

# "BUNGIN' 'EM IN"

March Time: ♩ = 120.

Till Ready.

Words and Music by W. Graeme-Holder.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'March Time: ♩ = 120.' and the mood is 'Till Ready.' The score is divided into several sections: an introduction, a first verse, a refrain, a second verse, a refrain, a third verse, a refrain, a fourth verse, and a final refrain. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, and the piano accompaniment is written on the grand staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p cresc.' and 'mf'.

When I chuck'd me job to be a sol-dier...

They told me I was need-ed quite a lot... But the Ser-geant Ma-jor snort-ed "What do you want?"

no, I says "Just an-y-thing you've got." He gives me one of them there great big can-nons "Take this, you twirp" he

says "An'much it a-bout!" "D'you see all them there shells an' them there charg-es? You bung's 'em in this end, and blows 'em

out the spout!" Bungin' 'em in! Blowin' 'em out! And they calls us Field Ar-till-er-y.

Bungin' 'em in! Blowin' 'em out! Oh we're barm-y In the Arm-y! Bungin' 'em

in! Blowin' 'em out! And where they goes Lord on-ly knows But

old sol-diers ne-ver die. They goes on bungin' 'em in! an' blowin' 'em out!

In response to numerous requests from listeners who have already heard it on the air from the NBS, we print here the words and music of a new song composed by W. Graeme-Holder, New Zealand's well-known writer of radio plays

## REFRAIN

Bungin' 'em in! Blowin' 'em out!  
And they calls us Field Artillery.  
Bungin' 'em in! Blowin' 'em out!  
Oh, we're barmy in the army!  
Bungin' 'em in! Blowin' 'em out!  
And where they goes Lord only knows.  
But Old Soldiers never die, they goes on  
Bungin' 'em in, and blowin' 'em out!

## SECOND VERSE

Muckin' about with cannons gave me the earache,  
It seemed to rile the sergeant-major, too:  
"Get out o' this!" he roars; "You little blab blab!"  
"Righto!" I says, "An' a couple blabs to you!"  
And then the colonel ups and gives me a rifle;  
"Here, you!" he says, "Get 'old of this, you lout!  
And grab a few of them there little cartridges,  
And bung 'em in this end, and blow 'em out—the spout."

## REFRAIN

Bungin' 'em in! Blowin' 'em out!  
And they calls us P.B. Infantry.  
Bungin' 'em in! etc.

## THIRD VERSE

When I got promoted to the Air Force,  
I thought they'd let me fly a blinking 'plane;  
But all they does is dress me like a hero  
An' presents me with another gun again!  
The thing was like scrap-iron my father dealt in,  
I hadn't the foggiest what it was all about;  
But I'm up in the air with miles an' miles of beltin',  
Bungin' it in one end an' blowin' it out—the spout.

## REFRAIN

Bungin' it in! Blowin' it out!  
And they calls it sky-lark gunnery!  
Bungin' it in! Blowin' it out! etc.

## FOURTH VERSE

When I'd won the war, I I chuck'd the army.  
"No more bungin' 'em in," I says, "for me!"  
I hunts a job for weeks; an' then the butcher  
He says "You're just the man I want to see!"  
"Righto!" I says, "Just tell me what you're wantin'?"  
"You knows this 'ere machine," he says, "no doubt?  
You takes all them there bits of pork and what-not  
An' bungs 'em in this end and blows 'em out—the spout."

## REFRAIN

Bungin' 'em in! Blowin' 'em out!  
And they calls 'em prime pork sausages!  
Bungin' 'em in! Blowin' 'em out!  
We're as barmy as the army, etc.