic services in the song lyrics 'Death is a constant friend.' ... but 'What the f**k, they're just grunts', '4 bob a day killers', and as Australian Labour Party and American Democratic Party leaders constantly restate, and 'all guilty of war crimes.

Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\mortar platoon drinking song.txt

Mortar Platoon Drinking Song

From the Mess at Q.U.R., to the bar at the R.S.L.
The men of Support will be drinking Foster's ouzo and rum as well.
First to shout for another round,
First to call for another beer.
Proud to claim our motto, that 'The Mortars have no fear'.

The mortar line stands ready at the setting of the sun;
The men are all prepared with round and sight and gun;
In the hills of the far off T.C.B. on sultry summer days;
When mortarmen are working, the Mess isn't far away

Here's a 'Cheers!' to you and all our group, we know we're number one.
So come and join our swelling ranks, and take part in our fun.
So drop your webbing, helmet rifle too, and reach for another beer
And join your mates in saying 'The Mortars have no fear!'

6723.198

Monday 16 July 2006

A drinking song coding, but also unit pride. It mirrors the sentiments of the Scottish folk song 'My name is Jock Stewart' that was popularized a few years ago by the singing of Billy Bragg.

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Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\road to tin can bay.txt

There's an old fashioned mark, made of rubber, tin, and bark
Along the road to T.C.B.
Well the radiators hissing, and half the engine's missing
The oil tank's running dry.
There's water in the petrol, and sand in the gears,
And it hasn't been near RAEME for more than twenty years.
And, By God, you'll hear a roar, when the pogo hits the floor,
On the Road to Tin Can Bay.

There's a Grunt from the front, as he shoves it up her cunt
Along the road to Singleton.
A big gash he will fill it, he found her near his billet,
Her body to defile.
Her breasts are like ripe melons, her nipples like pears
He lost his throbbing dingus in a mass of bushy hairs.
There'll be rum, rum, rum, as he begins to come
Along the road to Singleton.

With a Frenchie on his doodle, he'll ride 'er with ease;
He'll be bringing up the gravel with both of his knees.
With a big bag full of b utter, her vagina to grease,
He forgets she is a carrier of social disease.
They'll amputate his cock, when he shows it to the Doc,
Along the road to Singleton

6723.198

Monday 16 July 2006

Ex BJ Price and 51 Bn songbook. TCB is Tin Can Bay, several hours north of Brisbane, and an Army training area; Singleton is the RAR Infantry School.

The first song goes into the coding 'Unit Pride', the 2nd, a Bawdy Ballad A parody of song 'Road to Gundagai'; it was written for radio, in the late 30's? 40's?.

© analysis, SW Sam Hilt 2006, song melody © unk(nown)

Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\soldiers beer prayer.txt

The Beer Prayer

Our lager.

Which art in barrels,
Hallowed be thy drink,
Thy will be drunk,
(I will be drunk).
At home as I am in the tavern,
Give us this day our foamy head,
And forgive us our spillages,
As we forgive those who spill against us,
And lead us not to incarceration,
But deliver us from hangovers,
For Thine is the beer,
The bitter and the lager,
Forever and ever,

Barmen.

6723.185

Ex Paul Pulis, Kurramine Beach, Qld, 1 Bn RAR RVN 65-66. One of a long genealogy of military ecclesiastical parodies.

Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\soldiers internationale.txt

Soldier's Internationale (tune, 1st half of 'Oh Tannenbaum')

The Working Class can kiss my ass,
I've got a soldier's job at last.
I was out of work and on the dole,
So shove the Red Flag up your hole.

6723.194

Thursday 13 July 2006

Ex BJ Price and his donated 51 BN FNQ Reg't songbook, put together by Vietnam Vets, who learned most of the songs, including this one, from WWII vets.

My research indicates that contrary to current academic theory, there is not 'One Popular Society' from which soldiers come, and after service return to; that the term 'Working Class' is created by middle class social elites, for use by middle class social elites, and that it is 'politically correct' rather than accurate. By all, and a wide variety of definitions and descriptors, 'the 'Middle Class' comprises +/- 95% of the population in Australia, the US and Britain; the remaining 5% is divided equally amongst the rich and the poor/peasants. This song illustrates the tacit recognition that soldiers have that they are NOT 'working class', and, in fact, rate, are perceived as being of a lower status than even the unemployed. It is also tacit acknowledgement that the 'Red Flag', Socialist fascism is for Middle Class social elites and has nothing to do with 'progress' for anyone but themselves.

Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\the robin.txt

As I woke this morning, when all sweet things are born,

A robin perched on my sill to sing the coming morn.
The bird was fragile, young, and gay;
So sweetly did she sing
That thoughts of joy and happiness
Into my heart did spring.
And as she sweetly, singing sat,
She paused a moment slow--
I gently closed the window--
And crushed her fucking skull!

The tune is the folk song '4 Mary's'; This came from 2 sources Aust. Korea war carrier pilot Ian Macdonald, and Vietnam helicopter pilot Jim Hatch. while I had never heard this sung while I was in the Service, it certainly points out the horror and shock of combat: one second the world and surrounding area are beautiful, and at peace, the next second deafening noise, blood, violence, horror and death.

Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\the sparrer.txt

There was a bleedin' sparrer, lived up a water spout,
Then comes a bleedin' rainstorm wot washed the bleeder out;
That bleedin' little sparrer went and sat out on the grass
And told that bleedin' rainstorm to kiss 'is bleedin' ass.

And when that storm was over, and likewise, too, the rain,
That bleedin' little sparer flies off up that spout again.
'e builds 'isself a bleedin' nest and lays a bleedin' egg;
The bleeder bursts inside 'is guts and trickles dahn 'is leg.

Then comes a bleedin' parrer 'awk, what spies 'im in 'is snuggery,
'e sharpens up 'is bleedin' claws, an' chews 'im up to buggery.
Then there comes a bleedin' sportin' cove wot 'as a bleedin' gun;
'e shot the bleedin' sparrer 'awk, and spoilt 'is bleedin' fun!

Now, the moral of my story is plain enough to all;

spoken

It's 'THEM WOT LIVES UP BLEEDIN' SPOUTS DON'T GET NO FUN AT ALL!!!

O God!!!! ---now here's a thought that will wake you up screaming in the middle
of the night!-They actually put the men and women that sing these songs in command
of OUR multi million dollar aircraft and boats!!

Ian Macdonald, 509 Sqn, Korea, says this song was sung in WWII and Korea--after
'The Vixen' song--we know they were sung in Vietnam as well.

Sam Hilt Collection\misc songs\yellow whore of bangkok.txt

There's a yellow whore in Bangkok, That I am going to see;
And no one else will pay her, not half as much as me.
You can go and rape a taxi girl, and end up with VD,
But the yellow whore in Bangkok is the only slut for me.

6723.194

Thurs 13 July 2006

Ex BJ Price 51 Bn FNQ Reg't songbook, who says this song was also sung in Vietnam by the Diggers. Bangkok was not only an R&R centre during the Vietnam War, it was a destination for the troops during the two Malaysian Emergencies of '48 and '61, but throughout the time troops have been stationed there; this song is still sung.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\airborne all the way.txt

airborne, all the way
here I stand, machine gun in hand,
with my back to the wall;
my platoon's gone, how can I fight on?
wishin' I weren't here at all--
chorus
but hey!, I am airborne, all the way
repeat
on the morn of the 10th, left that place of death,
the firebase on hill 8-1-5,
we were shelled night and noon, then again at the dawn;
of my platoon 15 men were left alive---
chorus
but hey, we are airborne, all the way
repeat
that night 8-2-3,delta mike, also me
on platoon ambush did go;
nva camp came in sight, 'l' shaped ambush that night;
gook battalion in the kill zone, the claymores were blown--
chorus
--we,are ----
on the morn of the 11th, charlie company facede death,
delta company covered their rear;
66th reg' t attacked, by christ we fought back!
paratrooperfamilies that night would shedmany tears--
but-- they went ----

captain hardy is dead, he's just gone ahead;
his comp' ny in heaven he' ll lead;
the 'herd' madeastand, we fought hand to hand;
100% casualties tells of our deeds--
but---we are ---
the battle is done--thank christ we have won;
the 66th reg' ts no more;
' gainst machine guns, rockets,shells, the 'herd' s' been to hell;
to the last man will we fight this war for ever more?
?
--
but--we are--
now again here I stand, m-16 in my hand;
again my back' sto the wall;
again my platoon' sgone, but I know I'll fight on;
still wishin I weren't here at all
but --i am---

alternative title, 'nov 11th/3rd march song',
so called because of actions d 1/503, 173rd participated in at dak to on 11 nov,
'67, and at kontum on 3rd march, 1968.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\army pilots.txt

army pilots
army pilots oh, there are no army (navy, air force, marine etc) pilots in phu tai,
at phu tai;
repeat they are causing quite a flap, 'cause they've all come down with measles
(clap) oh there are no army pilots at phu tai.
oh there are no army pilots downat group (head quarters) repeat the place is full
of brass, chicken (full) colonels out the window(ass) there are no army pilots down
at group
there----at brigade there's no one at brigade, they are all out getting haircuts
(laid)
there---in the states (oz, amberley etc) they' re all on foreign shores, making
mothers out of friends(whores)
there ----down in hell the place is full of queers, navigators bombardiers (fighter
pilots, bomberpilots or other branch!, nationality;
/are not dears)
every pilot's at fort rucker (us heli pilot training) they have all become
instructors making pilots out of --practically nothing!

recorded in vietnam from us helicopter pilots by 161 recce flight.

I wouldn't be surprised if this song goes back to wwii--it's sung, or known, in all aviation branches, fixed and rotary wing, in all english speaking countries.

in the us, prof lydia fish, vietnam veterans oral history and folklore project, has us marine versions sung by jim hatch, and usaf versions sung by dick jonas, all of which are available for purchase via her web site.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\aussie engineer.txt

the aussie engineer

the aussie engineer

the forward scout raised his arm in the village of long phouc he'd found another tunnel, but who'd go down to look?

the corporal passed the word back, it went back far behind to let the platoon commander know of their recent find.

now along came this soldier,

with mud from head to toe where I s the tunnel entrance?

was all he wanted to know he smiled as they showed him, then quickly looked around and before they could stop him, he'd gone down underground.

now he'd been crawling on his guts all that day I'd bet looking for the booby traps that old charlie sets then he found the wire stretched all taut and thin;

but he deloused that booby trap,

with a safety pin.

now he'd like to sit down, and roll himself a smoke, but he's been called up forward, by another bloke so when you see that hat badge, burstinglike a shell, remember that this fellow, has crawled halfway through hell.

and if he's in a bar mate, you buy that bloke a beer because, sir, you' re drinking with an aussie engineer.

brad tate supplied this song, sung to the tune of 'sink the Bismarck'.

he got the song as a typed sheet, but doesn't remember where or when.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\ballad of billie joe.txt

tune is 'ghost riders in the sky'

tune is 'ghost riders in the sky'

chorus

billie joe, billie joe, gunfighter extraordinaire!

to aid his fight he drew a vest and survival radio hanging in his office, in case he's called to go.

the weeks go by, he hears no call, he says 'here I am' alas no one knows, billie joe's in vietnam

and then one night the siren blows, he gets his chance at last: as ready reaction leader, he gives the call 'stand fast' ;

and then to our dismay he cries 'just where do I go?

his men look up, tears in their eyes- 'what happened to billie joe?'

ballad of billie joe, cont' d

oh billie joe, oh billie joe you've had your chance my friend;

for you it is the end until the bitter end;

hand in your vest, helmet, and survival radio- and if you ever hear that call again--please, do not go!

from tub mathieson and 161 recce.'

ghost riders is a song, from memory about the bravery of those who have gone before;

this is a parody about a staff officer, who wants to be the same as pilots flying their missions daily, but doesn't quite succeed.

the gentle humour of this song indicates that billie joe was liked by his men--too many officers in vietnam as in other wars abused their position--for some reason they felt/feel that they are better than those men, officers or enlisted who are in the field, as evidenced by songs like army hq/saigon warriors being sung by officers as well as enlisted men

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\bang bang lulu.txt

chorus

chorus

bang bang lulu, bang her good and strong.

whadya gonna do for a midnight screw when lulu's dead and gone.

rich girl uses vaseline, poor girl uses lard, lulu uses axle grease and bangs them twice as hard.

officers go with debutantes, privates, girls from the factory yard, but lulu screws the whole damn lot, they've only gotta say the word.

lulu's lived in new york, lulu's lived in france.

lulu likes the good ole life, she likes to bedroom dance.

i learned this song while in recruit training in 1966-67, these are all the verses I remember, though there were hundreds;

the song is suitable for any 'filler' verses.

I have seen a version of this song printed in sheet music labelled 'soldier songs',

and dated about 1922, so it was obviously sung during wwi.
the tune is 'goodnight ladies.'
if anyone has any more verses please contact me.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\battle of coral.txt

at the battle of coral, we lost 16 of our mates,
at the battle of coral, we lost 16 of our mates, 56 more were wounded there, it's
just a soldiers fate.
it was 2 a.

m.

the death hur, when the red flare lit the sky, the boys on sentry shuddered, for
fear their mates might die.

the vc soon approached the wire, to have another go, but the boys on sentry showed
them, they were ready to meet the foe.

chorus

with our arty and our choppers, our battalion, oh so strong, we braved that charging
onslaught, and battled charlie cong.

their arty was supporting, it was coming thick and fast, but we were' nt really
worried, we knew it couldn't last.

our.

50 cals were firing, rpg's were racing in, but the yankee gunships soon were there,
from up there at long binh.

then they came on with their main attack, it was really touch and go, but the
aussies had the spirit, of the diggers long ago.

the diggers held their ground that night, we fought the vc back;

for 5 more weeks we fought them there, then back to nui dat.

rpt first 2 lines, slowly -----

recorded from the singing of brian broderick, who fought with 1 battalion on both
its tours to rvn, and who contributed several songs to this collection.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\beautiful dreamer parodies.txt

beautiful dreamer, lash up and stow,
beautiful dreamer, lash up and stow, cooks to the galley and stokers below when
under punishment or stoppage of pay muster at 'c' block and form into z' s

they say that the navy's a wonderful place but the organization's a fucking disgrace
beautiful dreamer lash up and stow, cook's to the galley and stokers below cooks to
the galley and stokers below.

darky edwards learned this song when he was in the navy during the korean war.

the second verse of this song is a 'filler' verse, and is also used in the songs
buna, puckapunyal, bien hoa aitrstrip, etc the following fragment is all I could
remember of a song that was sung by paratroops from wwii to the present.

darky also 'knew' the song, but couldn't remember the words.

beautiful streamer, open for me clear sky above me and no canopy.

counted 5000, no 'chute idi I see beautiful streamer, open for me.

a 'streamer',

a 'cigarette roll' is a parachute that doesn't deploy properly, and instantly goes
into a shape that looks like a poorly hand rolled cigarette, or a paper streamer
being thrown.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\bless emall.txt

bless 'em all parodies

bless 'em all parodies fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all, the long the short and the tall,
they took all our women for awas and wafs, our grog they all guzzled, our tucker
they scoffed;

so we' re saying good by to the swine, whatever bad luck they may find take doris,
take lily, but leave us old tilly, leave us old tilly devine!

awas = aust womens army service, waf = womens air force, tilly devine == well known
sydney brothel keeper in the '40' s

the reckon there' re provos, and reckon it's true, for I have seen 1 or 2 bloody
great muskets strapped onto their sides, great wooded headswith fuck all inside now
we' re saying good by to them all, as back to the harlots we crawl you' ll get no
protectin from this fucking section, so cheer up me lads, fuck em all.

bless sick call, bless sick call, the long the short and the tall you see the medics
ere battle begins, tell them you' re dyin and need aspirin so we' re saying good by
to them all, the long the short and the tall you' ll ge no promaotion with calamine
lotion, so goddam the lot, bless sick call

kittyhawks don't worry me, kittyhawks don't worry me old blowing bastards with flaps
in their wings buggered up spark plugs, and buggered up rings;

so wer' re saying goodbye to them all, as bavck to the ad's they crawl with good
navigation, and good concentration, we' ll get them back, that is all!

the last song don brian collected from john short, of 76 /squadron, 'sick call'
version, is from my father, s.

w.

hilt, who served in the us army in nth africa, sicily and italy.

the other versions brad tate collected in the '60's and early '70's

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\bomb the town.txt

chorus

chorus

bomb the town and straff the people;

fire your rockets all around;

you will really laugh your ass off;

as they crawl along the ground

bomb them on a sunday morning;

get the children when they pray;

lay a rocket on the altar;

don't let any get away.

drop your bombs in public places;

you will kill more if you do;

bomb the town and straff the people;

it will thrill you through and through.

drop some candy to the children;

watch them as they gather round;

fire your 20mm;

gun the little bastards down!

rob wilis sent me a copy of a songbook used in vietnam by 161 recce flight, oakey, qld, that was given to him by his ex wife's husband and former pilot in the sqn, tub mathieson.

tub, when I contacted him said he is tone deaf and though he knew the songs, he couldn't sing them, or know the melodies.

the tune that was used for this song was recovered by wwii kiwi vet and folklorist les cleveland.

the tune is the popular early 50's song 'wake the town and tell the people'.

this song is still sung in 161 recce flight, and was sung in the gulf war, and bosnia.

this song expresses the anger felt by service personnel in the vietnam war, not towards the enemy, but towards the civilians who stayed at home, and didn't care about them, or the vietnamese;

who only cared about making sure they wouldn't have to go.

(see also in this collection 'riflemans love song') these feelings of soldiers towards civilians were felt and expressed, in all wars, but certainly more frequently during the vietnam war.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\brother oh dear brother.txt

chorus

chorus

brother, oh dear brother, please tell me if you can;
tell me how the soldiers fight the war in vietnam;
tell me of the purple hearts that you sent home to ma;
oh brother, please tell me of the war in vietnam.
tell me of the 2 platoons that were cut off from the rest;
even though out-numbered, they fought their very best;
you tell me 6 were wounded, and they fought on so brave;
you tell 76 of their friends are sleeping in their graves.
tell me of the battle for hill 875;
you tell me 280 men, there have lost their lives;
you tell me haunting memories just won't go away of the bloody battle you won
thanksgiving day.
brother, oh dear brother could you say a man with honour, is a man against them
all;
and a man who has no honour, well.
he is no man at all;
and if I must die, then I die, amongst honoured men;
and I watched you, for the 3rd time, board a plane for vietnam.

recovered from a tape made by ray chapman of brisbane, ex australian 105 battery,
173rd abn bde, of a recording of ssgt james chaney, 2/503rd, 173rd.

more sentimental type ballads have turned up from the vietnam war than have for any
of the wars since the american civil war, I don't speculate on whether this is due
to a higher literacy in the 1960's, vietnam was more viciously fought than previous
wars (or that I'm just one shit-hot collector!!) I fought in the dak to battles of
nov '67 with 1/503rd;

though our battalion had had over 300% casualties by this time--in 3 weeks, and we
were under half strength--and I had just got out of hospital--on 24th november '67, my
20th birthday, as we were about to ca, combat assault, onto hill 875 to reinforce
2nd batt, they took the hill, reinforced by our 4th batt;

when the 2nd battalion was taken off the hill there were only 20 men left out of a
nominal 1000, and ssgt chaney, and i, and all our mates from all wars have our
'haunting memories' that just won't go away, and are still waiting for someone to
'sing me to sleep'.

first verse of this song refers to 'battle of the slopes',
the location of which I point out in the abc documentary 'inside story: shellshock'.

I was in 'jump school' when this battle took place on 22 june, 1967;
while we had got our 'warning order' for assignment to the 101st airmborne
'screaming eagles' of wwii fame, when news of this battle was reported we all knew
we were heading for the 173rd, the first anzus bde, a proud record and heritage--and
little chance of survival.

in the battle of the slopes of the 2 platoons mentioned, just in case you didn't
get the implication from the song--of the 82 paratroopers in the 2 platoons, 76 were

killed, and the 6 survivors were wounded--but they kept fighting, and held their positions, alone and wounded, for over 12 hours;
surrender was not an option: 'death before dishonour'

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\browned off.txt

i used to be a civvie chap, as decent as could be;
i used to be a civvie chap, as decent as could be;
I used to think a workin lad had a man's right to be free;
but first they came and then they made a soldier out of me and told me it was all to save democracy.
chorus
and I was browned off, browned off, browned off as can be browned off, browned off, an easy fool that's me.
but when this war is over and once more I'm free;
there' ll be no more trips around the world for me
they put me in a convict suit, they made me cut me hair;
they took away me civvie shoes, gave me another pair.
instead of food they gave us slush and plenty of fresh air- and said it was all to save democracy.
now every day I'm on parade long before the dawn;
and every day I curse the bloody day that I was born.
but I'm just a browned off soldier that anyone can see;
they browned me off to help them save democracy.
now, the colonel kicks the captain, then the captain has a go;
the captain kicks the sergeant, who kicks other nco' s;
and as the kicks get harder the poor private you can see;
gets kicked to bloody hell to save democracy.

i recorded this song from the singing of simon campell, a folk singer and poet of sydney, nsw, formerly of kuranda, qld, and from darky edwards, digger, of woodbridge, qld, who sang it during the korean war and in vietnam, and learned it from wwii vets.

this song was written by iww pres joe hill after he sat down with a us sailor after the spanish-american war, and during the philippine insurrection.

by wwi, the song had been taken over by the australian army, and the tune altered to the form used in this collection.

in the folk circles of america it is still sung to joe hill's tune and lyrics.

this song is still popular when sung to currently serving diggers, male and female!

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\bye bye saigon.txt

pack up all your cares and woes, here I go ,singin low,
pack up all your cares and woes, here I go ,singin low, bye, bye, saigon.
where the slopeheads smile at me, beer is cheap, so's saigon tea, bye, bye saigon.
none of these slopes don t care or understand me',
for shekels all they do is hang around me;
so kiss my ass and light my light, I'm pissing off late tonight, saigon, bye bye.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\camp holloway.txt

when we first came to vietnam, we stayed at old dong betieng,
when we first came to vietnam, we stayed at old dong betieng, that's really a fine
place to be ---from;
when the 'shrimp boats' arrived, we headed for pleiku, camp holloway was to be our
new home.
camp holloway tower, this is shrimp boat 7-9 we' re beynd the reef for landin, we'd
like to have a place at puier 23, and put into the wharf forthe evenin'

the man in the tower turned to his friend and said in a singular note;
i've heard of bikinis, and alligators too, but what the hells' ma shrimp boat!
hello holloway towerr, this is shrimp boat 7-9 we' re at time, for a mounting for a
landing;
we'd like to have our face layed into runway 2-3;
and put into the shore for the evenin
we were moved onto the ramp, the weather it was damp;
bu t we thought we were in tall clover;
till the c.

o.
of the bird dogs, dispersed round the ramp;
complained that we were blowin his planes over!
hello holloway tower this is shrimp boat 7-9;
we' re beyond 'the reef' for a landin' ;
we' re late, and we' re 'short',
and we' ll taxi to the wharf;
but we' ll try to leave a few bird dogs standin!
we had to go on our first dangerous mission;
we were logged for a 'c.

a.'
we had to haul several cases of beer;

from pleiku to camp holloway!
camp holloway tower, this is shrimp boat 7-9 we are due at pleiku for a landin;
we'd like to pull in to pier 25 and put into that empty bay standin.
we can't release the ship for artillery in the field;
with gun moves and ammo resupplies;
but every time we go into a landing zone, we blow their tents and lift their
ponchos high!
camp holloway, cont' d
hello operator this is shrimp boat a7-9 we'd like to have a place to steer! we got
two ponchos wrapped around our blades, and shrimp boat is actin mighty queer!
we went out this mornin on an ammo resupply;
but charlie caught old 7-9 today the crew heard the bullets hit the ship and this
is what we heard the pilot say:
hello holloway tower this is shrimp boat 7-9 we' re way, way beynd 'the reef' for
landin;
we' re comin home to stay, we won't fly no more today! and we' ll put into the
wharf for a landing.

camp holloway is/was a special forces/aattv camp near pleiku, which is in the
central highlands of vietnam near the western bder with cambodia/laos, and was on
the main nva infiltration routes.
near kontum and dak to.

since the helicopter squadrons mentioned have names like alligator 'shrimp boat'
and 'bikini' - I imagine they got their names from american gulf of mexico states
theme, since also in the us primary helicopter flight training was at fort rucker,
alabama.

bird dogs were light, single engine cessna 'civilian style' small cabin lioght
airplanes used for artillery spotting--spotting targets for artillery and bombing
strikes -- they flew low, and were unarmoured and vulnerable to enemy rifle fire.

this is from a tape of the us aviation singing group, the merryman',
recorded at nui dat at aust 161 recce flight concert.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\champion company.txt

we were called champion company
we were called champion company
we had a lot of young men who went on their first op, they got into their first
contact, the vc they did stop.
our guns knew their role, the scout s they did their best, directing fire onto the
spot, champion company did the rest.
chorus
we were called champion com' ny, because it was true' when out bus, we did our best,
to be sure charlie company got through
each soldier has heard the crash of the ak and rpg;
they've taken their toll upon our mates.
5 men will fight no more.

41 men besides these men, have felt the wounds of war, back home again they convalesce on a manly, sunny, shore.
 we' re going back to nui dat for the very last time to pack our bags and celebrate, and head for aussie's shore we've done our job and proved our worth, australia now will see, proudly we' ll march through sydney's streets, for all australia to see.'
 this song was written in 1968.
 we had just gotten in from an operation, I forget it's name, about 11 o' clock, midnight, and we went straight to the boozier and wrote this song.'
 sgt brian broderick contributed this song.
 this is a great example of the universallity of soldier feelings-- the company name, the name of the city and coutry can be changed to whatever suits the soldier that singing the song, change the number of casualties, and the song will be accurate as to the soldiers feelings.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\cheap charlie.txt

uc dai loi, cheap charlie, he won't buy me saigon tea
 uc dai loi, cheap charlie, he won't buy me saigon tea saigon tea cost many,
 many pi, uc dai loi he cheap charlie
 tan toi lan, cheap charlie, he no give me mpc, mpc cost---- tan toi lan ---
 lin my,
 cheap charlie, he no go to bed with me for it cost him--- lin my he ----
 uc dai loi cheap charlie make me give him one for free mama-san go crook at me--etc
 tan toi lan cheap charli, he give babysan to me etc
 lin my cheap charlie, he sail home across the sea etc

 as above + coffey-san, cheap charlie, he take back 500pi coffey-san not happy with me
 coffey-san numbah 3, he no keep his girl with he coffey-san get clap from me

 uc dai loi = australian, tan toi lan = kiwi, lin my = american in vietnamese this was probably the bestknown and widely sung of soldier songs amongst english speaking troops -- i've used a different 'country of origen' of the cheap charlie, but when sung, generally only one of the kiwis americans, australian would be used, either to make fun of themselves, or their comrades in arms -- australians would sing about kiwis being 'cheap charlies', or whatever.

saigon tea was tea given to bar girls when asoldier would order them a whiskey-this kept the girl sober, and increased profit to bar owner.

darky edwards sang this for me.

the added verses are from the 161 recce flight colection - coffey was one of the pilots flying in vietnam.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\cleaqn latrine.txt

when we begin the beguine, it brings back the sound of music so tender
when we begin the beguine, it brings back the sound of music so tender it brings
back the night of tropical splendour;
it brings back the memory evergreen
my job is to clean an army latrine, I'm the man with the pan of the pan that
everyone uses the paper's ok, on both sides the news is to read when you dream in my
latrine.
i scrub it all day at 4 in the morning, and keepit snow white, just as you expect
it;
and when it gets high I just didinfect it, remarkably clean is my latrine
i scrub it all day and I scrub it all night, my cobbercomes in and polishes the
chain;
there we are scrubbing together and wondring if we' ll ever get out the stains.
what rapture we've seen, what moments of bliss when crowds come along and we know
our efforts are wasted they just let it go,don't carewhere they place it they
don'thave toclean the latrine.
oh they won't keep it clean, that bloody latrine' though I make slots for the clots
who take shots in different directions.
though i've sand papered the seats so each can establish connections but I
stillstand aloof, they can't hit the roof, it' sthe only place clean in my latrine.
if a man is a freak and must leak like a creek, the seats not complete lessit's all
covered in paper when it' swet like an arrtists palette, keeping dry is the caper
but I still stand aloof they can't hit the roof, it's the only pace clean in my
latrine.
this song was recorded for me by brian ritchie, a neighbour, and darky edwards.
both learned it during the korean war.
brians version is for an air force latrine--both say they learned it from wwii
vets.
there are 2 last verses, the first one, the second to last verse is brians, the
'last' last verse is darky' s.
darkys version was more 'complete' than brians.
both said, or sang the tune as a 4 part song.
because of hearing loss, while I culdhear the differences in the parts, it was hard
to 'learn'them for transcribing, the originaltapes can be heard at the war memorial,
or it can perhaps be purchasedas part of 30's music anthologies.
darky sang this song during a 'sod's opera' aboard the hmas sydney on the way to
rvn in 1965.
---this song has had a long 'service life',
of at least 3 wars.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\corporal barnes.txt

i knew cor' ral barnes, he was a man of iron;
i knew cor' ral barnes, he was a man of iron;
he loved the children there, he gave them clothes to wear.
he spent all his combat pay, brightening their cloudy days, god bless you, cor'
pral barnes.
one day a lonely boy, dirty face, tin can toy opened wide his tiny arms seeking
shelter from the war;
he stole a soldiers heart, childish love from the start, god bless you, corpral
barnes.
he found an airborne patch, sewed it to an army cap;
grateful tears filled almond eyes, 'you numbah one g.
i!" "please never go away, papa-san come here to stay, you' re number one, corporal
barnes!"
we called him timothy, he was our family;
the little guy was all alone, he had no place to call a home;
corporal barnes took him in, and shared his food with him;
you've found a friend, corporal barnes.
but this cruel war has no heart, and one day they had to part;
the corporal promised to return, but they never met again.
the little boy with airborne patch, watch and waits with every breath;
"where's my friend, corporal barnes?"
"
corporal barnes gave his life in a bloody highland fight;
he had done his very best, for timothy and all the rest.
he's numbered 'mongst the slain, don't let him die in vain, rest in peace, corporal
barnes
repeat first verse, last line-now we do the same, cor barnes, rpt johnny barnes
----- ray chapman of brisbane sent me this song on a
tape, along with many others;
fiddlers green, etc.
john barnes was my machine gunner on 11 nov '67 when he was killed.
'machine gunners song',
'airborne all the way' describe the action in which he died.
timothy did see johnny barnes again;
when I was hospitalised for wounds several days later, I had to identify his body,
timothy was with me.
we continued to look after timothy, and others like him.
I still do, as do most vietnam veterans.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\cpl harry baird.txt

cpl

cpl.

harry baird

my name is cpl.

harry baird, 'widowmaker' s' under my arm.

I'm marching with my comrades, to help save vietnam.

and though they' re mainly conscripts, they give it all they have, but back home
the people hate us, they just don't understand.

our forward scout's bob deacon, deke, he's our companys eyes and ears, he's handy
with a chook or a pig, he's a handy man with a beer.

he led us through courtney plantation, by long tan that battle's known, but then he
got a 'homer',

and he left us on our own.

our medic's smilin young mick poole, he's young bu he is game.

when wounded or on a long, hard, march, he keeps us smilin just the same.

but then we went to the long hai hills, that battle of great fame;

twas there that most of my section died, and smilin mick won't walk again.

my name is cpl.

harry baird, 'widowmaker' s' still under my arm, but now I'm marching on my own,
i've done the best I can.

my tour is almost over, I'm going back to my native land, but back home the people
hate us, they just don't understand,-- but back home the people hate us, theyn just
can't understand.

my friend and neighbour --he lives 20k down the track, bob deacon, served with 'b'
coy, 5 bn on its first tour to rvn.

he said his cpl, harry baird only sang one song, but he kept adding verses--like
when bob, as the forward scout, alerted the section for a chook in the scrub,
another time a pig.

i've met mick poole, who still smiles and jokes, though a quadreplegic.

the only words bob could remember of the song were the first two lines;

harry baird won't talk about vietnam, let alone sing.

I was moved by what bob told me, so I filled out the verses myself.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\creamsleeves.txt

creamsleeves

creamsleeves (sung aaabaab)

old grandma died and in her will, she left me her love and her doctor's bill, a full set of notes on the use of the pill, and a little machine that played greensleeves. i had an idea, then quick as a wink, I bought an old van and I painted it pink; with a freezer that came from an ice skating rink, and it only worked when I played greensleeves. my product was good, soon I owned a fleet, my vans went twinkling down every street; and the jingle of money was, oh, so sweet, I'll bet the pied piper played greensleeves! ' greensleeves' when the roosters crow, the grocers body swings to and fro; he was condemned, he had to go, for throttling a man who sang 'greensleeves'! last week they shot my best ice cream nan, today they blew up my 19th van; for the shop keepers formed their own ku klux klan, and the robes that they wear all have greensleeves. the army came and they took all my vans to send to the jungles of vietnam: now australia's the envy of uncle sam, 'cause the yanks don't have tanks that play 'greensleeves'! but the army's got problems I'm telling you, they can sell pink tanks when the war is through; but what the hell will they ever do? with a million machines that play 'greensleeves'? dave alexander says he learned this song from the singing og ":the new world trio" in paddington in 1962--- i suspect that dave might have this dated a bit early--the vietnam war didn't become prominent in australian life until 1965, and the birth control pill until 1967! darky edwards recorded this fragment of eurasian girl--unfortunately he can't remember any more. there was a pretty eurasian girl, with pearl white teeth and raven hair; she set all the diggers hearts in a whirl, and the price she charged was 200 p(iastre)

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\daddy grey.txt

daddy grey/maggie may
daddy grey/maggie may
now I'm walking down the graveyard, just to help a little bit' to carry in some rice and all that shit, all that shit! but the weather in the pass, was right down in the grass, and we only had 300 pounds of gas! yes, I nearly lost my ass at the mouth of man gan pass the weather it was three hun-der red (300) and two, pretty blue! but 'old cheech' he hung in, but my 'pucker string' was tuggin' and I thought that my flyin days were through!
chorus
yes, my dear old daddy grey, he has sende me away, down to the delta, where I got sick, suck my dick! now I'm 'floating' back to (undecipherable) in a big old caribou, and I'm never going back to old pleiku!

a caribou is a twin engine military transport aircraft.

the word/town saigon will work, or if ex-viet vets are singing the song, add your own base camp, or favourite r&#r spot!

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\deck the hills.txt

deck the hills with heads and willie pete, fa, la, la, la ,la, la, la,la,la,
deck the hills with heads and willie pete, fa, la, la, la ,la, la, la,la,la, tis the
season of staff folly ----- don we jungle green apparel ----- as we
shoot gook 'bobs' and carols' -----

heads refers to the flower of the medicinal herb cannabis sativa, willie peter, wp,
is the radio phonetics for white phosphorus shells.

though by the vietnam era the radio phonetics had become whiskey papa, at least in
the 173rd airborne, where this song originated, the ww2 phonetics were used in this
context.

gook refers to north vietnamese citizens with names equivalent to the angle robert
or caroline.

this song was sung by myself and mates christmas eve, 1967.

hanoi hannah was reporting that the n.

v.

army was offering ho chi minh the 173rd abn bde as a christmas present.

we were laagered on hill 1278, dak to, for the day, as there was a truce for
christmas.

our op, observation post, reported an nva company moving on our position, my
machine-gun crew with a rifle 'fire team, 7 men in all, went out to engage
them---merry christmas!

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\did you ever.txt

did you ever

did you ever?

did you ever have to use a sandbag, to tie a gooks head so his brains don't drag?

it's not very pretty, I don't want to brag, did you ever have to use a sandbag?

did you ever have to really decide, to save a friends life, but let another friend
die?

it never gets easy, and sometimes you cry, did you ever have to really decide?

?

chorus

die gedanken sind frei, my thoughts freely flower ' ' ' ' '.

my thoughts give me power no scholar can map them, no hunter can trap them no man
can deny, die gedanken sind frei, repeat
so I think as I please, and this gives me pleasure my conscience decrees, this right
I must treasure my thoughts will not cater, to duke or dictator no man can deny,
die-----, repeat
and if tyrants take me, and throw me in prison my thoughts will burst free, like
blossoms in flower foundations will crumble, the structure will tumble and free men
will cry, die----, repeat

when I was a young man I 'listed for a soldier I took the king's shilling, and I
drank full well they gave me a red coat,
they gave me a musket and sent me to ameriky--into the jaws of hell--repeat
on line on lexington green, we faced the rebels volleys we charged our bayonets,
painted that green, red then at the bridge at concord we faced them with one accord,
till outnumbered fought back to boston, with most of us dead, repeat
repeat first verse

kit denton sang 'when I was a young man' when he served with the buffs, before he
became a paratrooper in wwii.

he only remembered a few words of the second verse, so I 'filled them in',
then went back to him to confirm that they were in keeping with the marching song as
he remembered it.

the tune to when I was a young man is 'die gedanken sind frei',
which has been sung in germany since the 1700' s, and is almost universally sung in
germany, there is no doubt that it would have been sung by german
soldiers/servicemen during both the first and second world wars--and probably by
german tornado pilots in the gulf war.

because,
ex kit, the british army was singing this song which obviously dates from the
american revolution during wwii, that it was also sung during wwi, the boer war, and
probably the crimea, and the napoleonic wars as well -- as far as I have been able
to discover, it has not previously been collected even in england or america! the
words to 'when I was' --depict military actions that took place, accurately, in
1775;

kits unit,
the buffs, the former 3rd regiment of foot, didn't arrive for service/combat, in
america until 1781, so the song was obviously learned from regiments that served
there prior to that date, and thus was more widespread in the british army than just
one regiment.

this coming anzac day, '98, in a few weeks time will let me confirm, or not,
through peter walton, an air force veteran of vietnam, who also served in the
wehrmacht in wwii, whether 'die gedanken sind frei' was, in fact sung by the
soldiers, 'michaels',
as germans call their 'diggers',
during wwii.

peter has a few german soldier songs from wwii, that I have not yet recorded.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\dinki-di korea.txt

dinki-di korea

dinki-di korea two diggers in tokyo on 14 days leave, when a fucking great provos
said pardon me please, there's mud on your tunic and blood on your sleeve I'll just
have to cancel your 14 days leave.

the diggers said 'mate, you' re a fucking disgrace, we' re just back from korea,
that fucking disgrace.

where whizz bangs are flyin and comforts are few, and brave men are dyin for
bastards like you

when mothers have babies they have them with ease when mothers have abortions they
call them mp's you' ll say as you like and you' ll do as you please, but youre all
fucking bastards, you fucking mp' s

i recorded hank snow 4 years ago at gan gan army camp, nelsons bay, nsw, near
newcastle, but he didn't sing this song until a fortnight ago at a 173rd abn bde
reunion at sth grafton.

he sang this version after darky edwards sang his wwii version of dinki- di.

hopefully I'll be able to record him singingthis version, and that the singing
weekend might have sparkedhis memory for more songs.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\dinki-di vietnam.txt

a digger in bien hoa on in-country leave,
a digger in bien hoa on in-country leave,
when 2 fucking great aps said' pardon me please,
there's mud on your tunic, and blood on your sleeve,
I'll just have to cancel your in-country leave

chorus

dinki-di, dinki- di, I just tell the truth, can't be bothered to lie

the diggers just glared, 'mate, I'll gibve you the goods,

we' re just back from the slaughter in the hobo woods

where there's mortars and rockets and kalashnikovs too,.

and brave men are dying for bastards like you

we' re shelled on the left and we' re shelled on the right

we' re shelled in the day and we' re shelled in thenight

if something don'ty happen, and that pretty soon

there' ll be nobody left in the bloody platoon

when mothers have babies they have them with ease,

when whores have abortions they cal lthem aps

you' ll say as you like and you' ll do as you please

you' re all fucking bastards, you fucking aps.

in january, 1966 darky edwards (3 sqd, royal aust engineers, attached to the 173rd abn bde) returned to the 'snakepit' bien hoa, with a mate for a bit of r&ras a reward for their part in the discovery and search of the hobo woods.

(now known as the cu chi tunnels, shown as a diorama in the australian war memorial.

also see songs in this collection;

'song be' and 'snakepit'.

)

they were stopped at the gate by 2 american air police, who went up to the left hand side of the aussie land rover, commented on the state of their uniforms.

and asked the 'driver' to get out of his vehichle.

darky, driving the rh drive vehichle loudly commented 'that's just like a fucking ap, I'm the driver!' the ap ran over to darky's side of the vehichle, drew his pistol, dragged him out, and suggested thwat darky was about to get his leave cancelled---darky sang the ww2 version of dinky di.

the ap promptly called for reinforcements, whereupon he took darky and his mate to 'their' club, and plied them with alchoholic beveridges while darky sang them his entire repetoire of soldier song --not all of which can be published in this collection, no matter how entertaining, or valuable they are to the folk tradition! i updated the ww2 version to hobo woods;

snow wilson, also of 3 sqn sang dinki-di, substituting beria for bien hoa.

beria is in the phouc tuy ao, thus after the australians left the 173rd in mid '66, and operated under their own command.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\dinki-di wwii.txt

wwii versionswhen a fucking great

wwii versionswhen a fucking great

(a digger from tobruk on 7 days leave when a fucking great mp said 'pardon me, please' there's mud on your tunic, and blood on your sleeve, I'll just have to cancel your 7 days leave.'

a pommie redcap with 3 stripes on his sleeve, said to 2 diggers 'now pardon me plese there's mud on your tunic and blood on your brass, I'll just have to cancel your 7 day pass

the diggers just glared with a murderous look, 'we are just back from the siege of tobruk, where whizz bangs are flying and comforts are few and brave men are dying for bastards like you.

when mothers have babies they have them with ease when whores have abortions they call them mp's you' ss say as you like and you' ll do as you please- you' re all fucking bastards, you fucking mp' s

from the collection of darky edwards songs.

when I recorded darky last year he sang the first verse--at a 173rd reunion 2 weeks ago, he sang, unrecorded, the second verse! which prompted hank snow to sing his version from korea --the depth of feeling that both men put into the last line of the song can only be attained by someone who has had frequent, and violent, confrontation with mp' s, provos, ap' s, sp' s, etc.

when darky first sang thi ssong in vietnam, it was returning from the field, the hobo woods, and he was confronted by two american ap' s, which prompted him to sing the song at them--see the vietnam songbook/papers for that story;

it certainly leads me to believe that the wwi version actually occurred, though retold(sung) with only that slight bit of infantrymens healthy fantasy life at the end.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\dobemin.txt

dob 'em in/bless 'em all

dob 'em in/bless 'em all dob 'em in, dob 'em in, the long, the short, and the thin;
dob in the students, we' re in such a hole--- give us a look at your sunday school roll;

for we' re saying 'good-bye' to young men, their freedom for ours once again;
we'd like to be fair but, they all need a haircut, so cheer up me lads, dob 'em in.
this parody of 'bless 'em all was written by barry mcmahon, and printed in the september '68 issue of the australian tradition.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\does your chewing gum.txt

chorus-original

chorus-original

does your chewing gum lose it's flavour on the bedpost overnight?

when your mother says don't chew it do you swallow it in spite?

do you swing it from your tonsils?

do you hang it left or right?

does your chewing gum lose its flavour on the bed post over night?

chorus does your uniform lose it's creases on the bedpost overnight?

when your co says to iron it do you take it off in spite?

and replace it with your nomex, and you hope that she' ll b eright?

does your uniform lose it's creases on the bedpost over night?
the school of aviators teaches people how to fly smoe fly in choppers taking off and
coming croppers their instructors are to blame, take their numbers and their name
fill out the form in triplicate, it's the same old game again.
16 sqn got up early, its' wonders to perform twice round the airfield that day, or
rather barefield.
but what was it all for, you heard the soldiers roar;
if fitness is efficiency, we' re the finest in the corps.
----- from the 161 recce flight songbook, and sung during
the vietnam war at oakey, qld and vietnam.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\downtown.txt

when you wake up at 2 o' clock in the morn, you can bet you' ll go, downtown
when you wake up at 2 o' clock in the morn, you can bet you' ll go, downtown.
shakin in your boots, you' re sweatin heavy all over, 'cause you've got to go,
downtown smoke a pack of cigarettes before the briefings over, wishing you werren't
bombing, wishing you were flying cover, it's safer that way --- the flack is much
lighter there you know you' re biting your nails and you' re pulling your hair--
you' re going downtown, --but you don't want to go--- downtown, ---that's why you'
re feeling low--- downtown, visiting uncle ho---- downtown, downtown.
this song was recorded in the book rolling thunder by pilot mark brent, which is
dedicated to australain pilots, which the government tells us didn't fly missions
over north vietnam.
'downtown' was the pilots term for hanoi/haiphong.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\dust off medic.txt

dust off medic
dust off medic chorus
may the clouds not hang so heavy o' er the valley floor tonight, may they find the
landing zone with ease;
they' re the backbone of the army, the morale of the men;
dear lord, keep them safe, protect them, please.
they fly down destruction alley with smoke signals in view;
a soldiers life hangs by a thread at times;

they swoop into the clearing, rotors flashing in the sun;
he's an angel to a man who could be dying.
it's hard to say how many lives the dust off crews have saved;
we know that they save dozens every day;
and though they' re only medics, the soldiers call them 'doc' ;
we know that they' re the bravest of the brave.

this song was recovered from a tape given to me by ray chapman of brisbane, who
served with the 173rd abn with australian 105 battery, 1965-66.
an unknown american is singing: tape also includes fiddlers green, camped on
fiddlers green, and others.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\dying trooper.txt

we flew in on a chopper, through clouds as thick as soup,
we flew in on a chopper, through clouds as thick as soup, to reach a wounded soldier
of that first rate airborne troop.
he wore a blue field,white wing patch, crossed with a sword of red, and as I knelt
beside him, this is what that trooper said--
chorus
i have got a mother sir, and a sister too, and i've got a sweetheart who will shed a
tear it's true;
but soon I'll join the company that's camped on fiddlers green, I'll get there just
on sunset, when the bugle starts to sing--
falling night, dims the sight, and the stars in the sky gleaming bright, from afar,
drawing nigh, falls the night.
it was getting just on twilight, when the flag slides down the pole, when we bowed
our heads in sorrow, for the parting of his soul.
and just as taps was sounding I could hear the captain say, "if the clouds had only
lifted, he'd be alive today.
last chorus
i have got a mother sir, and a sister too, and i've got a sweetheart who will shed a
tear it's true;
but soon I'll join the company that's camped on fiddlers green, I'll get there just
on sunset, when the bugle starts to sing--
of the dreams, oh the beams, of the stars, fairy moon, gainst the stream;
all too soon, love goodnight, peaceful dreams.

this song started its tradition, to the extent I have been able to trace its
existence so far, to the humorous song 'bacon rind, dating from the american civil
war.

.
when I first started playing this song, prior to tracing its origins, I found it

very hard to keep a slow pace- I tended to play it as a blue grassy humourous song, as it seemed overly sentimental.

american civil war historian justin foote, while narrating the musical program of civil war songs commented on the sentimentality of the songs' the songs seem overly sentimental, but it was a hard, cruel war, and the soldiers earned the right to be sentimental at times' ,--i can only agree.

also from the songs forwarded to me by ray chapman.

the soldiers fiddlers green bears no resemblance to the fishermans fiddlers green song, popular among revival singers, though, for soldiers, it is just as promising prospect as the fishermans is, though perhaps it wouldn't seem to be the case to those who haven't served in the military in a combat situation.

in the several songs sent by ray, it has most of the elements the the revival fiddlers has peasant environment, green grass, shade, cool water, pleasant temperature, but rather than the 'fishermans' women, the soldier is with mates who have preceded him to 'the green' in the book written in 1942 by edward arthur dolph is printed a version sung during the indian wars in the us, my grandfather, who served in both the spanish-american war and wwi and wwii, sang an updated version of this song to make it appropriate for the span-am war --i don't recall that he sang an up-date for wwi or ii.

this is the version sung in vietnam

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\female recruiter.txt

chorus

chorus

sunday I walked out with a soldier, monday I walked out with a tar;

tuesday I'm out with a baby boy scout, on wednesday, a hussar.

on thursday I went out with a scottie, on friday a captain of the guards;

on saturday I'm willing, if you'll only take the shilling, to make a man of any one of you!

the army and the navy need attention, the outlook isn't healthy I'll admit;

i've got a perfect dream, of a new recruiting scheme, which I think is absolutely 'it'!

if only other girls would do as I do, I believe that we could manage it alone;

for i've turned all suitors from me,

but the sailor and the tommy-- so i've an army and a navy of my own---

----- chorus

i don't want to join the army, I don't want to go to war;

I'd rather hang around, piccadilly underground, living off the earnings of a high class lady don't want a bayonet up the asshole, don't want my bollocks shot away-- I'd rather stay in england, merry, merry england, and fornicate me fucking life away!

sunday I touched her on the ankle, monday I touched her on the knee;

tuesday i, touched her on the thigh, wed?

she didn't say a word --cor blimme! friday her voice it was a shriek--then saturday after dinner, I stuck the bugger in 'er, and now I'm payin' 7 and six a week!

i first heard the soldiers parody if the female recruiter at the albury folk festival in 1977 sung in its entirety by a young nurse.

I recorded this version from dave alexander --everyone knew the chorus, but not the verse! the chorus, at least, is still sung in the army! the original was used in the play 'oh what a lovely war!'

chorus

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\fiddlers green.txt

halfway cross the sky to hell there's a shady meadow green,
halfway cross the sky to hell there's a shady meadow green, where the souls of all
dead airborne troops camp by a clear cool stream;
and this eternal resting place is known as fiddlers green.
marching past straight through to hell some soldiers can be seen;
accompanied by old satan, with his feiry eyes agleam;
for none but the gallant paratroops can camp on fiddlers green.
though some go coursing cross the sky to seek a warmer scene, no trooper ever gets
to hell ere he's emptied his canteen;
and thus comes back to drink again with friends on fiddlers green.
and so when man and 'chute go down in a raging fire so keen, or in a roaring ambush
you stop a bullet clean when the enemy comes to help you die, just empty your
canteen, and put your rifle to your head, drink with mates on fiddlers green--
and have no fear, for your next stop: drink with mates on fiddlers green.

another of the songs sent by ray chapman of brisbane.

in the earliest, and only version of this song that i've seen, dating from the
indian wars in the us, and especially the cavalry: the last verse--when the savages
come to take your scalp.

, in the version my grandfather sang in the cuban campaign, and during the
philippine insurrection--when the spaniards (moros) come to cut off your balls, just
empty your campaign.

I last heard my grandfather sing this song in 1958, the year he died, when I was 11.
the only words that stuck in my mind were those written above.

that was over 40 years ago now, and from that vantage point I can't remember how
long before he died that I heard him singing fiddlers green, but I have no doubt
that my grandfather, sgt.

edward harrison kauffman, like myself, had no doubt that he was heading for fiddlers
green, and drinks with his mates.

"and when my time comes, as come it must, and I will leave this place"--I'll sit
down by that clear coll stream with my grandfather, great-grandfather, and father,

and my mates who have gone before, and have a few songs over a cool beer.
declan--are merchant seamen there, too, mate?

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\fire fight.txt

chorus

chorus

fire fight, fire fight, just had another fire fight;
lead was flyin, men were dyin war is hell--and full of fright just had another fire
fight.

you nevr know, when its gonna happen, all you hear is, ---ak's snappin you hit the
dirt and start a-prayin hopin someone--hears what your sayin.

you flip your iron to--rock and roll squeeze the trigger, let 'er go.

she gets so hot--you can't hold on but by this time --charlie's gone
cries for 'medic' --men are screamin your mate is dead, there's no more dreamin.

bayoneted rifle, to hell with fright charge the cong, we' ll win the fight ---
this song by jim ellis of the 1st cav was contributed by glenn gustafson, and was
sung in the cav in 1970.

I added the last verse, the song was too good to just have 2 verses, and while the
song does express the feelings of most infantrymen in vietnam, the last verse
expresses what I and my mates felt in that circumstance.

.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\first team.txt

chorus

chorus

first team, first cav, black and yellow patch;

it's the greatest fighting team there is, no one can ever match.

first team, first cav, always number 1 no matter what the job may be, the cav will
get it done.

in 1861 that's when the fifth began to be, fighting in the south to put an end to
slavery soon they fought the indians to make history all the way, then they became
the 1st, and remain unto this day.

they lost their use of horses back in 1943, training for a war which was way across
the sealanding landing first in manilla and then first in japan, the cav porved

itself to be the greatest in the land.

next was korea where they landed at medong, there they fought the reds whose aggression was so strong, the reds kept on coming with their human waves from hell, but soon the cav pushed them back to the 38th parallel.

now the cav's in nam fighting every single day, on the ground & in the air, air mobile all the way where the action is that's where the cav will be, kicking tail and bringing hell on to the enemy.

this song was written by jim ellis,

a war protest song singer, who was conscripted and served with the 1st air cavalry div in rvn.

glenn gustafson, a former cav member who served in vietnam and now lives in brisbane had a tape of 4 of his songs that he got while serving with the cav.

after 30 years of no contact with vietnam veterans, he ran into a meeting of the 173rd assoc.

in brisbane, and they 'adopted' him.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\forward scout.txt

i have got a story, that I would like to tell,

i have got a story, that I would like to tell, a tale of death and glory, of nerve, and fear, and hell.

words can't convey the feelings, of the man this tale' about;

he's the silent man walking up that track, he's the lonely forward scout.

chorus

he's just an aussie soldier, this tale is all about;

he's the silent man moving up that track, he's the lonely forward scout.

it's not just himself he thinks about, it's also fred and jim.

, for when they' re all out on patrol, they all depend on him.

he's not always been that forward scout, he remembers tall, quiet slim;

the cracking twig and the ak burst that brought the 'dust-off' in.

back at camp you' ll see him there, a beer held in his hand a healthy smile and a thoughtful grin, his mind on his native land

quietly he has his fill, and as he staggers out, he wonders what the morning will bring, up front as the forward scout

another song from brian gbroderick.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\free beer.txt

we' ll take all our corporals and make them stand our guard x 3

we' ll take all our corporals and make them stand our guard x 3 when the red revolution starts

chorus;

free beer for all the nashos x 3, when the red revolution starts

we' ll take all the sgts and we' ll march them round the ring x 3

we' ll get all the officers and make them clean our boots

our sgt major needs a bayonet up the ass.

the last verse was recorded by paul pulis of kurramine beach, qld who sang it in rvn while serving on 1 bn's 1st tour.

the bulk of the song was sung by brian ritchie of wollara, nsw, who learned it while in the air force during the korean war --brian said that when their officers heard them singing this song,

they approached the airmen and suggested that since they were engaged in a war against the communists perhaps they might change 'red' revolution to 'great' revolution' ---they did!.

paul said he didn't remember any of the rest of the song, not even the chorus.

I have not recorded this from any other vietnam veteran sing this song, but I suspect I'll record other vietnam veterans singing a more complete version than pauls.

m the song is a parody of john brown's body and free beer for the wharfies.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\green berets.txt

aviators sing this song, it won't be long, for the viet cong'

aviators sing this song, it won't be long, for the viet cong' the sky troopers sail through the air, setting traps, like catching bear.

chorus

silver wings upon their chest, flying o'er america's best we will stop the vietcong, and you can bet it won't take long!

back at home his young wife waits, her aviator met his fate he has died for those oppressed, leaving her this last request

put silver wings on my son's chest, make him one of america's best he' ll be a man who' ll fly one day, fighting for the usa

from a song writers contest for helicopter aircrew at bien hoa, reported by brian wizard in 'permission to kill' --it will come as no surprise that the song didn't win! --green berets felt the same about barry sadler's original song.

fighting soldiers from the dat, we are men of the old slouch hat;

and we mean just what we say, and we don't need, no green beret.

silver wings aren't on their chest, but these men are australia's best.

(2 batt men, are on a quest, head and shoulders, 'bove the rest!)
neville jolliffe, 1st field, 70-71, of dubbo, nsw, gave me this fragment that he remembered 2 ba.

soldiers in particular singing, but knowa other bns sang this parody as well.
em yeu anh nhieu lam yanqui (i love you very much) come over hwere you sit by me,
you can buy me saigon tea, maybe happen, you sleep with me.
we go your house, take taxi, you want massage, I give you free but before you sleep
with me, I say to you, want beaucoup pi (astre, local currency)
i go to sleep, dream of my house, and in the morning, I quiet as mouse I never know
you, dien do rai (crazy)yo-u say to me, you di-di now(leave quickly)
you yanqui, are cheap charlie, now I know I get no pi you get screwed, you numbah
10! I never sleep, with you again! troi oi! (heaven's above!)
this song was written by helen keayes, now of queanbeyan, nsw.

during the war she was employed by the american px system as a secretary.

she wrote this song after watching the behaviour of american remf' s)rear echelon
mothers)---siobhan mchugh records this song in her book 'minefields and miniskirts',
which I highly recommend.

helen is now writing a book of her experiences, which should be very interesting,
she flew as a helicopter pilot in rvn< and as a 'backseater' on bombing raids to
north vietnam!

chorus

silver wings upon my chest, fly my choppers above the rest;
that's the way I get more pay, and I don't need no green beret.
tennis shoes upon his feet, some folk call him sneaky pete;
roams the jungle all the day;
wears that funny green beret.
leaves them out there all alone, whilst I fly my chopper home;
100 men will make the test, while I fly home and take a rest.
there's a rifle on the trail;
marks the spot where he turned tail;

now some charlie along the way wears that funny green beret!
from 161 recce flight, vietnam war which was passed on from former 161 pilot tub
mathieson to song collector rob willis, to me in ezexchange for a tape of service
songs that I was give by the australian war memorial.

this song certainly expresses unit pride--building yourself up by knocking other
people down-is how it works in civilian life.

in the military it's just pointing out to other military organizations that perhaps
your own unit has a better way of doing things, accomplishing the mission;

of course, it's an issue that's never resolved between military organizations, but
is a way of 'breaking the ice' when meeting other military organizations for the
first time, in a formalised manner of opening discussions between people of the
organizations involved.

behind the seeming-or real! - rivalry is the knowledge that both are working for
the same goals, and that they take pride in the extent of the sacrifices they make
to achieve those goals.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\gremlin song.txt

this is the song of the gremlins,as told by the p

this is the song of the gremlins,as told by the p.

r.

u.

, believed by the few, not many, but neverthe less, it is true.

when you' re 7 miles up in the heavens, it is such a lovely spot, it's the 17 degrees below zero, that isn't so bloody well hot.

when you' re flying you will see gremlins, green, gamboge, and gld;

gremlins, male,female, and neuter, gremlins both young and old.

they' ll bang and they' ll abash and they' ll batter, they' ll bite through your aerilon wiresl then as you orbit to pancake, they' ll stick hot toasting irons in your tyres.

it is then that you' ll see all the gremlins will muddle up all of your maps, the spherical, middle aged gremlins will spin on your stick like a top.

now that was the song of the gremlins as told by the pru, believed by the few, not many, but nevertheless it is true.

this song was collected in the 1970's by don brian from john short of wagga wagga, nsw, who served with 76 squadron in new guinea.

john presented the songs to don as typed manuscripts.

the song was a bit confused when I got it--verse 3 here was originally verse 2, the first line of which was missing, so I added the line, and the first line of verse 5 was missing as well, so I added that line.

the tune is 'the next man to die',

which was sung in the services, to my knowledge, prior to wwi, where the tune seems to have been appropriated by the royal flying corps, and the fledgling raaf, and american flying corps, who used the tune for 'the dying aviator', up to and including the korean war, a parody of the dying stockman family of songs, as well as the tune being used for 'new' songs, like this one.

---also see my boer war or wwi collection of songs for the original song, the last verse/chorus of which is used, thought to a different tune, in paratroopers red river valley, sung from wwii- vietnam at least.

pru= public relations unit.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\grunt blues.txt

the grunt blues

the grunt blues

sure is hot, I raise my hand to wipe the sweat that's dripping in my eyes sure does burn.

we humped a click, my shoulders ache wish we'd get the word to break for chow it's almost time.

what I'd give for a nice cold beer an ice cold coke or just a piece of ice to cool the water.

it's getting hotter.

little things mean a lot, when they're things you haven't got being a grunt you learn to live without the little things, that really mean a lot.

share between you what you have and learn to live with what you've got every day I slike the last, nothin ever changes, just the tune it moves too slow.

all I own is on my back rifle in my hand I'm always ready for things to happen hope we get some mail tonight with this season, water on the log bird.

it's been a while can't find a smile little things mean a lot when they're things you haven't got being a grunt you learn to live without the little things that really mean a lot share between you what you have and learn to live with what you've got sure is hot I raise my hand to wipe the sweat that's drippin in my eyes sure does burn.

another of jim ellis' songs that glenn gustafson sent to me.

a good song--though the line about shoulders aching after only humping a klick!! --why, that's hardly a clearing patrol, let alone a hump!!--well, they are the cav--it's not like you'd expect them to walk!!! log bird = logistics, resupply, helicopter

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\gunner holt.txt

come gather round me people, a story I will tell

come gather round me people, a story I will tell about a brave young gunner you should all remember well.

it's a legend of our country that musn't fade away' and a source of inspiration to the young men of today.

it was back in 1940 and the war had just begun, young harold holt decided 'i had better grab a gun.'

I must fight for king and country, and the old red, white and blue, so he put away his speargun and he bid his friends adieu.

to the army camp at pucka young harold holt did go, just itching for the chance to come in contact with the foe.

but he felt a proper nana in his khaki pants and shirt, and he even found that once or twice his hands were caked in dirt.

so he served at puckapunyal for 5 weeks and a day, then sailed back home to canberra, when his unit sailed away.

for it seems he had developed,
an allergy to war, as andrew peacock has today, and menzies had before so remember
well this story of the 5 week gunner bloke, and when you get your draft card send
the damn thing up in smoke! -----
this song also was found in warren faheys book of political songs.

.
harold holt was the prime minister of australia from 1965-67, when he mysteriously
disappeared while swimming shortly after announcing in a closed cabinet meeting at
home, that he was withdrawing australian troops from vietnam.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\have you heard.txt

have you heard/

have you heard/

chorus

have you heard, of the 173rd, airborne bri-gade have you heard, of the 173rd, the
anzus brigade-

how we' re first into that country to fight for freedom's land, with the kiwis and
the diggers hobo woods made a stand--

chorus

how we jump down on the enemy like a falcon from the blue, a more gallant band of
soldiers the free world never knew--

how with our rifles cradled we descend from the sky, when our ripcord snaps our
parachute you will hear our battle cry--

we fought fiercely hand to hand, dak to central highlands, how our blood stained the
sands in the hills of vietnam--

how we won a gallant victory on that hill 875, how we learned the price of freedom for
280 died--

how we' re last to leave that country we fought to the last day, how they wouldn't
let us win that war, but we' re very proud to say-

last chorus

have you heard, of the 173rd airborne brigade, now you've heard, of the 173rd, the
anzus brigade

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\hey ho said rollie.txt

hey ho

hey ho! said rollie chorus is in italics

a is for asshole all covered in shit hey ho!, said rollie b for the bugger who
revels in it hey ho, gammon and spinach, hey ho said anthony rollie c is for cunt,

all slimy with piss, hey ho said rollie.

d is the drunkard who gives it a kiss, singin hey ho, gammon and spinach, hey ho said anthony rollie!

e for the eunuch with only one ball singin: f for the fucker with no balls at all singin--

g for gonorrhea, goitre and gore singin h for the harlot who fucks when she's sore singin--

i for injection for clap pox or syph, singin-- j is the jump of the bastard up bitch singin--

k is the king who shat on the floor singin-- l is the lecherous, licentious whore, singin--

m is the maiden all tattered and torn, singin-- n is the noble who gave her his horn, singin--

o is the orifice tall, deep, and wide, singin

p is the penis all peeled down one side singin

q is for quaker who shat on his hat singin r is the roger who rogered the cat, singin

s is the shithouse that's filled to the brim singin t is the turd that is floating therein singin

u is the usher at a virgin girls school singin v is the virgin who played with his tool singin

w is the whore who thought fucking a farce singin x, y, z, you can stick up your arse, singin--

i recorded darky edwards singin a fragment of this song, which he learned in the navy during the korean war;

he also sang it in vietnam.

I heard snowy wilson sing further fragments of this song which he said was sung during the korean war and vietnam.

pilot ian macdonald learned this song, and sent a complete version which he learned during the korean war from wwii veterans, so it was sung by both the army and navy, at least, during wwii, korea, and vietnam wars.

brad tate informs me that in the '50's burl ives use4d this tune for a version of the 'frog went a-courtin' song, and another tune to add to ron edwards collection of tunes to 'the alphabet' songs.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\i.txt

chorus

chorus

i don't want your millions mister, I don't want your diamond ring, all I want is the right to live mister, give me back my job again.

i don't want your rolls-royce, mister, I don't want your pleasure yacht, all I want is food for my baby, give to me my old job back.

we worked to build this country mister, while you enjoyed a life of ease.

you've stolen all we built mister, now our children starve and freeze.

think dumb if you wish mister, think me blue or green or red.
the thing I sure know mister, starving children must be fed.
one of the few anti-war songs from wwii.
it was written and used by the communist party, america until pearl harbour.
the country and western stand-by, 'silver threads and golden needles is, of course,
a parody of this song--i wonder if the cpa collects royalties?
?
?

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\im a provo.txt

I'm a provo,
I'm a provo, I'm a provo on the gate
I'm a provo,
I'm a provo, I'm a provo on the gate.
checking passes, kicking asses, if you should come in late.
provo bastard, proco bastard, may bad luck follow you, may crabs as big as lobsters
bite your balls red, black, and blue,
when your old and good for nothing and a homeless bloody wreck, may you fall back
through your asshole and break your fucking neck
brad tate recorded this song for me, which he learned from a wwii veteran;
I just heard darky edwards sing the song at south grafton, 13 mar, 1998 at a 173rd
reunion, so it was obviously sung during the vietnam war as well.
this song is based around the poem credited to henry lawson, 'the bastard from the
bush',
put to the tune of 'my darluing clementine'.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\iron brigade.txt

chorus
chorus
upon my chest, a black iron cross it's the crest of the iron brigade;
we fight vc all day and night;
we're fighting men of the big red one
our leader is hocking 6 his hocking heart pounds out the beat;
members of the 3rd brigade, the best, by damn, in the big red one.
our motto is 'for duty first' ;
through days of hunger, heat and thirst;
we fight for freedom for all men;

the iron brigade of the big red one.
we fly our banner in lai khe;
our hocking 6 is a man with wings;
the vc will rue the day the tangle with the iron brigade
iron brigade cont' d

161 recce flights tape of the 'merrymen'.
supplied by tub mathieson.

big red one = us army 1st infantry division (if you've gotta be one, you might as well be a big, red one!) 3rd brigade of the 1st infantry division has been known as the iron brigade since american civil war days, recruited from the area of wisconsin, michigan, minnesota, and had a large number of recruits from scandinavian countries.

their scandinavian ancestry of 100 years before! can be seen in the vietnam war use of the anglo-sacandinavian expression 'by damn' --100 years!!! after its incorporation in brigade traditions from foreign recruits!!!! during the civil war, as now, their identifying crest is the imperial german maltese- iron-cross--which is also the german military decoration of the same name.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\jingle bells.txt

jingle bells, mortar shells, vc in the grass,

jingle bells, mortar shells, vc in the grass, you can take this christmas
truce(vietnam)(nui dat) etc, and shove it up your--

the last word would be ass, if you were angry, if you were just being 'stuffed
around',

you'd leave off the 'ass' and start the song again, and again, and ----- the feeling
s this song expresses is that for combat troops there is no christmas, or ramadan,
or hannukuk, or--

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\johnson.txt

johnson

johnson johnson was a soldier, the pride of battery 'b' in all the whole bbattalion,
there's no better man than he;

a ranking duty first sergeant, he knew his duty well;

but since he fell off the wagon, johnson's gone to hell.

chorus

yeah, johnson's gone to hell, but before the sergeant fell he drank up all the bug juice, the whiskey man would sell.

they ran him in the mill, they've got him in there still;
they' re bringin johnson back in chains, yes, johnsons gone to hell.
johnson hit the bottle, after 6 years running straight;
he blew himself in saigon, and stayed till hours late;
he drank with lots of soldiers, and fought with them as well;
now half the outfit's on the lamb, and I have gone to hell.
johnson swiped a blanket, and sold it so I hear;
he sold it for a dollar, and invested it in beer;
he drank a cup of coffee, and said that 'i an tell;
that after 10 days without leave, that I have gone to hell.'

theyu' ll try him by court martial;
he' ll never have a achance;
to tell them how his mother died, or some such song and dance;
he' ll soon be in a stockade, sleeping in a cell;
a big 'p' on his back, johnsons gone to hell.

a soldiers moralistic tale set in humourous terms, as many are.

this song was recovered in a tape of an american paratrooper singing, by ray chapman of brisbane who served with aust 105 battery, with the 173rd abn bde.

thsi song, originally entitled ' o' reilly',
was sung in the us army in the 1870' s, but the 'mill',
as a form of punishment was only used in england, in civil court, until the 1830' s/40' s.

/this song was obviously known in the australian army during the vietnam war, but whether it was held within the us army up until the vietnam war is unknown.

although the name of the american soldier singing this song and others is unknown, versions of a number of the songs he sings are to be found in edward dolphs book 'sound off', which though published in 1941, I had read, if not learned the songs, prior to my enlistment.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\jumping through.txt

chorus

chorus

jumpng through the hole, jumping through the hole always keep your trousers clean
when jumping through the hole.

when first I went to pts, my co he advised, take lots and lots of underwear you' ll
need it I surmise.

I stood right up and said sir, whatever may befall I'll always keep my trousers

clean when jumping through the hole.

iwent ito the hangers, instructors by my side and at 'king kelly' s' circus had a grand and glorious ride.

on these ingenious gadgets you will learn to fall and learn to keep your trousers clean when jumping through the hole.

he swung me in the swing, me boys, he swung me in the chute he showed me the high aperture, I thought it rather cute.

he said this apparatus, will teach you one and all to centralise your cfg, when jumping---

wesawthe georgeous ---?

sheets, with camouflagies on I heaqrd the warrant officer shoot such a lovely line.

this lovely bit of stuff lads, he said, upon my very soul is sweeter than your sweetheart when you' re jum-----

one morning very early, cold and damp and dark they took me in a so calledbus out to tutton park in keeping with the weather I said to one and all I take a dim and misty view of jum-----

they fitted me with parachute and helmet for my head the sgtr looked with expert eye, it fits you fine he said I'll introduce you now to bessie, it's what we call the balloon in whichyou will be soon, jump-----

ok up 600, haul he r up said he al for the drop, all for the drop, and 1 of them was me! so clinging very tightly to the handles on the floor I cursedthe day I volunteeredfor jump-----

he told a funny story, I couldn't see the joke in fact I really thought he was a most unsympathetic bloke.

first he shouted 'action stations',

then he shouted 'go!' I simply couldn't stop myself from jum-----

i hit thesack, I rang the bell, I twisted 20 times then my feet entangled in the rigging lines 'now if you get a 'candle',

don't screamor make a sound cross your wings and neatly drill your grave down in the ground!

another of darky edwards vast repetoire of songs.

in the early days of military parachuting -up to the late '50' s-the first jump was from a tethered balloon.

kit denton also told some harrowing tales of his first jumps.

whem I went through training,

my first 'drop' was with a deployed parachute, and myself, hoisted to the top of a 250 ft tower and dropped.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\just another day.txt

chorus

chorus

in the sweltering heat or the slippery mud, body bags all caked in mud, with

malaria, punji pits, and poisonous vipers, claymore mines and vc snipers.
little kids with infected sores, dysentery, fever, bites and yaws;
jackets soaked in blood or sweat, a body count of vc met.
dragging a litter through muck and mire, tripping a mine with a hidden wire;
changing dressings soaked in gore;
distributing food and aiding the poor.
cries of 'medic!' in the dark of night, a thousand refugees all filled with fright.
we're short of plasma, did someone blunder?
roars in the night from artillery thunder.
get down your head, that's incoming mail;
hot shrapnel tearing, falling like hail;
with the sound of helicopters overhead;
just another day can't
digging a foxhole for your bed.
all this unusual, haven't you heard?
it's just a medic's day in the 173rd! all this unusual, haven't you heard?
just another day in the 173rd

published in the skysoldier newsletter as a poem by russ 'doc' roever, who served as
a medic with the 173rd abn bde, the 1st anzus field force.
the tune is a variant of 'little brown jug'.
the song I feel, is self explanatory--but I appreciate that living under those
conditions is incomprehensible to someone who 'hasn't been there'.
a 26 year old female neighbour, whose parents sent her as a teenager on holidays to
kenya, believes 'she's had a hard life too!' and she actually believes that's true!

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\little brown mouse.txt

little brown mouse
little brown mouse
oh, the liquor was spilt on the bar room floor and the bar was closed for the night
when out of his hole came a little brown mouse and he sat in the pale moonlight.
little brown mouse can't
well he licked up the liquor off the bar room floor and back on his haunches he sat.
and all night long you could hear him roar 'grease up the god-damned cat!'

to grease is to shoot, expend ammunition.
this song was recovered from tub mathieson's 161 recce flight songbook.
the tune was obtained from american viet vet f-4 phantom pilot, dick jonas-like the
mouse, fighter pilots are known for their lack of modesty about their own abilities!

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\machine gunners song.txt

i was humpin through the boonies with a rucksack and a pack,
i was humpin through the boonies with a rucksack and a pack, a heavy mother-fucker
with a 60 on your back.

when through a jungle clearing came 30 nva, I said, ' ag, we' ll have some fun
today!'

chorus

and my gun went: rat-a-tat-tat, I shot them down like that!

it was on nov 11, hill 8-2-3, fighting for democracy to help keep this land free.

when all af a sudden, a bullet I felt: I said, 'ag, hook in another belt!

chorus

and my gun went rat-a-----!

this song was learned in delta co.

1/503rd after I got back to the company after being hospitalised after the 11 nov
action.

from the action described I'd say that the song originated with c company, who
fought the action with us.

you' ll note that the 2nd chorus ends abruptly--so did most of the battalions gun
crews.

the 60 is the 7.

62mm m-60 machine gun, ag is assistant gunner

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\memories of vietnam.txt

memories of vietnam

memories of vietnam

on foriegn soil you landed, you were eager, trained, but scared;

the commo state you would abate, how could those reds have dared?

your new home was fenced with wire;

a base called nui dat;

back home the folks wondered 'where the hell is that?'

sandbagged tents and duckboards, a machine-gun post to crew, you scanned the left
and right of arc across the old route 2.

your gear you packed and readied, you carried it so far, to earn your icb the hard
way, with grenade and slr.

jungle, heat, leeches, wasps, monsoonal rains at 2;

the chance of contact and instant death, the fear that haunted you.

your youthful back was aching because of loaded pack;
you longed for blessed 'stand down.'
so you could hit the sack.
vc in black pajamas stalked the 'j' at night;
their guerilla cause called their mates at arms to fight.
but you were there to kill them, for they to you were foe, their rights and wrongs of
politics were not for you to know.
you knew you served with honour, the digger earnt his fame, the war left scars,
inside, mate, will you ever be the same/
memories now are all I have, and 2 ribbons on my chest;
war holds no attraction now-- I think I have lost the zest.
icb= infantry combat badge slr= self loading rifle this poem was written by warren
turner who served in rvn with 3 bn 1970-71.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\moresby hotel.txt

come listen to me i've a story to tell, of a tropical cruise to the moresby hotel

come listen to me i've a story to tell, of a tropical cruise to the moresby hotel to
the land of the angels, where there's nothing to do but the party was spoiled when
the japs came there too.

well, come on me lads or else we are sunk for the jap has a mind like a serpent or
skunk.

good bye to us all if port moresby should fall, good bye to the footie, women,
drinking and all.

so we got some p-40's and went to the fight but soon found the jap had a bloody nice
kite- shiny bright silver, the zero by name, and a bloody good show when they go
down in flames.

with bombs falling round us we joined in the fray.

we saw a fair bit of the jap every day.

but they soon turned for home when they found what it means to annoy a poor bastard
that's fed on tinned beans!

now we' re going back home for a beer and a rest we' ll drink in the pubs where the
beer is the best.

then we' ll head back north for to settlesome debts, and make bloody sure, that the
rising sun sets-- yes we' ll make bloody sure that the rising sun sets!

jeff gladstone of cooktown, qld recorded this song for me.

he served with no.

76 p-40 squadadron.

there are a lot of songs in this collection from 76 squadron.

they were collected in the 70's from john short of wagga wagga, nsw by don brian of
the sydney bush music club.

where, in the first verse the second line reads 'to the land of the angels',

jeff sang 'niggers' --i sing this song, I think it's great, but I just can't 'manage' that degree of disrespect for people who had not just individual soldiers, but the allied cause as a whole.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\movin on.txt

movin on

movin on

ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, if the grog don't get ya then the provos must--
chorus

I'm movin on, and I won't be long, sittin here lost, like a shag on a post, and I'm
movin on.

here comes mama-san down the track, baby on her back and her tits swingin
slack--chorus

there was an aussie lyin in the grass, playin burb gun boogie on the commies
(colonels) ass--chorus

i wet down to the cellar to get a cider, saw a bullant shaggin a red back spider
the old camp dog was doin fine, till I dropped his nuts in turpentine
here comes 1 rar down the track, here comes 2 rar pickin up medals in the back

see that mama-san come down the track with a little aussie bastard on her back
chorus

were gettin to close to a shaggin outpost, and we' re movin on
here come the kiwis over the top, piackin up medals that the aussies drop.

it's not so long since we left japan, our destination it was pusan
chorus we' re movin on, we' ll soon be gone they were gettin too close to our
listening post, so we' re movin on.

here the pit pit patter of little feet, it's the first cav div in full retreat chor
there's only two men that I can't stand, that's a north korean and a chinaman
it's ashes to ashes and dust to dust, if the chows don't get ya then the kiwis
must--

oh, the kiwi army's doin fine, way down south on the kansas line--
see the mig's in a power dive, blastin the shit outta 335

see the chinkies comin up 335, see the yanks pullin out in overdrive--
see the kiwi guns pointin in the air, the kiwi gunners, well they' re no there, chor
they' re--

se the chinese comin over the ridge, headin like hell for the pintail bridge--
ashes to ashes and dust to dust if the chinks don't get ya then the asahi must

see that old leave train comin down the track, aussie in the front and a yank in the
back

chorus

I'm movin on, but I'll soon be gone, I'd like to stay but the mp's say, keep movin on.

i hada girl in old seoul, she kept treatin me like a fool--
never heard that bastard syngman rhee, say a word of thanks to me
i got a letter from my home sayin my girls found another man--
i had a girl, and she was willin, now I'm takin penecillin--

here come 6 sioux choppers down the pass with 4 pongie porters up the ass
they' re 163, they' re flyin free they' re flying high in the little old sky, and
they' re movin on
barry dick and rudie irgang are tracking south once again
they' re flyin right, cause the weathe ris tight
they cleared the passs just above the grass, and they' re movin on.
lovely lee and harry healy are revving their twin props merrily
they' re having fun in their new twin tons and they' re movin on
johnnie bell ain't feelin well cause his barometric bowels are givin him hell-
so he's movin onl he' ll soon be gone he's flyin high in the little ol' sky, andhe's
movin on.
lizard and flea have left the sea,wandered up to oakey to make whoopee at last
lizard put a spout on one
they' re flyin high in the little ol sky, and they' re movin on
big bob bennett's flyin low, with that beer belly his porter won't go he's flyin by,
real low in the sky, he's movin on
ashes to ashes and dust to dust if pongie don't get ya then shopper must they' re
movin on, they' ll soon be gone they' re flyin high in the little ol sky etc
there's a fluffy dog lyin around, sur e wish someone would wash that hound cause
he's real high, and not in the sky he's much too close to our shackin up post and
etc
now 163 have gotto go up north to lead the show they' ll be flyin right, lookin real
bright they' re 163 from old oakey and they' re movin on

shag = cormorant asahi, japanesebbrand of beer.

this song was written and recorded by canadian country singer hank snow in 1949, and
is still being sung and recorded, by john laws the radio talk show host.

it was sung in vietnam as well as korea, where it first appeared as a soldier song.

I recorded my version from hank snow, sgt, and well known personlality of 1 bn on
it's first tour of rvn, 65-66.

he learned the song while serving in malaysia with 3 bn in 1954, right after the
korean war.

brian bird, ex 1 bn malaysia, 61-62, sang basically the same version as hank, but
substituted 'colonel' for 'commie'.

folklorist brad tate supplied the second version, and the third was reported by
warren fahey
in his 'diggers songs.

the last version was found in roy palmere book soldier songs of the british army,
boer war to present.

I think the version reported by warren is probably the original, hank probably
misrecognised adjective 'shaggin' for noun 'shag--on a'.

this is perhaps the most widely sung and known of the songsfrom the korean war, and

I'm sure that there are many verses yet to be collected from both korea and vietnam.
if you choose to sing the song, hanks version shows that the use of 'filler' verses
is appropriate.
the last version was sung in 161 recce flight both at their training centre in
oakey, qld, and in vietnam --it is still sung.
it was in a song book supplied by former 161 pilot tub mathieson.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\mt garrie.txt

on top of mt
on top of mt.
garrie on top of mt garrie, without any snow, we lost a rotator through flying too
low.
he put on an air show;
twas lovely to see;
on top of mt garrie, he clobbered a tree with maximum power he made his last pass;
at altitude zero he busted his ass.

from the 161 recce flight collection.
mt garrie is in the flight training area.
this song was sung in vietnam, and is still sung today.
tub mathieson, ex co of 161 sqn, and a pilot of the sqn during the vietnam war sent
this song as part of 161 sqn songbook.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\nickleodeon.txt

nickleodeon/ bhuddist burning bin
nickleodeon/ bhuddist burning bin put another bhuddist in, in the bhuddist burning
bin;
throw some petrol over him, and torch him! torch him, torch him! closer! sit down
closer;
grab another ba moui ba, then come sit down by the fire--and-- put another bhuddist
in, in the bhudist burning bin throw some petrol over him and torch him, torch him,
torch him!

this song was recorded fom the singing of dave voget, ! bn, rar, 1965-66.

on their rare leaves to saigon the diggers would occasionally see buddhist monks setting themselves alight in protest against the gov' ts anti-bhudist legislations. life itself was so precious to the diggers because they lived in the 'shadow of the valley of death' that it was hard for them to appreciate 'throwing' your life away as a 'protest'. , andthuscaused this bitter song about the monks' throwing away' that which they valued so much--but it's still a 'good, fun, songto sing--at least amonst the veteran community!

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\old bien hoa.txt

here's to old bien hoa, a wonderful place' it's organisation's a fucking disgrace. there's captains, and majors, and light colonels too, with thumbs up their assholes and fuck all to do it's down at the snakepit they scream and they shout' about many things they know nothing about. for the job that they do here they might as well be' shovelling shit in the south china sea. when this tour is over, and it's time to go home, it's back to our round eyes never more to roam, we' ll think of old bien hoa and our misery, we' ll think of old bien hoa, the land of vd.

oakey, oh oakey's a cunt of a place its organisation's a fucking disgrace; there's oc's of base sqn, and commanders too with things up their arseholes and fuck all to do. they stand on the runway they scream and they shout they tell us of things they know fuck all about; for all the good they might as well be shovelling shit in the isle of capre. oh silly and scowl together know nought have you ever asked them all about; the shit catchers union and counting the pans if it's not in the bucket it's sure in the fan old bien hoa con't a pilot at base sqn there never has been until the duty officer arrives on the scene the question is asked' where's your sam browne'? the pilot says tersely 'you' re some kind of clown' a dining in night at oakey convened all of the honchos appearedon the scene the commander welcomed them with open arms, well that doesn't mean we can't sing you psalms! oh whitlam, the king of this regal domain he impresses opinionson us till it pains the regiment knows the whole things a farce and the whole fucking lot should be shoved up his arse.

this song was contributed by herb fenn of maitland, a us army helicopter pilot in rvn, 1970-71.

brian wizard in his book, 'permission to kill' reports that helicopter pilots and crews regularly went to bien hoa for song writing competitions.
the songs in this collection 'tie me rotor blades down sport',
'last time I saw song be',
and daddy grey',
recorded for the ausrtralian war memorial in bien hoa in 1965, are perhaps a result of these competitions.
oakey is the base for 161 recce flight and is near amberley, qld.
rob willis obtained 161recce flight from his ex wife's husband, tub mathieson, a former pilot with 161.
also see 'puckapunyal' 'bloody buna'

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\old lead bottom.txt

old lead bottom
old lead bottom
they said it'd be apicnic, when we dropped down off the ridge;
we had to guard a demo team while they blew up a bridge;
and though he wasn't invited, charlie had to come along;
and charlie is responsible for the title of this song.
chorus
let's drink to sgt.
groening, he sure is a helluva man, but he almost got his tail shot off in the hills of vietnam.
bronze star, purple heart, you can bet the sgts got 'em, but he also wears the title now, we call him old lead bottom.
it happened about a month ago, down on the ho chi trail those chinese-russian mortar shells made it a living hell;
though we laid smoke so we could get our heads above the ground, the sarge got on the radio and asked for heavy rounds.
when the battle cleared a tear appeared, in the sergeants eye;
the blood ran down his trouser leg from a wound high on the thigh.
the medic had trouble with the bandage, he was laughing right out loud, it's a wonder the sarge didn't bleed to death, but he survived some how.

charlie is short for victor charlie, vc, the enemy in the vietnam war.
a wound in the 'upper thigh',
or buttocks, was considered a 'million dollar wound' --one that could get you out of combat permanenetly, with luck-or better, back to 'the world' -your country of origen.
due to the fact that because of the musculature of theaet area of the body, it could be a crippling, but not often terminal injuries.
this is one of the songs that ray chapman, 105 art bat recorded an american paratrooper of the 173d abn bde singing.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\old mans song.txt

at the turning of the century I was a lad of 5
at the turning of the century I was a lad of 5 my father went to fight the boers and
never came back alive.

my mother was left to bring us up, no charity she'd seek, so she washed and scrubbed
and scraped along on 7 and 6 a week

when I was 12 I left the school and went to find a job;

with growing kids my ma was glad of the extra couple of bob.

I'm sure that extra schooling would have stood me in good stead, but ya can't afford
refinements when you're struggling for your bread.

and then the great war came along, I didn't hesitate, I took the royal shilling and
I went to do my bit.

I lived on mud, and tears, and blood, three years or thereabouts, then copped
some gas in Flanders and got invalided out.

well, when the war was over, and we'd settled with the Hun we got back into civvies
and we thought the fighting done.

we'd earned the right to live in peace, but didn't have the luck, for we soon found
out we had to fight for the right to go to work.

in '26 the general strike found me out on the streets;

though I'd a wife and kids at home their needs I couldn't meet;

for a brave new world was coming and the fellowship of man;

but when the strike was over we were back where we began.

we struggled through the '30's, out of work now and then we saw the black shirts
coming and the things they did in Spain.

I raised my children decent, and I taught them wrong from right, but Hitler was the
lad that came, and taught them how to fight.

my daughter was a land girl, she got married to a Yank.

they gave my son a gong for stopping one of Rommel's tanks.

he was wounded just before the end and convalesced in Rome, he married an eye
nurse and never bothered to come home.

my daughter writes me once a month, a cheerful little note.

about the colour tele and the other things they got.

they had a son, a likely lad, he'd just turned 21;

they got a telegram to say he died in Vietnam.

my grandson sailed to the Falklands on a military note.

the Johnny Gaucho went and sunk his bloody 'Sheffield' boat.

men fight for pride or sovereignty, but will they never learn-- that pride comes
before the fall, that freedom can't be earned.

we're living on the pension now, it doesn't go to far.

not much to show for a life that seems just one long, bloody war.

when I think of all the wasted lives, it makes me want to cry;

I'm not sure how to change things but by christ we have to try!
dave alexander sang this anti-war song from the vietnam war, I added the falklandswar
verse, but didn't have the heart to add verses for the wars since.
I don't know who wrot the song originally, but the wars since korea seem to have
been fought more for profit, than 'pride and sovereignty'.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\ole king cole.txt

ole king cole was a merry old soul, and a merrry old soul was he
ole king cole was a merry old soul, and a merrry old soul was he.
he called for his pipe and he called for his bowl, and he called for the r.
a.
e (infantry, artillery)
chorus
beer beer beer beer beer, cried the sappers(privates, bombardiers) merry men are we;
there's none so rare that can compare to the good old r.
a.
e.
(infantry, artillery)
ole king cole was a merry old soul etc he called for his pipe, etc, and his
corporals 3
left right left right left cried the corporals etc.
sergeants 3
forward march! cried the sergeants
this song was sung by both peter dacey and darky edwards.
I recently received an e-mail from the society of the 173rd abn from a vet who had
just returned to being a drill sgt in the us army reserves requesting the words to
this song.
while I never heard this song during my military service other american viet vets
from the 173rd, 101st, and the 1st cav, have heard it sung in the american army as
well as the australian.
brad tate had collected similar versions from wwii vets.
I suspect, because of the nature of the song, that it would go back atleast to the
american civil war, the crimea.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\onward conscript soldiers.txt

onward,
 conscript soldiers, marching as to war,
 onward,
 conscript soldiers, marching as to war, the comrades you are leaving were lucky in
 the draw! fight like christian soldiers, it's okay with god.
 the past you tread, 10 million dead, in ages past have trod.
 onward, then ye conscripts, on to vietnam why and what you' re there for you could
 not give a damn slay the yellow heathen, burn their fields of rice, and by this feat
 we' ll sellthem wheat at twice the normal price!
 earth's foundations quiver to bombs on vietnam a full class dress rehearsal for mao
 and uncle sam flourish freedoms banner, praise dictator ky one in faith and
 politics and in democracy--
 onward, conscript soldiers, through the smoke and flame hide the cross of jesus
 lest he blush with shame forward then ye conscripts, fear not holt or ming and day
 by day with lbj yourrequiem we' ll sing
 this song was sung in parliament by labour politicians in the 21st of april, 1966.
 this song undoubtedly accurately describes what politicians were fighting for, but
 not the soldiers--but, as usual, its the soldiers who are blamed.
 warren fahey recorded this song in his book of political songs.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\pack of bastards.txt

we' re a pack of bastards, bastards are we;
 we' re a pack of bastards, bastards are we;
 we are from australia, asshole of the world and half the universe.
 oh, we' re a pack of bastards, bastards are we;
 we would rather fuck than fight for liberty.
 the japanese for syngman rhee for general ky.
 hank snow, formerly, vietnam, of 1 bn, now of gan gan military camp, nsw, was the
 first to sing this song for me.
 bob deacon, a neighbour and friend, said that when 5 bn sang this song marching
 through the streets of sydney on their first tour of vietnam.
 'what could they do to us?
 send us to vietnam?'
 bob says the conscription lottery was his first ever lottery win;
 on the strength of that he bought a nsw lottery ticket and won 20pounds --- bob
 served as a forward scout, he was med-evaced to australia.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\paratrooper and st peter.txt

we' re a pack of bastards, bastards are we;
we' re a pack of bastards, bastards are we;
we are from australia, asshole of the world and half the universe.
oh, we' re a pack of bastards, bastards are we;
we would rather fuck than fight for liberty.
the japanese for syngman rhee for general ky.
hank snow, formerly, vietnam, of 1 bn, now of gan gan military camp, nsw, was the
first to sing this song for me.
bob deacon, a neighbour and friend, said that when 5 bn sang this song marching
through the streets of sydney on their first tour of vietnam.
'what could they do to us?
send us to vietnam?'
bob says the conscription lottery was his first ever lottery win;
on the strength of that he bought a nsw lottery ticket and won 20pounds --- bob
served as a forward scout, he was med-evaced to australia.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\paratroopers christmas dream.txt

i had this dream on christmas eve,twas real as real could be;
i had this dream on christmas eve,twas real as real could be;
the starlit night had turned to day, or so it seemed to me, rpt last phrase--or so
it seemed to me.
the entire world was draped in snow, and yet no one was cold, in an outside
amphitheatre, were gathered young and old.
the rich and ruling famous, occupied a special lace, the proud but poor and working
class, were on a common base--
then came a promulgation, from the most august degree from the ranking politician,
or so it seemed to me--
the grandest christmas ever, we'd come to celebrate, and everyone who voted, vowed,
to glorify that date--
when all the votes were tallied, and results were verified, no two countries could
agree, no one was unified--
some wanted everyone to have a house to call their own, some wanted each and
everyone, a fine sports car to own--
fine clothes and jewels and riches, such worldly goods you see, were primary in
peoples thoughts, or so it seemed to me,--
the chaos was terrific, each thought his way was best;
the ranking politician then, consulted with the rest,--

the leader then decided, only after much debate;
 and a little child was chosen, the dispute to arbitrate, --
 that little child's decision, was voiced both loud and clear, and everyone throughout
 the world, strained their ears to hear, --
 'stop your wars he pleaded' are you all too blind to see?
 'my dad is dead, and all your votes, won't bring him back to me' --
 a deathly hush retained its grip, on all humanity, that little child had reached the
 mass, or so it seemed to me --
 as one they all vacated and filed ashamedly home, each person dedicated to world
 peace from that day on --
 his tearful eyes raised to the sky, that little child remained, his lip began to
 tremble, to hear his voice I strained --
 his words though softly spoken, were plain as plain could be- 'thank you lord, happy
 birthday',
 or so it seemed to me --
 I had that dream last evening, 'twas real as real could be, that all mankind lay down
 their arms, worked together peacefully, worked together peacefully.

 in the midst of the most horrific fighting of the vietnam war, dak to, nov, '67, ted
 arthur, 4/503rd inf, 173rd abn bde had the above dream on christmas eve, 1967, on
 the morning of christmas day he wrote the above words on scraps of paper.
 he published his poem 'or so it seemed to me' in the sky soldier newsletter;
 I put the tune joe hill to it--as soon as possible I will confirm with ted whether
 or not the joe hill song was in mind when he wrote the words --it fits perfectly!

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\private simms.txt

private simms from ioway, is now resting 'neath the clay,
 private simms from ioway, is now resting 'neath the clay, but his spirits' cleared
 the kingdom of the sky;
 and I hope that I do too, when my 'tour' on earth is through, with that 'great
 jumpmaster' in the sky, oh, yeah!
 chorus
 he said 'come hear private simms, I have 'cleared' you from your sins' that great
 jump master in the sky and those angels with silverwings, will play guitars with
 golden strings.
 with that great jump master in the sky, oh, yeah
 I remember the private well, and the stories he could tell, took a good crap game to
 bring him to his knees;
 though this war has taken its toll, it's saved many troopers souls, for that great
 jump master in the sky, oh, yeah!
 private simms' on fiddlers green, with his mates he can be seen;
 with that great jump master in the sky.

he can walk with his friends in prayer, 'midst the flower gardens there, with that great jumpmaster in the sky, oh, yeah!

in the service-any service, anywhere, before leaving one duty station for another, it is necessary to 'clear' the post you are at: the quartermaster ticks a form saying that you have returned or replaced all equipment issued--or arrangements are made for payment of lost equipment, you 'clear' the aid station--you are up to date with all prophylactics -tetanus, typhoid injections etc, and all records are present, clear with the paymaster: in the context of this song, there are no hindrances to entering the 'kingdom of heaven'.

the great jump master--when paratroopers are on board an aircraft preparing to make a jump, the jump master is a senior nco, occasionally an officer, who gives the commands to 'stand up',
'hook up' check equipment',
sound off for equipment check',
stand in the door',
'go!', and does the final check of the paratrooper and equipment before he/she exits the aircraft--he controls the jump, and can remove individuals from the 'stick', the line of 'troopers preparing to exit the aircraft, or he can halt the jump all together, or or can exit the troopers early, if needed--the great jump master is god, the supreme being/controller, motivator.
'angels with silver wings' --in the u.

s.

army, silver wings on an 'ice cream cone' -parachute, are the qualification badge of paratroopers--thus, the angels are previously deceased 'troopers, who go to 'fiddlers green' rather than heaven.

in the songs that I have collected so far concerning/mentioning fiddlers green, they have all originated, from the 173rd abn bde/1st anzus field force, and thus, in song, is exclusive to paratroops--for cavalry/armoured corps, fiddlers green is exclusive to them, signallers, the same, engineers.

, straight' leg' infantry--but, having been there several times myself--and wasn't allowed to stay, I know that all army personnel, from all corps, from all wars are there and represented.

yes, that is right--i have been k.

i.

a.

twice, and once from blackwater fever--and I can guarantee that it was no near death experience.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\puff the magic drag on.txt

chorus

chorus

puff the magicdrag-on lived by the dam grew up green and plentiful in a land called vietnam.

little jackie g.

i.

loved that rascal puff smoked it morning,
noon, and night, he couldn't get enough!
one sad day it happened, green tracers flew o' er the plain.
jackie took a little puff, to ease up all his pain.
then he called in bird-dog, and puff flew out again jackie g.

i.

took a toke, and watched bombs fall like rain!
puff the magic draon was a c-47 dakota armed with 6 electric gatling guns which
were/are capable of putting a bullet into every square inch of an area the size of a
football field every second.
bird dog was the name of the unarmed light aircraft that used smoke rockets to mark
enemy positions for bombing aircraft.
green tracers were used by communist troops, red by allied troops.
this song was sung by dave alexander, and is incorporated into the australian folk
tradition, its origins are unknown.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\r r valley r v n.txt

come and sit by my side ere I leave you,

come and sit by my side ere I leave you, do not hasten to bid me adieu,, just
remember your poor paratrooper, and the job we are trying to do.

chorus

when the green light comes on we' ll be ready, for the sgt.

to shout 'number one!' though we sit in that plane all together, we exit the craft
all alone.

when you' re coming in for a landing, just remember the sgts.

advice;

keep your feet and your knees close together, and you' ll reach mother earth very
nice!

when we land in that certain country, there's a job that we' ll do very well;

we will sack kim il sung, the great leader (we will fight for their land and their
freedom rvnversion) and all those other bastards as well.

(and we' ll die by the bayonet and shell(rvn)

so stand by your glasses and be ready to remember those men from the sky;

here's a toast to the men dead already, and one to the next man to die.

i sang a version of this song during the vietnam war, I recorded darky edwards of
woodridge,

qld, who sang the wwii version of this song during both the korean and vietnam wars.

though the last verse of this song is sung to the 'red river valleytune,
it is the last verse (or chorus) to the song 'the next man to die',
which I recorded dave alexander singing, and was sung during the boer war and wwi.
during wwi this song was taken over from the infantry by the allied air forces.
I have recovered a raaf song from wwii, the gremlin song',
which uses the tune but is a different song.
during the vietnam war I was unaware of 'the next man to die',
i learned it while at jump school at fort benning, ga, from other paratroopers

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\riflemans song.txt

anytime you want to, you can switch it onto,
anytime you want to, you can switch it onto, semi or full auto, any time at all --
but when I squeeze the trigger, I can see him quiver' when the bullet hits him see
him fall --- chorus wouldn't you agree, killing two or three, helps make the world
more free
anytime you want to, you can put your bayonet on too, to make more fun for you, too,
anytime at all;
but when he's in my sight, there isn't any doubt -- when the bullet hits him his
blood spills out
chorus + wouldn't you agree, baby you and me, we've got a groovy kind of love?
this song was sung in 'd' 1/503, 173rd abn in 68-69.
while the song does graphically describe how the infantryman used his m-16 rifle,
there was no anger felt towards the enemy.
there is,
of course, anger in the song;
I and my mates, if not all infantrymen, felt that anger towards a government that
wouldn't let us win, civilians that didn't care, and protesters that were solely
looking out for their own interest, or who blamed us, the soldiers, for the war.
the tune is the contemporary 'groovy kind of love'.
those 'at home' wouldn't, so our affection was given to our mates--and our rifles.
the tune and words were put together in such a manner that any non-infantryman
would be offended---we were hurt and offended by others attitude towards us, let's
get right up their noses--won't be worse off, and at least we'll get some
satisfaction -my bitterness, and most of the anger is gone,
unfortunately it hasn't disappeared from too many non-serving people, including
most of my neighbours.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\sgt hanks latrine.txt

sergeant hanks latrine

sergeant hanks latrine in the solitude of the lonely room, as you read your magazine
you can sense the ever present ghost, in sgt hanks latrine.

the freshly painted letters on the sign above the door stand out in silent tribute
to the troop that's gone before.

the sign's not big and fancy, just a plain,
black lettered sign;

it always gets the best of care, ya see, hanks was a friend of mine.

I remember he was always laughing, don't believe I ever saw him frown;

and it seems kind of funny now, not having him around.

he made his request laughing, sayin, 'if something happens to me, write my name where
all can see it-on the enlisted mens latrine.'

he wished no glorious statue, no barrack named for him;

he never asked to be immortal, just remembered by his men.

and only a few days later, we had reason for concern, for after an ill-fated
mission, sgt.

hanks did not return.

so we painted the sign he requested, hung it just where he said.

'staff sergeant hanks latrine',

is what his monument read.

it's what sgt hanks had wanted, and we granted his dying whim;

to forever be remembered by the troops that followed him.

no, he never asked to be immortal, but that's what he became.

when you see a thousand soldiers, pause and read the name-
sergeant hanks' latrine

i have done a search of the dead of the 17d abn bde, 1st anzus field force, and
found no sgt hanks as kia, although he didn't necessarily serve with 'the herd'.

this was recorded by ray chapman, 105 battery, 173d abn, 1965-66, of brisbane.

the soldier, who later was kia, who requested a latrine named after him if death
should occur, is an ongoing and persistent bit of military folklore, like the
soldier, group of soldiers who 'rescue',

come to the aid of outnumbered unit, and on their safe return to main unit find that
they were saved by a soldier, or group of soldiers, who are later discovered to have
been killed prior to the rescue.

or is it folklore- i, and my mates, on the morning of 11 nov '67 were saved by
'men' later found to have been killed prior to their coming to our assistance.

during an incoming human wave assault against our very lightly held lod-line of
defence, the nva were attacked from the flank by at least a fireteam strength
unit-4, 5 men.

we couldn't see them, could only hear their attack which broke up the nva assault.

i have recorded aust veterans, and servicemen with similar stories.

the theme of the latrine is used in the movie 'the green berets.'

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\she wore a yellow ribbon.txt

she wore a yellow ribbon

she wore a yellow ribbon

chorus

far away, far away, she wore it for her paratrooper who was far, far away.

around her neck(leg,thigh) she wore a yellow ribbon.

she wore it in the springtime, and the merry month of may.

and if you ask her why the hell she wore it;

she wore it for her 'trooper who is far, far away.

behind his door her daddy keeps a shotgun.

he keeps it in the springtime, and the merry month of may.

and when you ask him why the hell he keeps it;

he keeps it for her 'trooper who is far, far away.

around the block she pushed a baby buggy,(etc) she pushed it for her trooper who was far, far away

back in camp he put in for overseas duty---- he put in for overseas duty to be far, far away.

around her neck (leg, thigh) she wore a black silk ribbon.

she wore it for her paratrooper who died far away.

this song was learned it jumpschool--without the last verse--i only heard that after I got to vietnam.

we all realized what our service entailed, but i suspect our sgts didn't want to 'slap us in the face' with it while we were in training.

in american military traditions this song dates back to the civil war, at least.

it is part of the 'all around my hat' family of songs found in both england and ireland.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\sky soldiers dream.txt

i had this dream on christmas eve

i had this dream on christmas eve as real as real could be;

the tarlight night had turned to day;

or so it seemed to me- or so it seemed to me.

the entire world was draped in snow- and yet no one was cold in an outside amphitheater were gathered young and old- were gathered young and old.

the rich and ruling famous occupied a special place the proud but poor and middle class were on a common base- were on a common base.

then came a promulgation of the most august decree;

from the ranking politician- or so it seemed to me-
 the leaders of each government together had agreed to settle on some common goal to
 satisfy each need-
 the grandest christmas ever, we'd come to celebrate and everyone who voted vowed to
 glorify that date-
 when all the votes were tallied and the results were verified- no two countries could
 agree, no one was unified-
 some wanted everyone to have a house to call their own;
 some wanted each and everyone a fine sports car to own--
 fine clothes and jewels and riches such worldly goods you see;
 were primary in peoples thoughts- or so it seemed to me--
 the chaos was terrific- each thought his way the best, the ranking politician then
 consulted with the rest--
 the heads of state decided, (only after much debate) and little child was chosen,
 the dispute to arbitrate-
 the little child's decision was voiced both loud and clear;
 and everyone throughout the world strained their ears to hear--
 'stop your wars,' he pleaded, 'are you all too blind to see?'
 my dad is dead and all your votes can't bring him back to me' --
 a deathly hush retained its grip on all humanity;
 the l;
 little child had reached the mass- or so it seemed to me-
 as one they all vacated, and filed ashamedly home;
 each person dedicated, to world peace from that day on-
 his tearful eyes raised to the skies, that little child remained.
 his lips began to tremble to hear his voice I strained-
 his words though softly whispered, as plain as plain could be were 'thank you lord,
 happy birthday' or so it seemed to me-
 i had that dream last evening, 'twas as real as real could be;
 that all mankind laid down their arms and lived together peacefully- lived together
 peacefully.
 on christmas morning, 1967, in the dark to hills towards the end of that hellish
 battle, ted arthur of charliecoy, 4/503rd, 173rd abn bde wrote down this dream that
 he had the night before on scraps of paper.
 I put the tune 'joe hill' to the poem.
 the poem, which he calls 'or so it seemed to me',
 was printed in the sky soldier magazine/newsletter -- it followed the format of the
 song joe hill, so I put it to that tune.
 when I am able to contact ted personally, I will ask him whether he had that tune
 in mind.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\sky soldiers march.txt

bend your head, and shed a tear,

bend your head, and shed a tear, for your son, who serve so dear faith and guts, and
rifle butts, left a trail, of blood stained dust.

chorus

so here we are, where we belong, 173rd, so proud and strong' lift your head, and

hold it high, 173rd, is passing by

aussie diggers, fight with us too, 'duty first' they say, their words are true in
jungles deep, they showed us how, we say 'v.

c.

, come fight us now'.

sweat upon, their sun-burned brows, 173rd has shown them how.

war zone 'd' we met our test, mekong delta, we are the best.

to nui dat, the 'tigers' came, with the herd, they won great fame.

dak to and tet, we won and died, 'jungle of screaming souls' the n.

v.

a.

cried.

my wife who waits, at home so true, I sing this song, my dear for you.

tell our son, that I fight brave, for freedoms land which we must save.

i 'recovered' this song from ray payne, 1 battalion, r.

a.

r.

,

which served with the 173rd abn bde in vietnam from '65-66.

he said the song had been recorded by several bde members in '65.

I added the 2nd and 4th verses.

I have presented the song/march to the australian army;

the 173rd assoc, down under, chapt.

11, 'sponsors platoons at 1 recruit training battalion, kapooka, n.

s.

w.

, which plays the sky soldiers march at the recruits 'marching out 'parade.

it is also played by 1 batt.

and 5 batt, as a medley with their 'own' march tunes, waltzing matilda and tiger
rag respectively.

the legend that the 173rd created still lives!

,.

your name goes here

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\soldier of the n l f.txt

soldier of the nlf

soldier of the nlf

soldier of the nlf, we met some time ago, when I was still a shaver, and you to me were foe.

i knew not of the politics, as I warred upon our land;

but, war is war, I'm sad to say, you met death at our hand.

i saw your body punctured, and you stared with lifeless eye;

(i noticed you were married) as you lay neath jungle sky.

these years gone by I wondered, of the girl no more you'd see;

can you tell me now, my friend, if you died because of me.

15 years ago today your spirit left this earth proud, you lost your life for the land that gave you birth.

i still see your shallow grave where you were laid to rest;

though not a grave for heroes, for you deserve the best.

i still believe your cause was wrong, I'm sorry to say, my friend, communism is a godless creed, with that, I'll make an end.

this poem was written by warren turner of clandestine, nsw, who served with 3 battalion in vietnam in 1971.

I like this poem, and I believe that a lot of veterans, of any war, would share the sentiments expressed---though I have not pointed out to warren that capitalism, also, is a godless creed, as well!

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\soldiers alphabet.txt

a is for aussie,

the salt of the earth, a fearless soldier but he'

a is for aussie,

the salt of the earth, a fearless soldier but he's full of mirth b is for ba moui
ba, a noggie drink, a glass down yer throat and yer guts down the sink.

c is for charlie, the elusive vc, he hides in the jungle, but he can't hide from me

d is for digger the bravest of all, he sells his life dearly at his country's call.

e for eggbeater, that shudders and shakes, crapping jellied petrol behind in its
wake f is for fleas and also for ticks which cover a man from his head to his dick.

g is for grunt, footslogging infanteer, though he's worn out his boots, he's full of
cheer.

h for the hole that the cong rocket made, that would take me a week to fill in with
my spade.

i for the instinct that keeps us alive, a digger might die, anac spirit survives.

j is for jesus, who jams our guns gears, and rusts all our bayonets with his blood
salt tears.

k for the knowledge I quickly acquired, lying flat as a krait when the viet cong
fired.

l is for leeches that hide in the mud, that cling to my knackers and suck out my
blood.

m is for mamasan, boss of the bar, buy my girl aussie, comes with specimen ajar.

n is for noggie, native of this land for the poor old farmers we must extend our

hand.

o is for ouc dai loi, from 1 to 10, depending on how much the digger will spend.

p for piastre, the local dough, 50 p buys special crazy show.

r for the rumours we hear everyday, that viet cong morale is fading away.

s is for saigon tea the ladies do sip, the more that you buy them the lower your zip.

t for the tunnels the sappers go down, fighting the communist rats beneath the ground u for the us that we do serve, finally we' re getting just what we deserve.

v for the victory we are denied, they won't let us win even though we do try

w for wakey, the last day in town, jump onto an aircraft fly to sydney town.

x for experiment with shell and bomb, and white little cross on a neat little tomb.

y in the world have I been placed, in this rice paddy with mud to my waist?

z for the zeal that we all posess, as we stand by our comrades as we face ho chi minhs best.

z forthe zeal that we all posess, as we stand by our comrades as we face ho chi minhs best.

the words to this song were found in 'a look at the bright side' by martin cameron, the tune in " 'songs of the redcoats' by roy palmer.

this version of thesong is similar, an update of a soldiers alphabet from wwi.

there are other versions of this song from vietnam that would be publishable only in a book of soldiers bawdy ballads.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\somersetshire.txt

somersetshire/tiddly ship/this is my story

somersetshire/tiddly ship/this is my story

shire, shire, somersetshire, the capain looks on her with pride he'd have a blue fit if he saw all the shit, on the side of the somersetshire

chorus

this is my story, this is my song i've served on the andrew too bloody long roll on the rodney, the nelson, renown this grey funneled hooker is getting me down.

she's a tiddly ship, o' er the ocean she flits, sailing by night and by day and when she's in motion she's the pride of the ocean, and you can't see her backside for spray.

side, side, the tiddly shiops side, the jimmy looks on her with pride but he'd have a blue fit if he saw all the spit, onthe side of the tiddly ships side.

final chorus

first 3 lines as above can't say the hood, cause the bastard went down!

darky edwards sang this song for me.

he learned it during the korean war from british navy sailors, and also sang it on the sydney, sailing for rvn.

the 3rd verse was collected by bill scott, and recorded in his book folksongs of australia.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\song be.txt

the last time I saw song be, old victor said hello

the last time I saw song be, old victor said hello he filled the air with 50 cal,
and scratched out 'romeo.'

I was killing charlie when I made my final pass, all I saw of romeo was rotor
blades and ass.

well the next month it was long mai, and it sure gives me a thrill, to watch those
pesty viet cong, comin, comin o' er the hill, I'd got tired, I'd had it jim! I
checked my bvd's as I was climbin to altitude, they shot down 1 and 3.

we relaxed back at crook bin, safe as we could be the major said the mortar rounds
were coming instantly.

just in time we hit those bunkers, got safe underground along came a thunderstorm
and half of us were drowned.

well the next flight we did appreciate, we twisted from the sky we were just over
the border, it was just a resupply the weather it was very bad, it was a dark and
stormy night but the 50-50 tracers gave the necessary light.

please won't you help me, help me if you please I'm lyin here full of bullet holes
and crawlin on my knees got to get some fancy ass, down at old song be get me a set
of rotor blades to get me there today

the lasst time I saw my love, she had teardrops in her eyes she never heard o fold
song be, nevernheard all those lies I told her not to worry, I said I would return,
but how was I to know I'd be ashes in an urn

well the nexttime it was dong hai, it still gives me a thrill to watch those 50 cal
tracers comin o' er the hill I thought that I had had it jim, I shat my bvd's and as
I reached altitude, they shot down 1 and 3

well the next night we had 3 ca's we smoothed I tfrom the sky they told us not to
worry--it was just a pack of lies the weather it was stormy, a dark and dreary night
but the 50-50 tracers gave the necessary light

well now wee' re sitting in the bar and singin happy songs song be is a long time
gone song be a long time gone we just heard a slick come flyin through our song
tomorrow morning at 6 o' aclock, we' ll be four hours gone.

one of the tapes provided by the war memorial that was recorded in b company, 1
battalions boozier in 1965--i suspect the singers/flight crew were from the 173rd abn
bde's 335th aviation company.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\song dong nai.txt

the song dong nai is muddy and wide, but we've crossed there;
the song dong nai is muddy and wide, but we've crossed there;
beau coup vc on the other side, let them get lost in there.
victor fights a bloody war, but he's losin, but my back and feet are sore, are you
sure he's losin?
we watch the jets and the choppers glide, see them shootin?
it's hard to tell if they' re on our side, by where they' re shootin.
victor fights a dirty war, but he's losin, the yanks lose two for every four, are you
sure he's losin.
we go to saigon for a quiet trip, and some boozin, they take your money and you come
back sick, not just from boozin.
they say we' re near death over here which isn't forgotten, they put embalming fluid
in your beer to stop you from rotting.
victor fights a bloody war and he losin;
he' ll place a bomb in the bar room door to spoil your boozin.
when we landed at ol bien hoa, it was slimy and damp;
we scavenged and scrounged from near and far, and from pup tents we built a camp.
victor fights a bloody war, soon we' re leavin;
kitchen, boozin, and the old q store, new 6 is leavin.
soon we' ll see old aussie's shore, and there' ll be boozin;
bearing scars and talk of war, and that they' re losin.
score from 0 - 10 and on, who was losin;
from war zone 'd' to ol saigon, while we were boozin.
victor fights a bloody war, and he's losin;
but my back and feet are sore, that's why he's losin.
paul pulis of kurramine beach, qld sang this song for me, and said that it was
written by brian broderick.
brian,
when I recorded him in 1994 didn't remember the song.
this song was remembered-- at least they remembered it being sung, by almost everyone
on 1 bn's first tour of rvn.
to make it more 'singable',
i've altered it as follows: (the tune is 'michael row the boat ashore)
song dong nai is muddy and wide, but they' re losin;
beau coup vc on the other side, and they' re losin
victor fights a bloody war.
but they' re losin, but my back and feet are sore, ----
we watch the jets and the choppers glide---- it' s hard to tell who's on our side----
soon we' ll reach ol aussie's shore, there' ll be boozin bearin scars and tales of
war, that they' re losin
victor fights a bloody war---- but my back and feet are sore, that's why they' re
losin.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\stuff em all.txt

stuff 'em all

stuff 'em all

they say there's an aircraft just leaving the 'drome, bound for the dropping zone
heavily laden with parachute troops, all fo the stifling a groan.

there's lots of lads who have jumped once before, lott's of the lads had a fall
you' ll get no promotion if your 'chute doesn't open so cheer up my lads, stuff 'em
all

chorus

stuff 'em all, stuff 'em all as back to the barracks you crawl.

you' ll get no promotion if your 'chute doesn't open so cheer up my lads, stuff 'em
all!

another of darky edwards contributions, learned in jumpchool, sung in vietnam,
korea,wwii

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\swing low sweet charioh.txt

swing low, sweet charioh, comin for to carry me home

swing low, sweet charioh, comin for to carry me home repeat

i looked over jordan, and what did I see?

comin for to carry me home?

a snow white band of fornicating angels, comin for to carry me home.

another of darky edwards contributions--see who killed cock robin?

last time I arrived at darky's club, logan city diggers, it was a karaoke night,
and one poor girl chose to sing the above song--she couldn't understand why everyone
was laughing, she was a good singer--darky, and other diggers, and I were
'accompanying' her, with all the gestures!

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\the aviators prayer.txt

the aviators prayer

the aviators prayer

our father, who art in canberra slocombe be thy name.

the liberals are done, labour won on carandooly court, as it is in lanefiel give us this day, our travelling allowance and forgive us our accusations as we forgive our senior officers.

lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from the dfrb board.

for thine is the power, the a4, and the ministerial for ever and ever amen

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\the leaf rider.txt

the leaf rider

the leaf rider

where now are chopper and rider?

cartridge belt gold gleaming, sunshower spray glistening, a circlet of rainbow
below the blades sweeping;

out over the wire leaping, like leaves before the tempest reeling, the greening
blades of the paddies mirroring, bathed in the tropic heat, yet in their ruffled
blue fields shivering;

with the winds of war forward, and childhood past remembering, is gone, as fast as
the wind furrows, in the green-blue carpet glistening, at first burst banished by
bullets and blood.

whither the windhover, above tangled green, gliding, soaring, the riders glance
sees, not seeing, the hurricane, the land over turning, their metal steeds clacking
racket calling.

;

so on down to the great grass jumping, to tree line on tree line charging, and
always some never more moving, and some bodies for a time limping, while many minds
and hearts hurt worse than they;

yet new faces old places ever filling, steady as the monsoon rains drumming, as
regular as its arrival, the long, hot months into years fading, till they were all
gone-----

so say men over a shot and beer drinking, no knights in armour shining, who once
were lads in the summer grinning, and did their job of fighting;

some one else, sometimes, scathed becoming.

this poem was written by jerry ney of the 172nd mp' s, 173rd abn bde---and I think
this is one of the best poems I have ever read--and it's even better recited! he
wrote this poem in the style of jrr tolkiens 'eorlingas, which is a medieval style.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\the medics day.txt

1st verse/chorus

1st verse/chorus

in the sweltering heat or the slippery mud;
body bags all caked with mud;
malaria, punji pits and poisonous vipers;
claymore mines and vc snipers.
little kids with infected sores, dysentery,
fever, bites, and yaws;
jackets soaked with blood or sweat;
body count of vc met.
dragging litters through muck and mire;
tripping a mine with a hidden wire;
changing dressings soaked with gore, distributing food and aiding the poor.
cries of 'medic' in the dark of night ;
thousands of refugees filled with fright;
short of plasma, did some one blunder?
roars in the night from artillery thunder.
kep down your head, that's incoming mail;
hot shrapnel tearing, it's falling like thunder;
the noise of helicopters overhead;
digging a foxhole for your bed.
all this unusual?
haven't you heard?
it's just a medics day in the 173d repeat above 2 lines

words written by doug roever for his medic brother russ 'doc' roever, and published
in the 'skysoldier' magazine.
I put the tune to the words

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\the pub with no beer.txt

chorus

chorus

it's a bastard away from the women and all with a pain in the guts from a great
lovers ball.
but there's nothin so lonely, morbid or queer, than to knock off a barmaid that's
ot gonorrhoea.
the publican's anxious for the chemist to come he's looking with lust at the
barmaids big bum;
he's waiting to give her a belt up the back, but without a french letter he might
get the jack,
the stockman rides in with a masterly stroke, takes the pants off her and gives her

a poke;

the look on his face quickly turns to a sneer, when the barmaid informs him she's got gonorrhoea.

the swaggie rides in undoing his fly he says 'give me a poke or I'll shoot in yer eye.'

the stockman jumps up and says 'don't do it mate' but the swaggie says loudly 'yer too bloody late!'

billy the blacksmith, fist time in his life goes home with a roger for his darling wife.

as he walks in the bedroom she says with a sneer 'without a french letter, you' ll get nothin here.'

ther's a dog on the verandah still suffering from shock he's just seen the size of old billy's cock he dashes for cover and cringes with fear billy's sure to root something, I'm movinnng from here'

the old mollwalks in all dusty and dry takes a pad from her pouch, wipes the spunk from her eye.

she rolls up to the bar orders 3 foot of cock but the barman says sadly 'we' re right out of stock'

she turns to the boys as she opens her twt and with a twitch of her tit, she sucks up the lot.

the bar is all empty, there's a half muffled cheer 'who's the black bastard with his dick in my beer?'

well jacky the blackboy is hangin real slack he's been rooting goannas back up the track;

he laughs and abuses the rooters within he might be a blackboy, but he gets it right in.

the publican's anxious for the doctor to come there's piece of green meat hangin down from his bum the cook's gone all randy, the maids covered her rear now she's got green meat growin out of her ear.

the docter arrives, he thinks it's the piles the only cure is a large rat-tailed file;

he stitched up the maid and covered up he r ears it's no place for a fuck--the pub with no beer.

from the 161 songbook.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\the telegram.txt

your son's been killed in vietnam, doo-dah, doo-dah
your son's been killed in vietnam, doo-dah, doo-dah your son's been killed in
vietnam, oh, the doo-dah day the mother fuckers dead, they shot him in the head;
your son's been killed in vietnam, oh the doo-0dah day.

chorus

oh, gwine to fight all night, gwine to fight all day gwine ta send him home in a
body bag, oh the doo-dah day

hit him in the chest with an rpg--

he ain't got but an arm and a leg--

send him home in a body bag---

repeat first verse

the impact of mates getting killed never lesens, you just close of that part of
yourself with 'hard-core' songs like the above.

a rpg is a b-40 rocket propelled grenade, chinese or russian.

many versions-this is a compilation from 161 recce flight songbook, a respondent
from the snowy mts, and les cleveland, of wellington,
nz and a wwii vet and collector.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\the unhappy warrior.txt

chorus

chorus

val ler ree, val ler raa, val ler ree, val ler raa-a-a-a-a-a val ler ree, I hate
this fucking place!

i hate to walk the mountainsides, in the mud and rain;

it's 2 steps forward, one step back, our bodies wracked with pain.

there's mud, mosquitos, punji pits, malarial fevers too;

dengue, blackwater, f.

u.

o' s, all land us in the stew.

our co leads our company, he knows he's always right;

he holds his map upside down, and we get lost all night.

lp, op, ambush patrols, searches day and night, claymore blast, or ak burst they
fill our hearts with fright.

incoming mortars, ground attacks, men die by night and day, with medics kneeling
over them, but they die just the same.

the unhappy warrior con't

from the nui nai hills, to song dong nai, dak to, ban me thout, an khe;

bien hoa, tuy hoa, and binh dinh, kontum and plei me.

i love to walk this far off land, from the delta to the zed;

our mates have made this land our own, it's our land live or dead.

chorus

val ler--etc--this is our land live or dead
chorus
val ler etc--i love this fucking place.

everyplace where soldiers have fought and died becomes hallowed ground, a sacred place to those who fought there, and we, the veterans, recognise that anyplace where soldiers fought and died is a sacred place, and is part of us, always.

there are a number of service parodies to this song, this is only one of many.
it is and was sung in the original, probably from the first ww, certainly the second.

it is one of the marching tunes of the australian sas

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\vietnam summertime.txt

vietnam, and the killing is easy,
vietnam, and the killing is easy, bombs are droppin, and bullets fly.
you' re days are numbered, there's no use in cryin
chorus just stay high my good soldiers, don't you cry.
vietnam, and the killin is easy, machine-guns rattle as choppers fly by (pollution's smokin, palladin rockets flyin) many good men dead, and their bodies pile higher-
monsoon rains and the humpin ain't easy, muddy trails in cold mountains high, ticks, bamboo, bullets, drain your life blood
dak to hills are high, angry, and haunted, pleiku plains lantana hedges grow high;
them hobo woods have trenches like flanders--
repeat first verse
brian wizard, 181st assault helicopter co.
, the thunderbirds, sang the first verse,
the first 2 lines, and the line in parenthesis during his tour of vietnam,
'pollution' was a smoke laying helicopter, to ;
lay a smoke screen in front of the assaulting troops, 'palladin' was the name of the gunship, from the tv series 'have gun-will travel' the song is written out as I sing it.

the hobo woods are now better known as the cu chi tunnels.
they were first discovered by 1 bn, rar, serving as part of the 173rd abn bde in jan 1966.

around 1 bn circles, even today, the story is told of machine-gunner ray payne guarding a trenchwhile a patrol was out.

he saw 10 men moving down the trench towards him, at a range of 5 feet he realised they weren't the returning patrol--he stepped into the trench and fired down it --he lived! engineer snow wilson was the first man down the tunnel system, depicted in a diorama at the australian war memorial, connected to the outside only by a phone line to signaller carey mcquillen, they have each contributed songs to this collection.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\vung tau.txt

vung tau

vung tau

twas in vung tau vietnam that I met her, she was french and her name was mimi;
she whispered so no one could hear her, "would you like to come upstairs with me?"
"well, I admit she was very attractive, I admit I was very drunk too;
so I gave her a couple hundred piastre, and took my place at the end of the queue.
40 minutes or longer I waited, to get to the room up above;
and there I proceeded to indulge in 400 pi worth of legalized love.
but when I woke the next morning, I was worried as worried could be;
for the sake of a few moments pleasure, something dreadful had happened to me!
well, that is the end of my story, but the moral to you I must tell;
if you ever get leave down in vungers, stay away from the old grand hotel!.

peter dacey, an engineer in vietnam, of cooktown, qld, sang this song for me--it's
self explanatory! p.

or p is piastre, the local currency in rvn, worth about 1 cent.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\waiting for the bird.txt

waiting for the bird

waiting for the bird

well, here I am, waiting for the bird that will take me home it's been a long, long
time.

I'm going home, where I can live again, all I left behind is waiting there for me.
chorus

i hope that it still will be the same, when I get home it's been a long, long time
and things can change, rearrange, oh, be so strange, o me.

i won't forget, this place I leave behind, the pain and misery, will never leave my
mind.

chorus

i hear the sound, of the freedom bird, coming down the way it won't be long now till
I'm in the world, it's been a long, long time, it's been a long, long time, it's

been a long, long time.

another of jim ellis' songs contributed by glenn gustafson, and accurately expresses what we felt when ready to be 'leavin, on a jet plane'.

I'd be surprised if any veterans couldsing this song now --when we got home, nothing was the same --or maybe it was, it was us that had changed, and was impossible to live in the world that we left.

a quote from my youngest sister, jan 'my big brother, who I loved, went away to the war -- he never came back--"

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\warburton mountain.txt

they say don't go up warburton mountain

they say don't go up warburton mountain 'less you' re lookin for a fight cause ho chi minh's got a powerful army, and thet' ;

re trying to take your life--

i don't care about ho chi' srmy-- I'm gonna climb up warburton mountain gonna find some nogs to kill-- -----?

bob marshall of 5 bn told me 4 years ago this song existed, but he didn't remember it--on a recent trip to cooktown, qld I recorded peter dacey, ex rae, singing this fragment.

hope more of it turns up!

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\who killed cock robin.txt

who killed cock robin

who killed cock robin?

I said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow, I killed cock robin.

chorus all the birds and the bees they were sighin they were sobbin when they heard of the death of poor cock robin repeat last line

who saw him die?

I said the fly, with my little eye, I saaw him die.

who' ll toll the bell?

isaid the bull, because I can pull! I'll toll the bell

who' ll dig his grave?

I said the owl, with my little trowel.

who' ll be the parson?

isaid the rook, with my little book.

who' ll be chief mourner?

i, said the dove, I'll mourn for my love.
this song was sung by darky edwards.
not your usual nursery song, it is sung with hand gestures, and suggestive body movements --it makes for a hilarious 'performance'.
darky said this song was sung mainly by sgts and corporals, at the troops first hearing when out on bivouac, and used to help 'bond' the men together.
afterwards, the song would be sung,
with hand gestures,
by soldiers where ever they congregated.
the same with the song 'sweet carioh' --the gestures used in that song are similar to those used in the folk song tradition.
this song, and the style of singing,
as well as the 'use' of the song show evidence of pre-christian religious 'services'.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 1\woka woka.txt

darky edwards and another sgt sang this song on christmas day, 1966 in the sgts mess at nui dat, while waiting for the
darky edwards and another sgt sang this song on christmas day, 1966 in the sgts mess at nui dat, while waiting for the chaplain, who uninvited, took over their mess.
darky could only remember the first verse, so I wrote the other two--darky later said they sounded very similar to what he had originally written.
that this could happen is not unusual between soldiers who have shared similar situations, which is why songs like dinki- di have appeared in every war since it first appeared in wwi, and in different english speaking armies.
the song, of course, is a parody of the anthem 'ding dong merrily on high'.
the chorus is 'moaned rather than sung, except for 2nd verse, which is sung as 'operatically'! as possible.
the last chorus is cut short after about a bar and a half.
mthe woka, woka, is the sound a huey medivac helicopter rotor blades make.
woka, woka, woka in the sky, the dust- off's slowly coming, as in the blood and dust I lie, my breath is hard in coming.
chorus
ahhhh!ohhhhhhhhhh! eeeeeeeeeee!
/wwwits, the dust-off's homeward flying, medic kneeling by my side, with morphine I am flying.
wokawwits, the dust-off's hovering, landing, am-bu-lance is standing by, what is this darkness falling?
ahhh --!

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 2\always give a try.txt

hear those blades a-poppin',
hear those engines start to roar
hear those blades a-poppin',
hear those engines start to roar they' re headed out to try and fight and win this
dirty war-
chorus
yes, they' re army aviators, they always give a try;
they' ll come back home a -smilin',
but sometimes they must die.
the gunners faceis tightened, the crew chief's soaked in sweat;
they pack up (pucker up) for the close ones, but no one's got them yet-
the captain lights a cigar, the pilot holds his breath, they' re heading down on
final, to face a hidden death--
the diggers (troopers) that they carry are anxious to get out, and as they leave the
aircraft you can hear the diggers shout--
they' re headed back for home now, their guns are all burnt black;
they' ll drink a toast to all the crews who never made it back--

from the tub mathieson, 161 recce flight tape of 174th aviation company singing.
their is, for combat troops, the knowledge that death is the price that is paid for
'peace and liberty'.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 2\army pilots.txt

army pilots
army pilots oh, there are no army (navy, air force, marine etc) pilots in phu tai,
at phu tai;
repeat they are causing quite a flap, 'cause they've all come down with measles
(clap) oh there are no army pilots at phu tai.
oh there are no army pilots down at group (head quarters) repeat the place is full
of brass, chicken (full) colonels out the window(ass) there are no army pilots down
at group
there----at brigade there's no one at brigade, they are all out getting haircuts
(laid)
there---in the states (oz, amberley etc) they' re all on foreign shores, making
mothers out of friends(whores)
there ----down in hell the place is full of queers, navigators bombardiers (fighter

pilots, bomberpilots or other branch!, nationality;
/are not dears)
every pilot's at fort rucker (us heli pilot training) they have all become
instructors making pilots out of --practically nothing!

recorded in vietnam from us helicopter pilots by 161 recce flight.

I wouldn't be surprised if this song goes back to wwii--it's sung, or known, in all
aviation branches, fixed and rotary wing, in all english speaking countries.

in the us, prof lydia fish, vietnam veterans oral history and folklore project, has
us marine versions sung by jim hatch, and usaf versions sung by dick jonas, all of
which are available for purchase via her web site.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 2\brother oh dear brother.txt

chorus

chorus

brother, oh dear brother, please tell me if you can;
tell me how the soldiers fight the war in vietnam;
tell me of the purple hearts that you sent home to ma;
oh brother, please tel me of the war in vietnam.
tell me of the 2 platoons that were cut off from the rest;
even though out-numbered, they fought their very best;
you tell me 6 were wounded, and they fought on so brave;
you tell 76 of their friends are sleeping in their graves.
tell me of the battle for hill875;
you tell me 280 men, there have lost their lives;
you tell me haunting memories just won't go away of the bloody baattle you won
thanksgiving day.
brother, oh dear brother cont'd you say a man with honour, is a man against them
all;
and a man who has no honour, well.
he is no man at all;
and if I must die, then I die, amongst honoured men;
and I watched you, for the 3rd time, board a plane for vietnam.

recovered from a tape made by ray chapman of brisbane, ex australian 105 battery,
173rd abn bde, of a recording of ssgt james chaney, 2/503rd, 173rd.

more sentimental type ballads have turned up from the vietnam war than have for any
of the wars since the american civil war, I don't speculate on whether this is due
to a higher literacy in the 1960' s, vietnam was more viciously fought than previous
wars (or that I'm just one shit-hot collector!!) I fought in the dak to battles of
nov '67 with !/503rd;

though our battalion had had over 300% casualties by this time--in 3 weeks, and we

were under half strength-and I had just got out of hospital-on 24th november '67, my 20th birthday, as we were about to ca, combat assault, onto hill 875 to reinforce 2nd batt, they took the hill, reinforced by our 4th batt;

when the 2nd battalion was taken off the hill there were only 20 men left out of a nominal 1000, and ssgt chaney, and i, and all our mates from all wars have our 'haunting memories' that just won't go away, and are still waiting for someone to 'sing me to sleep'.

first verse of this songs refers to 'battle of the slopes', the location of which I point out in the abc documentary 'inside story: shellshock'.

I was in 'jump school' when this battle took place on 22 june, 1967;

while we had got our 'warning order' for assignment to the 101st aaairborne 'screaming eagles' of wwii fame, when news of this battle was reported we all knew we were heading for the 173rd, the first anzus bde, a proud record and heritage--and little chance of survival.

in the battle of the slopes of the 2 platoons mentioned, just in case you didn't get the implication from the song--of the 82 paratroopers in the 2 platoons, 76 were killed, and the 6 survivors were wounded--but they kept fighting, and held their positions, alone and wounded, for over 12 hours;

surrender was not an option: 'death before dishonour'

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 2\camp holloway.txt

when we first came to vietnam, we stayed at old dong betieng,
when we first came to vietnam, we stayed at old dong betieng, that's really a fine place to be ---from;

when the 'shrimp boats' arrived, we headed for pleiku, camp hlloway was to be our new home.

camp holloway tower, this is shrimp boat 7-9 we' re beynd the reef for landin, we'd like to have a place at puier 23, and put into the wharf forthe evenin'

the man in the tower turned to his friend and said in a singular note;

i've heard of bikinis, and alligators too, but what the hells' ma shrimp boat!

hello holloway towerr, this is shrimp boat 7-9 we' re at time, for a mounting for a landing;

we'd like to have our face layed into runway 2-3;

and put into the shore for the evenin

we were moved onto the ramp, the weather it was damp;

bu t we thought we were in tall clover;

till the c.

o.

of the bird dogs, dispersed round the ramp;

complained that we were blowin his planes over!

hello holloway tower this is shrimp boat 7-9;

we' re beyond 'the reef' for a landin' ;

we' re late, and we' re 'short',
 and we' ll taxi to the wharf;
 but we' ll try to leave a few bird dogs standin!
 we had to go on our first dangerous mission;
 we were logged for a 'c.
 a.'
 we had to haul several cases of beer;
 from pleiku to camp holloway!
 camp holloway tower, this is shrimp boat 7-9 we are due at pleiku for a landin;
 we'd like to pull in to pier 25 and put into that empty bay standin.
 we can't release the ship for artillery in the field;
 with gun moves and ammo resupplies;
 but every time we go into a landing zone, we blow their tents and lift their
 ponchos high!
 camp holloway, cont' d
 hello operator this is shrimp boat a7-9 we'd like to have a place to steer! we got
 two ponchos wrapped around our blades, and shrimp boat is actin mighty queer!
 we went out this mornin on an ammo resupply;
 but charlie caught old 7-9 today the crew heard the bullets hit the ship and this
 is what we heard the pilot say:
 hello holloway tower this is shrimp boat 7-9 we' re way, way beynd 'the reef' for
 landin;
 we' re comin home to stay, we won't fly no more today! and we' ll put into the
 wharf for a landing.

 camp holloway is/was a special forces/aattv camp near pleiku, which is in the
 central highlands of vietnam near the western bder with cambodia/laos, and was on
 the main nva infiltration routes.
 near kontum and dak to.
 since the helicopter squadrons mentioned have names like alligator 'shrimp boat'
 and 'bikini' - I imagine they got their names from american gulf of mexico states
 theme, since also in the us primary helicopter flight training was at fort rucker,
 alabama.
 bird dogs were light, single engine cessna 'civilian style' small cabin lioght
 airplanes used for artillery spotting--spotting targets for artillery and bombing
 strikes -- they flew low, and were unarmoured and vulnerable to enemy rifle fire.
 this is from a tape of the us aviation singing group, the merryymen',
 recorded at nui dat at aust 161 recce flight concert.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 2\green berets.txt

aviators sing this song, it won't be long, for the viet cong'

aviators sing this song, it won't be long, for the viet cong' the sky troopers sail through the air, setting traps, like catching bear.

chorus

silver wings upon their chest, flying o' er america's best we will stop the vietcong, and you can bet it won't take long!

back at home his young wife waits, her aviator met his fate he has died for those oppressed, leaving her this last request

put silver wings on my sons chest, make him one of america's best he' ll be a man who' ll fly one day, fighting for the usa

from a song writers contest for helicopter aircrew at bien hoa, reported by brian wizard in 'permission to kill' --it will come as no surprise that the song didn't win! --green berets felt the same about barry sadlers original song.

fighting soldiers from the dat, we are men of the old slouch hat;

and we mean just what we say, and we don't need, no green beret.

silver wings aren't on their chest, but these men are australia's best.

(2 batt men, are on a quest, head and shoulders, 'bove the rest!)

neville jolliffe, 1st field, 70-71, of dubbo, nsw, gave me this fragment that he remembered 2 ba.

soldiers in particular singing, but knowa other bns sang this parody as well.

em yeu anh nhieu lam yanqui (i love you very much) come over hwere you sit by me, you can buy me saigon tea, maybe happen, you sleep with me.

we go your house, take taxi, you want massage, I give you free but before you sleep with me, I say to you, want beaucoup pi (astre, local currency)

i go to sleep, dream of my house, and in the morning, I quiet as mouse I never know you, dien do rai (crazy)yo-u say to me, you di-di now(leave quickly)

you yanqui, are cheap charlie, now I know I get no pi you get screwed, you numbah 10! I never sleep, with you again! troi oi! (heaven's above!)

this song was written by helen keayes, now of queanbeyan, nsw.

during the war she was employed by the american px system as a secretary.

she wrote this song after watching the behaviour of american remf' s)rear echelon mothers)---siobhan mchugh records this song in her book 'minefields and miniskirts', which I highly recommend.

helen is now writing a book of her experiences, which should be very interesting, she flew as a helicopter pilot in rvn< and as a 'backseater' on bombing raids to north vietnam!

chorus

silver wings upon my chest, fly my choppers above the rest;

that's the way I get more pay, and I don't need no green beret.

tennis shoes upon his feet, some folk call him sneaky pete;

roams the jungle all the day;

wears that funny green beret.

leaves them out there all alone, whilst I fly my chopper home;

100 men will make the test, while I fly home and take a rest.

there's a rifle on the trail;

marks the spot where he turned tail;

now some charlie along the way wears that funny green beret!

from 161 recce flight, vietnam war which was passed on from former 161 pilot tub mathieson to song collector rob willis, to me in ezxchange for a tape of service songs that I was give by the australian war memorial.

this song certainly expresses unit pride--building yourself up by knocking other people down-is how it works in civilian life.

in the military it's just pointing out to other military organizations that perhaps your own unit has a better way of doing things, accomplishing the mission;

of course, it's an issue that's never resolved between military organizations, but is a way of 'breaking the ice' when meeting other military organizations for the first time, in a formalised manner of opening discussions between people of the organizations involved.

behind the seeming-or real! - rivalry is the knowledge that both are working for the same goals, and that they take pride in the extent of the sacrifices they make to achieve those goals.

chorus

silver wings upon my chest, I fly my chopper above the rest I can make more dough that way and I don't need no green beret.

tennis shoes upon his feet;

some folk call him sneaky pete;

he sneaks around the woods all day, and wears that funny green beret!

it's no jungle boy for me, i've never seen no rubber tree! a thousand men will take the test, while I fly home, and take a rest.

and as I fly my chopper home, I leave them out there all alone.

cause i'm 8 feet long, deep in the jungle, writing songs.

and when my little boy is grown don't leave him out there all alone.

but let him fly and give him faith cause he can't stand no green beret!

and when my little boy is old, with silver wings, all lined with gold he'll also wear a green beret in the big parade, on st patricks day!

this version, similar to 161 recce flights parody, came from the merry-men--the us 173rd aviation company--tape from 161 recce flight, tub mathieson.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 2\iron brigade.txt

chorus

chorus

upon my chest, a black iron cross it's the crest of the iron brigade;

we fight vc all day and night;

we're fighting men of the big red one

our leader is hocking 6 his hocking heart pounds out the beat;

members of the 3rd brigade, the best, by damn, in the big red one.

our motto is 'for duty first' ;

through days of hunger, heat and thirst;

we fight for freedom for all men;

the iron brigade of the big red one.

we fly our banner in lai khe;
our hocking 6 is a man with wings;
the vc will rue the day the tangle with the iron brigade
iron brigade cont' d

161 recce flights tape of the 'merrymen'.
supplied by tub mathieson.

big red one = us army 1st infantry division (if you've gotta be one, you might as well be a big, red one!) 3rd brigade of the 1st infantry division has been known as the iron brigade since american civil war days, recruited from the area of wisconsin, michigan, minnesota, and had a large number of recruits from scandanavian countries.

their scandanavian ancestry of 100 years before! can be seen in the vietnam war use of the anglo-sacandanavian expression 'by damn' --100 years!!! after its incorporation in brigade traditions from foreign recruits!!!! during the civil war, as now, their identifying crest is the imperial german maltese- iron-cross--which is also the german military decoration of the same name.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 2\numbered days.txt

i sit alone evry night, and hear the cannons roar
i sit alone evry night, and hear the cannons roar I dream of home so far away on
freedoms golden shore;

my days are all numbered, how many more will there be until I see my loved ones
face next to mine to keep when free.

.
ooh ooh ooh

i am a very lonely man, but not alone am i;

I'm sick of all the cryin' here, and scared I'm gonna die;

but when I look into the childrens eyes, and see the cryin there, the toil and
strife of their land and the future they must bear ooh ooooh ooooh.

time is but an endless thing, it waits for no one man, but time can really mean so
much 'cause it holds me in its' hand;

faith provides a destiny for a soldier in this land;

it has the power to end your dreams, or take you home again--ooooh 0oooooh ooh.

----- from tub mathieson and 161 recce flights tape of merrymen
recorded in vietnam during the war.

more reflective than most service songs, and seldom sung in public.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 2\sky king.txt

sky king

sky king every mornin' 'bout 5 you could see him arive, he stood 4 foot 3 and
weighed three eighty five;

kind of slim at the shoulder and broad at the hip;
everybody know he didn't give a darn, old sky.

chorus

sky king, sky king, short fat sky!

well some folks say he came from new orleans where he put some blades on a sewing
machine;

cut his teeth on a collective pitch;

old sky was a low flyin son of a bitch--old sky!

then one morning united states field four his engine quit, wouldn't run no more
butts all puckered and hearts beat fast and everybody thought they'd seent the last,
--of old sky.

well he pushed that pitch right down to the floor but them old rotor blades wouldn't
turn no more, his butt puckered up with a terrible sound-- he just sucked that
chopper right offa the ground!--good ol' sky!

now the chopper wasn't hurt, but it took half of tjhe blast, blew the seat cover out
of sky kings-- would you believe--his pocket?

now they never reiopened that worthless strip just placed a marble stand on the top
of it on that stand these words are seen ain't no butt can pucker like ol sky
kings!--

' merryman',

tub mathieson tape, 161 recce flight.

parody of pop song 'big bad john'.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 2\slope chung be.txt

we got a little hootch maid, you see;

we got a little hootch maid, you see;

we call her the slope, chung be;

chung be comes to work for me every day--

chorus

' cause she's workin all night, doin' all right;

sleepin' all day, makin' my be, it feels so break up, but she' ll never go home!

so call up the slope chung be, tell her we' ll give some beer, if she' ll only come
ande do some work--

when chung be's through workin' for me, down by qui nhon she' ll be at the boom-boom house every night--

from the tub mathieson tape made in vietnam with 161 recce flight.

hootch is a shelter--for helicopter crews, and rear area personnel it could be anything from' denountable 'quarters 'real' barracks, or, a large tent with a floor--for infantrymen a hootch was a ponco/shelter half--rubberised cloth raised maybe afoot off the ground to provide shelter from the rain when sleeping; boom-boom house=brothel.

please aturn over for colonel john b.

colonel john b.

chorus

so stepin the red bull inn;

see how 'the hawk' whip cracks;

send the old chap;

ain to me, we wanna go home, we wanna go home! we feel so break up, we wanna go home.

!
the s-4 one night in a fog, stepped on the generals dog;
flight surgeon had to come and put him away! colonel john b, you' re so mean to me, I feel so break up, I wanna go home.

the s-2 he got stewed, ran around the red bull nude;

flight surgeon had to come and take him away;

---colonel-----

the s-3 and his spastics!--wrote up a book on tactics the general, he got mad and threw it away;

well the escort he can't wait, they nailed him into a crate feed him nothin but bombs, soup and green tea colonel john b, now you' re fatter than me you -----

the surgeon he got skunked, ran around the red bull drunk cowboy had to come and lead him away colonel--send him on leave--

the chaplain got in his licks, he did his magic tricks chief of chaplains came to haul him away colonel--, you' re pickin on me---

the safety officer had a wreck, lost his r-b-m by heck the 56th (evacuation hospital) had to come and take him away colonel--nailed him to a tree!

signal roster s-o-i ran into the red bull and cried s-2 came and took their (security) clearance away colonel--you' re a problem you see

the commandant he got gooned, went out and howled at the moon;

white mice had to come and drag him away colonel--he's finished you see---

the flight surgeon lost the claims, tried to use weather vanes the wind came up and blew them away colonel--be calm then you see---

colonel john b cont'd ex tub mathieson tape.

s-2, us army unit intelligence officer, s-3 operations officer, s-4, supply, logistics 'the hawk' = the wind, or for paratroopers, the force of the air pressure that hits you when you exit an aircraft.

s-o-i = signal officer intelligence--interception of enemy radio transmissions
white mice == in vietnamese, quang ngai -security police, and not unlike nazi gestapo in their dealings with people--ethnic or allied, it didn't matter, they hated every one!! not even m.

p's or provosts could get along with them!! another quality example, like army hq song, that even officers resorted to the use of song to 'get even' with superior (you' re not my superior, sir, you merely hold a higher rank!) who they couldn't otherwise had no official counter to.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 2\the buccaneer.txt

spoken: "dad

spoken: "dad?

you know what I wanna be when I grow up?

" 'no son, not really.'

i wanna be a buccaneer and sail the 7 seas;

and see the jolly roger a wavin' in the breeze.

my son, I need to tell you;

you' re a hundred years too late;

there must be +someone else around that you can imitate;

now i've heard about the smugglin' years, high in vietnam;

they' re a bunch of army pilots, the hardest 'guns' around a-singin'

chorus

load me down with rockets boys, machine guns, ammo too;

we' re gonna hit old charlie, and keep hittin til he's through.

we flew dak pek valley, we saw old charlie there;

charlie saw the buccaneers, and knew he didn't have a prayer;

then came our old friend, polie klang, the same thing happened there, old charlie fled to the border, and there hid in his lair

there's the village of phu tang, the buccaneers took it one day;

old charlie was drinkin' his rice wine, his women were makin hay;

he jumped in his hole and grabbed his gun, and then the bullets flew;

six gun, five-six were hit that day, but did old charlie pay!

our rockets hit old charlie and spoiled all his day;

his rice was scattered to the wind, none could get away.

he jumped on his bike, and away he went, but the 'bucs' made one more pass he reached around, and then he found, he didn't have his----bicycle, singin---

my son when you are old enough to join the army too remember what I told you, these stories are all true--

last chorus

dad, I wanna be a pilot, like the buccaneers, army aviation will be my career

' the smugglin years' (in vietnam)--because of the nature of this song, this would undoubtedly relate to an incident of stretching military regulations rather than criminal activity on the part of the crew.

6 gun, 5-6, would be relating to the call signs of the 2 ships, or the

designation/position of the ac, aircraft commander.

to set the song off the tune 'blow ye winds of the morning',
a traditional sea song, rather than a chanty.

this song was sung by the 'merrymen' at aust 161 recce flight club at nui dat.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 2\the infanteer.txt

chorus and 1st verse

chorus and 1st verse

he is born of the earth on the day he enlists;

he is sentenced to life on the soil;

for he' ll march on it, crawl on it, dig in it, sprawl on it-- then we sleep in it
after our toil.

be in sand, rock or ice, gravel, mud, or red loam;

he will fight on it, bravely will die;

and the crude little cross telling men of his loss- will cry, mutely, to some
foreign sky.

he's the tired looking man in the untidy garb;

weather beaten, footsore with fatigue;

but his spirit is strong when he sings his songs;

carrying his burden for league after league-

he will charge in the face of murderous fire;

crawling forward, attacking through mud;

when he breaks through their lines, over wire and mines;

on the point of his bayonet is blood.

the infanteer cont' d

should you meet him, untidy, begrimed, and fatigued;

don't indulge in unwarranted mirth;

for this brave infanteer deserves more than your sneers, for, he' s, truly, the
salt of the earth--

the infanteer--pioneer, engineer, canoneer, signaleer, volunteer, etc.

this song was sent to me by c.

j.'

tex' lindsay, bravo company, 1 bn rar, 173rd abn bde 65-66, and 8 bn, rar 67-68.

tex has no idea, no recollection of when or where he learned this song--he has had in
in his records for years, and only thought about it after hearing me singing service
songs at a bravo company reunion woolgoolga, nsw, near coffs harbour.

he also sent me two medieval ballad length songs from an action that he
participated in with 8 bn.

I got this song in the infanteer format from tex.

the format of this song still reminds me of robert burns style of poetry, and the
language seems to date from this period.

contacting frank o' keefe to see if he was familiar with this song, he commented that it most likely originated in the engineers or pioneers in the mid to late 1700's and from there was taken up by other corps (with altering only the reference to wire pre 1890's and the name of the corps.

I have not yet had a chance to sing this song to any diggers, but this song is certainly one that well describes the service of anyone in combat corps-or anyone, male or female who has been through recruit training!

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 2\the snake pit.txt

well the rattlers flew out one dark night;
well the rattlers flew out one dark night;
they didn't come back til the morning light-- they had to cut it over the snake pit
-

progressive chorus

snake pit, snake pit-they didn't come back til the morning light then they had to cut(engines) over the snake pit.

they picked up the troopers in the setting sun, just about then began the fun and they all flew away from the

chorus

snake pit,snake pit, just about then began the fun and they all flew away from the snake pit

now the first thing heard on the radio,was atinny voice saying' loick and load'
buffalo trail take the lead my fuel is low, and I can't fly away from the snake pit
well the trail called out with a mighty roar 'don't go back lead, i've never lead before and at the briefing I was staring out the door, at the pretty brown choppers on the snake pit

well the transmitter came and the choppers flew and underneath my helmet my ears turned blue and all the while we flew and flew, much farther away from the snake pit
fist '6' followed '5',

then '3' follwed '2',

what a fix! then the whole formation began to mix! as the stars came out o' er the snake pit.

then over the noise of the chatter in the sky came the ao's voice, cutting like a knife- sayin I never saw such a flight in my life, as the rattler flight from the snake pit

but there's one thing, jug, I'd like to know they were flying fast, they were flyin low and there must be a reason you went 10 different directions, as you flew away from the etc

now tell your children, towards the end of the flight jug pushed me out into the jungle night it's a new formation on the gangbang flight-I'll explain when I locate the etc

that's the very last thing jug hayes did say, just about then the fuel gave way!

middle of a vc fray 40 miles north east of the snake pit

but the rattlers flew on through through the night just combin through the jungle on a rescue flight they didn't give up til the morning light had come on the pads in the--

now, don't cry boys, never shed a tear it was only the end of the song is near there's only 1 more verse you' ll be glad to hear, as I tell you the tale of the snake pit

well jug he landed in themiddle of the fight so he showed victor (charlie, vc) how to use a mike)rophone) while victor was playin jug stole his bike, -and peddled right back to the--

now the moral of the story rings loud and clear learn to operate a bike while jug is near some saturday night it might take a year--to pedal out to the snake pit--

this song is a parody of the children's song, 'the fox'.

the snake pit was the helicopter pad, huge!-and bien hoa, first home of the 173rd abn bde, the first anzus field force;

diggers and troopers called it the snake pit because when battalion sized 'lifts' were under way the rows of helicopters looked, to them, like a huge snake wriggling through the air!;

----- aviators called the bien hoa heli-pad the snake pit because the 'name' of the local aviation groups were 'the rattlers" and 'the cobras".

when, in military parlance an operation, work detail, whatever does not go as planned,

it is called 'snafu' - situation normal, all fucked up.

or 'fubar' -fucked up beyond all recognition, and the only 2 things that can be done are to one, laugh, and two, write a song about it! 'trail' position is 'tail end charlie--rear of formation.

'6' is commanding officer of a unit in radio shorthand, 5 is platoon sgt, 3 is the medic, 2 is one of the squad/section leaders.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 2\walk right in.txt

why don't you walk right in

why don't you walk right in! sit on my face, baby, let your legs hang down.

walk right in parody cont' d

walk right in, sit on my face, baby let your legs hang down.

everybody's talkin' out a new way of fornicatin' - do ya wantta lose your mind?

walk right in, sit on my face;

 baby let your legs hang down.

ex 161 recce flights tape of the merry-men, the 173rd helicopter assault aviation company at nui dat, vietnam.

sharyn klein, a friend from townsville, qld,

who is doing transcriptions for me said after transcribing this song 'it's good to

see some sex in the songs, sam, I was starting to think you' re all saints!' I didn't disillusion her by informing her that the majority of people, male and female, in both catholic and protestant hagiographies did not abstain from sex!

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 3\chorus.txt

chorus

chorus

one day, the silver bird will come again;
with all the hopes of the souls brought within.
one day I'll return home again;
and then, a new life I'll begin.

until that day, I must continue to fight;

I'll cart my '60, though I'm filled with fright! but until that day I return home again I'm not, really, nearly so brave.

I want to talk to you about the killing and crying;
about seeing all my friends dying.
but it opens love, in the breasts of every man;
so I must go on differently.

i often wonder, now and then, will everything be the same, when I deros home again?
but my prayers are answered there;
by the love we used to share;
with your open arms and your sweet smile;
I'm praising god that I'm still alive.

one day

written by specialist 4th class bob gossman, e troop, 17 th cavalry, 173 rd abn bde, at lz english, between an khe and qui nhon, vietnam in 1970, and sent to me as a copy of an original tape by sgt major jim webster.

helicopters can be heard in the background constantly, as they ferry troops and supplies to locations in the bush.

deros + date estimated return (from) over seas;
'60 refers to the m-60 machine gun.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 3\d a lorens.txt

d

d.

a.

lorens, c of e (c of e, church of england)
we were stamping our own dog tags in 1963;
danny punched his out, d.

a.

lorens, c of e.

two small discs of stainless steel, tied with a sisal cord;
one was held between our lips when ever we got bored.
they showed our army number, with blood group on the back;
and they were only useful, if ever we got whacked.
but they didn't bother us at all, as they were hanging there;
we never took those damn tags off, we wore them every where.
but when we were headed overseas, we covered them away;
for to see them shining in the sun, would make a snipers day.
these tags were nothing special, but they hung close to our hearts;
we knew that we would have to die, before we would part.
dan was in his tent one night, with dog tags on his knee;
he was carving something on them, but he would not let us see.
we tried to no avail, to find his secret out;
but all we did was stir him up, and make him jump and shout.
danny stepped on to a mine in august '68;
some one cried 'look out dan!',
but the warning came too late.
we tried so hard to save his life, but it was not left to be;
that day had been the last of d.

a.

lorens, c of e.

then some one saw a dog tag lying on the ground;
we all stood there with heads bowed, we never made a sound.
for when we scraped the tape off, we knew whose it would be;
private soldier, now in god's hands, d.

a.

lorens, c of e.

we sealed them up in a letter, that was sent from vietnam, with a note that said
these old tags had once been worn by dan.
in the light she saw the letters, d.

a.

lorens, c of e;

underneath he'd carved these four words - 'i love you melanie.'

i have used the anglo folk melody 'dalesmans litany' for this bill charlton, 'b'
coy, 1 bn, rar, 173 rd abn bde, '65-66, poem.

this is the same melody used by veteran and folklorist dave alexander for the
lawson poem 'scots of the riverina'.

'scots of the riverina' describes a scottish migrant to australia, pre wwi, who
scratches his sons name from the family bible on his enlistment to serve in the
first world war.

on his death, his father, the scot, is heart broken, replaces his name in the
bible, then dies.

this song has the same pathos.

this song also shows the military tradition, mythology, of soldiers who have prescient knowledge of their own death, and their plans to ameliorate the effects of their death.

this subject will be discussed in detail in further publications.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 3\foolish pride.txt

foolish pride

foolish pride when first we arrived t old bien hoa

there were no showers there;

they said just go across the field, the yanks would gladly share we saw the men all showering, and every one was white;

they seemed to quickly dress and go when negroes came in sight.

well this was quite disturbing;

to us it didn't seem right;

we'd show we weren't so prejudiced, we'd share with both black and white.

we quickly stripped off all our clothes... then shyly turned our backs - when we saw the smallest 'thingo' there was 10 inches on the slack.

we never, ever, crossed that field to the shower block again, but we realised it wasn't prejudice;

just the foolish pride of man.

this song was written by bill charlton, bravo coy, 1 bn, rar about their first days in bien hoa, vietnam, to operate as part of the us 173 rd abn bde,;

I added the melody.

the 173 rd was the only anzus treaty unit fielded;

friendships formed back in may, 1965, still thrive.

soldiers enjoy the chance, opportunity, to serve with soldiers from other countries;

a new learning experience.

rations are exchanged, stories of trials endured and shared;

exchange of military folk lore and traditions, rituals.

speech peculiarities, expressions are interchanged, just as terminology used within units has a genealogy;

this can best be seen in the us army songs 'firefight' and 'the iron brigade', both in this song collection.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 3\one day.txt

chorus

chorus

one day, the silver bird will come again;

with all the hopes of the souls brought within.

one day I'll return home again;

and then, a new life I'll begin.

until that day, I must continue to fight;

I'll cart my '60, though I'm filled with fright! but until that day I return home again I'm not, really, nearly so brave.

I want to talk to you about the killing and crying;

about seeing all my friends dying.

but it opens love, in the breasts of every man;

so I must go on differently.

i often wonder, now and then, will everything be the same, when I deros home again?

but my prayers are answered there;

by the love we used to share;

with your open arms and your sweet smile;

I'm praising god that I'm still alive.

one day

written by specialist 4th class bob gossman, e troop, 17 th cavalry, 173 rd abn bde, at lz english, between an khe and qui nhon, vietnam in 1970, and sent to me as a copy of an original tape by sgt major jim webster.

helicopters can be heard in the background constantly, as they ferry troops and supplies to locations in the bush.

deros + date estimated return (from) over seas;

'60 refers to the m-60 machine gun.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 3\soldier boy.txt

chorus

chorus

I'm a sol ol ol dier boy soldier boy

fighting for the country that I love;

and there's nobody, ain't no one, gonna do me in!

i don't give a damn, I'm goin'to south vietnam;

I'm gonna fight for this country that I'm livin' in;

I'm gonna be on top, gonna make 'em hop;

and there ain't nobody gonna say that I ain't doin' my job!

i was sittin' in a foxhole 'bout the break of day, when all of a sudden I heard the

machine gum spray;

lifting my head as I looked all around, and all I could see was dead bodies on the ground.

well the battle was hot, and time was almost out;

when a fighter plane brought hell from the clouds;

death had been paid time and again, but there ain't no one gonna do me in.

well the time was short as I rambled aboard;

a metal bird not armed for war;

homeward bound above that same ol' cloud that muffled the sound of combat on the ground.

well, it'd be nice to be back home again;

it's nice to be where our people have been;

it'd be nice to hear them always say "how are you this fine day?"

"

here's what I would always say;

"it's good to be alive today" yes, it's good to be alive today— well, it's good to be alive today!

this song was written by specialist 4 th class bob grossman, 'e' troop, 17 th cavalry, 173 rd abn bde, bong son, near qui nhon, vietnam, 1970.

I was sent to me by jim bradley, webmaster for the 173 rd society;

hueys' can be heard flying in the background of the copy of the tape recorded in 1970.

most soldiers think of home, sometime-but not in a combat situation!

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 3\soldiers love song.txt

soldiers love song

soldiers love song

i love you my darlin',

i love you sincere, I love you the way I love tooheys' draught beer.

chorus, (last line repeated)

toohey's draught beer, love, toohey's draught beer, I love you the way I love toohey's draught beer.

i've got a good rifle, and magazines, a few, a couple of hand grenades, and a good scout dog too.

good scout dog too, love, good scout dog too;

a couple of hand grenades, and a good scout dog too.

now, I love my rifle, and hand grenades too;

I love that old scout dog, and I also love you—

now, I'll also be drunken, and sometimes tell lies;

but I also will tell you, I love your blue eyes—

so marry me darlin',

i love you true;

I may love other women, but I'll always love you.

the tune to this song is 'on top of old smokey',
which features in many service songs;
an old service stand-by.
this song, to my knowledge, first appeared as 'pig catchers love song',
from the thirty's.
this version is ex ran veteran, vietnam, dave cook of rylestone, nsw;
he also supplied a 'veterans love song'.

Sam Hilt Collection\vietnam war songs 3\two boys in a rowboat.txt

two boys in a rowboat
two boys in a rowboat chorus, first verse
they lived on the pelican side of the bridge in a coal miner's shack with a stove,
but no fridge.
a grey, sandy track, well beaten and hard led up to the steps in their tiny back
yard.
a hurricane lamp was their solitary light that shone through the window 'cross the
lake every night.
there was no running water and comforts were few, but these hardy pioneers had
learned to make do.
though wrinkled with age they were loved by us all, and we all went to visit when
christmas would fall.
there were brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, all bearing presents of flowers
and plants.
and peter nest door would join in the fun;
we were both 12 years old and we'd play in the sun.
we'd laugh and we'd swim, and catch fish every day;
in a little, green rowboat out there in the by.
but time marches on, and time slips away - ten years down the track and I see pete
one day - we're again on a boat, but we're far from the shore - we're not smiling
now, for we're sailing to war.
this boat is much larger and painted dull grey, and a thousand young men are out
sailing today.
there's no time for fun, and 'no swimming' please, in the brown muddy water of the
south china seas.
then we're living in tents, and the lighting is poor, and christmas out here isn't
fun any more;
for the shooting and fighting and dying come first;
no one knows if the days or the nights are the worst.
but I think of our loved ones back home at the lake, and I ask god above for both
mine and pete's sake;
if christmas next year could be just like before;
with two boys in a rowboat, back on our own shore.

written by bill charlton of bravo coy, 1 bn, rar, 1965-66.

the tune to it is 'bare legged joe',
which was popular on the radio in 1965.

I put the tune to this poem/song.

this song shows love and concern for others, as well as the hope that all will be
the same on his/their return from service.

as most service personnel find;

everything is the same as when they left - except for themselves, as is perhaps
best illuminated in the song 'one day' in this collection.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\alouette.txt

alouette, gentil alouette, alouette, gentil plume rai;

alouette, gentil alouette, alouette, gentil plume rai;

gentil plume rai la 3 day pass, repeat this line alouette, alouette, ah ah ah ah

alouette, gentil alouette, alouette, gentil plume rai gentillume rai la estimanet,

gentil plume rai la estiminet, estimeinet, 3 day pass, alouette, alouette ah ah ah

ah alouette, gentil alouette, alouette gentil plume rai gentil plume rai la bottle
of beer,----- bottle of beer, estimanet, 3day pass, alouette

big fat blonde(acup imaginary breasts with both hands--or todays army, for women,

italian 'arm gesture-bent, up-raised right armand fist, left hand on right elbow)

hotel room, big fat blonde bottle of beer, estimanet, 3 day pass

double bed--hotel detective--dose of clap--14 days c.

b.

, 3 day passand finish!

----- guess I first heard this song about 78m
sung by jimy duffy, when he was living in len neary's house in rozelle, sydney.

allen fourshaw of brisbane, now deceased, sang thios song as well, as dave
alexander.

both died before I could record them singing it, but I had remembered it and have
put it in my repetoire.

thgis song was originally sung by australian troops in wwi, and they have been
singing it since!--with hand gestures, like swing low, cock robin, do your balls.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\anzac army.txt

we are the anzac army, the a-n-z-a-c
we are the anzac army, the a-n-z-a-c we cannot shoot,
we won't salute, what bloody good are we?
and when we reach old berlin, we' ll hear the kaiser say;
'ach, ach, mein gott! waht a bloody rotten lot, to get 5 bob a day!'

collected from both brad tate and john dengate, this song was well known and sung by
diggers in both wwi and wwii,

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\apres la guerre fini.txt

apres la guerre fini
apres la guerre fini apres la guerre fini, oh, we' ll go home to blighty but won't
we be sorry leave cher germaine, apres la guerre fini apres la guerre fini, anglais
soldat parti mademoiselle beau coup pickaninny apres la guerre fini
apres-----americain parti mademoiselle, ne c' est pas apre ----- apres la guerre
fini, australian parti mademoiselle seul au lit apres la guerre fini apres la -----,
austral soldat parti avec vin ordinay ares la----- apres la guerre fini, oh, we' ll
go home to blighty but won't we miss cher germaine apres la guerre fini

this song is a parody, or uses the tune of the song 'sont de la ponts du paris' --or
at least that's very close! which is sung by edith piaf.

this song was sung during both wwi and wwii.

i've recorded kit denton singing this song, but also, I have been singing the song
for so long I can't remember where I learned it, probably from by grandfather
kauffman.

I think this is a beautiful song;

kit says there were hundreds of verses, a lot of them probably 'filler' verses
--lines that are common to many songs,--i think the following comment, from one of
the copper family books, is appropriate, recorded from one of bob coppers folk song
informants' 'yes, this song also starts 'one fine may morning--and what better way
to start a song?'

--if the tune is good, a few extra verses go down well!

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\artillery fire.txt

artillery fire

artillery fire mud and dust (collected from wwii digger peter wren of melbourne who

attributed this poem to h.

echoff, wwi digger.

an aussie tramped the muddy road midst snow and rain and sleet.

the rain was running down his back and oozing from his feet.

he carried sack and rifle, and ammunition too;

he wore his helmet at the' lert, as all good aussies do.

with rations in a haversack and tucker sodden through, he used some dinkum language, as all good diggers do.

at last he turned a corner and saw a notice on a tree;

he waded through, his neck in mud, to see what it could be.

I cannot now remember exactly what he said;

it didn't seem to pklease him, for this is what he read: "as you plod your weary way, consider our desire for if you kick up too much dust, you' ll draw artillery fire.'

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\australaise.txt

austral---aise

austral---aise

fellers of australiar;

blokes, and coves, and coots shift yer carcasses, move yer boots.

gird yer loins up, get yer guns set the enemy, and watch them run.

chor

get a move on, have some sense, learn the art of, self de fense
have some brains, beneath yer lids and swing a sabre for yer missus
and yer kids.

chuck suportin posts, and strikin light support a family, and strike
fer yer light.

joy is fleetin, life is short wot's the use of wastin it all on sport hitch
yer tip dray, to a star let yer watchword be australi ar

'ow's the nation, goin to ixpand lest us blokes and coves lend a ' and

'eave yer apathy, down a chasm, 'ump yer burden wi' en thusi asm!

when the trouble, 'its yer land take a rifle, in yer ' and keep yer
upper lip as stiff as stiff can be;

and speed a bullet for posterity.

when the bugle, sounds advance don't be like a flock of sheep in a
trance biff the foeman, where it don't agree spifler cate 'im to eternity.

fellers of australiar, cobbers chaps, and mates, hear the enemy at yer gate

blow the bugle, beat the drum upper cut andout the cow to kingdom come

chor

onward anzac armies, marching without fear;

with our own commanders safely in the rear! he boasts and skites from day til

night, and thinks he's very brave- while the men who really did the job are dead and in their graves--
onward anzac armies, marching without fear with our own commanders, safely in the rear

c.

j.

dennis wrote this song in 1908.

I'm sure it would have been sung--even if sarcastically, during wwi! the second version I extracted from 'oh.

what a lovely war' it needed to be 'reissued!'

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\australia will be there.txt

australia will be there

australia will be there rally round the banner of your country
take the field with brothers o'er the foam;

on land or sea, wherever you may be;

keep your eye on liberty.

england, home, and duty;

have no need to fear! should old acquaintance be forgot?

no! no! no! no! no! australia will be there, australia will be there!

i recorded brian ritchie singing this patriotic song from wwi, which he learned from his digger father who served in france during wwi, and sang this song almost continuously under his breath when in times of stress.

this song was popular with diggers during wwi--one of the few 'patriotic' songs that survived the trenches!

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\bang bang lulu.txt

bang bang lulu

bang bang lulu lulu was my sweetheart, lulu was so cute, the first time that I met her she was a prostitute
chorus bang bang lulu, bang her good and strong, what are ya gonna do for a midnight screw, when lulu's dead and gone.

rich girl uses vaseline, poor girl uses lard, lulu uses axle grease and bangs them good and hard.

officers go with debutantes, private's girls from the factory yards, lulu screws the

whole damn lot, you just say the wordd.

itooke her to the seaside, to teach her how to swim, and every time I ducked her head she said I touched her quim.

I wish I was a diamond ring upon my lulu's hand, everytime she wiped her ass I'd see the promised land.

I wish I was a pisspot under lulu's bed, every time she had a piss I'd see her maiden head.

lulu's lived in new york, lulu's lived in france, lulu likes the high old life, she likes to bedroom dance.

i learned this song while in basic training, recruit training at fort bragg, n. c.

, in 66,67.

other verses came in from ian macdonald who sang it in 805 squadron in korea, it was also sung in ww1, ww2, and I am sure that there are still verses to be collected;

'filler' verses were used with this song, to make it appropriate for any occasion.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\banks of the murray.txt

banks of the murray

banks of the murray

in a neat little cottage on the banks of the murray there's the wife of a soldier with family so poor.

the father left home with a gun on his shoulder, for to sail on a transport to egypt's fair shore.

gave his hat just a touch, woved goodbye to his mother, his country was calling; it's flagwas unfurled.

these are the wordsthat he uttered in parting: 'goodbye my mother and goodbye my son.'

the transport led on to the scene of the slaughter;

they landed our boys in the thick of the fray;

our hero was shot at the dardanells battle, mortally wounded anddying he lay.'

just kiss little daisy, my dear darlin daughter;

and say I'll return when the battle is won;

give this watch to my own dear darlin mother;

this locket and chain to daisy my dear;

the rest please send on to my dear wife and mother;

for god has denied me to see them again.

and, oh, what a changein the neat little cottage;

the dear wife keeps rockin of a baby so small;

while the dear aged mother liles rockin and rollin;

for the son she loved dearly was shot at the war.

oct.

, 1997 brad tate gave me a tape that he recorded 26 years previously of a radio program of col mcjannett giving the history of wwi in song.

for my soldier song collection project I had already contacted col because I knew that he had given a workshop on soldier songs at the uranquinty festival in about 1976.

col said that he had no tapes, or even records, copies of the songs from that era, nor did he remember any.

this version of banks of the murray was sung by col mcjannet in 1970.

in the tape he says that this is a compilation of several versions, and that it originated about may 1915.

I don't know who the collectors of the original versions were, although in the context of some of the songs sung he said they were collected by alex hood.

brad tate says the tune is a variant of 'bonnie dundee' ;

the first line, to me resembles bonnie dundee, the other lines sound more like 'cigareets, and whiskey, and wild wild women'.

I know that martin wyndham-read has recorded a version of this song, but I am not familiar with it--i've only heard it once, but it seemed to me to have a different story line and tune--anyone have more information?

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\battle of paris.txt

battle of paris

battle of paris as I sit on my bunk, arranging my junk with thought sof old paris in mind;

with vivid reflection and fond recollection of milestones left behind.

while fresh in my ears are the words of those dears- who openly, wantonly taunt us to forget home and friends, till this awful war ends and take part in the battle of paris.

they are strikingly neat, from their head to their feet, with eyes like stars in the sky-and their ruby red lips like rosepetal tips- their beauty you well may surmise. but these camouflaged birds sap the strength from the words we are told by the padre to scare us-- but with vigorous hop, we go over the top- and take part in the battle of paris.

but out on the line, where the big berthas whine;

and the 75's they are smokin;

aand the hell in the air, fills your heart with despair, and the gas fills your lungs till your choking.

but say, to be fair, hell, I'd rather be there- on the somme, or the marne, or at arras for a vin blanc sootful makes it hard to stay neutral in that terrible battle of paris

o0r seoul--or saigon--or riyadh--every soldier knows the story--as they do the songs
'avung tau' 'from vietnam, or '7 beers with the wrong woman'! recovered from dolph
edwards collection.
the tune is the trad song' my name is jock stewart.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\boozey boys.txt

we are the boozey boys, the boozey boys, the boozey boys
we are the boozey boys, the boozey boys, the boozey boys we are the boozey boys, so
early in the morning.
when the terrible war broke out x 3 " so early etc
we were the first to go x 3
spoken: "where?
"

down to the wharf to see them off x 3

chloe and jason roweth were the last 2 people I recorded in 1999, len neary was the
first person in 2000 I recorded with this song he learned when he was living in a
boarding house in darlighthurst, nsw, from another resident, tom flynn.
len says it was the first, and only, song he ever collected--and that was before he
discovered folk music.
len says he doesn't know whether or not tom served in wwi, but he was old enough to
have been an adult during wwi.
he also said tom didn't drink very much.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\boys of the dardanelles.txt

boys of the dardanelles
boys of the dardanelles old england needs the men, she thinks there's fighting to be
done.
australia heard, and were prepared, to help out everyone.
out trough the bay, they sailed away, our pride, australia' a own;
and now, today, they' re far away, some in the great unknown.
chorus
we' re the boys of the dardanelles, we fight through shot and shell;
down in history their fame will go, their childrens children their daring deeds

will know;

australian lads, in khaki and in blue, have shown the world what they can do;
how they fought and fell, the cables daily tell, the boys of the dardanelles!

this song was collected by col mcjannett of canberra from harry cotter of collector,
nsw, in 1971.

I had contacted col about soldier songs, since I remembered in about '76 he had
given a workshop at the uranquity festival on soldier songs, he had forgotten all
the songs, and had no record of them--fortunately, brad tate had an old cassette
tape of some of cols songs from an abc radio program of the period.

I recovered this song and relavant details from that tape.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\brighton camp.txt

now a soldiers life is a merry life, it is when he's not tramping;
now a soldiers life is a merry life, it is when he's not tramping;
we' ll take a trip to aldershot and watch the boys a -camping.
now brighton camp has just broke up, it was so wet and slimy;
I stuck my head up a nanny goats arse, the stink was enough to blind me.
oh kaiser bill is feeling ill, the crown prince has gone barmy;
and we don't give a fuck for old von gluck, and all his fucking army.

brighton camp, like the song, and place, lark hill camp, is one of the series of
army camps on the salisbury plains, where the diggers were sent for training prior
to shipment to france.

this song was sung by gordon hale during the neuve schapelle campaign.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\browned off.txt

browned off

browned off I usedto be a civvie chap, as decent as could be;
always thought a working lad had a man's right to be free;
but then one day they came and made a soldier out of me, and told me it was all to
save democracy-- chorus and I was browned off, browned off, browned off as can be,
browned off, browned off, an easy fool that's me;
but when this war is over and once more I'm free there's no more trips around the

world for me! they put me in a convict suit, they made me cut me hair;
took away me civvie shoes, gave me another pair;
instead of food they gave us slush, and plenty of fresh air;
and told me it was all to save democracy-- each day we' re out on parade, long
before the dawn;
and every day I curse the day that ever I was born;
I'm just a browned off soldier, as you can plainly see;
they browned me off to help them save democracy-- well, the colonel kicks the
captain, then the captain has a go;
the captain kicks the sgt, who kicks other nco's and as the kick get harder the
poor private you may see;
gets kicked to bloody hell to save democracy--

----- verses 1,2,4 came
from simon campell,
of turramurra sydney, and brad tate of the channons, nsw.
verse 3 came from lionel o' keefe, of liston, qld.
brad tate says this song was written at the end of last century, just after the
spanish-american war, by the iww founder, joe hill, in conjunction with a us sailor;
it is sung to a tune variant, not here included.
from the first world war on, this is the song that was sung, and the tune used --i
have no idea how the song came to australia, and identified as an australian
soldiers song, unless it came to the australian services during the boxer rebellion
in china, or was adapted and adopted by australian army from 1917 onwards.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\colonel bogey.txt

hitler, has only got one ball
hitler, has only got one ball goering, has 2 but very small himmler, has something
similar but goebbels, has no balls, at all--repeat ad infinitum, or progress to next
version

bollocks and the same to you bollocks, they make a damn fine stew bollocks, they
give us bollocks, they' ll also give bollocks to you

bullshit, was all the band could play, bullshit, they played it night and day
bullshit, they feed us bullshit they feed us bullshit, then send us away-----

the first two versions are from kit denton, who sang them in the british paratroops
in wwii, and the last version is from bob deacon, from wollar, nsw, who sang all the
above versions--and he said there are more he can't remember, when serving with 5 bn
an its' first tour to rvn.

kit denton said that this tune was used in wwi

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\dear old aussie.txt

dear old aussie

dear old aussie jack dunn, son of a gun, over in france today;

he keeps fit, doing his bit, up to his ass in clay;

each night, after a fight, to pass the time along he's got a little gramophone that
plays this song

chorus

take me back to dear old aussie;

put me on a boat to sydney town;

take me over there, dump me anywhere;

brisbane, melbourne, adelaide, perth, well, I don't care.

I just want to see my best girl;

a-cuddling up again we soon will be;

oh, blighty is a failure, take me to australia, aussie is the place to be!

one day mickey o' shea, stood in a trench somewhere;

so brave, havin' a shave, and tryin to part 'is hair;

mickey yells, dodgin the shells, and lumps of dynamite;

you talk about your crystal palace on friday night! -----
extrasccted from brad tate's tape of col mcjannetts singing.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\der krieg.txt

wir kampfen nicht fur vaterland

wir kampfen nicht fur vaterland wir kampfen nicht fur gott;

wir kampfen fur die reichen;

die armen gehn kaputt.

wir kampfen nicht fur vaterland;

und nicht fur deutschlands ehre! wir sterben fur den unverstand, und fur die
millionaire!

der krieg ist fur die reichen;

der mittelstand muss wiechen-- und das volk, die armen, wir stellen die leichen.

we struggle not for fatherland;

we struggle not for god;

we struggle for the rich-- the poor?

---are kaput!

we struggle not for fatherland, and not for germany's honour;
 we sie for 'imprudence' and for the millionaire.
 the war is for the rich;
 the middle class must yield-- and 'the people',
 the poor-- we fill the graves -----
 in the summer of 1916 german soldiers started singing this song, which is put to the
 tune of a traditional german folksong, 'hinaus in die ferne'.
 , 'off in the distance' the situation still hasn't changed, though the soldiers are
 fighting to protect those 'at home'.
 all the german songs were given to me by a 20 year old german musician who was
 visiting me, kristel kessler.
 she gave me the songs as music, as I had no recorder at the time.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\die gedanken.txt

die gedanken sind frei, wer kann sie erraten
 die gedanken sind frei, wer kann sie erraten sie fliehen vorbei, wie nacht liche
 schatten kein mensch kann sie wisser, kein jager ershiessen es bleibat dabei, die
 gedanken sind frei (repeat)
 ich denke wer ich will, und was mich beglubet doch alles inder still, und wie es
 sich schicket mein wunsch und begehren, kein niemand verwehren es bleibat dabei-----
 und sperrit mann mich ein, im finstiren kerber das alles sind rein, vergleibiche
 werke dann meine gedanken, zerreißen die schranken es bleibat dabei-----
 die gedanken sind frei, my thoughts freely flower ' ' ' ' ' .
 my thoughts give me power no scholar can map them, no hunter can trap them no man
 can deny, die gedanken sind frei, repeat
 so I think as I please, and this gives me pleasure my conscience decrees, this right
 I must treasure my thoughts will not cater, to duke or dictator no man can deny,
 die-----, repeat
 and if tyrants take me, and throw me in prison my thoughts will burst free, like
 blossoms in flower foundations will crumble, the structure will tumble and free men
 will cry, die----, repeat

when I was a young man I 'listed for a soldier I took the king's shilling, and I
 drank full well they gave me a red coat,
 they gave me a musket and sent me to ameriky--into the jaws of hell--repeat
 on line on lexington green, we faced the rebels volleys we charged our bayonets,
 painted that green, red then at the bridge at concord we faced them with one accord,
 till outnumbered fought back to boston, with most of us dead, repeat
 repeat first verse

kit denton sang 'when I was a young man' when he served with the buffs, before he
 became a paratrooper in wwii.

he only remembered a few words of the second verse, so I 'filled them in', then went back to him to confirm that they were in keeping with the marching song as he remembered it.

the tune to when I was a young man is 'die gedanken sind frei', which has been sung in germany since the 1700's, and is almost universally sung in germany, there is no doubt that it would have been sung by german soldiers/servicemen during both the first and second world wars--and probably by german tornado pilots in the gulf war.

because, ex kit, the british army was singing this song which obviously dates from the american revolution during wwii, that it was also sung during wwi, the boer war, and probably the crimea, and the napoleonic wars as well -- as far as I have been able to discover, it has not previously been collected even in england or america! the words to 'when I was' --depict military actions that took place, accurately, in 1775;

kits unit, the buffs, the former 3rd regiment of foot, didn't arrive for service/combat, in america until 1781, so the song was obviously learned from regiments that served there prior to that date, and thus was more widespread in the british army than just one regiment.

this coming anzac day, '98, in a few weeks time will let me confirm, or not, through peter walton, an air force veteran of vietnam, who also served in the wehrmacht in wwii, whether 'die gedanken sind frei' was, in fact sung by the soldiers, 'michaels', as germans call their 'diggers', during wwii.

peter has a few german soldier songs from wwii, that I have not yet recorded.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\diggers dream.txt

diggers dream

diggers dream last night I had a funny dream, I dreamt to my delight I had ten thousand blankets to keep me warm as night I dreamt there wasn't any snow, nor rain nor sleet or mud;

and I saw a german shell descend that proved to be a dud.

I dreamt I saw a big qm who didn't drink our rum;

and a great big gotha overhead whose engine didn't hum;

I dreamt I saw old bill himself, a diggin in a trench;

and then I heard our interpreter, my god, he was speaking french! I dreamt I played the good old game, won 5 bob on a crown;

and I saw our anti-aircraft guns bring a hun aircraft down;

I thought I saw a driver, who really couldn't swear;

then I got a shirt from the divvie baths that was clean enough to wear.

I dreamt I had some money, fully 20 pounds and then I found a village that wasn't out of bounds.

I dreamt I saw a real mp, who hopped the bags with dash;
and a soldier on a base job who wasn't very flash.

I dreamt we'd finished up the war, we'd finished with bertha krupp that my blankets weren't inhabited, then reveille woke me up! ----- this song was written by a.

n.

shuttleworth and published in 'the anzacs'.

I sing it to the tune 'the shearers dream',
but a more likely period tune would have been 'widgegoara joe'.

no tune was recorded for this song.

compare to 'paratroopers dream' in vietnamwar song collection

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\dinki-di.txt

dinki di wwii

dinki di wwii

a digger in london on 7 days leave when a fucking great mp said 'pardon me, please there's mud on your tunic and blood on your sleeve, I'll just have to cancel your 7 days leave.

chorus

dinki- di, dinki -di I'm a dinki-di digger who never tells lies.

(a pommie redcap with 3 stripes on his sleeve said to 2 diggers 'now pardon me please- there's mud on your tunic, and blood on your brass;

I'll just have to cancel your 7 day pass.

) (wwii)

the diggers just glared with a murderous glance 'we are just back from the balls up in france where the whizz bangs are flying and comforts are few, and brave men are dying for bastards like you.

we' re shelled on the left and we' re shelled on the right, we' re shelled in the day and we' re shelled in the night, if something don't happen, and that pretty soon, there' ll be nobody left in the bloody platoon.

when mothers have babies they have them with ease, when whores have abortions they call them m.

p. '

syou say as you like and you do as you please, you' re all fucking bastards, you fucking m.

p. '

s

when this war is over and we' re out of here we' ll see them in sydney town beggin for beer;

they' 'ask for a dina to buy a small glass, but all that they' ll get is a kick in the ass

this is a compilation of versions from brad tate, and darky edwards, with the last verse recovered from a tape brad tate made of alex hood in 1970.

it is unknown where, or from whom, alex collected the last verse.

duuring wwii dinki-di seems to have transformed into 2 separate songs, dinki-di, and army (bloody buna, pucka punyal, saigon, bien hoa, etc), directed against and about the depredations and incompetency in hq staff, nad is sung by officers in the field as well as enlisted personnel--my collection, jherb fenn, in vietnam vets folklore collection jim hatch, saul broudy, and others) hq.

in some of the american versions that they learned from an australian woman in vietnam the army hq song has adopted the chorus of dinki-di, and thuus some of the american versions of this song go back to the australian wwi version! while other, american, and all australian versions from wwii on keep the songs as 2 different identities.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\discharge song.txt

discharge song

discharge song

oh give me a home awhere no army can roam, where no brasshats or provos can stay;
where there's no dress parades, and no more air raids, and noadjutants to forfeit
your pay.

oh give me some land, where I know I can stand;
where I won't be annoyed by those stripes;
no more waiting in queues where they fill me with stews;
and rice puddings that give me the gripes.

now i've found that home, where no army's can roam;
bully beef is a thing of the past! though the atmosphere's hot, in the place that
i've got, I'm out of the army at last!

show me a home, where the buffalo roam, and I'll show you a dirty house!

i have thissong in my note book of transcribed songs as from hugh anderson of
ascotvale, vic, a wwii vet.

.
since I haven't done a field trip to vic yet, this must be one of the songs
collected by brad tate in the 70' s.

I remember a slightly different version of this song being sung in vietnam, with
the addition of the last 2 lines at the end, sometimes spoken, sometimes sung.

since there weren't many wwii veterans in the service with me, it must have also
been sung in korea, and passed on by those vets

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\do your balls.txt

do your ears (balls) hang low
do your ears (balls) hang low do your balls hang low, do they wobble to and fro?
can you tie them in a knot, can you tie them in a bow?
can you throw them o' er your shoulder like a regimental (continental)soldier?
do your balls hang low?

----- this song
has certainly been around from the boer war, and probably a fair bit longer.
one of a series of songs that are sung with hand, arm and body gestures and
movement.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\dying aviator.txt

dying aviator

dying aviator a poor aviator lay dying, at the end of a bright summers day;
his comrades were gathered round him to carry his fragments away.

chorus

take the manifold out of my larnyx, take the cylinders out of my brain;
take the piston rods out of my kidneys and assemble the engine again.

.
oh, his bird was piled on his wishbone, and the engine was wrapped round his head;
he wore a spark plug on each elbow;
twas plain he would shortly be dead.

oh he spit out a valve and a gasket as he stirred in the sunp where he lay;
and to his sorrowing comrades these brave parting words he did say.

I'll be riding a cloud in the morning with no [merlin] before me to curse;
so come along and get busy, another lad will soon need the hearse!

with rusted 50's and dud rockets with pilots as old as they seem;
we fly these worn out old mustangs against the mig 15.

forgotten by the country that bore us;
betrayed by the ones we hold dear;
the good have all gone before us;
and only the dull are still here.

so stand to your glasses steady.
for the world isfull of lies;
quaff a cup to the dead already, and one to the next man to die

i collected this song from brad tate of the channons, near lismore nsw, who doesn't remember where he learned it, singing the dying stockman tune, jimmy duffy, of stanhope,

qld sang the song to the 'next man to die 'tune, which he learned from british aviators, after wwi.

the korean war verses came from alan lomax' the folk songs of north america', who said he learned it from peggy seeger.

while the dying stockman tune is more frequently heard now, I suspect that during wwi,

at least, the 'next man to die' version was mpre prevalent-- many of the printed texts to the song that are found, even if they appear with the 'stockman'tune, scan with the 'die' tune rather than the 'stockman' I suspect the second last verse comes from the korean war, as that was the only war, up til that time where service men and women were serving without the full support of those 'back home', and thus the resentment voiced in the song.

.
dick jonas sings another version, dating from wwii, but sung in vietnam, which I think he calls the b-25 song;

the b-25 was a wwii aircraft that was also used in vietnam until there were no more replacement parts.

dick jonas also sings a version of 'the telegram', which uses a frenc song, which was popular in the '60's in the us and australia, rather than the more commonly used 'camptown races tune.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\female recruiter.txt

chorus

chorus

sunday I walked out with a soldier, monday I walked out with a tar;

tuesday I'm out with a baby boy scout, on wednesday, a hussar.

on thursday I went out wi' a scottie, on friday a captain of the guards;

on saturday I'm willing, if you' ll only take the shilling, to make a man of any one of you!

the army and the navy need attention, the outlook isn't healthy I'll admit;

i've got a perfect dream, of a new recruiting scheme, which I think is absolutely 'it'!

if only other girls would do as I do, I believe that we could manage it alone;

for i've turned all suitors from me,

but the sailor and the tommy-- so i've an army and a navy of my own--

----- chorus

i don't want to join the army, I don't want to go to war;

I'd rather hang around, picadilly underground, living off the earnings of a high

class lady don't want a bayonet up the asshole, don't want my bollocks shot away--
I'd rather stay in england, merry, merry england, and fornicate me fucking life
away!

sunday I touched her on the ankle, monday I touched her on the knee;

tuesday i, touched her on the thigh, wed?

she didn't say a word --cor blimme! friday her voice it was a shriek--then saturday
after dinner, I stuck the bugger in 'er, and now I'm payin' 7 and six a week!

i first heard the soldiers parody if the female recruiter at the albury folk
festival in 1977 sung in its entirety by a young nurse.

I recorded this version from dave alexander --everyone knew the chorus, but not the
verse! the chorus, at least, is still sung in the army! the original was used in the
play 'oh what a lovely war!',
and was first sung on music hall stages in england, as a recruiting song, early
1915.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\fiddlers green.txt

halfway cross the sky to hell there's a shady meadow green,
halfway cross the sky to hell there's a shady meadow green, where the souls of all
dead airborne troops camp by a clear cool stream;

and this eternal resting place is known as fiddlers green.

marching past straight through to hell some soldiers can be seen;

accompanied by old satan, with his feiry eyes agleam;

for none but the gallant paratroops can camp on fiddlers green.

though some go coursing cross the sky to seek a warmer scene, no trooper ever gets
to hell ere he's emptied his canteen;

and thus comes back to drink again with friends on fiddlers green.

and so when man and 'chute go down in a raging fire so keen, or in a roaring ambush
you stop a bullet clean when the enemy comes to help you die, just empty your
canteen, and put your rifle to your head, drink with mates on fiddlers green--
and have no fear, for your next stop: drink with mates on fiddlers green.

another of the songs sent by ray chapman of brisbane.

in the earliest, and only version of this song that i've seen, dating from the
indian wars in the us, and especially the cavalry: the last verse--when the savages
come to take your scalp.

, in the version my grandfather sang in the cuban campaign, and during the
philippine insurrection--when the spaniards (moros) come to cut off your balls, just
empty your campaign.

I last heard my grandfather sing this song in 1958, the year he died, when I was 11.
the only words that stuck in my mind were those written above.

that was over 40 years ago now, and from that vantage point I can't remember how

long before he died that I heard him singing fiddlers green, but I have no doubt that my grandfather, sgt.

edward harrison kauffman, like myself, had no doubt that he was heading for fiddlers green, and drinks with his mates.

"and when my time comes, as come it must, and I will leave this place"--I'll sit down by that clear coll stream with my grandfather, great-grandfather, and father, and my mates who have gone before, and have a few songs over a cool beer.

declan--are merchant seamen there, too, mate?

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\for gods sake don t take me.txt

send out the army and the navy, send out the rand and file;

send out the army and the navy, send out the rand and file;

send out the bloody territorials, they' ll brave the dangers with a smile (i don't think!) send out the laddies from australia, to keep old england free;

send me father and me mother, me sister and me brother, but for god's sake, don't send me!

don't take me con't

an often collected song - there's a soldiers song book by this title.

I got the song from brad tate.

it was learned from english troops during wwi, and sung by australians in wwi and ii, with humour, and a touch of pride that it was australians that the empire counted on to save it from foreign aggression.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\glorious.txt

glorious/blighty leave

glorious/blighty leave instead of taking blighty leave, I went to gay paree, there I met this madamoiselle who took me on a spree.

she wore the very best of clothes, and dainty little shoes.

where she got the money from, only god would know!

chorus glorious, victorious one bottle (keg) of beer between th 4 of us.

praise be to god there are no more of us;

for one of us could drink it all alone.

she wears her silk pajamas in the summer when it's hot;

she wears her flannel nightie in the winter when its not;
and sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall;
she jumps between the sheets with nothing on at all.
drunk last night, drunk the night before, gonna get drunk tonight like we never got
drunk before;
for when we are drunk, we are drunk as we can be, for we are members of the 'slosh'
family.
now I'll say a little prayer, and pray for more beer;
glorious, glorious, fills ya up with cheer.
and if we should have one beer, may we also have 10 may we have the whole damn
brewery, said the regiment 'amen'.
bombed last night, bombed the night before, gonna get bombed tonight like we never
got bombed before.
and when we are bombed, we' re as scared as we can be, they can bomb the whole damn
army, long as they don't bomb me.
alt chor
they' re over us, they' re over us, one llittle cave for the 4 of us.
glory be to god there are no more of us, for sure they'd bomb the whole damn lot.
gassed last night, gassed the night before, gonna be gassed tonight like we never
been gassed before.
and when we' re gassed, we' re as sick as we can be, for phosgene and mustard gas
are much too much for me
alt chor
thje y re warning us, they' re warning us, one respirator for the 4 of us.
thank god that 3 of us can run, so one of us can use it all alone.

this is a compilation version of all the verses i've collected, recovered, and
remembered.

sources include brad tate, tape of col mcjannett and les cleveland recorded by brad
tate in 1970, and verses I remember.

somewhere in my memory there are at least 3 more verses that I can't at the moment
remember;

it can be seen that some of the verses are from the song 'a soldier and a sailor,
which I haven't included in this collection as it is well known and still sung in
folk music sessions.

it was sung from wwi to at least vietnam--i can't at this stage confirm if it
currently being sung --though I wouldn't be surprised!

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\glorious victorious.txt

glorious/blighty leave
glorious/blighty leave
drunk last night, drunk the night before gonna get drunk tonight like I never got
drunk before.

for I'm on the spree, I'm as happy as can be, for I am a member of the 'slosh' family!

chorus

glorious, victorious, 1 bottle (keg) of beer between the 4 of us;

glory be to god there are no more of us;

for 1 of us could drink it on our own!

bombed last night, bombed the night before;

tonight we' re gonna get bombed, like we've never been bombed before! for when we are bombed we' re scared as we can be, they can bomb the whole damned army long as they don't bomb me!

alt chor 1

they' re over us! they' re over us! 1 little cave for the 4 of us;

glory be to god there are no more of us, for sure they'd bomb the whole damn lot!

gassed last night, gassed the night before gonna get gassed tonight like we've never been gassed before! and when we are gassed, we' re as sick as we can be, phosgene and mustard gas are much too much for me!

alt chor 2

they' re warning us! they' re warning us, 1 respirator for the 4 of us.

thanks be to god that 3 of us can run, so one of us can use it all alone!

instead of taking blighty leave, I went to gay paree;

tjhere I met a madamoiselle who took me on a spree;

she wore the best of clothes and dainty little shoes, where ever she gets the money from, only god would know!

orig chor

she wears her silk pajamas in the summer when it's hot;

she wears her flannel nighty in the winter, when it's not.

sometimes in the springtime, and sometimes in the fall, she jumps between the sheets with nothing on at all!

now we' ll pray a little prayer, and pray for some beer, glorious, victorious, it' ll fill us up with cheer;

and if we should have one bottle, may we also have 10;

may we have the bloody brewery, said the regiment 'amen'

there a several contributors for this pieced together version--and I know at some stage I'll collect more verses for this song! contributors include brad tate, col mcjannett, 'oh, what a lovely war', and my grandfather sgt.

edward harrison kauffman, who served with the us army signal corps in the span-am war, philippine insurrection, boxer rebellion, and wwi.

i've had this 'collective' version for so long, that except for the 'blighty leave' verses, ex col mcjannett, I don't know which verses came from which contributor.

some verses of this version are mainly associated with other songs, 'a slodier and a sailor' and 'the sunday school song' ;

so, of course, if anyone felt that they'd like to sing a few extra verses to this song, they could take verses from either, or both, of these songs.

both of the songs mentioned are available from a variety of sources, so aren't included in this collection.

(however, if you can't find extra verses, contact me and I'll be happy to send them)

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\god bless our splendid men.txt

god bless our splendid men

god bless our splendid men god bless our splendid men, send them safe home again, god
save our men

keep them victorious, patient and chivalrous, they are so dear to us, god save our
men

when k.

m.

young of ballarat, vic, enlisted in 1917, the ballarat advertiser published this
song parody, recorded in patsy adam-smiths' 'the anzacs'

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\good old beer.txt

good 'ol beer

good 'ol beer chorus

rolling home (rolloing home) rolling home (rolling home) by the light of the silvery
moo-oo-oo-on happy is the man, when he hasn't got a wife, (happy is the day, when
we line up for our pay) and he's rollin, rolin, rollin ,rollin home.

here's to good ol beer, knock it down, knock it down, here's to good ol beer, knock
it down;

here's to good ol beer, it makes you feel so queer;

here's to good ol beer, knock it down.

here's to good ol whiskey----- it makes you feel so frisky---

here's to good ol gin--- it helps to make you sin--

good drambui makes you feel so spewy

from the singing of col mcjannett on a tape recorded by brad tate in 1970--a

'shortened version, I feel, of the song 'i've got sixpence',

but changing the point of the song from the spending/expenses, to spending the lot on
alcoholic beverages! some of the verses are from the tape--the first 2, the rest are
from my youth, singing sessions with dave alexnder,
asher skowronek, and others--verses limited only by the singers creativity, and the
audiences enthusiasm--verses, oof course, we're personalised by the characteristic
drinking habits and customs of individual s in the 'audience.

sung from at least the boer war through to vietnam--I'll try it out on a current
military audience to see if it is currently sung.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\grouching grouching grouching.txt

grouching, grouching, grouching, always bloody well grouching,
grouching, grouching, grouching, always bloody well grouching, rollon til my time is up
and I shall grouse no more--
raining, raining, raining, always bloody well raining, raining all the morning, and
all the bloody night-
marching, marching, marching, always bloody well marching, rollon till my time is up
and I shall march no more.
crook food
fighting--incoming

part of this version comes from partridge and brophy, part from memory--this song
has endless verses--don't actually remember how we finished it off, other than with
laughter.

we could only sing when times got quiet--we never left the field--even when we were
shat off and shat on, this song always relieved the tension, and it undoubtedly
still does! it originated in wwi and continued at least through vietnam.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\horseferry road.txt

a

a.

/ he came down to london and straight away strode to army headquarters in horseferry
road, b.

/ and there met a poofteer lance corporal who said you've mud on your tunic, you've
blood on your head.

a.

/ you look so disgraeful that people will laugh said the lousy, fat bastard from
horseferry staff.

.

a-a.

/ the digger jumped up with a murderous glance;
said 'fuck you,

i just came from the trenches in france;

where fighting was plenty, and comforts were few;

and brave men are dying for bastards like you!

b-b.

/ you speak to a soldier you meet in the street and tell him you suffer with trench-bitten feet, while you stopped in london and missed all the strafes, you greasy big bastard from horseferry staff!

a-a.

/ you speak to a soldier you could -footed cur! what of your mother, did it ever strike her that her son was a shirker who missed all the strafes while he stuck to his job on the horseferry staff.

the matter soon came to the ears of lord gort, who gave the whole matter a great deal of thought;

he shouted the digger a beer in a glass, and gave that lance-corporal a kick in the ass.

john polson collected this song from harry atkinson in western nsw in 1968.

I got this song from brad tate.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\i want to go home.txt

i want to go home

i want to go home I want to go home, I want to go home;

of mausers and pom-poms i've had quite enough;

and the grub that they give us is so bloody tough;

take me over the sea, where the boers can't get at me;

oh, my! I don't want to die, I want to go home.

i want to go home,-----rpt, I don't want to go to the trenches no more where the whizz bangs they rattle, jack johnsons they roar;

take me over the sea, where the allemand (alleyman) can't get at me;

oh my, I don't want to die, I want to go home.

i want to go home, rpt one day at givinchy (menin) the week before last the germans attacked, they never got past.

they pushed way up to the keep, through our maxim gunsights we did peep;

oh my, they let out a cry, they never got home.

i want to go home, rpt, the gas tank is leaking, the motor is dead, the pilot is trying to stand on his head;

take me back to the ground, I don't want to fly upside down;

oh my, I'm too young to die, I want to go home!

the first verse is documented by kiwi folklorist and veteran les cleveland in his book 'dark laughter',

second is recorded from brad tate, with insert from 'the anzacs',

3rd verse is by lt heneff, welch guards, recorded by poet and vet robert graves, the last is from the book 'sound off'.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\in lippe liegte in stadchen.txt

chorus in lippe liegt ein stadchen,
chorus in lippe liegt ein stadchen, das kennt ein jeder wohl, in diesem schönen
stadchen liegt eine garnison von schmucken sechzig-siebenern, ein ganzes bataillon.
im jahre 1914 war die begeisterung gross, o graus da zogen die 67ern zu tausenden
hinaus.

beim letzten abschiedskusse, beim letzten scheideblick, da fragten alle mädchen:wann
kehret ihr zurück?

i lippe liegt con't

im jahre 1918 nach einer grossen schlacht, da kamen viele von ihnen ins massengrab.
es bliessen die hornisten, den allerschönsten ton- das waren die allerletzten von
ersten bataillon.

in den jahren 16-18 da war das elend gross, da Futterte man uns soldaten mit
marmelade bloss.

des morgens flippersche suppe, des abends tee mit rum das war den 67ern lange viel zu
dumm.

und es hiess parole heimat, reserve hat nun ruruh.

schmeist weg, reist aus, rette sich wer kann, revolution, revolution!

chorus

on the border lies a village that is known to everyone.

in this village is garrisoned the gallant (proud) 67th battalion.

in the year 1914 we were filled with enthusiasm;

they hesitated as the 67th in their thousands, went forth;

the last kiss, the last glance, and the women all asked 'when will you return?'

in the year 1918, after each great battle, many went to the mass graves.

the bugles blew, and the bands played the most beautiful music-- those were the last
ones of the first draft to the battalion.

in the years 16-18 there was great misery, we soldiers were fed only marmalade.

in the morning, oat soup, in the evening, tea with rum.

thus was the 67th kept in ignorance.

home the only thought on our minds, and now I have peace: thrown away, dragged out,
saving themselves who can-- revolution,, revolution!

this song is descriptive of all armies in wwi--the american parody of the song over
there--and we won't be back, we' ll be buried over there--- I hope my translations
have done the songs justice.

it has been too many years since I was a german speaker, and was only a teen when I
left home anyhow, so I might not have known then either, but I suspect that this song
might also contain sexual innuendoes, especially in the first verse

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\ive got sixpence.txt

i've got sixpence

i've got sixpence i've got sixpence, jolly, jolly, sixpence i've got sixpence to
last me all my life;

i've got tuppence to spend and tuppence to lend, and tuppence to send up to my
wife, poor wife.

no cares have I to grieve me, no pretty little wife to deceive me;

I'm happy as a (the) king, believe me;

as we go rolling, rolling home,(rolling home)

rolling home, (rolling home) rolling home, (rolling home) by the light of the
silvery moo-oo-oo-on happy all the day as we line up for our pay, as we go rolling
rolling home.

i've got 4 pence tuppence to spend, tuppence to lend, no pence to send up to my
wife----

i've got tuppence tuppence to spend, no pence to lend and--

i've got no pence, jolly, jolly no pence

i've known this song, and heard vets sing it for as long as I remember.

it goes back at least to the boer war, and was sung during the vietnam war.

it's now hard to trace how far back this song does go, but I suspect it pre-dates
the boer war.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\keep your head down allemand.txt

keep your head down allemand, keep your head down allemand

keep your head down allemand, keep your head down allemand.

late last night in the pale moonlight, we saw you, we saw you.

you were stringing barbed wire, so we opened rapid fire;

if you ever want to get back to the fatherland, keep your head down allemand.

allemand is french for german.

brad tate collected this song in the 60's and gave me a tape containing this and
other wwi songs.

it is a parody of an australian music hall song 'put your hand out, naughty boy'.

implication of the song is that the german soldiers are being 'naughty boys' by

stringing barbed wire, and will get their hands smacked with 'rapid fire' if caught;
if they wish to get home from the war they should refrain from such activity--or,
at least, not get caught at it--they were also aware that the reverse was true, so
it served also as a precautionary and training song.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\koenigvon pruessen.txt

o koenig von preussen, du grosser potentat,
o koenig von preussen, du grosser potentat, wie sind wir deines dienstes so
uberdrussig satt! was fangen wir nun an in diesem jammertal, allwo ist nichts zu
finden als lauter not und qual.
aaun kommt das fruhjahr an, da ist die grosse hitz, da muss man excieren, dass eim
der buckel schwitz.
da muss man excieren von morgens bis mittag, und das ferfluchte leben, das wahrt
den ganzen tag.
vom excieren weg gehts wieder auf die wacht, kein teufel tut nicht fragen, ob man
gefressen hat.
kein branntwein in den taschen, kein weisses brot dabei.
ein schlechtes tabakrauchen, das ist der zeitvertreib.
dann kommt ein frisch parad, tut man ein falchen tritt, so fangt man an zu rufen:
der kerl muss aus dem glied! patronentasche runter, den sabel abgelegt und tapfer
drauf geschmissen, bis er sich nicht mehr regt!
ihr herren, nehmt's nicht wunder, wenn einer desertiert, wir werden wie die hunde
mit schlagen strapaziert;
und bringen sie uns wieder, sie hangen uns nicht auf das kriegsrecht wird
gesprochen, der kerl muss gausenlauf.
und wenn wir gausenlaufn, so spielt man uns auf mit waldhorn und trompeten, da
geht es tapfer drauf da werden wir gehauern von einem musketier der eine hats
bedauern, der andre gonnt es mir.
und werden wir dann alt, wo wended wir uns hin?
die gesundheit ist verloren, die krafte sind dahin.
und endlich wird ist heissen, ein vogel und kein nest! geh alter nimm dein
schnappsack, bist auch soldat gewest!

oh king of the prussians, you great potentate we are your servants, and have had
enough of the way you serve us! what will we capture now in this vale of tears?
everywhere, it is not you who find more misery and torment.
then comes the spring with its great passions and men must drill until their backs
run with sweat.
he must drill from morning till noon, and this cursed life continues all day.
from drill we go straight to guard duty.
the devil bugle call asks not, for we have been consumed.
no brandy in the pocket, or white bread near by, and poor tobacco;

that is our amusement.
then comes a fresh display;
calling men bad at drill for punishment;
so young that they come to this call, and must serve their punishment.
they drop their cartridge boxes, bayonets, and run the gauntlet.
they run through the ranks until they are beaten unconscious.
gentlemen, don't be surprised when your men desert!.
we have been beaten like dogs.
they 'bring us to',
they don't put us out of our misery.
military law has control;
--the verdict?
the peasant must run the gauntlet!
and when we are old, where shall we go?
our health is lost, our strength is gone.
he becomes endlessly bitter;
a bird without a nest;
he humps his rucksack, and people say: 'he was only a soldier.'

this song dates from the time of frederick the great, and was current-sung- in the
german army till wwii, at least.
another of kristel kesslers contributions.
certainly, the last verse applies to all soldiers, from all times and all
countries, even here, today.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\landing of gallipoli.txt

landing of gallipoli
landing of gallipoli
we landed on gallipoli on a bright and sunny morn, we lived on dear old bully beef,
and biscuits hard as corn, we fought all through like devils while on that turkish
plain, and many of us 'heroes' wished we were home again.
chorus
i could not give them money, I could not pay them rent, with sad heart I enlisted,
and to the war was sent;
the transport it was leaving, to sail out into the bay, my last words were
'good-bye australia.'
and then we sailed away,
we fought through to walkers ridge, and then to lonesome pine.
they hit us with bullets and with shell, while we were on the line;
(as well as bullets were around, we thought we were in hell) we landed on a sunday,
the 25th they say and many of us australians, wished we were home that day(wished
for home again)

and when this war is finished (over), and all the battles o' er, you' ll see the
australians marching to their homes in four in four;
and there' ll be sad hearts waiting to clasp them to their side, but hark!, you' ll
hear the murmur 'my god! my anzac diedm'

he fought all through gallipoli, amidst the shot and shell, it was the 6th of august
at the lonesome pine he fell, but now he's buried deeply in a dear old anzac grave,
and he will never be again, my lads, one of australia's slaves,

athis song was written and sung by s.

g.

cassin of 9th battalion, and was given to me by lionel o' keefe, of liston, qld--i
put the 'road to germany' tune I collected in bathurst to this song.

brad tate, folklorist and collector, of the channon, nsw, has commented that the
description of poverty causing the soldier in that songto enlist is strange, as
during the period 1910--- on there was no poverty -or rather, unemploymnt in
australia, the economy was bouyant.

this song again emphasizes that poverty was the cause of enlistment.

perhaps it might be solely amongst a particular trade, urban or rural, that
unemployment occurred;

ron edwards comments that 'the sheep-washers lament' dates from this period, due to
enhanced manufacturing processes, it was no longer necessary for cockies to wash
there sheep--which would have caused unemployment in that sector, though the
economy, as a whole, was doing well.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\lark hill camp.txt

lark hill camp

lark hill camp

there's an isolated, desolated spot that I'd like to mention where all you hear is'
stand at ease',

'quick march' 'slpoe arms',

'attention.

it's miles away from anywhere, by god it is a rum 'un a chap lived there for 50
years and never saw a woman!

there are lots of huts dotted here and there for those who've got to live inside
i've offered many a prayer inside the huts there's rats as big as any nanny goat
last night a soldier saw one trying on his overcoat!

it's sludge up to yopur eyebrows, you get it in your ears burt into it you've got to
go, without a sign of fear and when you've had a bath of sludge, you just set to and
groom and get cleaned up for next parade, or else it;

s orderly room.

week in, week out from morn rtil night, with full pack and a rifle like jack and

jill, you climb the hills, of course, that's just a trifle.

'slope arms',

'fix bayonets',

then 'presentp, they fairly put you through it and as you stagger to your hut, the
sgt shouts' jump to it!'

with tunics, boots, ad puttees off, you quickly get the habit you gallop up and down
the hills, just like a bloomin rabbit! 'heads backward bend',

'arms upward stretch',

'heels raise',

then ranks change places!' and later on they make you put your kneecaps where your
face is!

now when this war is over and we've captured kaiser billy to shoot him would be
merciful, and absolutely silly.

just send him down to lark hill camp, there 'mongst the rats and clay I'll bet it
won't be long before, he droops and fades away!

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\mein michel.txt

du hast bataillonen, schwadronen;

du hast bataillonen, schwadronen;

batterien, machinen-gewehr.

du hast auch die grossten kanonen--

chorus

mein michel, was wilst du nach mehr?

(repeat)

du hast zwei dutzen monarchen, lakaien und pfaffen ein heer;

beseeligt kannst du da schnarchen-

du hast ungezahlt paragraphen;

die gefangnisse werden nicht leer.

du kannst auch die schutzshaft drin schlafen --

du hast die betrachtlichsten steuern;

deine junker plagen sich sehr;

um dir das brot zu verteuern --

du hast kohlruben und eicheln;

und tragst du nach anderm begehrt;

so kannst du am bauche dich streichen --

mein michel con't

du darfst excieren, marschieren am kasernenhof, kreuz, and quer;

und dan fur den kaiser krepieren ---

you have battalions, squadrons, batterys, machine guns;

you have the largest canons

chorus

my michael, what more do you want?

repeat

you have 2 dozen monarchs;

dukes, earls, and gentlemen-- but still you snore!

you have uncounted rules and regulations;

but still ones rest cannot be protected.

you have uncounted legal obligations, still, landed gentry plague you and a source of livelihood is deprived you.

you have cabbage and acorn, and you have the ability to change your demands, or you can just stroke your empty bellies!

you have exercise and marching;

in both the barracks and drill square, and then you are slaughtered for your king

' michel',

pronounced michael, is the german equivalent of g.

i.

, digger, tommy, poilu, bo doi.

german service songs express the feelings of the soldiers much less ambiguously, but with perhaps a touch more bitterness and sarcasm than 'anglo' soldiers.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\neuve chapelle.txt

for when we landed in belgium, the girls all danced for joy;

for when we landed in belgium, the girls all danced for joy;

says one unto the other, 'here comes an irish boy.'

then it's fare thee well dear mother, we' ll do the best we can: for you all know that neuve chapelle was won by irishmen.

chorus

then here's good luck to the rifles, the inniskillings too;

the royal irish fusileers, and the royal artillery too.

for side by side they fought and died as noble heroes can;

and you all know well that neuve chapelle, was won by irishmen.

said von gluck unto the kaiser, 'what are we going to do.'

we' re going to meet those irishmen,

these men we never knew.

says the kaiser unto von gluck, 'we' ll do the best we can, but I'm telling you true that waterloo was won by irishmen.

i haven't recorded where I got this song from, but suspect it is from one of roy palmer's song books.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\never mind.txt

if you' re happy and you know it clap your hands
if you' re happy and you know it clap your hands "" "" "" " " 'if you' re happy, and
you know it,
then you really ought to show it "" " " ",
clap your hands
if the sergeant steals your rum, never mind repeat, though he's just a bloody sot,
let him drink the whole damn lot it the sergeant -----
if old jerry shells your trench, never mind repeat though the bloody sandbags fly,
you have only once to die if old ----
if the captain stops your leave, never mind repeat though you've been 2 years away,
it is just another day--
if you get stuck on the wire- with the light as bright as day, when ya die they' ll
stop your pay--
though your heart may ache awhile, never mind;
though your face may lose it's smile never mind;
for there's sunshine after rain, and then gladness after pain, you' ll be happy once
again, never mind if the sergeant says you' re mad, never mind;
p' raps you are a little bit, never mind;
just be calm, don't answer back, for the sergeant stands no slack, so if he says
yer mad spoken: well, you are!!

this is one of the songs that the army has carried on since the first ww.

I got the last 2 verses, I think, from roy palmer, and were collected from a harry
dent and tom goldbum, wwi vets.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\next man to die.txt

the next man to die
the next man to die
we meet 'neath the sounding rafters, and the walls around are bare, as they echo to
our laughter, who would think that the dead are there.
chorus
stand to your glasses, steady, for it's all we've left to prize, quaff a cup to the
men dead already, and one for the next man to die
who dreads the dead returning, who shrinks from that sable shore, where the high
and the haughty yearning, of the dead will be no more.

time was when we frowned on others, we thought we were wiser then, but now let us all be brothers, for we may ne' er meet again.
but a truce to this mournful story, for death is a constant friend, so here's to a life of glory, and a laurel to crown each mans end.

i recorded this song from the singing of dave alexander.

this song originated in the indian army in the 1870' s.

during the boer war it spread to the australasian armies, and thus to the american army.

world war I saw this song extensively sung, and was appropriated by fledgling air forces, being one of the tunes for the song ' the dying aviator'.

during wwii paratroops took the chorus and used it for their version of the red river valley, and its use continued through the vietnam war.

this song remains popular among combat soldiers due to the eternal combat themes of loss and comradeship, and the constant closeness of death, which carries us from the pain of life in the field and combat to the rest and rewards of fiddlers green (also in this collection).

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\ole king cole.txt

ole king cole was a merry old soul, and a merrry old soul was he
ole king cole was a merry old soul, and a merrry old soul was he.

he called for his pipe and he called for his bowl, and he called for the r.

a.

e (infantry, artillery)

chorus

beer beer beer beer beer, cried the sappers(privates, bombardiers) merry men are we;
there's none so rare that can compare to the good old r.

a.

e.

(infantry, artillery)

ole king cole was a merry old soul etc he called for his pipe, etc, and his corporals 3

left right left right left cried the corporals etc.

sergeants 3

forward march! cried the sergeants

this song was sung by both peter dacey and darky edwards.

I recently received an e-mail from the society of the 173rd abn from a vet who had just returned to being a drill sgt in the us army reserves requesting the words to this song.

while I never heard this song during my military service other american viet vets from the 173rd, 101st, and the 1st cav, have heard it sung in the american army as well as the australian.

brad tate had collected similar versions from wwii vets.

I suspect, because of the nature of the song, that it would go back atleast to the american civil war, the crimea.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\our tim.txt

(2nd and 4th lines are the chorus)

(2nd and 4th lines are the chorus)

our tim's tied to the cannon wheel, ora, pro novis, and every shot it fires, he cries, pro deo, pro patria the term is 'punished in the field' ora, pro novis a beardless youth of 16 years, pro deo.

pro patria.

the hun attacked, his company died;

ora, pro novis our tim, my tim, somehow survived pro deo, pro patria.

ora pro novis, I'm told, means lord, hear our prayer;

pro deo, pro patria, for god, for country.

this song was collected from jimmy duffy of stanthorpe, qld, originally from dublin, ireland, where he first learned the song from wwi vets in the early 30' s.

I added the 3rd verse not just because I feel this is a good song, but because it completes the story.

so many soldiers suffered from shell shock, now known as post traumatic stress, that hq command felt that severely punishing the effected soldiers would lessen the incidence--you' ll probably be surprised to learn that their methods of treating ptsd didn't work unless suicide could be considered a 'cure' --so much for 'field punishment no.

1',

which was instigated during the crimean war, after the army lost its recourse to firing squads and hanging.

this song was sung by the soldiers;

you' ll note that it is sung from the 1st person plural;

which acts as separating the soldier from the feelings, emotions, expressed in the song.

it is necessary for a soldiers survival in combat that cut themselves off from their emotions.

32 years after being in combat, I am still attemting to recover use of emotions that I cut off.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\recruiting sergeant.txt

well, as I went waalking down the road

well, as I went waalking down the road feeling fine and larky oh;

a recruiting sergeant came to me: "faith, you'd look good in khaki-o."

for the queen she (king he) is in need of men come read this proclamation -o a life
for you in transvaal (flanders) fields would make a fine vocation -o

oh sgt dear says I to him I think your life is dreary-o if I had a pack stuck on my
back would I look fine and cheery-o?

for you'd make me drill and train until you had made me gen frenchs-o.

afor it may be warm in transvaal fields, but its draughty down the trenches-o.

well, the sgt-major, he stood there his smile was most provoking-o as he turned and
twisted his little moustache says he I hope you' re joking-o.

for the sandbags are built so high the wind you' ll not feel blowing-o oh sgt dear
says I to him suppose that it is snowing -o.

come wind or hail, rain or snow I'll not go down to transvaal (aflandrs) -o for
there's courtin in dublin to be done, let your sgts and commanders go.

let englishmen for england fight it's damn near time they started-o and I winked at
a colleen passing by and there and then dparted-o

i recorded this song from brad tate, of the channons, nsw, but jimmy duffy of
stanthorpe confirmed that this song was sung by boer war vets as well as survivors
of wwi, despite the afact that it is an anti-war song--who better to sing the
anti-war songs than someone who has been there--or know that they are going?

still, they go, because there is the need for someone to sacrifice for others.

duriang the vietnam war protesters said that soldiers were making a profit for
industrialists-maybe so, its making a profit for someone else, we, the soldiers,
made no profit from andy war: those that stayed at home made their profits out of
higher employment ande greater wages over the bodies of the dead soldiers as
well--plus whatever personal profits--my protester brother said protesting the war
was 'a great way to score chicks' --i wouldn't know.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\road to germany.txt

"hve you heard the speeches mary

"hve you heard the speeches mary?

war has just begun;

the posters say that duty calls, have you seen the big field guns?

I'm off to join the army for there's no work here for me;

and the government will pay your rent while I'm in germany.

oh billy close your ears to what those cultured voices say, don't let no lyin tales
of glory steal my love away.

isee thebullets strike you sure as I feel your child in me;
you' re better hungry here at hme, than dead in germany!
i wish that you could come along and follow in our rear;
to cheer me up and join us when we stop along for beer! you'd make a tent a grand
hotel, and think of all you'd see!' "yes, the soldiers throwing their lives away on
the road to germany!'

the corn the old men planted in the spring has risen high;
the fruit is heavy on the branches, larks sing in the sky;
the son I bore my husbandsits here smiling on my knee;
and I curse the hunger, sent his father on the road to germany!
i got a letter from the king tosay that billy died a hero for old england, I feel no
surge of pride;
life's easy on the pension, but I hate the security that billy bought me with his
life, on the road togermany

i collected this song from maria lawson of perthville, nsw in the late 70' s.
she learned it from her mother, and thought it was from, or about wwi.
several of the fighter pilot songs collected by the vietnam veterans folklore
project, buffalo state uniaversity, usa,their site can be found by a search of that
name on the internet, and tapes purchasedincludes lines about 'not listening to what
cultured voices say',
as well as 'posters say that duty calls'

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\rose of york.txt

my name it is macbennett, I am a yorkshireman;
my name it is macbennett, I am a yorkshireman;
I earn my living by my pen, tell stirring tales I can;
but the tale I'm going to tell you was writ by foolish men.
chorus and the petals fell from the rose of york never to bloom again.
(chorus sometimes sung twice)
come all of you young married men, you boys of the bulldog breed;
ve' re looking for the strong and bold, that's what brittania needs.
well fight the hun in flanders, the germans on the seine--
we started out for egypt, where the heat was hard to bear.
we were waiting for the call to france, for the boche were waiting there.
we talked of what we'd do there, brothers, sons, and friends--
at last we heard the push was on and we sailed across the med- we little thought in
2 weeks time, we'd most of us be dead- and the girls at home would weep boys, with a
grief that's hard to mend-
with shouts of joy we lads did charge, against the german wire;

our handsome mate was the first to go when the guns they opened fire;
his face no longer handsome, on the barbed wire met his end--
we had a sgt major bold, by nature bold by name;
but the german guns don't pick and choose, bold died just the same.
and of our gallant foe boys, their lives were spent also--
we did not want to lose you, but we thought you ought to go;
your king and country needed you, lord kitchener told us so;
but the story that i've told you, was writ by foolish men and the petals fell from
the rose of york-- never to bloom again.

well known australian bushman, author, and aboriginal welfare worker of the 50's and
60' s, bill harney, sang a fragment of this song in a radio interview with the abc
radio in about 1970--it was the first time anyone was aware that he had served in
wwi.

like many veterans today and through th ages, on his return to australia he found
that he no longer fit in 'our' --your, society, and moved to the northern territory
to spend time with aboriginals --as I did.

the book bill harney's war was the result of this interview.

I recorded this song from the singing of dave alexander of sydney;
he didn't know who, or from where, the fragments were completed.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\saida bint.txt

chorus

chorus saida, bint, a-come-a bump-a daisy;

I wantto show you just how I can love;

though your figure's rather tubby, I love to hug you, bubbly, my little gyppo bint,
you' re qwuize kwatir.

saida, bint, I love your charming manner, to be with you is just my one desire;

I'll always call you nina;

'cause you' re my safe talahina;

my little gyppo bint, you' re qwuize kwatir.

saida, bint, you make me start enquiries;

to be with you is just my one desire;

but I'll always call you nina, cause you' re my safe talahina;

my little gyppo bint, you' re qwuize kwatir

saida bint con't this song was recovered from the tape of a group of wwii diggers
calling themselves 'the d-day dodgers',
i think it was a band formed by kiwi les cleveland, and recorded by col mcjannett,
and re-recorded by brad tate, and passedon to me in 1998.

'saida, bint' means hello,girl;

talahina, is home, quize kwatir means quite nice, in arabic, according to col

mcjannett.

compare the notes to the wwii song 'king farouk' in this collection--kit denton and dave alexander say it has a different, more explicit definition! while at this stage I can't confirm that this song was sung in korea and vietnam, I think it is such a 'good song',
that it would have been, at least in the 173rd abn bde, the first anzus field force.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\sailors alphabet.txt

the sailors alphabet

the sailors alphabet

a's for the anchor that swings at our bow, b's for the bowsprit through the wild seas do pough;

c for the capstan we merrily around, d are the davits we lower our boats down.
chorus

sing high, sing low, where ever you go, give a sailor his tot and there's nothing goes wrong.

now e for the ensign that flies at our peak, f for the focle where the good sailors sleep.

g for the galley where the cooks hop around, h forthe halliards we haul up and down.

now I is the iron the ship is made of, j for the ji\b, which moves her along.

k is the keel at the bottom of the ship, l is the lanyards that never do slip.

now minmast so neat and so strong, n for the needles that never go wrong.

o for the oars we row our boats out, p for the pumps that we keep her afloat.

q for the quarterdeck where theofficers do stand, r is the rudder that steers us to land.

s for the sailorss which move her along, t for the topsails we pull up and down.

u for the union which flies at outr peak, v for the victuals which the sailors do eat.

w for the wheel where we all take our turn xyz is the name on our stern.

roy palmer collected this song from johnny doughty of rye, sussex who sang this song in the royal navy during wwi.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\she wore a yellow ribbon.txt

she wore a yellow ribbon

she wore a yellow ribbon

chorus

far away, far away, she wore it for her paratrooper who was far, far away.

around her neck(leg,thigh) she wore a yellow ribbon.

she wore it in the springtime, and the merry month of may.

and if you ask her why the hell she wore it;

she wore it for her 'trooper who is far, far away.

behind his door her daddy keeps a shotgun.

he keeps it in the springtime, and the merry month of may.

and when you ask him why the hell he keeps it;

he keeps it for her 'trooper who is far, far away.

around the block she pushed a baby buggy,(etc) she pushed it for her trooper who was far, far away

back in camp he put in for overseas duty---- he put in for overseas duty to be far, far away.

around her neck (leg, thigh) she wore a black silk ribbon.

she wore it for her paratrooper who died far away.

this song was learned it jumpschool--without the last verse--i only heard that after I got to vietnam.

we all realized what our service entailed, but i suspect our sgts didn't want to 'slap us in the face' with it while we were in training.

in american military traditions this song dates back to the civil war, at least.

it is part of the 'all around my hat' family of songs found in both england and ireland.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\sing me to sleep.txt

sing me to sleep, where bullets fall,

sing me to sleep, where bullets fall, help me forget, the war, and all.

damp is my dugout, cold are my feet, with nothing but biscuits and bully to eat;

sing me to sleep, where bombs explode with shrapnel shells around my hole.

over the sandbags helmets (bodies) you' ll find;

corpses in front of us and corpses behind.

far from gallipoli I'd like to be where turkish snipers can't snipe at me.

think of me standing -----(where turk soldiers scream) waiting for someone to sing me to sleep.

i, like all combat veterans, including the writer of this song, are still waiting for 'someone to sing us to sleep'.

we also know that the only people who can, and will, sing us to sleep are our mates camped on fiddlers green.

one of the penguin classic editions of bernal diaz 'conquest of mexico' has a letter written by his grand daughter in 1580 saying that ' we have 2,000 sq miles on our property, 50 room hacienda, thousands of field servants and tens of house servants, and her grandfather bernal, in his 80' s, still sleeps outside, in his armour and weapons, every night' ---and so has every combat infantryman, whether boer war wwi, vietnam, or timor, ever since. I recorded chloe and jason roweth, us not tjhem, from jambaroo, nsw, singing this song which they say john meredith collected from an arthur buchanan. they, and my wife dianne after I learned it, say this is a nice song--people obviously only hear the melody, and don't think about the words; don't appreciate that 'our' songs are about real people and situations.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\snowy mountain men.txt

snowy mountain men
snowy mountain men
oh yes, we left our homes behind to march against the hun (into the sun).
and we mean to do it, too, until the war is won.
so we sing our chorus from monaro to the sea: on our way from the snowy
chorus
hurrah, hurrah, we march to victory, hurrah, hurah, australia's sons are we;
so we sing our chorus from monaro to the sea;
on our way from the snowy.

my respondent in the snowy mountains who supplied me with this song, and others wishes to remain anonymous.
this song originated in the first world war, and is still sung amongst residents of the area, if not in the army.
it expresses pride, not just in serving the people country, but pride in the uniqueness of the area surrounding their home district.
the tune is the american civil war soldier song, 'marching through georgia'.
john dengate, song writer, folklorist, and ex-serviceman, not the gardener, says that the australasian army, as the first us troops were arriving in australia during wwii, played this tune to make them feel at home and welcome.
unfortunately, says john, the soldiers were from a georgia national guard unit--to whom gen shermans march through georgia was remembered as something less than a 'liberation'!

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\soup soup.txt

i fought for my country in flanders,
i fought for my country in flanders, I suffered and bled at ypres;
but now that I'm homeless and hungry here's all that my country can say
chorus
soup, soup, soup soup, they gave me a big bowl of loop the loop soup x 4, they gave
me a big bowl of soup.

john dengate of glebe, nsw sang this song for me.
I was sung by wwi veterans during the great depression.
that's more than veterans of subsequent wars were given.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\star of the evening.txt

chorus
chorus
star of the evening, beautiful star-ar-ar star of the evening, shinin' on the
cookhouse door
little miss muffett, muffett, sat on her tuffet, tuffet eating her curds and
whey---whey, whey, whey, whey- long came a spider, spider, sat down beside 'er side
'er frightened miss muffett away---way, way, way, way
little jack horner, horner, sat in a corner, corneer, eating his christmas pie--pie,
pie, pie, pie.
put in his thumb, his thumb, and pulled out a plum, a plum, and said what a good
boy am i--i, i, i, i,--

patsy adam-smith, in her book 'the anzacs',
says this is one of the most popular songs sung by the anzacs at gallipoli and in
france--so presumably also in egypt.
les cleveland says it was also sung during wwii.
(les cleveland is a new zealand folklorist, and a veteran of wwii) I haven't as of
yet been able to confirm whether or not it was sung during the vietnam war--but I'm
certainly singing it a lot--as is harry my 9 year old son!!

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\swing low sweet charioh.txt

swing low, sweet charioh, comin for to carry me home
swing low, sweet charioh, comin for to carry me home repeat
i looked over jordan, and what did I see?
comin for to carry me home?
a snow white band of fornicating angels, comin for to carry me home.
another of darky edwards contributions--see who killed cock robin?
last time I arrived at darky's club, logan city diggers, it was a karaoke night,
and one poor girl chose to sing the above song--she couldn't understand why everyone
was laughing, she was a good singer--darky, and other diggers, and I were
'accompanying' her, with all the gestures!

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\that crazy war.txt

now over there across the sea they have another war
now over there across the sea they have another war but, oh, I wonder I f they know
just what they' re fighting for.
chorus' '
in that war, that crazy war
in 1917, you know, we helped them win the fight, but all we got was a lesson in what
sherman said was right
i was a simple country lad, I lived down on the farm I'd never killed a gnat or
flea, or did a body harm till that--
one day the sheriff caught me, said 'come along my son' your uncle sam is needing
you to help him tote a gun
they took me down to the court house my mind was in a whirl and when the doctor
passed me on,i wished I was a girl
they took me outto the rifle range to hear the bullets sing I shot and sthot the
whole day long and never hit a thing
the captain said to fire at will, andi said 'who is he?'
the old fool got so roarin mad he fired his gunat me
when first we got to sunny france I looked around with glee.
but rain and kilometers was all that I did see' 'a cannonball flew overhead, I
started home right then the corporal was in front of me, but thegeneral beat us in
and now we' re backat home again from over there in france the enemy lost the
battle,
but we all ost our pants
now wars may come and wars may go but get this on your mind they will have another
war, but I'll be hard to find
i got this song from a neighbour, tom crosbie, who says it dates from wwi, though
most popular in america as an anti-war song until 7 dec '41.

it was sung as an anti-war song in korea, vietnam and the gulf war, and is still popular and is sung today.

the tune used is taken from the soldiers song from the spanish-american war of 1898, 'battleship of maine'.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\the artillery song.txt

the artillery alphabet

the artillery alphabet

a for artillery, the pride of my heart b for the battery, of which I am part.

c stands for corrector, it gives us the fuze, d stands for diagrams we of times do use.

chorus

[singing] merry, and merry, and merry are we;

we are the boys of the artillery.

blow high, blow low, wherever we go;

we're all jolly fellows when out on a spree.

e stands for elevation that guides the old shell;

f stands for firing, we'll blow them to hell.

g stands for gunner, he stinks and he sweats, h stands for horses, the drivers best pets.

i stands for infantry, we shoot over their heads, j stands for jerry, he's samples our lead.

k stands for kitchener, a jolly old sport l stands for layer, who's dropping them short.

m stands for maintenance which we have to do;

n stands for nuts that we lose off the screw.

o stands for operator who gets off the set;

p stands for panzers that we will beat yet.

q stands for quickness, we'll give it them hot.

r stands for red tape, of which there's a lot.

s stands for signaller we can't do without, t stands for trumpeter, who calls the boys out.

u stands for unit, of which we are proud;

v stands for vehicles, that wheels the lads round.

w stands for wages, so damned hard to earn, xyz we'll very soon learn.

roy palmer collected this tune from johnny doughty of rye, sussex;

the words he found in the royal artillery museum in woolwich.

.
because of the 'k',

i suspect this song was also sung in wwi, altering the 'p'.

johnny doughty sang a wwi sailors alphabet, which I have included in wwi section.

I haven't found a wwii version of the soldiers alphabet, but warren fahey has included a new guinea version that he found in printed format, which I will include under the soldiers alphabet tune.

I have collected and recorded from darky edwards a bawdy ballad which he sang in vietnam and korea, which he learned from wwii veterans, to the tune 'hey ho, said rolly',

which can be found in the war memorial archives, or that I will provide.

roy palmer said that he has found versions of this song dating from the time of queen anne, peter parkhill, from the english civil war!

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\the last farewell.txt

the sydney's (name of ship) rigged and ready in the harbour
the sydney's (name of ship) rigged and ready in the harbour tomorrow for the
island's (name of destination) we sail;

far away from this land of endless sunshine, to that island of rainy skies and
gales.

and I shall be aboard my ship tomorrow, though my heart is full of tears at this
farewell;

for you are beautiful, and I have loved you dearly, more dearly than the spoken word
can tell.

last farewell con't

we know there's a wicked war a-raging, and the taste of war we know far too well;
even now we see that foreign flag a raising, their guns on fire as we sail into
hell.

we have no fear of death it brings no sorrow, but how bitter will be our last
farewell;

for you are beautiful, and I have loved you dearly, more dearly than the spoken
word can tell.

though death and darkness gather all around us;

and our ship be torn apart upon the sea;

we'd smell again the fragrance of our island, and the heaving waves that brought me
once to thee.

but should we return safe again to sydney, we' ll watch the fleecy clouds roll in
from sea;

for you are beautiful, and I have loved you dearly, more dearly than the spoken
word can tell.

the last farewell was popularised by canadian singer roger whittaker in the mid
seventies.

I received a letter from mrs florrie baker of sans souce nsw saying that her
husband was on the sydney during wwi, and sang this song until he died.

sheila hughes of mosman, nsw, says her father,
who was in the royal navy sang this song prior to wwii.

the mudcat cafe and delta blues web site has quite a few service songs collected in canada, from navy veterans.

I suspect that roger whittaker 'collected' this song, fikled off the serial numbers, and claimed it as his own this song is still sung in the ran, but dates from at least wwii.

like many service songs, the singer talks about 'we' and 'us', rather than I or me.

in the military, survival is a collective effort.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\theres a long long trail.txt

there's a long, long trail a-winding, into the lands of my dreams;

there's a long, long trail a-winding, into the lands of my dreams;

where nightingales are singing and a white moon beams.

there's a long, long night of waiting until the dreams all come true;

till the day that I'll be travelling down that long, long road with you.

there's a long, long trail a-winding into the no mans land of france;

where shrapnel shells ar ebursting and we must advance.

there' ll be lots of drill and fighting, before our dreams come true, but we will show the kaiser what our machine-guns can do.

there's a long, long nail a-grinding into the heel of my foot;

and it digs a little deeper every mile or two;

but there's one sweet day a-coming, a day I dream about;

the day when I can sit down and pull that damned nail out.

the 2 parody verses of this popular song are from edward dolphs book 'sound off'.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\tipperary.txt

long way to cocos island

long way to cocos island

oh the 'emden' was a-sailin on the ocean wide and blue when the 'sydney' came upon her, and cut her fair in two;

rainin shells down on the deck, the germans had no chance;

says captain glossop;

'share, share that out amongst yourselves-'

chorus

it's a long way to cocos island, it's a long way to go;
 it's a long way for the sydney, when she went to beat the foe;
 goodbye captain mueller, 'emden' fare thee well! it's a long, long way to cocos
 island, good-bye-- oh hell!! -----
 chorus it's a long way to riverina, it's a long way to go;
 it's a long way to riverina, and the sweetest girl I know.
 farewell wagga wagga, farewell dear old hay;
 it's a long, long way to riverina, but we' ll go back some day!.
 ----- goodbye, general birdwod, general monash too!
 we didn't join the army to be fucked about by you! galipoli was a failure, and
 france it is afarce! you can shove the rest of the aif, right up your arse!

the cocos island action described in the first parody occurred on the 9th of
 november, 1914, and was the first and only allied victory for quite a while.

I had approached colin mcjannett of canberra who I knew in the late 70's had
 presented workshops on soldier songs if he still 'had',
 or remembered any.

he didn't, and he had no scripts or tapes of workshops he presented.

my computer being 'down' for an up-grading, I was able to get back to tape
 transcriptions, and amongst recordings of brad tate singing songs he collected,
 were 2 tapes, one of a workshop of soldier songs he presented in 1971--and one of
 col mcjannett's workshop of soldier songs--this first parody is from that tape--he
 collected this song in the collector hotel, collector, nsw in about 1971--he didn't
 remember who he collected it from.

the riverina parody is from john dengate, well known political satirist and song
 writer, who also doesn't remember where or when he first heard this version.

brad tate collected the 'gen birdwood' parody from arch gray of scone in the late
 60's

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\we saw the damned thing through.txt

we saw the damned thing through
 we saw the damned thing through 1,2,3,4, we don't need any more brownings, vickers,
 maxims, colts, though they gave old jerry a hell of a jolt.
 jam, jam, jam, jam, I don't give a damn if they do;
 the 1 pounder shell, can go straight to hell;
 for we saw the damned thing through.

this song was found in the book by dolph edwards 'sound off',
 but is well worth singing and putting in this collection to keep its memory
 going--and it certainly expresses the feelings of soldiers at the conclusion of a
 war, though this is from the first world war.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\welcome digger welcome.txt

welcome, digger, welcome
welcome, digger, welcome
you are welcome, digger, welcome, to the land that gave you birth;
you are ranked amongst the bravest men that ever trod god's earth.
you' re not only soldiers, digger, but you' re men and mates as well, if the orders
came to do it, you'd have stormed the gates of hell.
you are welcome digger, welcome, as we proudly take your hand;
in the name of young australia, and the good old motherland.
you stood firm as gibralters rock, and repulsed each fresh attack;
it was the digger stormed polygon woods, where the huns picked men fell back.
you hold him, digger, hold him, they could not break your line;
which showed your fighting quality, which was extra super fine.
but some are sleeping, dogger, sleeping where they helpoed embattled france;
somewhere in france or flanders where they made the germans dance.
some are sleeping, digger, sleeping, beneath gallipoli's rock bound strand and some
are sleeping just as soundly on egypt's desert sand.
but their names are stained with glory, proud, good boys who took their stand;
who fought and died for liberty, and the freedom of our land
----- collected by alex hood in 1967 from ken mcMahon on
michelago, nsw(?)
).

this song was also 'recovered from the tape obtained from brad tate, oct, '97.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\when the guns are rolling yonder.txt

when the guns are rolling yonder
when the guns are rolling yonder
every soldier leaves behind a love that's true and kind
chor: but you' ll never se your sweetheart any more;

to the war you' ll be away, just a little while they say;

chor: but you' ll never see your swetheart any more
chorus when the guns are rolling yonder,
when the guns are rolling yonder,

when the guns are rolling yonder,
when the guns are rolling yonder we' ll be there

you' l be marching up to battle, where those damned machineguns rattle
but you' ll never see your sweetheart any more;
wou' ll be hangin on the wire under heavy hostile fire;
and you' ll never see your sweetheart any more.

when your lungs are filled with gas, you' ll be thinking of your lass---
lyin in the mud and rain with some shrapnel in your brain--
when the charge is made at last, you' ll be running hard and fast--
and the poppies they will nod as you bite the bloody sod--
when the colonel says' god damn it! get the battery to the front!' --
\when the huns get your deflection, you' ll be absent from inspection--
there will b no more to tell when you stop a screaming shell--
for you' ll where a wooden jacket when the enemy get your bracket--
still you may come back to find that the girl you left behind--

doesn't want to see her sweetheartany more-
for while you were cross the sea, she acquired a family-
and you' ll never see your sweetheart any more.

let us love while yet we may, for perhaps there' ll come a day
when you' ll never see your ssweetheart any more.

for the jackal and the crow say twas ever, ever so-
and you' ll never see your swweetheart any more!

chorus

another of the songs from dolph edwards collection thatis well worth singing.
it is a light hearted and completely accurate soldiers perception of what war is.
these songs that take a light hearted look at a war from the inside are sung

by soldiers when they are in a group-or alone.
songs that take a grimmer view
of war, like 'lights out' -are sung alone, or at most 1 or 2 very close friends
of the mate who died.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\when this flamin war is over.txt

when this flamin war is over, oh, how happy I will be,
when this flamin war is over, oh, how happy I will be, when I get my civvie clothes
on, no more soldiering for me.
no more church parades on sunday, or asking sgt major for a pass;
you can tell the sgt major, to shove his passes up his ass.
(alternative: for a leave, tell the sgt major how I'll miss him, tell the bastard
how I'll grieve!) (alternative: I shall sound my own reveille, I shall make my own
tattoo;
no more nco's to curse me, no more army stew.
)
nco's will all be navvies, privates ride in motor cars;
nco's will smoke the woodbines, privates puff their big cigars.
no more 'standing to' in trenches (bunkers), only 1 more church parade;
no more shivering on the firestep (in my poncho), no more ticklers marmalade.

collected from darky edwards, hank snow, snow wilson, recovered from brad tate.
sung by officers and career nco's as well as privates from wwi through vietnam, to
the present, to express 'war weariness after operations as well as disgust with hq
staff.
amongst career soldiers this song expresses the knowledge that they can't and won't
fit into society & its values.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war one songs\who killed cock robin.txt

who killed cock robin
who killed cock robin?
I said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow, I killed cock robin.

chorus

all the birds and the bees they were sighin they were sobbin
when they heard of the death of poor cock robin repeat last line
who saw him die?

I said the fly, with my little eye, I saaw him die.

who' ll toll the bell?

isaaid the bull, because I can pull! I'll toll the bell

who' ll dig his grave?

I said the owl, with my little trowel.

who' ll be the parson?

isaaid the rook, with my little book.

who' ll be chief mourner?

i, said the dove, I'll mourn for my love.

this song was sung by darky edwards.

not your usual nursery song, it is sung with hand gestures, and suggestive body movements --it makes for a hilarious 'performance.

darky said this song was sung mainly by sgts and corporals, at the troops first hearing when out on bivouac, and used to help 'bond' the men together.

afterwards, the song would be sung,
with hand gestures,

by soldiers where ever they congregated.

the same with the song 'sweet carioh' --the gestures used in that song are similar to those used in the folk song tradition.

this song, and the style of singing,

as well as the 'use' of the song show evidence of pre-christian religious
'services'.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\30 days leave.txt

30 days leave

30 days leave (troops were promised 30 days leave after serving 12 months in new guinea--after 18months with no leave this song was written!) (ford was minister for the army, blamey was sir thomas blamey, g.

o.

i.

c.

)

these last months we've really been crazy for the land that we love and adore;
they took all our kits and belongings and sent us to new guineas shore.

we've written to ford for exemption, we've all done our 12 months,
and yet, although there are plenty of troopships, these are the answers we get--
just wait til our friends the tommies, start out on the new front in france;

when there isn't a yank left in aussie, and you don't see a waaf at a dance;

wait til the hard working miners some coal for our troopships do clean;
when bobmenzies joins the commandoes, we' ll send you on 30 days leave!
just wait til the munition workers have made all their bankbooks look nice;
just wait til the nips up in ewak have eaten their last bowl of rice;
when the awas are out of the army, and nurses can do as they please;
when joe stalin shaves off his moustache, we' ll send you on 30 days leave!
just wait til you've all had scrub typhus, been down 16 times with the bug;
yes, wait til you've all had the fever, and ringworms all over your mug;
wait til doc says that you' re troppo;
and beer by the keg you receive;
when tom blamey shoulders a bren gun;
we' ll send you on 30 days leave-----

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\7 beers.txt

7 beers with the wrong woman
7 beers with the wrong woman
i was sitting in the beer garden, only the other night;
when I spied a-walking towards me, a beautiful blonde dressed in white.
she smiled as she came closer, and my heart was filled with good cheer;
I said 'hey lovely lady, won't you join me for a beer?'

chorus

7 beers with the wrong woman, we sat at a table for two;
by and by she tenderly whispered, 'i could sure go for you!' then my heart beat a
little bit faster, as I fondled her sweet little hand;
with my head in a whirl at the charms of the girl, I sure was a foolish young man.
7 beers with the wrong woman, she got up and asked me to dance, around and around we
circled, when I felt for the dough in my pants.
/ when I asked her if she had seen it,, she just smiled and said 'no,' this day to
me it's a great mystery,i wonder just where it did go.
7 beers with the wrong woman, her husband came in after that;
as soon as he saw us together he up and he told me to scat.
he grabbedme by the seat of my trousers and he really did take up the slack.
it was then I got tossed through the door by the boss, and he told me to never to
come back.
7 beers with the wrong woman, she left me with only regrets.
I think she must have only been fooling when she called me her darling and pet.
I wish when the lord made adam, he never had made no one else.
I'm damn sure I know that the next place I go, I'll have 14 beers by myself!

this song was sent to me by patrick lee of parramatta, nsw, who sang it while in the
raaf during wwii.

since I have been unable to contact patrick to record him, I got the tune from bill scott's 7 beers, recorded in the 2nd australian song book.

patrick lee commented that 'the only good thing to come out of a war were the songs we sang.

"

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\apres la guerre fini.txt

apres la guerre fini

apres la guerre fini

apres la guerre fini, oh, we' ll go home to blighty but won't we be sorry leave cher germaine, apres la guerre fini

apres la guerre fini, anglais soldat parti mademoiselle beau coup pickaninny

apreslaguerre fini

apres-----americain parti mademoiselle, ne c' est pas apre -----

apres la guerre fini, australian parti mademoiselle seul au lit apres la guerre fini

apres la -----, austral soldat parti avec vin ordinay ares la-----

apres la guerre fini, oh, we' ll go home to blighty but won't we miss cher germaine

apres la guerre fini

this song is a parody, or uses the tune of the song 'sont de la ponts du paris' --or at least that's very close! which is sung by edith piaf.

this song was sung during both wwi and wwii.

i've recorded kit denton singing this song, but also, I have been singing the song for so long I can't remember where I learned it, probably from by grandfather kauffman.

I think this is a beautiful song;

kit says there were hundreds of verses, a lot of them probably 'filler' verses --lines that are common to many songs,--i think the following comment, from one of the copper family books, is appropriate, recorded from one of bob coppers folk song informants' 'yes, this song also starts 'one fine may morning--and what better way to start a song?'

--if the tune is good, a few extra verses go down well!

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\arnhem paratroopers song.txt

arnhem paratroopers song

arnhem paratroopers song

there were 7 of us in the stick, and we knew that this was it!;
 we were on the way to buggery to do our bloody bit;
 and the old dakota staggered on, the floor awash with shit-- and we ain't gonna
 jump no more!
 the leaading navigator had a shitcan for a head;
 and the brylcreem boys were dropping us 10 miles from the dz;
 and then went home for char and wads and left us there for dead--
 dusty miller did a candle and went straight into the deck;
 the hole he made was deep enough to leave him as a wreck;
 he broke everything inside him from his ankles to his neck--
 smudger smith was riding backwards when he hit hte bloody ground;
 he knew where he had come from, but not to where he's bound;
 if you'd have weighed the pieces afterwards, they wouldn't have made a pound--
 chalky white got tangled in the shrouds, his foot above his head;
 he tried to get untangled, but he made it worse instead;
 he split in half on touchdown,
 he was very, very dead--
 nobby clark got out ok, he was dancing in the air;
 till a tracer round went up his arse and came out through his hair;
 and he floated down as brightly as a very pistol;
 flare--
 dixie lee was number 5, and went out right on track;
 but he fell into a shell burst from that bloody old ack-ack;
 and a bit of it went in the front, and out the bloody back--
 ikey cohen was the next manout,
 a decent yiddisher boy;
 his static line it never broke, and ikey screamed' oy oy!' he was flapping on the
 tail fin like a baby's rubber toy--
 then buster brown was next and as he stood there in the door;
 he shooka bit then shuddered then he pissed upon the floor;
 and the sgt major charged him under section 94--
 and as for me, well I was next, and feeling quite strong willed;
 I'd been beautifully trained and most magnificently drilled;
 and I did the whole thing perfectly, and then got bloody killed!--
 chorus' '-same as previous
 this version came from kit denton where he learned it in the british paratroops
 after the drop at arnhem.
 a 'stick' is a line of paratroopers waiting to jump, a c-47 dakota carries 2 sticks
 of 7, a c-130 hercules carries 4 sticks of 30, 2 inboard, 2 outboard, a c-141
 starlifter carries 4 sticks of 30.
 char and wads' is tea and acream buns, which the infantry never saw! 'brylcream
 boys' -the air force air crew--the glamout troops of wwii.
 risers/lift webs are the part of a paratroopers harness which are attached to and
 control the shroud lines, which are attached to and control the movement of the
 canopy, and thus the direction of the paratroopers fall.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\artillery fire.txt

artillery fire

artillery fire mud and dust (collected from wwii digger peter wren of melbourne who attributed this poem to h.

echoff, wwi digger.

an aussie tramped the muddy road midst snow and rain and sleet.

the rain was running down his back and oozing from his feet.

he carried sack and rifle, and ammunition too;

he wore his helmet at the' lert, as all good aussies do.

with rations in a haversack and tucker sodden through, he used some dinkum language, as all good diggers do.

at last he turned a corner and saw a notice on a tree;

he waded through, his neck in mud, to see what it could be.

I cannot now remember exactly what he said;

it didn't seem to pplease him, for this is what he read: "as you plod your weary way, consider our desire for if you kick up too much dust, you' ll draw artillery fire.'

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\ballad of anzio.txt

ballad of anzio

ballad of anzio

when machine guns stop their chatter, and the cannons cease their roar and you' re back in dear old blghty at your favourite pub once more;

when the small talks over and the war tales start to flow, you' ll stop the lot by telling of the fight at anzio.

chorus

they may bum about the desert, they may talk about dunkirk, they may brag about the jungles where the japanese do lurk, they may boast of all their campaigns, and medals til they glow, but you' ll put the lot to silence when you mention anzio.

you can tell aof anzio archie andthe factory where the huns used to ask uus out tobreakfast with the firing of their guns, you can tell of night patrollingthey know nothing of at home-- you can tell them that we learned it on that beach headsouth of rome.

you can tell them how the heinkels tried to break us with attacks with tanks and bombs and bullets, and how we fought them back: you can tell them how we took it, and dished it out as well, how we knew it was no picnoic, bu t the tedeschi thougght it hell

and when the tale is finished and the closing tome is near just finish off your

pipe, and order another beer then fill another pipe, and drink before you go-- to the men who died beside us at the beach at anzio.
this song came from roy palmer's book of soldier songs,
i combine this song with audie murphy's version, the battle of anzio, and sing the version I have in this collection as anzio, where my father landed in the 5th wave of landing craft--these songs are very important to me.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\balls of sarn't major.txt

balls of sarn't major
balls of sarn't major the balls of sarn't major are wrinkled and crinkled;
curvaceous, and spacious, as the dome of st.
paul's.
the crowds they do muster, and gaze at the cluster;
they stop and they stare at the glorious pair of sarn't majors balls balls, balls
balls balls, sarn't majors balls.

brad tate collected this song from wwii digger alf smith, I collected this song from korean and vietnam war vet darky edwards, of woodbridge, qld.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\battle of anzio.txt

come gather round me comrades, and listen while I speak;

come gather round me comrades, and listen while I speak;

of a war, a war,
a war, where hell's just 6 feet deep;
along the shores the cannons roar, oh, how can a soldier sleep?
the goings slow at anzio, where hell's just 6 feet deep
praise be to god for captured sod that rich with blood does seep, with yours and
mine like butchered swine, and hell is 6 feet deep;
that death awaits, there's no debate, no triumph will we reap;
for the crosses grow on anzio, where hell's just 6 feet deep.
this song was found in audie murphy's biography 'to hell and back',
and was written by his friend kerrigan, a texan.
the tune to this song is 'battle of shiloh hill',

of which this song is a parody.

texans suffered heavy casualties at shiloh--kerrigan was a texan.

--i haven't gotten around to adding verses parodying the original, but I'd like to
--my father talked little of wwii;

he served in africa, sicily, and throughout italy--but he only talked about anzio
the allied landings were supported by australians from 450 squadron, which also
contributes songs to this collection.

this is the tune I use for the combined version which is included in this
collection as anzio

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\beautiful dreamer parodies.txt

beautiful dreamer, lash up and stow,

beautiful dreamer, lash up and stow, cooks to the galley and stokers below when

under punishment or stoppage of pay muster at 'c' block and form into z' s

they say that the navy's a wonderful place but the organization's a fucking disgrace

beautiful dreamer lash up and stow, cook's to the galley and stokers below cooks to
the galley and stokers below.

darky edwards learned this song when he was in the navy during the korean war.

the second verse of this song is a 'filler' verse, and is also used in the songs
buna, puckapunyal, bien hoa air strip, etc the following fragment is all I could
remember of a song that was sung by paratroops from wwii to the present.

darky also 'knew' the song, but couldn't remember the words.

beautiful streamer, open for me clear sky above me and no canopy.

counted 5000, no 'chute idi I see beautiful streamer, open for me.

a 'streamer',

a 'cigarette roll' is a parachute that doesn't deploy properly, and instantly goes
into a shape that looks like a poorly hand rolled cigarette, or a paper streamer
being thrown.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\bless em all.txt

bless 'em all parodies

bless 'em all parodies fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all, the long the short and the tall,
they took all our women for awas and wafs, our grog they all guzzled, our tucker
they scoffed;

so we' resaying good by to the swine, whatever bad luck they may find take doris,

take lily, but leave us old tilly, leave us old tilly devine!
awas = aust womens army service, waf = womens air force, tilly devine == well known
sydney brothel keeper in the '40' s

the reckon there' re provos, and reckon it's true, for I have seen 1 or 2 bloody
great muskets strapped onto their sides, great wooded headswith fuck all inside now
we' re saying good by to them all, as back to the harlots we crawl you' ll get no
protectin from this fucking section, so cheer up me lads, fuck em all.

bless sick call, bless sick call, the long the short andthe tall you see the medics
ere battle begins, tell them you' re dyin and need aspirin so we' re saying good by
to them all, the long the short andthe tall you' ll ge no promaotion with calamine
lotion, so goddam the lot, bless sick call

kittyhawks don't worry me, kittyhawks don't worry me old blowing bastards with flaps
in their wings buggered up spark plugs, and buggered up rings;
so wer' re saying goodbye to them all, as bavck to the ad's they crawl with good
navigation, and good concentration, we' ll get them back, that is all!

the last song don brian collected from john short, of 76 /squadron, 'sick call'
version, is from my father, s.

w.

hilt, who served in the us army in nth africa, sicily and italy.

the other versions brad tate collected in the '60's and early '70's

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\bless em all parodies.txt

bless 'em all parodies

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Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\bob menzies army.txt

bob menzies army

bob menzies army

we had to join, w had to join, we had to join bob menzies army 2 quid a week, fuck
all to eat, big leather boots and blisters on your feet--

we had to join, we had to join, we had to join bob menzies navy sittin on the grass,
polishin the brass,great big spiders crawlin up yer ass!--

we had to join, we had to join, we had to join bob menzies air force;

sittin in the rain, waitin fora plane, here come the bastards, bombin us again---

we had to join, we had to join, we had to join bob menzies army but if it wasn't for
the war, we'd have fucked off long before bob menzies, you' re barmy!

brad tate collected this song from harry anderson of newcastle, who said, 'bob
menzies was not well thought of by service personnel, or their families, due to his
policy of selling pig iron to the japanese long after the working class of australia
realized that it would be returned to them in the form of bombs and artillery
shells.'

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\browned off.txt

browned off

browned off

i usedto be a civvie chap, as decent as could be;

always thought a working lad had a man's right to be free;
but then one day they came and made a soldier out of me, and told me it was all to
save democracy--
chorus
and I was browned off, browned off, browned off as can be, browned off, browned off,
an easy fool that's me;
but when this war is over and once more I'm free there's no more trips around the
world for me!
they put me in a convict suit, they made me cut me hair;
took away me civvie shoes, gave me another pair;
instead of food they gave us slush, and plenty of fresh air;
and told me it was all to save democracy--
each day we' re out on parade, long before the dawn;
and every day I curse the day that ever I was born;
I'm just a browned off soldier, as you can plainly see;
they browned me off to help them save democracy--
well, the colonel kicks the captain, then the captain has a go;
the captain kicks the sgt, who kicks other nco's and as the kick get harder the
poor private you may see;
gets kicked to bloody hell to save democracy--

verses 1,2,4 came from simon campell,
of turramurra sydney, and brad tate of the channons, nsw.
verse 3 came from lionel o' keefe, of liston, qld.
brad tate says this song was written at the end of last century, just after the
spanish-american war, by the iww founder, joe hill, in conjunction with a us sailor;
it is sung to a tune variant, not here included.
from the first world war on, this is the song that was sung, and the tune used --i
have no idea how the song came to australia, and identified as an australian
soldiers song, unless it came to the australian services during the boxer rebellion
in china, or was adapted and adopted by australian army from 1917 onwards.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\christmas 1943.txt

christmas, 1943

christmas, 1943 a sea borne breeze stirs the kunai grass to form slow swells as in
the mystic deeps whence it came.

the zephyrs freely pass their lilting song;
graceful palms sleep and, tamed, bend and sway in silent ecstasy, like pleasant
thoughts.

.
.

memories of times long gone, spun in faery webs of minds enslaved to them.

the haunting chimes of christmas bells on wafting winds form wistful dreams,
elusive fantasy.

darkly through the thinning mist I see her, radiant, eyes ashine with tears of
joyous love, kissed by starlight.

I worship at her shrine bound by the fetters of adoration.

"i love you darling," this christmas morn would be exultation of heights so sheer I
could scarce bear them.

the spawn of time unborn, the nebulous years, are my hopes and fears, my
consolation.

by time alone can ever we be paid the wastage of these years, the oft shed tears of
wartime.

guns' thunder, cadence of thor, will pass, to mutter and fade, and echo softly
through time's corridor

this poem was written by cpl.

allen grant at buna, new guinea, on christmas day, 1943.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\colonel bogey.txt

hitler, has only got one ball

hitler, has only got one ball goering, has 2 but very small himmler, has something
similar but goebbels, has no balls, at all--repeat ad infinitum, or progress to next
version

bollocks and the same to you bollocks, they make a damn fine stew bollocks, they
give us bollocks, they' ll also give bollocks to you

bullshit, was all the band could play, bullshit, they played it night and day
bullshit, they feed us bullshit they feed us bullshit, then send us away-----

the first two versions are from kit denton, who sang them in the british paratroops
in wwii, and the last version is from bob deacon, from wollar, nsw, who sang all the
above versions--and he said there are more he can't remember, when serving with 5 bn
on its' first tour to rvn.

kit denton said that this tune was used in ww1

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\copy of discharge song.txt

discharge song

discharge song

oh give me a home awhere no army can roam, where no brasshats or provos can stay;
where there's no dress parades, and no more air raids, and noadjutants to forfeit
your pay.

oh give me some land, where I know I can stand;
where I won't be annoyed by those stripes;
no more waiting in queues where they fill me with stews;
and rice puddings that give me the gripes.

now i've found that home, where no army's can roam;
bully beef is a thing of the past! though the atmosphere's hot, in the place that
i've got, I'm out of the army at last!
show me a home, where the buffalo roam, and I'll show you a dirty house!

i have thissong in my note book of transcribed songs as from hugh anderson of
ascotvale, vic, a wwii vet.

.
since I haven't done a field trip to vic yet, this must be one of the songs
collected by brad tate in the 70' s.

I remember a slightly different version of this song being sung in vietnam, with
the addition of the last 2 lines at the end, sometimes spoken, sometimes sung.

since there weren't many wwii veterans in the service with me, it must have also
been sung in korea, and passed on by those vets

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\d-day dodgers.txt

d-day dodgers

d-day dodgers we are the d-day dodgers, way out in italy always on the vino, always
onthe spree.

8th army scrougers and their tanks, they live in rome amongst the yanks, we are the
d-day dodgers in sunny italy.

we landed at salerno, a holday with pay, the jerries brought the bands out to greet
us on the way;

we al sang songs, the beer was free, to welcome the d-day dodgers to sunny italy.
naples and casino were taken in their stride ;

we didn't go to fight there we just went for the ride.

anzio and sangro they' re just names, we only went to look for dames;
the artful d-day dodgers, in sunny italy.

on the way to florence we had a lovely time;

we ran a bus to rimini, right throughthe gothic line.

soon to bologna we will go, and after that we' ll cross the po, we' ll still be

d-day dodging in sunny italy.
once we heard a rumour that we were going home;
back to dear old blighty, never more to roam;
then someone said in france you' ll fight, we said' no fear, we' ll just sit
tight!' the windy d-day dodgers in sunny italy.
dear lady astor,
you think you know a lot;
standing on your platform and talking tommy rot;
youu' re england's sweetheart, and her pride, we think your mouth's too bloody
wide;
that's from the d-day dodgers in sunny italy.
look around the mountains in the mud and rain;
see the scattered crosses, there's some that have no name;
hheartache and suffering and pain are gone, the men beneath them slumber on;
they are your d-day dodgers in sunny italy.

this song was sung throughout the british, and american armies in italy.
dave alexander sang this song for me.
this is one of the few soldier songs that has gone into the folk song traditions of
english speaking countries dodgers

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\deutschland.txt

deutschland deutschland
deutschland deutschland deutschland, deutschland uber alles, in the sandhills of
tobruk.
caught a jerry, acting wary;
thought I'd go and have alook;
he was sitting, pants down shitting;
in the sand amongst the grass.
pulled a trifle, on my rifle aimed and shot the bastard in the ass.
ex darky edwards, who learned it from wwii diggers, and sang it in korea and
vietnam.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\discharge song.txt

discharge song

discharge song

oh give me a home awhere no army can roam, where no brasshats or provos can stay;
where there's no dress parades, and no more air raids, and noadjutants to forfeit
your pay.

oh give me some land, where I know I can stand;
where I won't be annoyed by those stripes;
no more waiting in queues where they fill me with stews;
and rice puddings that give me the gripes.

now i've found that home, where no army's can roam;
bully beef is a thing of the past! though the atmosphere's hot, in the place that
i've got, I'm out of the army at last!

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the addition of the last 2 lines at the end, sometimes spoken, sometimes sung.

since there weren't many wwii veterans in the service with me, it must have also
been sung in korea, and passed on by those vets

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\dive bombers song.txt

dive bombers song

dive bombers song

get the right deflection, check reflector sight;

give your speed correection, and see your range is right, then you can press the
tit, old son, and blow the hun, to kingdom come, poor marlenes boyfriend, will never
see marlene.

half a thousand pounds of anti-personnel, half a dozen rounds of the stuff that
gives them hell;

finish your bomb dive, zoom away, live to fight, another day;

but poor marlenes booyfrien will never see marlene!'

belching ammuniton, petrol truck ahead;

glorious conditions for filling them with lead.

finish your bomb dive zoom away, live to fight another day;

but poor marlenes boyfriend will never see marlene!

this parody of lili marlenewas sung by 450 squadron in africa, sicily and italy, and
was reported in 'kiss me goonight sgt-major',

but it's such a 'good 'song that I thpought it worth reporting here to spread its

accessibility.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\dying aviator.txt

dying aviator

dying aviator a poor aviator lay dying, at the end of a bright summers day;
his comrades were gathered round him to carry his fragments away.

chorus

take the manifold out of my larynx, take the cylinders out of my brain;
take the piston rods out of my kidneys and assemble the engine again.

.

oh, his bird was piled on his wishbone, and the engine was wrapped round his head;
he wore a spark plug on each elbow;
twas plain he would shortly be dead.

oh he spit out a valve and a gasket as he stirred in the sunp where he lay;
and to his sorrowing comrades these brave parting words he did say.

I'll be riding a cloud in the morning with no [merlin] before me to curse;
so come along and get busy, another lad will soon need the hearse!

with rusted 50's and dud rockets with pilots as old as they seem;
we fly these worn out old mustangs against the mig 15.

forgotten by the country that bore us;

betrayed by the ones we hold dear;

the good have all gone before us;

and only the dull are still here.

so stand to your glasses steady.

for the world isfull of lies;

quaff a cup to the dead already, and one to the next man to die

i collected this song from brad tate of the channons, near lismore nsw, who doesn't
remember where he learned it, singing the dying stockman tune, jimmy duffy, of
stanthope,

qld sang the song to the 'next man to die 'tune, which he learned from british
aviators, after wwi.

the korean war verses came from alan lomax' the folk songs of north america',
who said he learned it from peggy seeger.

while the dying stockman tune is more frequently heard now, I suspect that during
wwi,

at least, the 'next man to die' version was mpre provalent-- many of the printed
texts to the song that are found, even if they appear with the 'stockman'tune, scan
with the 'die' tune rather than the 'stockman' I suspect the second last verse
comes from the korean war, as that was the only war,

up til that time where service men and women were serving without the full support
of those 'back home',

and thus the resentment voiced in the song.

.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\flight sergeants balls.txt

flight sergeants balls

flight sergeants balls

i dreamt I was tickling the flight sergeants balls with a drop of sweet oil and a feather.

and the thing that delighted the old bugger most, was to hear them go 'clack, clack' together.

this song, like the 'balls of sarn't major',

was collected by brad tate from alf smith in the '60' s, and was sung by all the services.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\fosters lager.txt

fosters lager

fosters lager

come along and have a fosters lager, don't you think that that's a good idea?

come along and have a fosters lager, and watch it vry quickly disappear! now, with out exaggeration, it's the health food of the nation, you can buy it in a bucket or a glass- so -- oh, come along and have a fosters lager- you can stick your peters ice cream up your ass!

brad tate collected this song from digger peter wren of melbourne.

it is the parody of a 1940's radio jingle advertising peters ice cream

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\fucking tobruk.txt

fucking tobruk
fucking tobruk
all fucking fleas, no fucking beer;
no fucking booze since we've been here.
and will it come?
no fucking fear-- in fucking tobruk.
the fucking rumours make me smile, the fucking wogs are fucking vile, the fucking
pommies cramp your style, in fucking tobruk
the bully makes me --wild I'd nearly eat a --- child, the salty water tastes ---
vile in ---tobruk
air raids all --- day and all ---night, huns striving with all their --- might, they
give me a --- fright;
in --- tobruk.
best --- place is in bed, with a --- blanket over your head, and then they' ll think
your --- dead, in --- tobruk

this came from martin page's book, 'kiss me goodnight sgt major' ,nd is the same
family of songs as fucking halkirk, which was sent to me from talbingo,nsw, and
fucking darwin/bloody darwin.
,all of which originate at the turn of the century by an english poet visiting
australia, and wrote 'the great australian adjective',
which was popularized throughout the english speaking world.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\give me the wide open spaces.txt

give me the wide open spaces
give me the wide open spaces
give me the wide open spaces where the air is unsullied by smoke;
where the low of the cow makes an unholy row and each bird has a different croak.
give me the wide pen spaces, witha agate every two hundred feet, which you have to
undo, if you want to go through, to bring home the mail or the meat.
give me the wide open spaces where the dust risesup in a cloud.
where theparakeets scream, like an unholy dream, and a man and his dog are a crowd.
give me the wide open spaces, where the flies and mosquitos abound, where there's
plenty 'o clean fun, and a touch of the sun, may put you, perchance, underground.
just lend me the wide open spaces, a mountain, a field or maplain, but let me take
care, when I breathe inthe air, that I'm close to a city bound train.

this poem was written in 1942 by land army girl kay grant, and given to me by kieth
smith of katoomba, nsw.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\hey ho said rollie.txt

hey ho

hey ho! said rollie chorus is in italics

a is for arsehole all covered in shit hey ho!, said rollie b for the bugger who revels in it hey ho, gammon and spinach, hey ho said anthony rollie c is for cunt, all slimy with piss, hey ho said rollie.

d is the drunkard who gives it a kiss, singin hey ho, gammon and spinach, hey ho said anthony rollie!

e for the eunuch with only one ball singin: f for the fucker with no balls at all singin--

g for gonorrhea, goitre and gore singin h for the harlot who fucks when she's sore singin--

i for injection for clap pox or syph, singin-- j is the jump of the bastard up bitch singin--

k is the king who shat on the floor singin-- l is the lecherous, licentious whore, singin--

m is the maiden all tattered and torn, singin-- n is the noble who gave her his horn, singin--

o is the orifice tall, deep, and wide, singin

p is the penis all peeled down one side singin

q is for quaker who shat on his hat singin r is the roger who rogered the cat, singin

s is the shithouse that's filled to the brim singin t is the turd that is floating therein singin

u is the usher at a virgin girls school singin v is the virgin who played with his tool singin

w is the whore who thought fucking a farce singin x, y, z, you can stick up your arse, singin--

i recorded darky edwards singin a fragment of this song, which he learned in the navy during the korean war;

he also sang it in vietnam.

I heard snowy wilson sing further fragments of this song which he said was sung during the korean war and vietnam.

pilot ian macdonald learned this song, and sent a complete version which he learned during the korean war from wwii veterans, so it was sung by both the army and navy, at least, during wwii, korea, and vietnam wars.

brad tate informs me that in the '50's burl ives use4d this tune for a version of the 'frog went a-courtin' song, and another tune to add to ron edwards collection of tunes to 'the alphabet' songs.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\highland farewell.txt

highland divisions farewell to sicily
highland divisions farewell to sicily
the pipie is dozie the pipie is fey he will nae come roon for his vino today;
the sky or messina is unco and grey;
and all the bricht chalmers are eerie.
farewell, ye banks o' sicily, fare ye well ye valley and shaw;
there's nae jockie will mourn the kyles o ye, poor bloody bastards are weary.
fare well ye banks o sicily, fare ye well ye valley and shaw;
there's nae home can smoor the wiles o' ye, poor bloody bastards are weary.
then doon the stairs and line the watrerside, wait your turn the ferry's awa' then
doon the stairs and line the waterside, all the bricht chalmers are eerie.
the drummie is polished, the drummie is braw, he cannae be seen for his webbin awa;
he's bees'd himself up for a photie and a',
tae leave with his lola, his dearie.
fare well, ye dives of sicily, fare ye well, ye shielin and hall;
fare wel, ye shebeens and bothies, where kind signorinas were cheerie.
fare well, ye dives of sicily, fare ye well ye shielings and halls;
we' ll all mind the shebeens and bothies, where joack made a date with his dearie.
thentune your pipes, and drub your tenor drum, leave your kit this side of the wall;
tune your pipes, amd drub your tenor drums, all the bricht chalmers are eerie.

dave alexander sang this song that hamish henderson brought back from sicily during
wiii as a 'souvenir'.

as patrick lee, pm, one of my respondents from this song collection project said
'the only good thing to come out of war is the songs' pat contributed '7 beers with
the wrong lady'.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\highlander lili.txt

highlanders lili
highlanders lili there was a song the 8th army used to hear;
in the lonely dsert, lovely, sweet and clear;
over the ether came the strain;
the soft refrain, each night again;
with you, lili marlene, with you, lili marlene.

the afrika korps has vanished, vanished from the earth;
smashed soon the swine, that gave it birth;
no more we' ll hear that lilting strain, that soft refrain, each night again;
with you lili marlene, with you, lili marlene.
now winston churchill, give us leaveat home;
now that we have captured florence, naples, rome.
we' ll copme baack and beat the master race;
when grigg has got some shipping space;
oh please let us see home, oh, please let us see home.

this is another song, like highland divisions farewell to sicily that was sung by
hamish henderson of the highland division and the 8th army, but unlike the
'farewell',
it hasn't been picked up by folk singers.
, I think this song is every bit as good as farewell'.
it was recorded by roy palmer in his book.'
songs of the british army from boer war to present.'

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\in mobile.txt

in mobile

in mobile

oh, the eagles they fly high in mobile (in mobile!) oh, the eagles they fly high in
mobile (in mobile!) oh, the eagles they fly high, and they shit right in your eye
it's a good thing cows don't fly in mobile.
all the corporalslove their mums in mobile (in mobile) allthe corporalslovetheir
mums in mobile (in mobile) oh, the corporals lovetheir mums, andthey stick their
loving thumbs up their loving mummy's bums in mobile.
oh, the sgts are all queer in mobile (in mobile) oh, the sgts are all queer in
mobile (in mobile) ah the sgts are all queer, and for half a glass of beer will fuck
you in the ear in mobile!

another song from the repetoire of kit denton, that he learned while in the
paratroops during wwii.

the tune is 'she' ll be coming round the mountain.'

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\its hard to stay clean in the country.txt

it' s' ard to stay clean in the country
it' s' ard to stay clean in the country
it's 'ard to stay clean in the country, when yer plantin' pertaters an peas;
where yer 'ack an yer hoe til yer knocks off yer toe, an'the dust is right up ta
yer knees.
it's 'ard ter stay clean in the country where yer rise fer the milkin at three;
where yer lean on the gate, an offer ta yer mate, an luav, though it's silent, it's
free.
it's 'ard ter stay clean in the country when the empire yer tryin ter save;
an ye' ll go any length, just to keep up yer strength, an the local young gents
misbehave,
yer can't stay real clean in the country, when the land army 'as got yer in toe,
you' ll dig for the nation, throughout the duration, til yer too bloomin tired to
say 'no'.

this poem was written by land army girl kay grant in 1942, and given to me by kieth
smith of katoomba, nsw.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\lark hill camp.txt

lark hill camp
lark hill camp
there's an isolated, desolated spot that I'd like to mention where all you hear is'
stand at ease',
'quick march' 'slope arms',
'attention.
it's miles away from anywhere, by god it is a rum 'un a chap lived there for 50
years and never saw a woman!
there are lots of huts dotted here and there for those who've got to live inside
i've offered many a prayer inside the huts there's rats as big as any nanny goat
last night a soldier saw one trying on his overcoat!
it's sludge up to your eyebrows, you get it in your ears burt into it you've got to
go, without a sign of fear and when you've had a bath of sludge, you just set to and
groom and get cleaned up for next parade, or else it;
s orderly room.
week in, week out from morn til night, with full pack and a rifle like jack and
jill, you climb the hills, of course, that's just a trifle.
'slope arms',
'fix bayonets',
then 'present, they fairly put you through it and as you stagger to your hut, the
sgt shouts' jump to it!'

with tunics, boots, ad puttees off, you quickly get the habit you gallop up and down the hills, just like a bloomin rabbit! 'heads backward bend',
'arms upward stretch',
'heels raise',
then ranks change places!' and later on they make you put your kneecaps where your face is!

now when this war is over and we've captured kaiser billy to shoot him would be merciful, and absolutely silly.

just send him down to lark hill camp, there 'mongst the rats and clay I'll bet it won't be long before, he droops and fades away!

this song was sent to me from a woman from coolah;

I don't have her name, as it was before I was keeping adequate records.

her father, a digger who served in the middle east during wwii, had this with some other songs and poems, amongst his effects when he died in the early '90' s.

lark hill camp on the salisbury plains in england, and was used during wwi as a training camp for diggers before they were sent 'over there' during wwi--this song was sung through, at least, until the early years, pre '42, by diggers.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\mr codfish.txt

mr

mr.

codfish good morning mr codfish, good morning mr sole, I tried to fuck your daughter, but could not find her hole.

at last I found her hole sir, just beneath her hand but give me all the world sir, I could not get a stand;

at last I got a stand sir, it was long and thin, but give me all the world sir I couldn't get it in.

at last I got it in sir, and waggled it about, but give me all the world sir, I couldn't get it out.

at last I got it out sir all spunky red and sore;

but give me all the world sir, I'll fuck the girl no more.

oh yes i've learned my lesson, that women are no good, so give me all the world sir, I'll pull my fuckin pud -----

this song was sent by ian macdonald, 805 sqn, ran, and sung during wwii and korea.

I also heard this song sung at mudgee soldiers club anzac day '98 by vietnam veterans.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\my breakfast lies over the ocean.txt

my breakfast lies over the ocean

my breakfast lies over the ocean

my breakfast lies over the ocean, my vittles lies over the sea, my stomach's in such
a commotion, don't mention my supper to me.

chorus

bring back, oh, bring back, oh, bring back my supper to me, to me repeat, with one
less 'to me'

paddy fosh of mt colah, who served with the engineers in both the middle east and
new guinea said he sang this song on the way to the middle east

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\never go to mersa.txt

' never go to mersa

' never go to mersa

we eat the flies we eat hte dust, we eat the burning sang;

our bones are getting brittle and our faces getting tanned;

why the hell they keep us here we' ll never understand, but we' ll sing our blues
away

never go to mersa x 3 times, it's a lousy place to stay!

every sunday morning we march across the sand;

our padre stands before us with his bible in his hand;

we give our thanks to god as we join his happy band, and sing our blues away!

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\next man to die.txt

the next man to die

the next man to die

we meet 'neath the sounding rafters, and the walls around are bear, as they echo to
our laughter, who would think that the dead are there.

chorus

stand to your glasses, steady, for it's all we've leftto prize, quaff a cupto the
men dead already, and one for the next man to die

who dreads to the dead returning, who shrinks fromthat sable shore, where the high

and the haughty yearning, of the dead will be no more.
time was when we frowned on others, we thought we were wiser then, but now let us
all be brothers, for we may ne' er meet again.
but a truce to this mournful story, for death is a constant friend, so here's to a
life of glory, and a laurel to crown each mans end.

i recorded this song from the singing of dave alexander.
this song originated in the indian army in the 1870' s.
during the boer war it spread to the australasian armies, and thus to the american
army.
world war I saw this song extensively sung, and was appropriated by fledgling air
forces, being one of the tunes for the song ' the dying aviator'.
during wwii paratroops took the chorus and used it for their version of the red
river valley, and its use continued through the vietnam war.
this song remains popular among combat soldiers due to the eternal combat themes of
loss and comradeship, and the constant closeness of death, which carries us from the
pain of life in the field and combat to the rest and rewards of fiddlers green (also
in this collection).

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\paratrooper song.txt

he was just a rookie trooper, and he surely shook with fright
he was just a rookie trooper, and he surely shook with fright.
he checked all his equipment and made sure his 'chute was tight;
they hooked him up and stood him in the mighty engines roar, but he ain't gonna
jump no more--
chorus gory, gory, what a helluva way to die-rpt 3 time and he ain't gonna jump no
more!
' is everybody happy?'
said the sgt looking up.
our hero bravely answered 'yes',
and then they stood him up;
he jumped into the slipstream and he twisted 20 times, and he ain't gonna jump no
more.
he counted loud, he counted long, he waited for the shock;
he felt the wind, he felt the air, he felt the awful drop;
he pulled the lines, the silk came down and wrapped around his legs and he -----
the days he lived and loved and laughed kept running through his mind, he thought
about the girl at home the one he left behind;
he thought about the medics and he wondered what they'd find --
the lines all wrapped around his neck, the 'd' rings cracked his dome, the risers
wrapped themselves in knots and cracked his skinny bones, the canopy became his
shroud as he hurtled to the ground --

reme song

reme song

early in the morning, workshop on parade;

here comes the sgt major to the 'donkeys serenade' ;

some silly bastard yells 'right dress' you should have seen the fucking mess! we
are the dreamy reme, we are a bloody shower!

cruising down the autobahn(wadi) at 50 miles an hour we are the dreamy reme, we are
a bloody shower;

we can't change up and we can't change down;

the gearbox is in, but it's upside down.

we are-----

we pulled it and we pushed it, we stripped the bastard down;

there were bits and pieces scattered all around.

up walked a craftsman with a petrol can he stood and cried at what we'd done we
are---

down at the naafi beer bar, 20 pints an hour we are the dreamy reme, we are a bloody
shower;

we pick them up and we drink them down pissed as newts on half a crown.

we are the ---

though I haven't yet been able to record this song, I collected this song from
scotsman alf murray, who learned this song while serving with british army signals on
cyprus during the 'emergency'.

the term 'shower' is short for 'shower of assholes' he sang wadi, or autobahn,
alternatively--both signals and reme-royal electrical and mechanical engineers, are
viewed as less than soldiers by the infantry, thus when they sing this song, they
aren't so much laughing at themselves, as at the infantry, who are so 'straight',
so narrow minded, so, so military! he said the song dated from wwii, and was sung in
korea as well in the british army.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\swing low sweet charioh.txt

swing low, sweet charioh, comin for to carry me home

swing low, sweet charioh, comin for to carry me home repeat

i looked over jordan, and what did I see?

comin for to carry me home?

a snow white band of fornicating angels, comin for to carry me home.

another of darky edwards contributions--see who killed cock robin?

last time I arrived at darky's club, logan city diggers, it was a karaoke night,
and one poor girl chose to sing the above song--she couldn't understand why everyone

was laughing, she was a good singer--darky, and other diggers, and I were
'accompanying' her, with all the gestures!

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\we sailed.txt

we sailed on a bright thursday morning
we sailed on a bright thursday morning
we sailed on a bright thursday morning, to some distant land cross the sea;
and after 8 days on the ocean, they landed our boys at the bay.
well, the bay looked 'the goods' from the troopship;
the scenery was fine I admit;
but we hadn't been up half an hour, til;
we were all covered in 'sweet violets'!
there's hookworm, and roudworm, and dengue(deng-you) snakes that crawl into your
lap;
malaria mosquitoes and mossies, so who gives a hoot for the jap?
at night when you' re getting for 'bye-byes' you make yourself sick with b.
o.
(but then you will drift off to dreamland',
with the girl that you loved long ago.
)
so, we sailed---repeat 1st verse last line till we were all covered in shit!

this song was sung by paddy fosh, of mt colah, nsw, who served in both africa and
new guinea during wwii.

30 days leave was collected by brad tate from kevin o' connor of griffiths.
paddy fosh said he 'knew' the song, but not to sing.
paddy forgot the last 2 lines to the 2nd verse, so I created them as I felt,
from experience, that soldiers would have sung--paddy said that the lines I wrote
were in keeping with what was sung originally.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\who killed cock robin.txt

who killed cock robin
who killed cock robin?
I said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow, I killed cock robin.
chorus all the birds and the bees they were sighin they were sobbin when they heard

of the death of poor cock robin repeat last line
who saw him die?

I said the fly, with my little eye, I saaw him die.
who' ll toll the bell?

isaaid the bull, because I can pull! I'll toll the bell
who' ll dig his grave?

I said the owl, with my little trowel.
who' ll be the parson?

isaaid the rook, with my little book.
who' ll be chief mourner?

i, said the dove, I'll mourn for my love.
this song was sung by darky edwards.

not your usual nursery song, it is sung with hand gestures, and suggestive body
movements --it makes for a hilarious 'performance.

darky said this song was sung mainly by sgts and corporals, at the troops first
hearing when out on bivouac, and used to help 'bond' the men together.

afterwards, the song would be sung,
with hand gestures,
by soldiers where ever they congregated.

the same with the song 'sweet carioh' --the gestures used in that song are similar
to those used in the folk song tradition.

this song, and the style of singing,
as well as the 'use' of the song show evidence of pre-christian religious
'services'.

Sam Hilt Collection\world war two songs\womens camp.txt

chorus

all the folk in the camp stopped a frettin and a-grievin when they thought that
palembang they'd soon be leavin repeat last line

who made the camp?

we said the japs! we' re altering the maps, we made the camp.

who lives in the camp?

we, said internees.

not long, if you please, we live in the camp.

who keeps them in?

i, said the sentry;

I stand at the entry;

i keep them in!

who brings the food?

I said the lorry;

it's little, I'm sorry, I bring the food.

who feeds the camp?

i, said the rice;
each day twice or thrice, I feed the camp.
who makes rice nice?
we, said the beans;
;
with eggs, yams, and greens, we make rice nice.
who cooks the food?
i, said the fire;
a fan makes me higher, I cook the food.
who brings the shop?
i, said the bullock;
I climb up the hillock, I bring the shop.
who chops the wood?
i, said the axe;
I hurt many backs, I chop the wood.
who digs the holes?
i, said the chungkal;
I work in the jungle, I dig the holes.
who heals the sick?
the doctor said i;
i've no great supply, I heal the sick.
who helps the people?
we, said the committee;
we need all your pity, we help the people.

i recently saw the movie 'paradise road',
about female internees' /pow's at japanese pow camps in indonesia.
it was very inspirational.
the women used '
mouth music' choir, performing 'classical' tunes, in the movie, to keep their morale
up.
the credits for the movie said it was based on the book 'white coolie' by pow betty
jeffries.
it seemed strange--and unlikely--to me that if the women were musically inclined
they didn't create their own songs.
they did! I recently got hold of a 40 year old copy of the book and the following 2
songs were included--but since they weren't classical music, they weren't worth
including in the movie!--i think they are more than worth inclusion, especially due
to the spiritual nature of both songs.
chorus