Tommy's tunes
by
Frederick Thomas Nettleingham

Originally published in 1917 by:
E. Macdonald

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TOMMY'S TUNES
COLLECTED AND
ARRANGED BY
F. T. NETTLE lINGHAM
2ND LT. R.F.C.
Tommy's Tunes

TOMMY'S TUNES

A COMPREHENSIVE COLLECTION OF SOLDIERS' SONGS, MARCHING MELODIeS, RUDE RHYMES, AND POPULAR PARODIES, COMPOSED, COLLECTED, AND ARRANGED ON ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE B.E.F., BY F. T. NETTLEINGHAM, 2nd LT. R.F.C.

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MCMXVII.
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Printed by Harrison, Johring & Co., Ltd., 11-15, Emerald St., W.C.1.
DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO SANG AND
FOUGHT AND DIED.

To
Ye that have sung,
Ye that have laughed,
Ye that were happy,
Amateurs at warcraft,
   Amateurs all.

To
Ye that have cursed,
Ye that have prayed,
Ye that have joked,
And joking—were laid
Side by side.
   Britons all.

Your songs were ribald,
Your rhymes were rude,
Your ditties doubtful,
Your quips quite crude,
But ye fought.
   Heroes all.

1917. F.T.N.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TITLE</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Après la Guerre</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At the Halt, on the Left, form Platoon</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ally Sloper's Cavalree</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birdman, The</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boys' Brigade</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Battle of Waterloo</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cresol</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coal Fatigue</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Call the Roll!!!</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Divisional Rest</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D'ye Ken Jan Smuts?</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dying Aviator, The</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Down in the Valley</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Excelsior&quot; Up to Date</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Esprit de Corps</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred Karp's Army</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grousing</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ginger is an Enemy of Mine</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gallant R.N.D.</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grasshopper, The</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guillemond</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greener Grows the Grass</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green Grass Grew All Round, The</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hiawatha</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here We Are Again</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoo Ha—Hoo Ha Ha!</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Don't Want to be a Soldier</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Want to be in Blighty</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'm so Bad</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Want to Go Home</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If It's a German—Guns Up!</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Brown's Baby</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kitchener's Army</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Bit of Fluff, The</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>La-La, La-La</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Left! Left!</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TITLE</td>
<td>PAGE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Looping the Loop</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mechanic's Moan</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountains of Morne, The</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mechanic's Rosary</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man, the Dog, and the Meadow</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Never Mind</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Napoo—Pii ! !</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No Quarter</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ninety-nine Bottles on the Wall</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to Tickler</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Little Wet Trench in the West</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old King Cole</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Omer Drome</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Essex Camp</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Soldiers Never Die....</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Onward, Queen Victoria !</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Jam</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Man's Hammer, The</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Officers' Wives</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to the R.A.F. (Engine)</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, Had I the Wings of an Avro !</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ohio</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilot's Psalm, The</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reason Why, The</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recruiting Parody No. 2</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rule, Britannia</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ragtime Army, The, R.F.C.</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ragtime Navy</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosary, The—Hospital Version</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ragtime Flying Corps, The</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ragtime Aircraft Builders</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R.F.C.—Recruiting Song No. 1</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R.F.C. Recruiting Song No. 2</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ronnel McConnel</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skiboo</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TITLE</td>
<td>PAGE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sing Me to Sleep</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swanee River</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She was so Kind to Me</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Somme, The</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strafe on the Kaiser</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seaforth's Sob</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tipperary</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tips</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This is the Flying Corps</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trench Parody, A</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They were Happy, Oh, so Happy</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When this Ruddy War is Over</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why Did We Join the Army</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We Are the Ragtime Army (Artists' O.T.C.)</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We Are the Ragtime Army (Anzac Version)</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wall of the New Armies, The</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We Are the Royal Sappers</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who Killed Cock Robin ?</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When They were Up, They were Up</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We are the Boys who Make no Noise...</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whiter than the Whitewash</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your King and Country Need You</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### PARODIES INCLUDED.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Parody</th>
<th>Song No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Auld Lang Syne</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Back Home in Tennessee</td>
<td>39, 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beautiful Baby Doll</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bugle Call</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Grenadiers</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, My Lad, and be a Soldier</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Church's One Foundation, The</td>
<td>24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dying Lancer, The</td>
<td>80, 81, 82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Excelsior</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fol-the-Rol-Lol</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy, Holy, Holy</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here's to the Maiden of Sweet Seventeen</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hiawatha</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here We Are, Here We Are, Here We Are Again</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here we go Gathering Nuts and May</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Want to be in Dixie</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'm in Love</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Want to go Home</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If It's a Lady—Thumbs Up!</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Want to be an Angel</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Peel</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Brown's Baby</td>
<td>41, 42, 43, 44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kind Words Can Never Die</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keep the Home Fires Burning</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Grey Home in the West</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>La-la, La-la, Sing this Chorus to me</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lowther Arcade, The</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Married to a Mermaid</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Old Kentucky Home</td>
<td>37, 38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michigan</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moonlight Bay</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marching through Georgia</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parody</td>
<td>Song No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------------</td>
<td>----------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountains of Morne</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Mother's Rosary</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Never Mind</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old King Cole</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Onward, Christian Soldiers</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, see me Dance the Polka</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! you Beautiful Doll</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm, Twenty-third</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red, White and Blue</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ragtime Cowboy Joe</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rule, Britannia</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosary, The</td>
<td>62, 64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sing Me to Sleep</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet Genevieve...</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swanee River</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tipperary</td>
<td>3, 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a Happy Land...</td>
<td>31, 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ten Little Nigger Boys...</td>
<td>73, 74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tennessee</td>
<td>39, 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We are but Little Children Weak</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who Killed Cock Robin?</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your King and Country Need You</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yankee Doodle</td>
<td>86, 87</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
NUMBERS OF SONGS IN WHICH THE FOLLOWING
REGIMENTS ARE MENTIONED:—

Anzacs, Song No. 28.
Artists' Rifles, Song Nos. 22, 27.
A.S.C., Song Nos. 6, 15.
A.S.C., M.T., Song Nos. 25, 29.
Guards, Song No. 14.
Queen Victoria's Rifles, Song No. 56.
Royal Engineers, Sappers, Song Nos. 24, 33, 34, 86.
Royal Flying Corps, Song Nos. 1, 10, 26, 32, 38, 39, 61, 63, 64,
   65, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81
   82, 83.
Royal Fusiliers, Song No. 90.
R.N.A.S., Song No. 30.
R.N.D., Song 41.
Seaforth Highlanders, Song No. 86.
South Africans, Song No. 35.
INTRODUCTION.

I am given to understand that some dear old ancient with a taste for biographies once exclaimed that, if he knew a people's songs, he could write their history. I'm content to leave it at that, though for the sake of those as dense and ignorant as myself, I would say that I suppose he meant that a nation's songs and other musical effort (and also literature) reveal the actual character and culture of a nation in a way that is unapproached by any other art or by rule of thumb.

Now, in the light of the following effusions, perpetra-tions—or even compositions, as some would wish them to be called—I shall leave severely alone such a controversial subject as Tommy's character, leaving it to my reviewers to thresh out by process of elimination!

My hitherto unspoken wish is that this collection of songs should be reviewed by none other than men with Army experience.

"By their words shall ye know them," or "By your words shall ye be judged," are parallel platitudes—yet think, indulgent reader, how far from accurate would be your judgment and idea of the British soldier were you to draw conclusions solely on his songs! You would picture a man—yea, an army, nowadays, even the nation—as lacking in *esprit de corps*, *armour propre*, discipline, or any other of those wise soldierly qualities
without which no collection of free people could stand the enormities of injustice and voluntary sacrifice which are demanded over an extended and sustained period by modern warfare. And you would be wrong! It is a peculiarity of British humour to be derogatory to its own dignity, to wipe itself in the mud, to affect self-satire to an alarming extent. Yet woe betide any foreigner who dares to opine we're not what we think we are. The spirit really evinced by these songs, in spite of their oft-times derogatory purport, is that of a lofty cynicism and a confirmed fatalism, but real, thick, unadulterated sarcasm—never.

Regarding the fatalistic tendency shown by Tommy in all his speech and actions, this will be noticed irrespective of his philosophy—Tommy may be Romanist, Protestant, Wesleyan, Atheist, Theosophist, or Agnostic, yet one and all betray the same traits and the same courage.

Although the great aim of this work is to present and perpetuate the original and unwritten tunes and rhymes, it must not be supposed that Tommy taboos any other sort. Of course, the latest music-hall ditties, with their swinging tunes, have a great vogue, but the enthusiasm soon wears off.

"Tipperary" was never greatly sung. I think it of interest to place on record how this song has actually stood in Tommy's estimation and in the favour of the world. Notwithstanding that it is now sung over five continents, and that our French friends—most of them—have Tipperary at their finger tips, and most of the street urchins and parigots sing it with equal exuberance in French and English—it was never Tommy's song.

George Curnock, Daily Mail representative at Boulogne when the first of the Expeditionary Force troops
arrived, heard some of them singing it; new to him, as
to most of us, he mentioned it in his report. The pub-
lishers naturally seized on such publicity and boomed
for all it was worth a hitherto unknown and unwanted
song of such mediocre worth that it was like any other
of the hundred songs that appear and are sung by third-
rate artistes, and then disappear; the couplet of which,
by the way, was a crib on "Has Anybody here seen
Kelly." In other words, it merely "happened" that
George Curnock heard "Tipperary" instead of another
equally popular, which the same troops started up a few
miles farther on.

Revenons à nos moutons, the Scotch have a re-
putation for lilting refrains, the Welsh for being musical
enthusiasts and possessing good voices, but when all is
weighed up, there is little to choose between a British
crowd of soldiers from the three Kingdoms and Princi-
pality. The outstanding fact is that Scotch tunes
(only the Scotties know their words) are the most popular
and most often sung, and of them all, "Annie Laurie"
has queen of place.

I have heard "Annie Laurie" in peace and war;
at home and abroad; in camp and on the march; in
a big dining-hall with 300 men and no dinner, and for
all time I think it will remain the greatest, most pathetic,
soul-stirring refrain ever composed. When harmonised
by a hundred or more men unconduted, yet sung with
a tacit understanding of the necessities of musical light
and shade, it remains embedded in one's memory for
aye.

The only other tune that approaches it in popularity
or has the same possibility is the harmonised version of
"Home, Sweet Home." I lay great stress on the
"harmonised version." In the first place, these songs
and chanties are always harmonised, and I should judge that an average of one in five or six men can improvise a harmony easily—and all harmony in the Army is improvised. Most of the songs in this volume would be will-o'-the-wisp creations were it not for their harmonic rendering.

If a song is a success without harmony, you may be reasonably sure that it is a dirge or in a monotone style that fascinates by its sing-song tune to the extent of pleasing some and grating others; those whom it grates, however, have short shrift. It is immediately struck up for the discomfort of him who announced his displeasure thereat, and the dirge draws on till everyone (metaphorically) reels under its (again metaphorically) anaesthetic influence.


Although our soldiers do not have special tunes and words for special work and actions, as used our sailors with their chanties, or as have the Egyptian laborers to this day, Tommy is, nevertheless, a great singer. Certainly so in quantity if not in quality.
The rendering and the presentment may be—and usually is—crude, but surely we vie with our French allies in the innumerable swinging ditties that tradition and circumstance keep as unwritten heirlooms of our British Army and as souvenirs of forgotten wars.

Of course, it was Tommy of the old Armies and the Reservists who sang and whistled the most. The Territorials who had had camp holidays ran him close, but the New Army boys will now march for hours and miles in a weary, hang-dog fashion without striking any one of the scores of marching dirges that exist. Truly, the character of war has changed.

Soldiers' songs may be divided up into two classes: **Route and Marching Songs, Camp or Concert Songs.** These may again be subdivided into original and parodies. A further distinction could be made, though it is scarcely necessary, as regards the parodies; in some cases both words and tunes have been lifted entire, and merely the nouns and adjectives altered, producing oft-times a bizarre effect and a violent change from pathos to bathos.

Under original, I think, must be included the adaptation of well-known tunes to original words, because the metre or measure coincides.

Apology must be made for the very amateurish way in which the special tunes are set down, without much regard for the rudiments of musical practice. I trust the public will understand the difficulty of collating and editing such a collection of songs on Active Service, and the still greater difficulty of putting the tunes to paper on Active Service by one who has no aptitude in that direction.

It will be noticed that well-known tunes or copyright
ones have been excluded, but all special or unique or compound tunes have been included. In some cases one tune is applied to three or four songs. One must rarely expect to find continuity of subject or even a connected sequence in a song of several verses. Many of the allusions are irrelevant one to the other.

In those songs of the concert type there is apparent a distinct desire to amuse, and although occasionally persons and institutions are sarcastically or caustically treated—local colour being invariably added—they contain actually no more harm than the topical allusions of a revue song.

In some cases the men take the opportunity for airing a grievance in some such diplomatic and unable-to-be-escaped-from manner. As a rule, leave, be it in England or Overseas, provides an omnipresent subject.

It is important to remember that local colour is added ad lib. Readers undoubtedly will find some verses to differ more or less extensively from the particular version known by them or sung in their crush.

These songs form a good dictionary as to Army vocabulary and argot. Such words or phrases as:

- **Pukkah** Proper, real;
- **Wallah** A person, a foreigner (in a domestic sense);
- **Possi** Jam;
- **Compris (pron. compree)** Understand—not understood—as it should be;
- **Faché** Sorry, angry, cross;
- **No bon** No good;
- **Très bon!** Very good;
are every hour terms with our soldiers in France and elsewhere, and annotation and references will be found where necessary, and have been retained by process of elimination.

It is a great pity that a large number of the wittiest—albeit, of a coarse kind—the gayest—as regards tune—and most frequently sung—therefore popular—creations are so untranslatable as to render them unprintable for general consumption, but as some of them have undoubtedly been in the Army for more than 100 years, it seems probable that they will remain unwritten heirlooms for an indefinite period, and in peace-time will be handed down through the generations by drummer-boy to drummer-boy.

Soldier readers of this work will appreciate to what extent I have purged some of their favourites, and will appreciate all the more the reason I found it impossible to present even a purged version of such songs as are mentioned in the next paragraph.

With such songs as "Miralto Me Re," "Kafosalem, the harlot of Jerusalem," and "B. Bill the Sailor," it is worth placing on record for all time their titles, though I doubt very much whether their rhyming lines will ever find a rest in the British Museum.

I suppose I shall be inundated with new versions and totally new songs on the appearance of this volume, and I will earnestly ask all who intend telling me I've omitted their own regimental song to also forward the music or name of the tune, if well known, and they
shall be included in the next edition, unless "there ain't going to be no next."

The large percentage of Aviation songs will be understood and condoned when it is remembered that the R.F.C. is the writers' corps, and also when gratitude is here expressed to the Editor of Aeronautics for permission to publish all such songs as have appeared in that excellent journal, and to whose prescience and encouragement the public are partly indebted for the present collection. My thanks are also due to the Editor of Flying for permission to publish such Flying Corps songs by me as have appeared lately in his journal. Please send me any new ones to make the collection more complete.

FREDK. THOS. NETTLEINGHAM,
2nd Lt. R.F.C.,
6 Rue Christiania,
Paris xviii.

1916-1917.
I. WHEN THIS RUDDY WAR IS OVER.*

The following is the particular version sung in the R.F.C. All these marching songs differ slightly, according to the Unit singing, a little local colour being invariably added.

When this ruddy war is over,
O! how happy I shall be!
When this ruddy war is over
And we come back from Germany.
No more blooming kit inspection,
No more church parade for me.
When this ruddy war is over,
You can have your R.F.C.

When this ruddy war is over,
Oh! how happy we shall be!
When this ruddy war is over
And we come back from Germany.
Roll on, when we go on furlough;
Roll on, when we go on leave,
Then we'll catch the train for Blighty,
Though we'll leave the girls bereaved.

* A favourite with the "old soldier."
2. **SKIBOO.**

**TUNE:** Special.

Two German officers crossed the Rhine, Skiboo, Skiboo.
Two German officers crossed the Rhine, Skiboo, Skiboo.
These German officers crossed the Rhine
To love the women and taste the wine.
Skiboo, Skiboo, Skiboodley boo, Skidam, dam, dam.

They came to an inn on top of a rise, Skiboo, Skiboo,
A famous French inn of stupendous size, Skiboo, Skiboo,
They saw a maiden all dimples and sighs,
The two together said "Damn her eyes."
Skiboo, Skiboo, Skiboodley boo, Skidam, dam, dam.

Oh, landlord, you've a daughter fair, Skiboo, Skiboo,
Oh, landlord, you've a daughter fair, Skiboo, Skiboo.
Oh, landlord, you've a daughter fair,
With lily-white arms and golden hair.
Skiboo, Skiboo, Skiboodley boo, Skidam, dam, dam.

Nein, nein, mein Herr, she's far too young, Skiboo,
Skiboo,
Nein, nein, mein Herr, she's far too young, Skiboo,
Skiboo.

*Mais non, mon père,* I'm not so young—
I've often been kissed by the farmer's son.
Skiboo, Skiboo, Skiboodley boo, Skidam, dam, dam.
Skiboo—cont.
The rest of the tale I can't relate, Skiboo, Skiboo,
For tho' it's old, it's up to date, Skiboo, Skiboo.
The story of man seducing a maid
Is not for you—you're too sedate.
Skiboo, Skiboo, Skiboodley boo, Skidam, dam, dam.

A well-purged and diminutive version of a famous heirloom
of the British Army; in its original state consists of about forty
verses.

3. TIPPERARY.
That's the wrong way to tickle Marie,
That's the wrong way to kiss:
Don't you know that over here, lad,
They like it better like this.
Hooray pour la France!
Farewell, Angleterre!
We didn't know the way to tickle Marie,
But now we've learnt how.

If ever you hear the air of Tipperary, it's almost certain
they'll be singing the above. A little episode illustrating the
fact that Tommy has made a conquest with the ladies of France
in a way after their own heart.

4. THE LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF.*

TUNE: "Tipperary."
It took a long time to get it hairy,
'Twas a long time to grow;
Took a long time to get it hairy,
For the toothbrush hairs to show.
Good-bye, Charlie Chaplin,
Farewell, tufts of hair;
'Twas a long, long time to get it hairy,
But now my lip's quite bare.

* Popular about the time the W.O. rescinded its decision re
moustaches.
5. SING ME TO SLEEP.

(TRENCH VERSION.)

Sing me to sleep where Very lights* fall,
Let me forget the war and all.
I've got the wind up,† that's what they say,
God strafe‡ 'em like hell—till break of day.
I feel so weary, warworn and sad,
I don't like this war—it makes me feel bad.
Dark is my dug-out—cold are my feet—§
Waiting for Boches to put me to sleep.

   Far, far from Wipers‖ I long to be,
   Where German snipers can't snipe at me.
   Take me to Egypt or Salonika,
   Where I can hear of the Boche¶ from afar.

Sing me to sleep where bullets fall,
Let me forget the war and all;
Damp is my dug-out, cold are my feet,
Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat.
Sing me to sleep where bombs explode
And shrapnel shells are à la mode;
Over the sandbags, helmets you'll find:
Corpses in front of you, corpses behind.

   Far from the starlights I'd love to be,
   Lights of old London I'd rather see;
   Think of me crouching where worms creep,
   Waiting for someone to put me to sleep.

* A species of flare fired from a pistol, named after their inventor.
† To "have the wind up" is to have "cold feet"; afraid, nervy.
‡ To punish—a by now permanent word in the English language.
§ Another reference to fear which might also have a more literal significance.
‖ "Wipers" refers to Ypres, also called Epray.
¶ German.
As a point of interest I will give to the uninitiated other instances of current war phraseology:—
"Hor Am."—Much ado about nothing; to have plenty of
6. DIVISIONAL REST.*

TUNE: Special.

So when we came up for the first time
We had such a pain in our chest.
We'd had umpteen† drills and inspections,
And they called it Divisional Rest.

And when we came up for the second time,
Captain Tickler and A.S.C. men
Had been sending home their old horseshoes
To thicken his father's jam.

And when we came up for the third time,
We were told there was something anew:
All the cooks in the company
Could cook something else than stew.

And when we came up for the fourth time,
We said, "Strike me pink, Gawd blimey":
We were told a Colonial soldier
Had saluted the G.O.C.‡

SING ME TO SLEEP—continued.
go; to be officious; to give instructions which others consider
superfluous, or are disinclined to carry out.
"EYEWASH."—Originated owing to "Eyewitness" stories
or despatches at the beginning of the war; applied to most
circular memoranda received, particularly about wearing of
slacks or Sam Brownes, saluting, or economisation of petrol;
something to be winked at.
"SWINGING THE LEAD."—To swing the lead is to malinger or
to feign—thus, a lead swinger is really a malinger or a shirker;
to be sent on a job and not do it is to "swing the lead." When
in hospital, to make one's ailements or wounds more serious than
they really are is to "swing the lead" on the Doctor. Needless
to add, it bears no relation to that other vulgar metaphor—"to
throw one's weight about"!
"HOT-STUFFED."—Stolen. To hotstuff—to steal, pinch,

lift, or to appropriate by other than rightful procedure. A hot-
stuff—on who steals.

DIVISIONAL REST.

* When regiments are withdrawn from the line.
† Any number, too numerous to count.
‡ Refers to slackness in saluting by Colonial soldiers.
7. GROUSING.

TUNE: "Holy, Holy, Holy."

Grousing, Grousing, Grousing,
Always blooming well grousing.
Roll on till my time is up,
And I shall grous no more.
Grousing, Grousing, Grousing,
Always blooming well grousing.
Roll on till my time is up,
And I shall grous no more.

Raining, Raining, Raining,
Always bally well raining.
Raining all the morning,
And raining all the night.
Raining, Raining, Raining,
Always bally well raining.
Roll on till my time is up,
And I shall grous no more.

Marching, Marching, Marching,*
Always ruddy well marching.
Marching all the morning,
And marching all the night.
Marching, Marching, Marching,
Always ruddy well marching.
Roll on till my time is up,
And I shall march no more.

* I have heard of this being sternly suppressed by company commanders, where men have spent long hours on the march, as being detrimental to good discipline.
8. ODE TO TICKLER.*

TUNE: "Sweet Genevieve."

Oh, jam for tea! Oh, jam for tea,
I'm jolly sure it don't suit me;
I've tried for years, and now in tears,
I'll sing it to you mournfully.

Oh, jam for tea! Oh, jam for tea!
The world knows how you've tortured me;
I've frills and squills, you've made me bills,
And filled the dentists' empty tills.

Oh, jam for tea! Oh, jam for tea!
Fried bully† and Maconochie;‡
But when we get back to Blight-e-e-e-e....
We will have ham and lamb for tea.

* Jam maker to the Army.
† Bully beef—otherwise corned beef.
‡ The maker's name: a tinned food issued to Tommy, consisting usually of tinned tomatoes, haricots, potatoes, some sort of meat, usually fat, and some shiny stuff that might be gravy or jelly.

9. THE REASON WHY.

TUNE: "Auld Lang Syne."

We're here because we're here,
Because we're here Because we're here.
We're here because we're here,
Because we're here, Because we're here.
Oh, here we are, oh, here we are,
Oh, here we are again.
Oh, here we are, oh, here we are,
Oh, here we are again.

AND SO ON, until exhausted.

27
10. NEVER MIND.*

(NeW VeRsIoN.)

Though your heart may ache awhile, never mind,
Though your heart may ache awhile, never mind,
You'll forget about it soon,
When you've had a good old spoon,
And your heart, it aches no more, never mind.

If the Sergeant's pinched your rum—never mind,
If the Sergeant's on the bum†—never mind.
If he collars all your fags, and you've nothing on but rags,
It's his affair—not yours—so never mind.

If the Sergeant says your daft—never mind.
Maybe you are—who knows ?—never mind.
It's no use to answer back, 'cos he won't stand any slack,‡
So if he says you're daft—then you are.

The following has reference to a certain R.F.C. sergeant, who
went to fetch rations in a sidecar, the light tender usually em-
ployed for this purpose being otherwise engaged. Not being
able to get it all in, he tied the bread round the side and back.
When he arrived at the unit, not unnaturally the bread was
"napoo."§

At lunch-time you might have heard a serenade to the
following effect:

If the Sergeant's lost your bread—never mind.
If he sticks it round a side car—never mind.
And even if it's messed—he did it for the best,
For he's the Sergeant—dontecknow—so never mind.

* This song, with its many verses, shows Tommy as a con-

firmed fatalist.
† On the borrow.
‡ Cheek.
§ "Napoo"—Tommy's version of " Il n'y-a plus;" used in
divers senses, usually to say: no more; not there; gone.
Used in the same sense as Vamoosed.

28
II. OUR LITTLE WET TRENCH IN THE WEST.

TUNE: "Little Grey Home in the West." .

In a little wet trench in the west,
Where the Germans cannot get at me,
It’s not very grand, and we most of us stand,
And the only good thing is our tea.
Over there where the great big shells fall,
The Huns are afraid of us—lest
We should bayonet them with true British phlegm,
Should they visit our home in the west.

There are hands that will welcome them out,
There are guns that are waiting to fire,
There are eyes that look out for a chance of a bout,
Though we’re up to our eyes in the mire.
It’s a hell upon earth for us all,
But we mean to be first on the ball.
When the kick-off takes place, we’ll be first in the race,
From our little wet trench in the west

There are dug-outs and other things new,
Funk-holes, trench mortars, bombs and grenades,
The only thing hot is our ration of stew,
Don’t we we wish we were back at our trades?
Never mind—we’re out on the job,
Though we’re not paid at Union Rates,
Oh! we shan’t rest content till we’ve made a big dent
In another wet trench in the west.

FLANDERS, 1914.
12. APRES LA GUERRE.

Après la guerre fini,
Oh, we'll go home to Blighty;
But won't we be sorry to leave chère Germaine,
Après la guerre fini.

Après la guerre fini,
English soldier parti,
Mam'selle français beaucoup picanninies,
Après la guerre fini.

This song, which has several more verses, is a great favourite. Its original air is "Sous les Ponts de Paris." The pidgin French is typical of the way Tommy and the natives converse. I blush to say that Tommy sings this at his best when passing through a small village, where, unhappily, its truth is only too apparent, though, naturally, it is not necessary or possible to wait for the end of the war, as the words indicate.

The curious and pathetic part in most cases is that mothers are not always certain whether these war babies are French, English, or even German. Time is inexorable, but blood will out—on verra.

13. AT THE HALT, ON THE LEFT, FORM PLATOON.

TUNE: "Red, White and Blue."

At the halt, on the left, form platoon.
At the halt, on the left, form platoon.
If the odd numbers don't mark time two paces,
How the hell can the rest form platoon?
I4. LA-LA, LA-LA.

TUNE: "La-la, La-la, sing this Chorus to me."

La-la, La-la, there's going to be some fun,
La-la, La-la, Tommy's got his gun.
When he gets at the end of it,
He won't forget to shoot and hit.
La-la, La-la, the Hun is on the run.
One, two, three—it fills us with delight
To see the Boches fall.
Four, five, six—with all your main and might,
We're going to shift the Hun from off the ball.

La-la, La-la, there's going to be some fun,
La-la, La-la, the Boche is on the run.
When he sees the steel and bit,
He promptly hides and has a fit.
La-la, La-la, we've got them on the run.
Seven, eight, nine, it fills us with delight
To see the Boches fall.
Ten, eleven, twelve, you should see them dig and delve,
We're just spoiling for a brawl.

La-la, La-la, this will not be fun,
La-la, La-la, we're running short of rum.
When we get to the end of it,
We shan't forget to grous's a bit.
La-la, La-la, we shall blame the sergeant some.
Now, mark my word, it fills us with delight
To drink our tot of rum.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll all get tight
The day that rum does come.

THE GUARDS (Ypres, 1914).
15. OLD KING COLE.

(A.S.C. Version.)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and called for his bowl
And he called for his Privates three.

Now every private had a great thirst,
And a very great thirst had he,
"Beer! Beer!! Beer!!! Beer!!!!" said the privates,
Very merry men are we,
For there's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of the A.S.C.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his Sergeants three.

Now every sergeant had a loud voice,
And a very loud voice had he,
"Move to the right in fours," said the sergeants,
"Beer! Beer!! Beer!!! Beer!!!!" said the privates,
"Very merry men are we,
For there's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of the A.S.C."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his Subalterns three.

Now every subaltern had a big grouch,
And a very big grouch had he.
"We do all the work," said the subalterns,
"Move to the right in fours," said the sergeants,
OLD KING COLE—cont.

"Beer! Beer!! Beer!!! Beer!!!!" said the privates,
"Very merry men are we,
For there's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of the A.S.C."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his Captains three.

Now every captain had a fine figure,
And a very fine figure had he,
"We want three months' leave," said the captains,
"We do all the work," said the subalterns,
"Move to the right in fours," said the sergeants,
"Beer! Beer!! Beer!!! Beer!!!!" said the privates,
"Very merry men are we,
For there's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of the A.S.C."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his adjutants three.

Now every adjutant had a pair of fine spurs,
A pair of very fine spurs had he.
"Where the hell's my horse?" said the adjutant,
"We want three months' leave," said the captains,
"We do all the work," said the subalterns,
"Move to the right in fours," said the sergeants,
"Beer! Beer!! Beer!!! Beer!!!!" said the privates,
"Very merry men are we,
For there's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of the A.S.C."
OLD KING COLE—cont.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his Majors three.

Now every major had a big swear,
And a very big swear had he.
"Blankety, Blankety, Blank," said the major,
"Where the hell's my horse," said the adjutant,
"We want three months' leave," said the captains,
"We do all the work," said the subalterns,
"Move to the right in fours," said the sergeants,
"Beer! Beer!! Beer!!! Beer!!!!!" said the privates,
"Very merry men are we,
For there's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of the A.S.C."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his Colonels three.

Now every Colonel had a sore head,
And a very sore head had he.
"What's the next word of command?" said the Colonel,
"Blankety, Blankety, Blank," said the major,
"Where the hell's my horse?" said the adjutant,
"We want three months' leave," said the captains,
"We do all the work," said the subalterns,
"Move to the right in fours," said the sergeants,
"Beer! Beer!! Beer!!! Beer!!!!!" said the privates,
"Very merry men are we,
"For there's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of the A.S.C."

34
OLD KING COLE—cont.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his Generals three.

Now every general had two red tabs,
And two red tabs had he.
"What's the plan of campaign?" said the general,
"What's the next word of command?" said the colonel,
"Blankety, Blankety, Blank," said the major,
"Where the hell's my horse?" said the adjutant,
"We want three months' leave," said the captains,
"We do all the work," said the subalterns,
"Move to the right in fours," said the sergeants,
"Beer! Beer! Beer!!! Beer!!!!" said the privates,
"Very merry men are we,
For there's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of the A.S.C."

16. SWANEE RIVER.

(PARIS VERSION.)

Walking up and down the Champs Elysees,*
That's what we like;
Oh! you should see la femme—how she eyes us
With "boko"† admiration‡—so says Mike.
If the war is sad and dreary,
Nought we know of that;
We all know a demoiselle so cherie,
Also her charming little flat.

* To be pronounced as in English.
† Beaucoup—much.
‡ Pronounce as in French.
17. SHE WAS SO KIND TO ME.

TUNE: Special.

She was so good and so kind to me
And all the rest of the family;
She was so good and so kind to me,
She was, she was, she was. ....
..... So good and so kind to me, etc.

18. WHY DID WE JOIN THE ARMY?

TUNE: "Here's to the Maiden of Sweet Seventeen"
and "Fol-the-Rol-Lol."

Why did we join the Army, boys?
Why did we join the Army?
Why did we come to Salisbury Plain?—
We must have been ruddy well balmy.
Fol-the-rol-lol, fol-the-rol-lol,
Fol-the-rol-lol, me laddie;
Fol-the-rol-lol, fol-the-rol-lol,
Fol-the-rol-lol, me laddie.
19. I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER.

TUNE: "Come, my lad, and be a Soldier."
I don't want to be a soldier,
I don't want to go to war;
    I'd rather roam
Here at home,
And keep myself on the earnings of a lady typist.
I don't want a bayonet in my stomach,
Nor my eyelids shot away,
    For I am quite happy
With my mammy and my pappy—
So I wouldn't be a soldier any day.

20. RECRUITING PARODY No. 2.

TUNE: "Your King and Country Need You."
For we don't want your loving,
And we think you're awfully slow
To see that we don't want you,
So, please, won't you go.
We don't like your sing-songs,
And we loathe your refrain,
So don't you dare to sing it
Near us again.

Now, we don't want to hurry you,
But it's time you ought to go;
For your songs and your speeches
They bore us so.
Your coaxings and pettings
Drive us nigh insane:
Oh! we hate you, and'll boo you and hiss you
If you sing it again.

A typical parody on the recruiting songs, with which the soldiers—and slackers and everyone else—were soon fed up.
See also "Your King and Country need you."

37
21. TIPS.

TUNE: "Ragtime Cowboy Joe."

When you've landed in the country,
   And you're fed up with the train,
Don't think your troubles finished,
   For they will follow in a chain;
So keep your faces smiling
   When the billet meets your eye,
You all expected different,
   But to sleep you'll surely try.
When reveille breaks your slumber,
   To wash your thoughts will jump;
But no blessed water can you get,
   There's no handle on the pump.
But streams there are in plenty,
   So your Christian ways redeem;
But take care you don't fall in one—
   Things are not always what they seem.

If the language you go in for,
   It will play you funny pranks,
But the language most convincing
   Is the colour of five francs.
Then you patronise Estaminets,
   And you learn to drink the beer,
It has redeeming features,
   For it never makes you queer.
You will try to Parley-voo,
   With one and all you see,
And you get some nasty shocks,
   When they tell you: "Me no comprée."
So you drop back on good old English,
   And swear like a Spanish Don,
Tips—cont.

Then smack your lips o'er the beer you drink,
   And say this, "Tres Bon."
When with rats and lice tormented,
   For the trenches you declare,
Don't think your troubles left behind,
   They'll follow everywhere.
So like the old Crusader,
   With a helmet on your head,
You march in full equipment,
   And wish the Kaiser dead.
On arrival in the trenches,
   Just keep your head down tight,
And remember that to show yourself
   Is asking for "Good-night."
When home no doubt you grumbled,
   If they hadn't made your bed,
But you'll be lucky in the dug-out
   To find a place to rest your head.
When walking through the trenches,
   You off the boards do slip;
Don't pretend you did it purposely,
   As you dearly loved a dip.
When you're out upon patrol work,
   And a flare lights up the sky,
Be sure to lie quite flat and still,
   Or for you young Fritz will try.
When you cook upon the brazier,
   And your pals come round to talk,
Don't let the captain catch you
   Using bayonet as toasting fork.
Your helmet, too, was issued
   From shrapnel fire to save you,
TIPS—cont.

So don't think it is a saucepan,
   To be used for making "Gippo."†
When worn out with making gooseberries,
   And you wish it all in ——,
Don't curse the Sergt.-Major,
   If "Stand to" he has to yell.
Just the same with all your rations.
   When the bread is rather bare,
Don't curse the Quartermaster;
   Some day you'll have your share.
And when back again in billets,
   Although people may prove kind,
You'll ne'er see a damsel half so nice
   As the one you left behind.

* This is not the natives' pidgin English or Tommy's pidgin French, but a real sample of the atrocious French spoken by some of the peasants and villagers with whom our troops find themselves; also, it is not patois—that they speak fluently. "Me no allez" is also often heard. No grammar exists in the French of these people. You will often be addressed as follows: "Vols la la-bas boutique no bon l'autre tres bon, mademoiselle tres jolie."

† Soup, ragout.

Gippo, which comes from the Arabic, is merely one of many such words incorporated in Army parlance by the British Army's long association with the Orient. Pozzi—jam; wallah—as person; pukkah—proper, real, genuine, are a few of the commonest.

In this parody, as usual, the Sergeant-Major, food and girls form good topics for a rhyme.
22. **RULE, BRITANNIA.**

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never, never, never shall be
M-a-r-r-i-e-d to a mermaid at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

Hoch! Hoch! mein Gott!
What a damned fine lot
Are the Artists' O.T.C.

This, as will be seen, is a mad medley of three tunes.

23. **ONE MORE RIVER.**

**Tune**: Special.

One more river,
One more river to Jordan;
One more river,
One more river to cross.

The animals went in two by two,
One more river to cross;
The elephant and the kangaroo,
One more river to cross.

One more river,
One more river to Jordan;
One more river,
One more river to cross.

**Etc., Etc.**
24. FRED KARNO'S ARMY.
   (R.E. VERSION.)
   TUNE: "The Church's One Foundation."
   We are Fred Karno's Army,
   A jolly fine lot are we:
   Fred Karno is our Captain,
   Charlie Chaplin our O.C.
   And when we get to Berlin,
   The Kaiser he will say:
   Hoch! Hoch! mein Gott!
   What a jolly fine lot
   Are the 2-4th R.E., T.

25. KITCHENER'S ARMY.
   (A.S.C., M.T. VERSION.)
   TUNE: "The Church's One Foundation."
   Oh! we're in Kitchener's Army,
   We are the A.S.C.
   We cannot fight, we cannot shoot,
   So what earthly use are we?
   And when we get to Berlin,
   The Kaiser he will say:
   "Hoch! Hoch! mein Gott!
   What a blooming fine lot
   To draw six bob a day.

26. THE RAGTIME ARMY.
   TUNE: "The Church's One Foundation."
   We are the Ragtime Army,
   We are the R.F.C.
   We do not fight, we cannot fly,
   So what earthly use are we?
   And when we get to Berlin
   The Kaiser he will say,
   "Hoch! Hoch! mein Gott!
   What a blooming fine lot
   Are the boys of the R.F.C."
27. WE ARE THE RAGTIME ARMY.

TUNE: "The Church's One Foundation."

We are the Ragtime Army,
The Artists' O.T.C.
We cannot drill, we cannot shoot,
What earthly use are we?
And when we've got to Berlin
The Kaiser he will say:
"Hoch! Hoch! mein Gott!
What a damned fine lot
Are the Artists' O.T.C."

28. ANZAC VERSION.

TUNE: "The Church's One Foundation."

We are the Ragtime Army,
The A.N.Z.A.C.'s,
We do not shoot, we won't salute,
What bally use are we?
And when we get to Berlin,
The Kaiser he will say:
'Hoch! Hoch! mein Gott!
What a fine jolly lot
Are the A.N.Z.A.C.'s.

We are the only heroes
Who stormed the Dardanelles,
And when we get to Berlin
They'll say, "What bally sells."
You boast and spite from morn till night
And think you're very brave,
But the men who really did the job
Are dead and in their graves.