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(Draft 2)

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# 'Pre-War' Medley

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay

Henry J. Sayers (1891)

D

A sweet Tux - e - do girl you see, Queen of swell so - ci - e - ty, Fond of fun as

6 A7 D

fond can be, When it's on the strict Q. T. I'm not too young, I'm not too old,

11 A7 D

Not too tim - id, not too bold, Just the kind you'd like to hold, Just the kind for sport, I'm told.

17 D

Ta - ra - ra Boom - de - ay, Ta - ra - ra Boom - de - ay, Ta - ra - ra

22 A7 D A7 D

Boom - de - ay, Ta ra - ra Boom - de - ay, Ta - ra - ra Boom - de - ay, Ta - ra - ra

28 A7 D Segue

Boom - de - ay, Ta - ra - ra Boom - de - ay, Ta - ra - ra Boom - de - ay.

Who were you with last night?

Fred Godfrey & Mark Sheridan (1912)

1 D D<sup>6</sup> D<sup>+</sup> D D<sup>7</sup> G Gm D

Who were you with last night?\_\_\_\_\_ Who were you with last night?\_\_\_\_\_ It

9 A7 D F<sup>o</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

was-n't your sis - ter, it was-n't your Ma, Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

17 D D<sup>6</sup> D<sup>+</sup> D D G<sup>6</sup> F<sup>#7</sup>

Who were you with last night?\_\_\_\_\_ Out in the pale moon - light?\_\_\_\_\_ Are you

25 B<sup>7</sup> Em B<sup>7</sup> Em A<sup>7</sup> D F<sup>7</sup>

going to tell your Mis - sus when you get home? Who you were with last night\_\_\_\_\_

# Let me call you sweetheart

Beth Slater Whitson & Leo Friedman (1910)

1 **B $\flat$**  **B $\flat$  $^{\circ}$**  **E $\flat$**  **G $^7$**  **C $^7$**

Let me call you 'Sweet-heart' I'm in love with you.\_\_\_\_\_

9 **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**  **B $^{\circ}$**  **F $^7$**

Let me hear you whis-per that you love me too.\_\_\_\_\_

17 **B $\flat$**  **C $\sharp^{\circ}$**  **E $\flat$**  **G $^7$**  **C $^7$**

Keep the love - light glow-ing in your eyes so true.\_\_\_\_\_

25 **E $\flat$**  **C $\sharp^{\circ}$**  **B $\flat^7$**  **G $^7$**  **C $^7$**  **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**  **E $\flat^7$**

Let me call you 'Sweet-heart' I'm in love with you.\_\_\_\_\_

# Oh! you beautiful doll

Nat. D. Ayer/A. Seymour Brown (1911)

1 **A $\flat$**  **F $^7$**  **B $\flat^7$**

Oh! you beau-ti - ful doll, you great big beau-ti - ful doll!\_

5 **E $\flat^7$**  **A $\flat$**  **B $\flat^m$**  **E $\flat$**

Let\_\_\_\_\_ me put my arms a - bout you, I\_\_\_\_\_ could ne-ver live with - out you,

9 **A $\flat$**  **F $^7$**  **B $\flat^7$**

Oh! you beau-ti - ful doll, You great big beau-ti - ful doll!\_ If you

13 **A $\flat$**  **E $^7$**

ev - er leave me how my heart will ache, I want to hug you, but I fear you'd break,

17 **A $\flat$**  **C $^7$ /G** **E $\flat^m$ /G $\flat$**  **F $^7$**  **B $\flat$**  **E $\flat^7$**  **A $\flat$**  **D $^7$**

Oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh, you beau - ti - ful doll! --> Daisy Bell [G]

# Daisy Bell

Harry Dacre (1892)

1 G C G

Dai - sy, Dai - sy, give me your ans - wer, do!\_\_\_\_\_

9 D<sup>7</sup> G Em A<sup>7</sup> D

I'm half cra - zy, all for the love of you!\_\_\_\_\_ It

17 D<sup>7</sup> G<sub>3</sub> Em C G D<sup>7</sup>

won't be a sty - lish mar - iage,\_\_\_\_\_ I can't af - ford a car - riage,\_\_\_\_\_ But

25 G D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup>

you'll look sweet, u - pon the seat of a bi - cy - cle built for two.

# I wonder who's kissing her now

Hough, Adams & Jos E. Howard (1909)

*(Not too fast)*

1 G D<sup>7</sup> G B C E<sup>7</sup>

I won - der who's kiss - ing her now?\_\_\_\_\_ Won - der who's teach ing her how.\_\_\_\_\_

10 Am E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

Won - der who's look - ing in - to her eyes, Breath - ing sighs! Tell - ing lies! I

18 G D<sup>7</sup> G B C E<sup>7</sup>

won - der who's buy ing her wine,\_\_\_\_\_ for lips that I used to call mine.\_\_\_\_\_

26 Am C G E<sup>7</sup> Am D<sup>7</sup> G C G

Wond - er if she ev - er tells him of me? I won - der who's kiss - ing her now.\_\_\_\_\_

## 'Signing up' dialogue

*Two men start speaking over the end of last song. Choir stands back/collects flags.*

*Man 1 is excited about the idea of war, Man 2 begins apathetically until he catches Man 1's enthusiasm.*

**Man 1:** So it's war then.

**Man 2:** I still don't get it. Why'd Britain have to go to war with Germany just because some Serbian killed a Hungarian?

**Man 1:** Doesn't matter, does it? I 'm still gonna go. I reckon it's our duty to support the Mother Country.

**Man 2:** I s'pose those Brits couldn't do it on their own.

**Man 1:** Too right, and don't forget there's free grub and a uniform, and I heard those French sheilas are a bit of 'all right'.

**Man 2:** I guess we'd get to see the world, have some adventures with our mates.

**Man 1:** All for six bob a day.

**Man2:** And they do say it'll be over by Christmas.

**Man 1:** So what are we waiting for? Let's go and give those Huns what for. You and me mate, we'll show the Kaiser what we Kiwis are made of.

# 'Off to war' Medley

It's a long way to Riverina

Put on uniforms as you sing

B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> E $\flat$  B $\flat$  B $\circ$  Cm F<sup>7</sup>

It's a long way\_\_\_ to Riv-er - i - na,\_\_\_ it's a long way\_\_\_ to go.\_\_\_\_\_ It's a

41 B $\flat$  Gm C<sup>7</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

long way\_\_\_ to Riv-er - i - na,\_\_\_ to the sweet-est girl I know.\_\_\_\_\_

49 B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> E $\flat$  D<sup>7</sup>

Good- bye\_\_\_ Wag-ga Wag - ga,\_\_\_ Fare-well dear old Hay.\_\_\_\_\_ It's a

57 B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sup>o</sup> B $\flat$  C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B $\flat$  D<sup>7</sup>

long, long way to Riv-er - i - na but we'll get there some day.\_\_\_\_\_

Pack up your troubles

Start marching on the spot

1 G D<sup>7</sup>/A G/B G<sup>7</sup> C G G $\sharp$ <sup>o</sup> Am D<sup>7</sup>

Pack up your trou-bles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.\_\_\_\_\_

9 G D<sup>7</sup>/A G/B Em A<sup>7</sup> E $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

While you've a lu - ci - fer to light your fag, smile, boys, that's the style.\_\_\_\_\_

17 G D<sup>7</sup> C G Em Am D<sup>7</sup>

What's the use of wor-ry- ing,\_\_\_ it nev - er was worth - while, so,

25 G D<sup>7</sup> G G<sup>7</sup> C Cm G/D D<sup>7</sup> G

Pack up your trou-bles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile.\_\_\_\_\_

Good-Bye-Ee! Start marching down the aisle and out of the hall.

1 G Am D<sup>7</sup> G

Good-Bye Ee, — Good - Bye Ee, — wipe the tear, ba - by dear, from your eye-ee. tho' it's

Detailed description: This block contains the first five measures of the song. The music is in G major and common time. The melody starts with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A and B, a quarter note C, and a quarter note D. The lyrics are: "Good-Bye Ee, — Good - Bye Ee, — wipe the tear, ba - by dear, from your eye-ee. tho' it's".

6 C D<sup>7</sup> C D<sup>7</sup> G D D<sup>#o</sup> A<sup>7</sup> 3 D<sup>7</sup>

hard to part, I know, I'll be tick-led to death to go, Don't

Detailed description: This block contains measures 6-9. The melody continues with quarter notes G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. There is a triplet of eighth notes G, A, B. The lyrics are: "hard to part, I know, I'll be tick-led to death to go, Don't".

10 G Am D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup>

cry- ee, — don't sigh ee, — there's a sil - ver lin - ing in the sky- ee. — Bon -

Detailed description: This block contains measures 10-13. The melody starts with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A and B, a quarter note C, and a quarter note D. The lyrics are: "cry- ee, — don't sigh ee, — there's a sil - ver lin - ing in the sky- ee. — Bon -".

14 G D<sup>7</sup> G E<sup>7</sup> Am E<sup>7</sup> Am C<sup>6</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G

soir, old thing, cheer-i - o, chin - chin, nah - poo, too - dle-oo, Good - Bye- Ee. —

Detailed description: This block contains measures 14-17. The melody starts with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A and B, a quarter note C, and a quarter note D. The lyrics are: "soir, old thing, cheer-i - o, chin - chin, nah - poo, too - dle-oo, Good - Bye- Ee. —".

# The Route March

Intro  
Verse 1  
Verse 2  
Instrumental Verse  
Verse 3

Words: Henry Lawson  
Music: Ian Hamilton

Conc. D

4 D Em

8

Did you hear the chil dren sing in' Oh my broth- ers?  
Do you hear the chil - dren sing-in' Oh my broth- ers?  
Shall we hear the chil - dren sing-in' Oh my broth- ers?

Tpt.

Conc.

Vln.

Vc.

8 A D G A<sup>7</sup>

8

Did you hear the chil dren sing in' as our troops wentmarch ing past?  
Do you hear - the chil dren sing in' for the first man and the last?  
Shall we hear the chil - dren sing in' in the sunshine or the rain?

Tpt.

Conc.

Vln.

Vc.



13

D

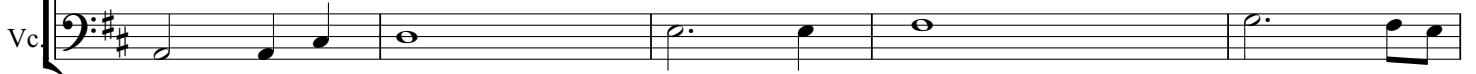
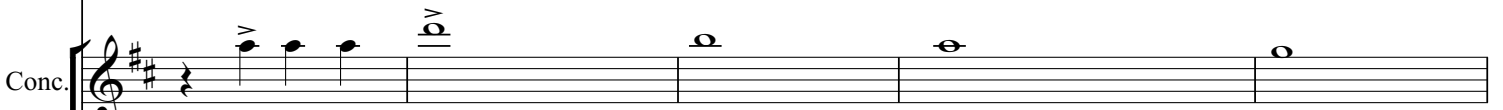
Em

D

G



In the sun-shine and the rain as they'll ne - ver sing a-gain Did you  
As they march away and vanish to a tune we thought was banished Do you  
There'll be sobs be neath the ringin' the bells and 'neath the singin'\_\_ There'll be



18

D

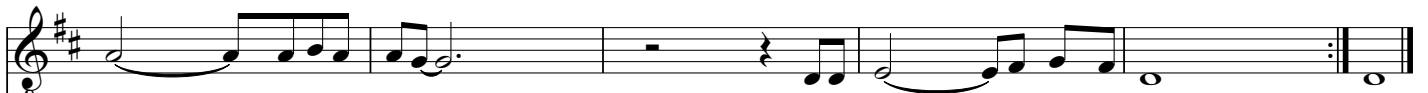
G

G

A

1-2 D

3. D



hear the school girls sing in' as our boys went swing in' past.  
hear the child-ren' sing - in' for the future and\_\_ the past  
tears oforph - an child-ren' When our boys comeback a gain



# The Men of the 10th Light Horse

Alan Ralph

Men only F#m

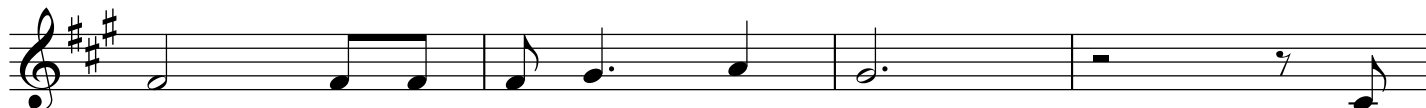
E



They came from the bush and the sta - tions. They  
They joined for a taste of ad - ven - ture. They

4 F#m

E



came from the ci - ties and towns. The  
joined for their mates did the same. They

8 F#m

E

F#m

E

F#m



batt - lers, the whin-gers, the jo- kers. The gam-blers, the lo-sers, the clowns. —  
joined when they thought of their hon- our, Not to join must\_ lead\_ to shame. — They

16

E

F#m

E

F#m



Some of them born near the de serts, Some of them born near the tide,  
joined full of pride, full of cour age, They joined up, their du - ty to do, They

24

E

F#m

E

F#m



Most of them born in the sad - dle, — All of them knew how to ride. —  
joined for Aus - tra-lia had called them, They were need-ed and\_ that's all they knew. —

31

*Tutti*

F#m

C#m

F#m

C#m



So mount up, mount up for bat tle, — Mount up, for bet-ter or worse,

39

F#m

C#m



We're the best in the world — in the sad - dle, —

43

F#m

E

F#m



The men of — the 10th — Light — Horse.

# We are the Anzacs

Ted Egan

1 Eb Ab Eb

We are the An - zacs, and we're true blue, We're from Aus -  
We've got \_\_\_\_\_ shear - ers, dro - vers too, We've got

5 Bb

tra - lia and New Zea - land too, We're from Down  
ci - ty swells and lots of blokes named 'Blue' \_\_\_\_\_ As

9 Eb Bb Eb

Un - der, and we're the tell - ing you, We're  
sol - diers, we're the world's best yet,

13 F Bb

lar - ri - kins and ski - ters, but we're pret - ty good fight - ers too. We might  
We \_\_\_\_\_ are the An - zacs, \_\_\_\_\_ Don't you for - get! Would we go

17 Eb Ab Eb

curse and swear, but we'll be right there, In the  
A W L? \_\_\_\_\_ Don't be ab - surd! Dis - ci -

21 Ab Bb

fight - ing we won't turn a hair, When the  
pline, now there's a dir - ty word, We'll \_\_\_\_\_

25 Eb Cm Ab Eb

whips are crack - ing ev' - y - where \_\_\_\_\_ you'll find the An - zacs.  
shout 'Ma'a - lesh' and 'gibbit baq - sheesh' \_\_\_\_\_ We're the An - zacs.

We've got shearers, drovers too,  
We've got city swells  
And lots of blokes named 'Blue'  
As soldiers, we're the world's best yet,  
We are the Anzacs,  
Don't you forget!

Would we go AWL?  
Don't be absurd!  
Discipline!  
Now there's a dirty word,  
We'll shout 'Ma'alesh'  
And 'gibbit baqsheesh'  
We're the Anzacs.

Interrupted by SFX shelling

# Gallipoli

Ted Egan

12/8 C G

The word's on ev - 'ry sol - dier's lips: Gal - li - po - li,\_\_\_ The

Detailed description: This block contains the first two measures of the song. The music is in 12/8 time and starts with a C major chord. The melody consists of eighth notes. The lyrics are 'The word's on ev - 'ry sol - dier's lips: Gal - li - po - li,\_\_\_ The'.

3 G7 C

land - ing barg - es leave the ships, Gal - li - po - li;\_\_\_

Detailed description: This block contains measures 3 and 4. The music changes to a G7 chord in measure 3 and back to C major in measure 4. The melody continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are 'land - ing barg - es leave the ships, Gal - li - po - li;\_\_\_'.

5 C F

Ri - fles held in ner - vous grips, Ee - rie gleam of bay - o - net tips, The

Detailed description: This block contains measures 5 and 6. The music is in C major for measure 5 and changes to F major for measure 6. The melody continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are 'Ri - fles held in ner - vous grips, Ee - rie gleam of bay - o - net tips, The'.

7 G7 C

An - zacs hit the coast - al strips, Gal - li - po - li;\_\_\_ A -

Detailed description: This block contains measures 7 and 8. The music changes to a G7 chord in measure 7 and back to C major in measure 8. The melody continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are 'An - zacs hit the coast - al strips, Gal - li - po - li;\_\_\_ A -'.

9 C G

top the cliffs is John - ny Turk,\_\_\_ Gal - li - po - li,\_\_\_

Detailed description: This block contains measures 9 and 10. The music is in C major for measure 9 and changes to G major for measure 10. The melody continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are 'top the cliffs is John - ny Turk,\_\_\_ Gal - li - po - li,\_\_\_'.

11 G7 C

Peer - ing through the mist and murk, Gal - li - po - li,\_\_\_

Detailed description: This block contains measures 11 and 12. The music changes to a G7 chord in measure 11 and back to C major in measure 12. The melody continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are 'Peer - ing through the mist and murk, Gal - li - po - li,\_\_\_'.

13 C F

Hu - man na - ture goes ber - serk, Sol - diers know they mus - n't shirk,\_\_\_

Detailed description: This block contains measures 13 and 14. The music is in C major for measure 13 and changes to F major for measure 14. The melody continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are 'Hu - man na - ture goes ber - serk, Sol - diers know they mus - n't shirk,\_\_\_'.

15 G7 C

Kill - ing's just a job of work,\_\_\_ Gal - li - po - li.\_\_\_

Detailed description: This block contains measures 15 and 16. The music changes to a G7 chord in measure 15 and back to C major in measure 16. The melody continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are 'Kill - ing's just a job of work,\_\_\_ Gal - li - po - li.\_\_\_'.

17 C G<sup>7</sup> C G

Boys, boys, war - lords' toys,

19 C G

Pawns in the war games of his - to - ry, But they're

21 C G<sup>7</sup> C G

bold, bold, They'll do as they're told,

23 C G<sup>7</sup> C

Hist - ory's in the mak - ing at Gal - li - po - li.

Hit the beach, the rising sun - Gallipoli,  
 This is real, the talking's done - Gallipoli,  
 Every man a mother's son,  
 Give each one a bloody gun,  
 They'll kill each other, just for fun - Gallipoli.

The Lords have played this game before - Monopoly,  
 Scan the maps, keep the score - Catastrophe,  
 Cognac and cigars galore,  
 If they were the ones to fight the war,  
 They'd very quickly call 'Withdraw' - Immediately.

Scale the cliffs, pounding hearts - Gallipoli,  
 The shelling and the slaughter starts - Gallipoli  
 Crazy feats of derring-do,  
 Out of all the madness grew,  
 The legend of the Anzacs at Gallipoli.

And when the silence comes again - Gallipoli,  
 Pity those who are insane - Gallipoli,  
 Count the wounded, treat the pain,  
 A hundred and forty thousand slain,  
 Heroes all, but dead in vain - Gallipoli.

On the 24th of May - Gallipoli,  
 Postpone the killing for a day - Gallipoli,  
 Bury the dead: let us pray,  
 Bid young Johnny Turk: 'Giddyay'  
 Tomorrow, he's the one you'll slay - Gallipoli.

They say old soldiers never die - Gallipoli,  
 But young ones do, and I ask why? - Gallipoli,  
 With this battle finally done,  
 Not an inch of ground was won,  
 Bones lie bleaching in the sun - Gallipoli.

# The Rose of No-man's Land

Jack Caddigan, James A. Brennan

♩.=100

Am F#7 G B E Am D7 G D7

5 G A D G D7

I've seen some beau - ti - ful flow - ers, Grow in life's gar - den fair, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Out of the heav-en-ly splen - dor, Down to the trail of woe, \_\_\_\_\_

9 G A Em A A#° D

I've spent some won der-ful hours \_\_\_\_\_ Lost in thei fra-grance rare, \_\_\_\_\_  
 God in his mer-cy has sent her Cheer-ing the world be - low \_\_\_\_\_

13 Am Cm D Em A D

But I have found an - oth - er Won - drous be yond com - pare.  
 We call her Rose of Heav - en We've learned to love her so.

17 Chorus G D7

Theres a rose that grows in No - man's Land, and it's

2 Am D7 G G#° Am D

won - der - ful to see; \_\_\_\_\_ Though it's

4 G D B

sprayed with tears, It will live for years, in my

6 Em7 A7 D D7

gar - den of me - mo - ry. \_\_\_\_\_ It's the

8 **G** **D7**

one red rose, the sol - dier knows; it's the

10 **Am** **B7** **Em** **Em7**

work of the Mas - ter's hand, \_\_\_\_\_ 'Mid the

12 **Am** **E7** **Am** **F#7** **G** **B** **E**

war's great curse stands the Red Cross nurse, she's the

war's great curse stands the Red Cross nurse, she's the

14 **Am** **D7** **G**

Rose of No - man's \_\_\_\_\_ Land \_\_\_\_\_

Rose of No - man's \_\_\_\_\_ Land \_\_\_\_\_

# And when they ask us

Music: Jerome Kern (from 'Oh what a lovely war')

**C<sup>7</sup>** **F**

And when they ask us, \_\_\_\_\_ how dan-ger-ous it was, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, we'll ne-ver

**B<sup>b</sup>6** **B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **Dm<sup>7</sup>**

tell them, \_\_\_\_\_ no we'll ne-ver tell them: \_\_\_\_\_ We spent our

**Gm<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **Am<sup>7</sup>** **Dm**

pay in some ca - fe, and fought wild wo-men\_ night and day, 'Twas the

**Am** **E<sup>7</sup>** **Am** **D<sup>7</sup>**

cush - i - est job \_\_\_\_\_ we e - ver had. \_\_\_\_\_ And when they

**Gm<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F**

ask us, \_\_\_\_\_ and they're cer-tain-ly going to ask us, \_\_\_\_\_ the rea - son

**Gm** **F** **Dm<sup>7</sup>**

why we did - n't win the Croix de Guerre, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, we'll ne-ver

**Gm** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **Am<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>7</sup>**

tell them, \_\_\_\_\_ no, we'll ne-ver tell them \_\_\_\_\_ there was a

**Gm<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F**

front, but damned if we knew where. \_\_\_\_\_



# When very lights are shining

C G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>°</sup> C

When Ve - ry lights are shi- ning, \_\_\_\_\_ sure they're like the morn - ing light. And when the  
 When Ve - ry lights are shi ning, \_\_\_\_\_ sure 'tis like the morn - ing due. \_\_\_\_\_ And when

8 F F<sup>°</sup> C A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

guns be - gin to thun- der, \_\_\_\_\_ you can hear the an - gel's shite. \_\_\_\_\_ Then the  
 shells be - gin a - burst- ing, It makes you think your time's come too. \_\_\_\_\_ And

16 C G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>°</sup> C

Max - ims start to chat- ter, \_\_\_\_\_ and trench mor - tars send a few. \_\_\_\_\_ And when  
 when you start ad - vanc- ing, \_\_\_\_\_ Five nines and gas comes through. \_\_\_\_\_ Sure when

24 F F<sup>°</sup> C A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C

Ve - ry lights are shi- ning \_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis time for a rum is - sue. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Ve - ry lights are shi- ning \_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis rum or lead for you. \_\_\_\_\_

## Anti-Conscription Slogans

Say 'No' to the blood vote!

Conscription, No!

Fight as free men!

Vote 'No'!

Enough lives have been lost!

It's not our fight!

We need our men here!

Keep your jelly fish!

## Pro-Conscription Slogans

We have to keep our promise!

Shirkers!

Our boys over there need help!

Shame!

Traitors!

Our honour's at stage!

Who will protect us?

# Mothers, Daughters, Wives

Judy Small - 1982

**Chorus** F C F

S. (And) the first time it was fath-ers, the last time it was sons, and in - be - tween your hus-bands marched a-

A. and in - be - tween your hus-bands marched a-

M. (And) the first time it was fath-ers, the last time it was sons, and in - be - tween your hus-bands marched a-

7 B $\flat$  C F B $\flat$  F

way with drums & guns. — And you ne-ver thought to ques- tion, — you just went on with your lives. — 'Cause

way with drums & guns. — And you ne-ver thought to ques-tion, you just went on with your lives. — 'Cause

way with drums & guns. — you just went on with your lives. —

13 Gm B $\flat$  C [--> Coda]

all they'd taught you who to be — was moth-ers, daugh-ters, wives. —

all they'd taught you who to be — was moth-ers, daugh-ters, wives. —

was moth-ers, daugh-ters, wives. —

18 Verse 1 F C F

You can on - ly just re - mem ber — the tears your moth-er — shed. As they sat and read their pa - pers — through the

25 B $\flat$  C F B $\flat$  F

lists & lists of dead. — And the gold frames held the pho-to graphs that moth-ers kissed each night. And the

31 Gm B $\flat$  C [--> Chorus]

door frames held the shocked and si - lent stran - gers — from the fight. —

36 Verse 2 F C F

And it was twen-ty one years la - ter, — with chil-dren of your own. The trum-pet soun-ded once a - gain. and the

43 B $\flat$  C F B $\flat$

sol - dier boys — were gone. And you drove their trucks & made their guns — and ten - ded to — their

48 F Gm Bb C  
 wounds. And at night you kissed their pho - to-graphs & prayed for safe re- turns. And

Verse 3

53 F C F  
 af - ter it was o - ver you had to learn a- gain. To be just wives & moth ers, when you'd

59 Bb C F Bb F  
 done the work of men. So you worked to help the nee - dy, and you ne-ver trod on toes. And the

65 Gm Bb C [--> Chorus]  
 pho - tos on the pia - nos struck a hap - py fam - 'ly pose.

70 Verse 4 F C F  
 And then your daugh-ters grew to wo men, and your lit-tle boys to men. And you prayed that you weredream-ing when the

77 Bb C F Bb  
 call - up came a - gain. But you proud - ly smiled and held your tears as they brave - ly waved good- bye.

82 F Gm Bb C  
 And the pho- tos on the man - tel - pie- ces al - ways made you cry. And

Verse 5

87 F C F Bb  
 now you're get ting ol - der and in time the pho tos fade. And in wi dow-hood you sit back and re- flect on the pa-

94 C F Bb F  
 rade. Of the pas - sing of your me- mo- ries as your daugh- ters change their lives See- ing

99 Gm Bb C [--> Chorus]  
 more to our ex - is - tence than just moth- ers, daugh ters, wives.

Coda

104 C Bb F Gm F Bb C F  
 wives. And you be- lieved them, that there was noth ing more than moth ers, daugh ters, wives.

# Sunset at Passchendaele

W: Henry Weston Pryce M: Ian Hamilton

$\text{♩} = 70$

IH. *p* *mf*  
There how a man re - mem - bers. Too swift the good hours fly.

Fl. *p*

Vln. *p*

Vc. *p*

BD *p*

7 Cm  $\text{♩} = 110$  Eb Fm Gm Cm Fm Gm

IH. Far in a fair green val - lsey where once I used to ride. The  
Soon shall the gay cloud em - bers to pear - ly ash out - burn. The

Fl. *tr*  
1st verse only

Vln.

Vc.

BD

11  $A\flat$   $B\flat$   $Cm$   $A\flat$   $E\flat$   $Fm$   $G$

IH. *la - zy bells are cal - ling a - long a ri - ver side.*  
*par - rots troop to the sap - lings the ri - ders home - ward turn.*

Fl. *tr*

Vln. 2nd verse only

Vc.

Tri.

BD.

15  $Cm$   $E\flat$   $Fm$   $Gm$   $Cm$   $Fm$   $G$

IH. *Grand - ly the swel - ling rid - ges loom - ing in the sum - mer's fire. As*  
*Frogs be - gin their chor - us To the wink - ing of a star. And then*

Vln.

Vc.

Tri. Frog noise 2nd verse only

BD.

19  $A\flat$   $E\flat$   $B\flat$   $Gm$   $Cm$  1.

IH. *gi - ants roused by the night wind, to watch the day re - tire. Too swift the good hours fly.*  
*night sends forth soft voi - ces, in the land that knows not war.*

Fl.

Vln. *p*

Vc. *p*

BD.

25  $\text{♩} = 70$  2.

IH. *There how a man re - mem bers. Too swift the good hours fly. But*

IH. here time halts be - side us, to watch us while we die.

Fl.

Vc.

$\text{♩} = 110$

Cm Eb Fm Gm Cm Fm G Ab Bb Cm Ab

IH. Sick in the sick-ened hea-ven, the sun sinks down to the mire. And the dead man sprawls in the cra-ter, and

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

BD

Eb Fm G Cm Eb Fm Gm Cm Fm Gm

IH. grins at his mate on the wire. A God for a sing-le ho - ur, to be with these a - gain.

Vln.

Vc.

BD

45

IH. *f* Free in that far green val-ley, clean in that South-land rain. There how a man re-mem bers. Too

Fl.

Vln.

BD

51

IH. *f* swift the good hours fly. But here time halts be-side us, *p* to

Tri.

55

IH. *f* watch us while we die. To watch us while we die. *rall*  $\text{♩} = 45$  Cm Gm Cm

Fl. *pp*

Vln. *pp*

Vc. *pp*

Tri. *pp*

BD *pp*

# 'Coming to an end' Medley

Hello! Hello!

Worton David, Bert Lee, Harry Fragson

F C<sup>7</sup> F

Hel - lo, Hel - lo, who's your la - dy friend? Who's the lit - tle gir - lie by your side?\_\_\_\_\_

40 A<sup>7</sup> Dm G G<sup>♯</sup> F G C<sup>7</sup>

I've seen you, with a girl or two, Ossh, oh - oh, I am sur-prised at you!\_\_\_\_\_ Hel

48 F C<sup>7</sup> A

lo,\_\_\_\_\_ hel - lo, what's your lit - tle game? Don't you think your ways you ought to mend?\_\_\_\_\_ It

56 D G G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F

is - n't the girl I saw you with at Brigh - ton, Who, who, who's your la - dy friend?\_\_\_\_\_

Mademoiselle from Armentieres

Harry Carlton, J.A. Tunbridge

1 F C F

Ma-de-moi-selle from Ar-men-tieres, Par - lez vous? Ma-de-moi-selle from Ar-men-tieres, Par\_\_ lez vous?

9 F C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F

Ma-de-moi-selle from Ar-men-tieres, Has-n't been kissed for for-ty years, Ink-y pink-y par-lez- vous. vous.

Take me back to Dear Old Blighty

AJ. Mills, Fred Godfrey, Bennett Scott

1 B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup><sup>7</sup>

Take me back to dear Old Bligh - ty, Put me on the train for Lond-on Town.\_\_\_\_\_

9 F<sup>7</sup> Cm F<sup>7</sup> Cm C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

Take me o - ver there, Droop me a-ny- where, Li-ver-pool, Leeds or Bir-ming-ham, Well I don't care!

17 B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup><sup>7</sup> Cm G<sup>b</sup><sup>7</sup>

I should love to see my best girl, Cud-dl-ing up a - gain we soon will be, Aye,

25 B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup> Gm C F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>

24 Ti-dl-y id-dl-y igh - ty, Hur-ry me home to Bligh - ty, Bligh-ty is the place for me.



# Oui Oui, Marie

W: Alfred Bryan & Joe McCarthy M: Fred Fisher

1 B $\flat$  F $^7$  B $\flat$

Oui Oui Ma - rie, \_\_\_\_\_ will you do zis for me\_\_Oui Oui Ma - rie, \_\_\_\_\_ then I'll do zat for you, \_ I love your eyes they

11 F Cm C F F $^7$  B $\flat$

make me feel so spoon - y, \_\_\_\_\_ You'll drive me cra - zy, \_\_\_\_\_ you're teas - ing me, \_\_\_\_\_ Why can't we par - ley - vous

19 Cm F F $^7$  B $\flat$

\_\_\_\_\_ like oth - er sweet - hearts do, \_\_\_\_\_ I want a kiss or two \_\_\_\_\_ from Ma - Cher - ie, \_\_\_\_\_ Oui Oui Ma -

26 B $\flat$  F $^7$  Cm F $^7$  B $\flat$  F $^7$  B $\flat$

rie, \_\_\_\_\_ if you'll do zis for me\_\_ then I'll do zat for you, \_ Oui Oui Ma - rie.

# Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Geo F. Root

1 B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$  B $\flat$  Gm F F $^7$

In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing Moth - er dear, of you. And our bright and hap - py home so far a - way. And the

6 B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$  E $\flat$  F $^7$  B $\flat$

tears they fill my eyes, Spite of all that I can do. Tho' I try to cheer my com rades and be gay.

10 B $\flat$  F B $\flat$  F F $^7$

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing. Cheer up, com - rades, they will come. And be -

14 B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$  E $\flat$  F $^7$  B $\flat$

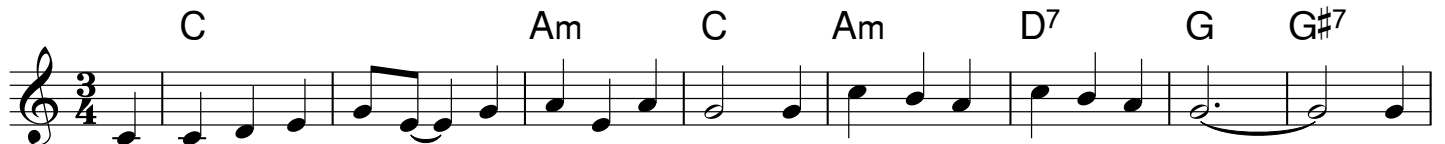
neath the star - ry flag, we shall breathe the air a - gain. Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.

# 'Home Fires' Medley

Women who wait

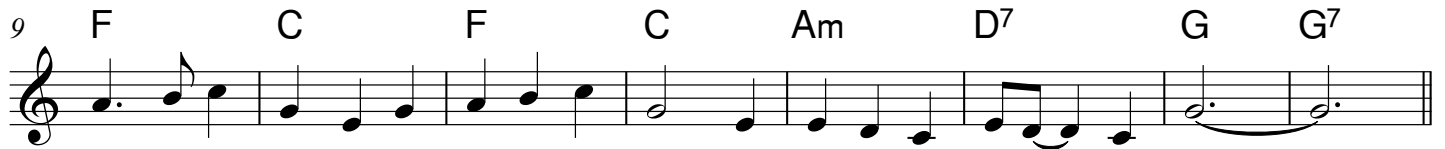
As sung by Ernest Pike

C Am C Am D<sup>7</sup> G G<sup>#7</sup>



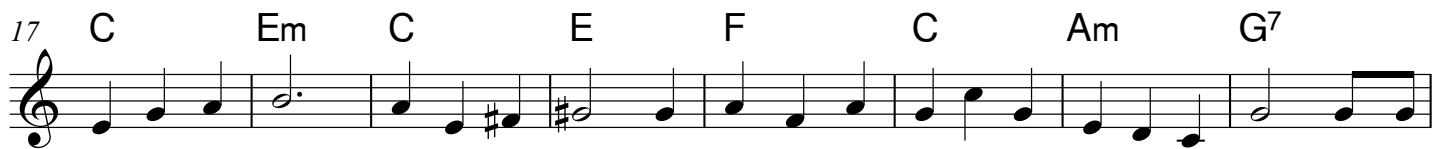
You cheer sol-dier Tom my\_ and Sail-or Jack too. You shout-ed "Hur - rah" for the state(?).\_\_ But

9 F C F C Am D<sup>7</sup> G G<sup>7</sup>



while you are cheer-ing the he-roes who fight, just think of the wo men who wait.\_\_\_\_

17 C Em C E F C Am G<sup>7</sup>



Wo-men who wait, wo-men who wait. You don't fight with guns at the en - e-my's gate. There's no

25 Am Bm/F# Em A F C Fm C D<sup>7</sup>



big sea for you, but your du - ty you do(?)and you're none the less a he ro,\_ the wo-men who wait.

Keep the home fires burning

W: Lena Guilbert Ford M: Ivor Novello

1 G G/B Bm/D D<sup>7</sup> Em G<sup>+</sup>/B B<sup>7</sup>



Keep the home fires burn - ing, while your hearts are yearn - ing.

5 C G A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>



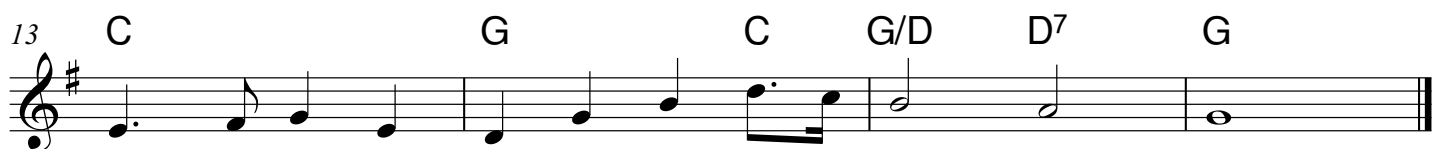
Though your lads are far a - way they dream of home.

9 G G/B Bm/D D<sup>7</sup> Em G<sup>+</sup>/B B<sup>7</sup>



There's a sil - ver li - ning, through the dark cloud shi - ning.

13 C G C G/D D<sup>7</sup> G



Turn the dark cloud in - side out, till the boys come home.



# Song for Grace

Ted Egan

S.  I was a girl of thir - teen when my three bro - thers went to the war.

7  Mar - tin and Ro - bert and Jack and as I waved from the door. I thought:

15  'Who in the world could have brothers as hand - some as they?' Three Aus -

23  tra - lian Light Horsemen, I see their proud fi - gures to - day. Our

31  pa - rents were I - rish, with no love for Eng - land at all. But their

37  sons were Aus - tra - lians and each brave - ly ans - wered the call. In their

45  turned - up slouch hats and their feathers and leg - gings and spurs, The


53  Em - pire, as much as my mother, knew these sons were hers. And as the

61  go - ing down of the sun, and in the mor - ning,

68  We'll re - mem - ber them, lest we for - get.

The mailman brought cards from Colombo and then from Port Said, The telegram came, my mother collapsed and I had  
 Here's a photo of Jack, in Egypt, his first camel ride. The terrible task of breaking the news to my Dad.  
 Look at young Bobby in London, crossing The Strand, With our old draught-horse, Punch, our father was ploughing the land,  
 And Martin writes: 'Mum and Dad, life in the army is grand'. I ran to the paddock, the telegram clutched in my hand.  
 The same mailman brought us the news about our darling Jack: The Irishman read it, said: 'Thank you, now leave me alone,  
 'Regret to inform you, your son Johnn will never come back Go on back to the house, help your mother, she's there on her own'.  
 He died of his wounds at Gallipoli, so brave was he, He called: 'Stand up, Punch, we have to get on with this job',  
 He's awarded the military medal, posthumously! But I saw his slumped shoulders and I heard his heart-rending sob.

## Verse 4 (One strum per chord)

76  Well, Ro - bert was gassed and he al - ways had pains in his head, And

83 C Dm Dm<sup>7</sup>

S. Mar-tin was shell-shocked and he'd have been bet-ter\_\_ off dead. And

Vln.

91 Dm Dm Dm<sup>7</sup>

S. I, I'm just an old la - dy who watched them all go, But

Vln. *pp*

99 Dm D G G<sup>7</sup>

S. I am the one you should ask a-bout war, for I know. That

Vln. *f*

(Restart)

107 Dm Dm<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>6</sup> Dm Em

S. all of these years have gone by and I know the grief yet. *mf*

Vln.

113 C G G<sup>7</sup> C (Stop) (Restart) (Stop)

S. Yes, I will re - mem - ber them, I can't\_\_ for - get. And as the

Vln. *p*

123

S. go - ing\_\_ down\_\_ of the sun, and in the mor - ning,

Vln. *pp*

130 F G G<sup>7</sup> C (Trumpet)

Fl. *f*

Vln.

139

Fl.

# Oh! It's a lovely war

John Long & Maurice Scott

Fl. Eb Abm/F Bb Bb<sup>7</sup>

Fl. 5 Eb Eb<sup>o</sup>/A Bb Eb<sup>o</sup>/A Bb<sup>7</sup>

S. 9 Eb Cm Ab Eb

1. Up to your waist in wa - ter, up to your eyes in slush.\_\_\_\_  
 2. When does a sol - dier grum - ble? When does he make a fuss?\_\_\_\_  
 3. Come to the Cook-house door boys, sniff at the love - ly stew.\_\_\_\_

S. 13 Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> Bb<sup>7</sup>

Us - ing the kind of lang - uage that makes the ser - geant blush.\_\_\_\_  
 No - one is more con - tent - ed in all the world than us.\_\_\_\_  
 Who is it says the Col - 'nel gets bet - ter grub than you?\_\_\_\_

S. 17 Eb<sup>7</sup> Ab Eb

Who would-n't join the ar - my, that's what we all en - quire,\_\_\_\_  
 Oh! it's a 'cush - y' life, boys, real - ly we love it so,\_\_\_\_  
 An - y com-plaints this morn - ing? Do we com-plain? Not we.\_\_\_\_

S. 21 Bb<sup>7</sup> Eb Bb F<sup>7</sup> Bb

Don't we pit - y the poor ci - vil - ians sit - ting be - side the fire.\_\_\_\_  
 Once a fel - low was sent on leave and sim - ply re - fused to go.\_\_\_\_  
 What's the mat - ter with lumps of on - ion float - ing a - round the tea.\_\_\_\_

Chorus

25 Eb E° Bb7 Eb  
 S. Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a love - ly war. \_\_\_\_\_ Who would-n't

29 Bb7 Eb  
 S. be a sol - dier eh! Oh it's a shame to take the pay. \_\_\_\_\_ As

33 Eb C7 Fm G7  
 S. soon as 're - veil - le' has gone, \_\_\_\_\_ we feel just as heav - y as lead, but we

37 Cm Gm Bb F7 Bb Bb7  
 S. nev - er get up till the ser - geant brings our break - fast up to bed. \_\_\_\_\_

41 Eb E° Bb7 Bb7(#5) Eb E°  
 S. Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a love - ly war. \_\_\_\_\_ What do we

45 Bb7 Eb  
 S. want with eggs & ham, when we've got plum & ap - ple jam? \_\_\_\_\_

49 Eb Gb° Bb7 Eb F7  
 S. Form fours! Right turn! How shall we spend the mon - ey we earn?

53 Bb Fm Fm7 Bb7 1. Eb Bb7 2. Eb  
 S. Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a love - ly war. \_\_\_\_\_ war. \_\_\_\_\_





30 **D** **C** **G**

Wil - lie McBride \_\_\_\_\_ was it slow and \_\_\_\_\_ ob - scene?  
 fa - ding to \_\_\_\_\_ yel - low in a brown \_\_\_\_\_ leath - er frame?  
 whole gen - er - a - tion who were butch - ered \_\_\_\_\_ and damned.  
 gain, and a - gain, \_\_\_\_\_ and a - gain, and \_\_\_\_\_ a - gain.

34 **D** **C** **G**

Did they beat the drum slow - ly, did they sound the fife low - ly? Did the  
 Did they beat the drum slow - ly, did they sound the fife low - ly? Did the  
 Did they beat the drum slow - ly, did they sound the fife low - ly? Did the  
 Did they beat the drum slow - ly, did they sound the fife low - ly? Did the

39 **D** **C** **G**

rif - les fire o'er ye as they low - ered you down? \_\_\_\_\_ Did the  
 rif - les fire o'er ye as they low - ered you down? \_\_\_\_\_ Did the  
 rif - les fire o'er ye as they low - ered you down? \_\_\_\_\_  
 rif - les fire o'er ye as they low - ered you down? \_\_\_\_\_

44 **C** **D** **G** **C** **D** **G**

bug - les play, "The Last Post in chor us? \_\_\_\_\_ Did the pipes play the "Flowers of the For - est"?  
 bug - les play, "The Last Post in chor us? \_\_\_\_\_ Did the pipes play the "Flowers of the For - est"?  
 Did the pipes play the "Flowers of the For - est"?  
 Did the pipes play the "Flowers of the For - est"?"

# All the Fine Young Men

Eric Bogle (Arr. Maria Dunn - 2013)

♩=80 Bm A G Bm A G Bm A Bm A

EE

S. *pp* (Continuous sound - staggered breathing)

A. *pp* Ah

T. *pp* Ah

B. *pp* Ah

They

7 **A** D A Bm G A D A Bm

EE

S.

A.

T.

B.

told all the fine young men when this war is o - ver there will be peace

13 G A Bm A D G A

EE

S.

A.

T.

B.

and the peace will last for - e - ver In Flan-ders fields at Lone Pine and Ber-shee-ba For

19 D G D Gmaj<sup>7</sup> stop D Em G

EE king and coun try\_ for ho - nour and du - ty the young men fought and curse and wept and died

S.

A.

T.

B.

**B** add piano

24 G A D A Bm G A

S.

A.

T. (all men) D A Bm G A

They told all\_ the fine young men when this war is o - ver\_ in your

29 G A

T. coun-try's\_ grate - ful\_ heart we will che-rish you for - e - ver To -

33 Bm A D G A

T. bruk and A - la - mein Bhu-na and Ko - ko - da\_ In a

37 D G D Gmaj<sup>7</sup> stop

T. world mad with war like their fa - thers\_ be - fore\_ the

40 D Em G

T. young men fought and cursed and wept and died\_

42 **C** G A D A Bm G A D A Bm G

Rec.

50 A Bm A D G A

Rec.

55 D G D Gmaj7 D Em G

Rec.

60 **D** G A D A Bm G A D A Bm

EE   
For ma-ny of those fine young men all the wars are o-ver they found their peace

S.   
For ma-ny of those fine young men all the wars are o-ver they found their peace

A.   
For ma-ny of those fine young men all the wars are o-ver they found their peace

T.   
For ma-ny of those fine young men all the wars are o-ver they found their peace

B.   
For ma-ny of those fine young men all the wars are o-ver they found their peace

67 G A Bm A D

EE   
it's the peace that lasts for - e - ver When the call come a - gain

S.   
it's the peace that lasts for - e - ver When the call come a - gain

A.   
it's the peace that lasts for - e - ver When the call comes a - gain

T.   
it's the peace that lasts for - e - ver When the call comes a - gain

B.   
it's the peace that lasts for - e - ver When the call comes a - gain

71 G A D G D

EE they\_ will not an - swer They're just for-go - tten bones ly-ing far from their

S. they\_ will not an - swer They're just for-go - tten bones ly-ing far from their

A. they\_ will not an - swer They're just for-go - tten bones ly-ing far from their

T. they\_ will not an - swer They're just for-go - tten bones ly-ing far from their

B. they\_ will not an - swer They're just for-go - tten bones ly-ing far from their

75 Gmaj7 stop ♩=60 Slowly E G guitar only A Bm A G

EE homes\_ as for - go - tten as the cause for which they died

S. homes\_ as for - go - tten as the cause for which they died *pp*

A. homes\_ as for - go - tten as the cause for which they died *pp*

T. homes\_ as for - go - tten as the cause for which they died *pp*

B. homes\_ as for - go - tten as the cause for which they died *pp*

81 Bm A G Bm A Bm A G stop Freely

EE Ah Blu-ey can you see now why they lied?\_

S.

A.

T.

B.

# Ataturk Tribute

Words: Kemal Ataturk Music: Ian Hamilton (2007)

1 **A** *mf*

S. *mf*  
Those he-roes and lost their lives in the soil of a friend ly coun try.

A. *mf*  
Those he-roes You are now ly-ing in the soil of a friend ly coun try.

T. *mf*  
Those he-roes that shed their blood. in the soil of a friend ly coun try.

B. *mf*  
Those he-roes that shed their blood. You are now ly-ing in the soil of a friend ly coun try.

Fl.

Tpt.

9 *p*

S. *p*  
There-fore rest in peace, rest in peace, in peace.

A. *p*  
There-fore rest in peace rest in peace, in peace.

T. *p*  
There-fore rest in peace, There-fore rest

B. *p*  
There-fore rest in peace, in peace.

Fl.

Tpt.

16 **B** *mf*  
*Solo*

T. 

There's no dif - rence be - tween the John - ies and the Meh - mets to us.

Tpt

20

S. 

Where they lie side by side, side by side. Here in this coun try of ours.

A. 

Where they lie side by side, side by side. Here in this coun try of ours.

T. 

Where they lie side by side, side by side. Here

B. 

Where they lie side by side, side by side. Here

Tpt

29 C

T. You the mo-thers who sent their sons from far - a - way\_ coun-tries

B. You the mo-thers who sent their sons from far - a - way\_ coun-tries

Fl.

Tpt.

34 D

S. Ah Your sons, your sons, are now ly-ing in our

A. Ah Your sons, your sons, are now ly-ing in our

T. wipe a-way your tears, wipe a-way your tears.

B. wipe a-way your tears, wipe a-way your tears.

Fl.

Tpt.

40

S. *p* bo-som. And are in peace. *mf* Af-ter

A. *p* bo-som. in peace.

T. *p* And are in peace. *mf* Af-ter hav-ing lost their lives,

B. *p* And are in peace. *mf* Af-ter

Tpt.

40



47

S. hav-ing lost their lives, Af-ter hav-ing lost their lives on this land.

A. *mf* af-ter hav-ing lost their lives on this land.

T. af-ter hav-ing lost their lives on this land.

B. hav-ing lost their lives, af-ter hav-ing lost their lives on this land.

Tpt

54 **E** *f*

S. They have be - come, *f* They have be - come our sons as

A. They have be - come our sons as

T. our sons as

B. our sons as

Tpt

59

S. well, our sons as well.

A. well, our sons as well.

T. well, our sons as well.

B. well, our sons as well.

Tpt

# Maori Battalion Marching Song

Corporal Amohau (Maori Battalion, 2nd NZEF)

1 C F C Dm G7 C  
In the days that have now gone, when the Mao - ris went to war. They

5 G C F D7 G  
fought and fought 'til the last man died for the ho-nour of their tribe. And\_

9 C F E Am F G  
so we car - ry on the con - di - tions they have laid. And\_

13 D G Em F G7  
as we go on day by day you will al - ways hear us say:

17 *Chorus*  
3 C 3 G 3  
Mao-ri Bat - tal - ion march to vic - to-ry. Mao-ri Bat - tal - ion staunch and true. Mao-ri Bat

22 G7 C 3  
tal - ion march to glo - ry. Take the ho-nour of the peo-ple with you. We\_ will

26 F  
march, march, march to the en - e-my. And we'll fight right to the end. For

30 D7 C G7 C  
God! For King! And for Coun - try. AU - E! A - ke, A - ke, ki - a ka - ha e!

A loyal band of Maoris  
Sailing from New Zealand  
To win us freedom and peace  
Marching shoulder to shoulder onward  
And we will shout again  
Ake aka kia kaha e  
Haere tonu haere tonu ra  
Kia - o - ra Kia - o - ra