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knows, he told us. Some members of the Maori Battalion were at a Casino one night, and were displeased with a film that was being shown, so they began singing *Sayeeda Bint* for their own amusement. The rest of the audience preferred it to the film too, and soon the Maoris found themselves required to get up on the stage and entertain the others. *Sayeeda Bint* means, roughly, "Hello Girl":

*Sayeeda Bint, I like your manner:
To be with you would be my one desire
When you are dancing in your yashmak
With your nails all tinted henna.
To the other Bints I'll say
Anna muskeen me fees falloos.*

Apart from these songs that have found their way into the common currency, the collection will also include the various unit songs. "Every battalion has its own individual musical associations and some of their own songs are pretty good."

Pakeha And Maori

A song about the 25th Battalion was written (with words and music by Captain G. Colledge, who was later to take charge of the entertainment unit, and Major Coppard of Auckland provided one for the 24th Battalion. The Maori Battalion, as might be expected, produced the greatest number, and the story of all its adventures between Syria and Tunisia has been told in song by Sergeant H. Grant, M.M. Each company of the Maori Battalion had its own song, and B Company sang (to a well-known tune) verses on the theme

*Live and Love another day
For to-morrow we may be gone.*

Probably one of the earliest original songs written for New Zealand soldiers was Terry Vaughan's "We're Anti-Tanks":

*No jinks or pranks, we've gunners in our ranks
Who will strafe you from the flanks and from the fore.
Beware! The N.Z.A. will carve you up
and ask for more,
For we are Anti, very Anti-Tanks.*

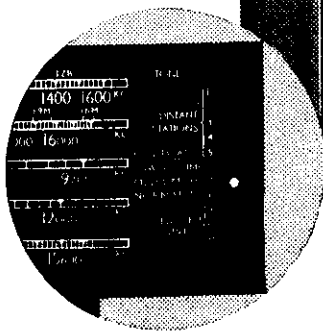
These words were written by J. Fullerton, and the song was sung by members of the New Zealand Anti-Tank Brigade that was formed in London soon after the war began.

Most of the songs already collected are light and humorous, said Flight-Sergeant Kirk-Burnnand. He produced one of his own favourites, a song sung by the Engineers with the chorus:

*In Matruh, in Matruh
In my fleabound bugbound dugout in Matruh
I can hear those Iti bombers as they circle round at night
In my fleabound bugbound dugout in Matruh.*

Not all the music made by New Zealanders overseas has been in the form of songs. One man in the Middle East was writing an oboe quintet, of which Archives hope to secure a copy, and there are various piano compositions of a more serious nature than the popular songs, and some of these have been broadcast in Cairo. Buglers have also devised their own calls, and Flight-Sergeant Kirk-Burnnand has not forgotten the trumpeter who proceeded to "swing" the Reveille, bright and nearly in the morning.

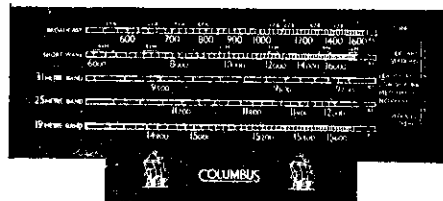
"The O.C. went out to give him hell," he said, "but the chap made such a good job of it he let him go on. The fellows used to look forward to it after that."



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