

MY GRANNY SMOKES A HUBBLY.

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

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

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

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

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

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TRIESTE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ISA LEI

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

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

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

CHORUS: etc

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

CHORUS: etc.

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(Fijian)

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

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

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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SA-EEDA BINT.

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

Chorus(1)... Saeeda Bint, I love your
charming manner,
To walk with you would fill me with
desire.
Your dainty little Yasmak,
Your hair so henna-haed,
Makes me say to other bints, "Muskeen
mafeesh felloos",
Two eyes afire, they make me stanna
showaya,
To call you dear would be my greatest
joy.
I think I'll call you Bonna, 'cause
your eyes say + a-haena,
You're my little Gyppo bint you're
kwois-kattear.

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

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

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

(Repeat I chorus)

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PISTOL PACKING HEINIE.

(Pistol Packing Momma)

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

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

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

Now both guns kept on firing
The battle raged all night
But in the early morning
The Bren gun's aim was right.
The Spandau raised his sights too high,
The Bren gun gave a roar,
Spandau packing Heinie,
Aint gonna shoot no more.....

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THE ROAD TO CASSINO (Gundagai)

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

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(Tune: EGYPTIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM)

Here's Farouk, King Farouk,
Let us take him by the dook;
While he pins on Steve the Order of the Nile.
We're mistook to think Farouk
Not a jolly decent bloke
'Though Tiny's always told us he was vile.

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"MIDDLE EAST SWING".

- (1) Now you've heard the music of Benny
Goodman
Tommy Dorsey and stars like these
But have you heard of the Kings of Rhythm
Who put the pep in the Eastern shows.
- (2) He used to play in the slums of Cairo
For all the kids in the neighbourhood
He got them swinging and they described
him
As "kwais Kateer" - so very good.
- (3) All the shoe-shine boys and the
grinning wallads
Stood around with their eyes agog
And swayed their hips to the rocking
rhythm
Of Aly Youssef the Swinging Wog.
- (6) Now somewhere out round the
caves of Tura
There lived a kind of singing
fool
So magnoon that his brains were
missing
'Cos he'd never been to a public
school.
- (7) But he could sing on a glass of
birra
He had a voice like a "foo-foo"
bird
The sort of rhythm that drives
you crazy
Just the best technique that
you'd ever heard.

Chorus.

- Chorus.. Aiwa, saieeda, Aiwa, anna muskeen
Aiwa, shufti gharry, if you've ever
Been to Cairo you know what I mean.
- (4) Hot musicians they gathered round him
They pounded jive and his fame increased
They practiced daily and now he's
leading
The hottest band in the Middle East.
- (5) They held jam sessions in low-down
quarters
At a stamping ground down Maadi way
The low-class bints & the pashas'
daughters
Came into town just to hear him play.
- (8) Now he joined up with the
swinging Yousseff
And they worked up numbers that
the band could play
So that when they got in the
groove together
They stole the show from Gab
Galloway.

Chorus.

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

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A YANKEE IN KIWILAND
(Tune: "The Mountains of Mourne")

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE C.S.R. AND THE SUVA SNOBS

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

We were marched and marched and
 marched
While our b..... throats were
 parched
Gawd! they slogged us round to
 bring us up to par,
'Struth! You shouldh have heard
 our curses,
On discovering we were nurses,
To the Sugar Barons' purses and
 the b..... C.S.R.

Every b..... town and village,
Boasts of mansions built from
 pillage,
And each lordling owns the latest
 motor car,
While their wives are snobbish
 bitches,
Living high on ill-earned riches,
Drawn from the blood and sweat of
 wretches,
Toiling for the C.S.R.

And their daughters! Lord! its
 painful,
How they treat us so disdainful,
Cripes! you would think we were
 beyond the colour bar,
While we're here to save their bacon,
And the divvies they are making,
While our homefolks hearts are
 breaking,
We must save the C.S.R.

Many nights I've sat here thinking
Gawd! had I been born a Lincoln
I'd clear this isle of slavery, from
 Suva round to Ba,
For they've never tasted freedom
And their wages hardly feed 'em,
As relentlessly they bleed 'em,
Do the flaming C.S.R.

And they know it's futile squealing,
Or to the courts of Law appealing,
For the overseer reigns just like a
 Czar,
Judges too, like politicians,
Are possessed of their ambitions,
Just to mouth the cruel decisions,
Prompted by the C.S.R.

On the wall, fate's hand writes clearly,
RETRIBUTION COSTS YOU DEARLY,
You are doomed, the gates of failures
 stand ajar,
For the souls of slaves departed,
Over-burdened, broken hearted,
Cursed your lust as they were
 martyred,
Cursed the b..... C.S.R.

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

MARI, MARI.

Arapote fenosta,
Famm'affecta a Maria
Ca stongo mmiez' 'a via
Speruto P' 'a vede.

Nun trovo a' ora 'e pacc
A 'A nott' 'a faccio journo
Sempe pe sta oca attuorno,
Speranno 'e ce parla!

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

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

Vione, c' 'a notte e doce,
'O cielo ch'e nu manto...
Tu duorme e i' te canto
'a nonna affianco a te!
Ah, Maria, Mari! etc.

Paro ca gia s' arape
Na senga 'e fenostella
Maria c' 'a manella
Nu segno a me me fa!
Sona, chitarra mia!
Maria s' e scetata...
Na scioca scronata
Faccimela senti.
Ah, Maria, Mari! etc.

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MAMMA

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

RITORNELLO

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

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

FINALE:

.....Mamma
Mai piu.

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"EARLY ONE MORNING".

(or "Weeping & Wailing")

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

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

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

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

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THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

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

Chorus.

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

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

Chorus.

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

Chorus

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

Chorus.

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THE GHARRY MAN'S SERENADE.

Tune: Ferry Boat Serenade.

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

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

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

Bucksheesh, etc etc.

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

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

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OLE 97.

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

So he turned around to his coal greasy fireman
Saying shovel on a little more coal
And when we get
To those wide open spaces
You will see old 97 roll.

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

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

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

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"WON'T YOU TAKE US HOME".

Tune: "Lili Marlene".

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

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

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

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

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

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

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NIENTE SCARPS.

Tune: "LA DONNA E MOBILE".

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

'O SOLE MIO.

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

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

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

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

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