

## *28 Battery Song Book*

### FOREWORD.

Some of the songs in this book are well known, especially to the longer serving members of the Regiment. On the other hand there are some songs which are brand new and these tend to be very pro 28 Bty.

This does not mean we are trying to insult other Batteries and Regiments, so please don't take it the wrong way when you see songs like "Glory, glory 28 Battery". Likewise certain characters have rated a mention. Once again no insult is intended. Hopefully you will have as much fun singing these songs as we do.

My thanks to all who assisted in putting this songbook together.

The Compiler/Typist.

P.S.. I will not be held responsible for any typing errors I may have made

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( A poem by Gunner Brooks. )

### MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE...

Maybe it's because I'm in 7 Fd,  
That I love Arty, so,  
That we are the best in Sydney, you know.  
We leave the other Regiments far behind  
When our rounds hit the ground,  
Maybe it's because I'm in 7 Fd.,  
That I love Arty. so.

Whether I belong to 113, or Two-eight Battery,  
I've got friends down in Dee Why,  
And also up in Willoughby.  
And when I go up to Newcastle,  
I know what I will find,  
I will find some friends of mine,  
In that fair city.

REPEAT " MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE...."

Sometimes we have barbeques, when we go out bush,  
And sometimes it's all tactical,  
Which is not at all - practical.  
But, even though they will do their best  
To make our life hell,  
All the boys in 7 Fd they really get on well.

REPEAT " MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE.

## THE QUEST

To dream the impossible dream,  
To deploy in the thickest of mud,  
To fire our Howitzers all day,  
Then move in the midst of the night  
Though we meet only once a week,  
And train for just two weeks a year,  
We know that by trying harder,  
Two Eight will be best of all.

This is our quest, to be the best,  
And with our Battery we'll beat the rest,  
We'll fight to be tops, without question or pause,  
Though we'd rather play than work all day.  
Still we know if we give of our best,  
Then we'll beat the rest  
And we'll win both those trophies too  
With a little hard work.  
And when we return from Camp, And go back to our other jobs We'll feel proud that we did so well,  
And reached those unreachable goals.

## OLD MACDONALD.

DOG DOG

BULL BULL

COW COW

TURKEY ( GOBBLE GOBBLE )

RAM RAM

CHOOK CHOOK

DUCK DUCK

CAMEL ( HUMP HUMP )

PUSSY PUSSY

FISH FISH

PIG ( GRUNT GRUNT )

This is a very tiring song when sung with all the actions. It is therefore recommended that this song be left until the end of the evening.

## SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home  
Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home

Well, I looked over Jordan and what did I see,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
A band of angels, coming after me,  
Coming for to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.

Well, if f you get into Heaven before I do,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Tell Saint Peter I'm coming after you,  
Coming for to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.

## LET THE WIND BLOW HIGH.

Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low,  
Away from Singleton we'll go,  
This place makes us feel so low,  
B.C where's your Battery?

We've been there and we have fought,  
Tried to do what we've been taught,  
Kicked in the arse a time or two,  
B.C where's your Battery?

You've yelled at.us, near made us weep,  
Especially when the mud was deep,  
Our tempers we have tried to keep,  
BC where's your Battery?

Just. try to tell us what to do,  
You'll land yourself right in the poo,  
You know that we are wise to you,  
B.C. where's your Battery?

Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low,  
Away from Singleton we'll go,  
This place makes us feel so low,  
B.C. where's your Battery?

## TIE THE HOWITZERS DOWN

Tie the howitzers down, boys,  
Tie the howitzers down,  
Tie the howitzers down, boys,  
So they can't move us around.

Salute the Officers now, boys,  
Salute the Officers now,  
Salute the Officers now, boys,  
And I will show you how.

Though the Sergeants are slack, boys,  
Though the Sergeants are, slack,  
Though the Sergeants are slack, boys,  
We're not supposed to talk back.

The F.O. sits far away, boys,  
The F.O. sits far away,  
The F.O. sits far away, boys,  
Drinking booze all day.

Though Number One thinks he's boss, boys  
Though Number One thinks he's boss  
Though Number One thinks he's boss, boys  
Without us he's at a loss.  
The Bom'badiers they're not bad, boys,  
The Bombadiers they're not bad,  
The Bombadiers they're not bad, boys,  
Though some of them are quite mad.

The Gunners they're a great lot, boys,  
The Gunners they're a great lot,  
The Gunners they're a great lot, boys,  
Let's hope they never get shot.

Tie the howitzers down, boys,  
Tie the howitzers down,  
Tie the howitzers down, boys,  
So they can't move us around

## THE BIRD GUNNERS SONG.

( To the tune of "She'll be coming round the mountain)

They'll be flying big black Stukas when they come,  
They'll be flying big black Stukas when they come,  
They'll be flying big black Stukas, flying big black Stukas,  
They'll be flying big black Stukas when they come.

Number One will call deflections when they come,  
Number One will call deflections when they come,  
Number One will call deflections if he's got the right directions,  
Number One will call deflections when they come.

Number Two will elevate when they come,  
Number Two will elevate they come;  
Number Two will elevate if he's not too %&\$#@! Late,  
Number Two will elevate when they come

Number Three will order fire when they come,  
Number Three will order fire when they come,  
Number Three will order fire if he's not a #\*C+"! liar,  
Number Three will order fire when they come.

Number Four will hit the pedal when they come;  
Number Four will hit the pedala when they come,  
Number Four will hit the pedal if he wants a #\*@+"! medal,  
Number Four will hit the pedal when they come.

Number Five will pass the clips up when they come,  
Number Five will pass the clips up when they come,  
Number Five will pass the clips up if he hasn't got the shits up,  
Number Five will pass the clips up when they come.

Number Six will lay for line when they come,  
Number Six will lay for line when they come,  
Number Six will lay for line if he's got the \$^\*&\$# time,  
Number Six will lay for line when they come.

Number Seven will bring the truck up when they come,  
Number Seven will bring the truck up when they come,  
Number Seven will bring the truck up if he doesn't want to ?uck up,  
Number Seven will bring the truck up when they come.

They'll be flying big black Stukas when they come,  
They'll be flying big black Stukas when they come,  
They'll be flying big black Stukas, flying big black Stukas,  
They'll be flying big black Stukas when they come.

## CAMP OF 78

(To Johnny comes marching home)

If you think that "Camp of 77" was hard - was hard  
Wait till you pass the gate for 78 - Mate  
The officers, they are all the same  
The gunners always get the blame  
So we'll all get drunk and send the officers home.

The CO always thinks he knows what's going on,  
He has his finger on the pulse of everyone,  
He flicks a switch, we jump and twitch,  
We always do but we always bitch,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the CO home.

The BC is the man on whom we all depend,  
His bloody deployments never ever seem to end,  
It matters not whether he's large or small,  
He's the guy who's in charge of all,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the BC home.

The BK is the Battery Captain as you know,  
But how he turns K into Captain I would like to know,  
He's either a grunt or an Irishman,  
His deployments we should really ban,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the BK home.

The Adjutant sometimes has been heard to really curse,  
Especially when the poor young fella drops his purse,  
He comes out with us and makes a fuss, Kicks us in the arse with class,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the Adjutant home.

The GPO is the Gun Position Officer,  
We're afraid you don't have very much to offer Sir,  
You tell us when to fire the guns,  
And you really give us the runs,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the GPO home

The Safety Officers run around our Gun Platform,  
Sometimes it's Bob, sometimes it's Jack and sometimes Norm,  
They run around ever so fast,  
Kick us in the arse if we're last,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the SO's home

The Section Commander really has to run a lot,  
Without him we would never be able to fire a shot.  
So why do we bother to keep him here,  
If he wasn't here we'd drink more beer,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the Seco home.

The RSM he leads us on, he leads us on,  
He takes us for our daily run, our daily run,  
It's only a game he's been heard to say,  
But we all know we've got to pay,  
When we all get drunk and run around again.

Sometimes the QM is called the 'roach, the Cockroach,  
And on his territory no one ever dares encroach,  
He puts the fear of God in us,  
When he's around we don't make a fuss,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the QM home.

The AIG is a member of the ARA,  
He hears us bitch, watches us work and also play  
He'll look at us and tell us we're wrong,  
He'll frown at us when we sing this song,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the AIG home.

The BSM is the man we have to look after,  
Wherever he goes we never hear any laughter,  
If in the mud we should let him fall,  
It's picket duty for one and all,  
So we'll get drunk and send the BSM home.

The BQMS he brings our food out in a truck,  
When we complain he turns to us and says hard luck  
We ask for more, he says there's none,  
Just wait'll we get him on our gun,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the bugger home

The Sergeants they are always on our backs, our backs,  
The cunning devils always score the Wraacs, the Wraacs,  
They know the perks, they always lurk in the shadow while the gunners work,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the Sergeants home.

The Bombadiers think that they are really heaven sent,  
We cannot scratch our arses without their consent,  
They yell at us, they rant and rave,  
They'll put us in an early grave,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the Bombadiers home.

The Lance Jacks really are a bloody useless bunch,  
They'd never have the sense to let us go to lunch,  
With one stripe'-stuck upon their arms,  
They'll never win us with their charms,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the Lance Jacks home.

The recruits they think that Army life is easy,  
But after a while find the food too greasy,  
They whinge and bitch and carry on,  
And wish that they had never signed on,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the recruits home.

The ARA are the Carde Staff, Hurrah, Hurrah,  
They know exactly what they're doing, Ha Ha, Ha Ha,  
They've got the QM, the RSM, the Adj. and Patch, I pity them,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the Carde Staff home

The cooks they always spoil our food and make us heave,  
Gourmets delights they never do achieve, achieve,  
They wreck the eggs, they screw the stew,  
Feed us well they never do,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the cooks home

When someone is injured on our Gun Position,  
We yell for the Medic and hope that he will listen,  
His real intentions no-one knows,  
He makes us bend and touch our toes,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the Medic home.

The Wraac they always feel that they should hit the sack,  
We only ask that they would lay upon their backs,  
We need them all, though they're not small,  
With them around we'll have a ball,  
So we'll all get drunk and keep the Wraac here.

The drivers they're a desperate lot, a desperate lot,  
They bounce us all about the truck they should be shot,  
They hide their trucks upon the ground,  
And when it's time they can't be found,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the drivers home.

The Signallers always sit and go Dit Da, Dit Da,  
We normal people never know what the words they are  
They talk so strange, Grid so we'll all get drunk and Range,  
So we all get drunk and send the Dit Das home.

The wrecker is the fun machine for TST,  
When trucks are broken down we all shout TST,  
But when we need them, they aren't there,  
They're always sucking cans of beer,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the wrecker home.

The BG is the Battery Guide, or so they say,  
He's supposed to work but all he ever does is play,  
He runs around with a grunt hat on,  
Or stands and yells "Get a bloody move on!"  
So we'll all get drunk and send the BG home.

The Gun bat loves the guns and is here to stay,  
When he's around we have to watch just what we say,  
He loves it all, he has a ball,  
We'll keep him here, so have no fear,  
So we'll all get drunk and keep the Gun

The Number One is the man you have to watch out for,  
If you get in his way he'll kick your arse for sure, for sure,  
He has no patience you will see,  
He's always swearing at you and me,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the Number One home.

The Major General came to see us the other day,  
For once the Gunners had hardly anything to say,  
But he was alright, he didn't bite,  
We told no lies, just said "Bye Bye",  
So we'll all get drunk and send the General home.



The other day the Tankies watched us fire our guns,  
And what they saw must surely have given them the runs,  
The smoke was thick, the noise was loud,  
We hit the ground, we should be proud,  
So we'll all get drunk and send the Tankies home.

We Gunners are alone now, at this bivouac,  
We've sent the others far away, they won't be back,  
We'll sit around and drink more booze,  
That way, the war we'll never lose,  
Then we'll all get drunk and find our own way home.

The Regiment has to train so very, very hard,  
Dee Why, Newcastle and Willoughby meet just once a year,  
We work so hard, covered in shit,  
At the end of two weeks we shout It That's it!  
And we all get drunk and take the Regiment home.

FOR 28 BATTERY THE BEST PART OF AFX 78 WAS!..

Two-Eight Battery won the Pagan Cup you know,  
And also the Gordon Bennett for the best F0,  
We left the others far behind,  
And I'm sure that they won't mind,  
When we all get drunk and win them again next year

### **The BSM Song.**

BSM, BSM, every morning you greet me,  
Tall and thin, heart of tin,  
You look like you could eat me.  
Bosom of ours do not yell at me,  
Or I won't make you a cup of tea,  
BSM, BSM, let me go back to sleep.

TST, TST, won't you fix my truck for me,  
It's no good, it won't start,  
So Staff Chad will now kick me.  
He will then yell and swear at me,  
If you don't think so, wait and see,  
TST, TST, please fix my truck for me.

No. 1, No. 1, on your gun I must run,  
It's no fun, it's no fun being on your gun,  
You yell at me, you swear at me,  
And then you make me miss my tea,  
No. 1, No. 1, please be kind to me.

Yogi, Yogi, won't you come and talk to me,  
If you are nice, we'll find some rice,  
For you to have with your tea.  
I am sure that you will have no regrets,  
But please don't steal our secrets,  
Yogi, Yogi, please come and talk to me.

BK, BK, re-site my weapon pit for me,  
If you do, I will spew, then you'll get mad at me.  
But if you'll buy me a beer or two,  
BK, BK, please be nice to me.

BC, BC, why don't you promote me,  
You make me sob, I know my job,  
But still you do not promote me.  
Why do you keep me waiting on, I've been on the guns for so long,  
BC, BC, why don't you promote me.

### **OLD KING COLE**

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, was a merry old sole was he.  
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,  
And he called for his GUNNERS three.

Beer, beer, beer said the Gunners, merry men are we,  
There's none so fine in the firing line as Two Eight Battery.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, was a merry old soul was he.  
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,  
And he called for his DRIVERS three.

All our tyres are flat said the drivers,  
Beer, beer, beer said the Gunners, merry men are we,  
There's none so fine in the firing line as Two Eight Battery.

*AND THEN IN THIS ORDER.....*

Dit, da, dit, da, dit said the SIGNALLERS,  
Left, right, left, right, left said the BOMBADIERS,  
Move to the right in threes said the SERGEANTS,  
Charge that man said the SERGEANT-MAJOR,  
We do all the work said the SUBALTERNES,  
When do we go on leave said the CAPTAINS,  
Oh, what a lovely war said the MAJORS,  
What a fine body of men said the COLONELS,  
Bloody awful shoot said the BRIGADIERS.

### **28 Battery Victory Song**

We won the Gordon Bennett trophy and the Pagan Cup,  
We won the Gordon Bennett trophy and the Pagan Cup,  
We won the Gordon Bennett trophy and the Pagan Cup,  
And we'll win them again next year.

Glory, glory Two Eight Battery,  
Glory, glory Two Eight Battery,  
Glory, glory Two Eight Battery,  
And we'll win them again next year.

We beat the pants off 23 Field Regiment,  
We beat the pants off 23 Field Regiment,  
We beat the pants off 23 Field Regiment,  
And We'll beat the them again next year.

Glory, glory Two Eight Battery,  
Glory, glory Two Eight Battery,  
Glory, glory Two Eight Battery,  
And we'll beat them again next year.

None can stand beside us on the range at Singleton,  
None can stand beside us on the range at Singleton,  
None can stand beside us on the range at Singleton,  
And we'll prove it again next year.

Glory, glory Two Eight Battery,  
Glory, glory Two Eight Battery,  
Glory, glory Two Eight Battery,  
Yes, we'll prove it again next year.

## **DRIVERS SONG**

You are my driver, my only driver,  
You make me sore, you make me blue,  
You bounce me round, my pains abound,  
But where would I be without you?

You have Staff Chad, he makes us sad,  
He is in charge of all our trucks,  
When we complain, he says "Oh, bad luck",  
Oh, please don't take our trucks away.

Bombadier Cashmore you are at Dee Why,  
Somehow you always make us sigh,  
It is amazing you've got a licence,  
Oh, Cashmore be kind to me.

You've got the Mole, God bless his sole,  
How can you put up with him?  
He cuts the corners, he always bogs us,  
But still we will keep him here.

Oh, young Mark Irvine he was a Lance Jack,  
From England he has just come back,  
He was with 4 Field, I hope he is healed,  
Oh, please drive my taxi for me.

You have Wayne Davies, he is a Sergeant,  
A member of the ARA,  
He can't help bad luck, he should have joined us,  
Then he could have been A-Res.

Brian Carr, you are a 'storeman,  
You hand out ammo at annual camp,  
Oh, C.E.S.'s are your successes,  
Oh, please don't bring the ammo to us.

There are some drivers whom we should mention,  
And they're doing a good job,  
Luksie, NcCarthy and Greg MacNee  
Oh, please bring my truck to me

## The Saga Of "Chucker Harrison"

Well, we went to Camp a few months back,  
To Singleton out on the track,  
And we had with us a really dodgy bloke.  
Well he couldn't walk and he couldn't run, And he didn't know a bloody gun  
From a toilet, 'nough to make a feller choke.  
Well, Gunner Harrison was his name,  
And spewing was this feller's game  
'Cause he chundered on the Boss'.s first parade.  
Yes, he chundered like a fountain,  
And his chunder formed a mountain  
In the dirt and over Pedersen's left boot.  
And as he stood there swaying  
The Boss kept right on saying  
How well we looked and how well we'd have to shoot,  
Then Pedersen grimacing, led him careful where he's facing  
And sat him in the shade out of the sun.  
Well, he propped him up as best he could,  
And hastened back to where he'd stood Fearful of another burst to come.  
Well, we stood there for a while  
And I looked down at that pile  
Of chunder sprouting wings amongst the dirt.  
And I couldn't help but wonder  
At the force behind that chunder  
Until I turned my eyes away in real disgust.  
And when we were dismissed from the Parade ground,  
I got pissed off, 'cause Bill Bailey walked right up and said to me,  
"Gunner Brooks, go get a shovel and return here on the double,  
and remove that thing a sight not fit to see."

So, I strolled up to the 'Q' store,  
Went in, said what I was sent for  
And Laurie said that I could take my pick,  
Well I said I didn't want a pick  
A shovel sure would do the trick,  
And told him that he must be Irish, drunk or thick,  
Then I hastened to that spot where Gunner Harrison's little lot was hatching tiny creatures where it fell  
And whilst heaping shovelfuls of earth to cover up what he gave birth to,  
I wished I was burying Harrison as well.

## DEE WHY GUNNERS MESS - JUNIOR N.C.O.s. (good guys)

My eyes are dim I cannot see,  
I've been in the pub since half past three,  
I've been in the pub since half past three.

(since you all know how it goes I'll only print the first line of the verse.)

There was Cashy, Cashy, he looks pretty flashy.....  
There was Tony, Tony, he's no longer lonely.....  
There was Rick, Rick, he's never called a ?rick.....  
There was Doug, Doug, he makes a sound like UGH:.....  
There was Allan, Allan, trying to seduce Devlin.....  
There was Devlin, Devlin, running away from Allan.....  
There was Steve, Steve, applying for some leave.....  
There was Greg, Greg, looking for the keg.....  
There was Pete, Pete, he eats a lot of meat.....

My eyes are dim I cannot see,  
I've been in the pub since half past three,  
I've been in the pub since half past three.

(On this and the last page I had intended to have some photographs of camp,. However I was unable to reproduce them successfully, therefore I have put together two sets of words to popular tunes. Sorry about that folks!!)